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МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ З ДИСЦИПЛІНИ «ЛІТЕРАТУРА ВЕЛИКОБРИТАНІЇ»

для студентів філологічних спеціальностей

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Рекомендовано до друку рішенням вченої ради факультету іноземної філології Миколаївського національного університету імені В.О. Сухомлинського (протокол № 8 від 09.04. 2016 р.)

Методичні рекомендації передбачають ознайомлення студентів з особливостями формування і специфікою функціонування англійської літератури XX століття, створення цілісного уявлення про літературний процес Великобританії цієї історичної епохи, огляд особливостей творчого спадку найвидатніших письменників доби. Представлено лекційний матеріал, плани практичних занять, завдання для самостійної роботи, уривки із літературних творів мовою оригіналу, глосарій.

Методичні рекомендації розраховані на викладачів англійської мови та літератури, студентів філологічних спеціальностей.

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ПЕРЕДМОВА

Англійська література – складова частина світової культури. Кращі традиції англійського мистецтва збагатили світову літературу; твори майстрів англійської художньої прози і поезії, перекладені багатьма мовами, завоювали визнання далеко за межами Великобританії. На рубежі XIX-XX ст. літературний процес Великобританії характеризується інтенсивністю і складністю свого розвитку. Перша світова війна 1914-1918 рр. позначає початок нового періоду в історії і літературі. Розквіт англійського модернізму пов'язаний з діяльністю Дж. Джойса, Дж. Оруелла, В. Вулф, Дж. Б. Шоу, Г. Уеллса, В.С. Моема та інших. В їх творчості проявилось нове художнє мислення, нова мова. Надії, пов'язані із завершенням війни, змінювалися розчаруванням; плеяда «сердитих молодих письменників» – характерне явище в літературному житті післявоєнної Англії 1950-х рр.

У 1960-1970-і роки увагу багатьох письменників привернула проблема ефективності науково-технічних досягнень. Розвиваючись в умовах загострення суспільних протиріч, робочого і студентського руху, література не могла не реагувати на нестабільність ситуації, що складається, починається процес пошуку «національної ідеї». У жанровій системі сучасної англійської літератури провідне місце, як і в попередні епохи, належить роману. У сучасному романі виявляються різні і в той же час взаємопов'язані риси жанрової типології (роман епічний і драматичний,

панорамний і метафоричний, ліричний і документальний, інтенсивний і екстенсивний, об'єктивний і суб'єктивний). Тяжіння до драматичної та трагедійної структурі поєднується в ньому з сатиричним началом. Розвивається форма епічного циклу.

Методичні рекомендації призначені для студентів філологічних спеціальностей педагогічних університетів і для тих, хто вивчає англійську літературу на факультетах іноземних мов. У них представлені основні явища англійської літератури ХХ століття, характеризується творчість письменників цієї доби.

ТЕОРЕТИЧНИЙ МОДУЛЬ

Лекція 1. English Literature of the beginning of the 20th century

План:

1. Historical background.
2. Rudyard Kipling and his literature for children.
3. The scientific novels of Herbert George Wells.
4. John Galsworthy as an outstanding English novelist and playwright.
5. George Bernard Shaw – the master of paradoxes and aphorisms.
6. William Butler Yeats as a great figure in the poetry of the early 20th century.
7. William Somerset Maugham is one of the best known English novelist, dramatist and short-story writer.

1. Historical background

The English novels of the 19th century were written at a time of great confidence in Britain. Different novelists of different levels of society disclosed all the aspects of social life and explored different themes, but the sense of confidence passed through the basic structure of their work.

The writers of the 20th century could not share this confidence; the changes in beliefs and political ideas were influenced by the events across the world that led to the collapse of the British Empire. Britain found itself involved in a contradiction between its imperial ambition and the liberal ideas it wished to advance in the colonies. The British Empire became the biggest in the world's history. In 1914 it comprised a quarter of the world's population living on a fifth of its land surface. The British state expanded

most dramatically in Queen Victoria's later years, while the country was proud of the so-called Splendid Isolation from European affairs. But by the end of the century it had become clear that the United Kingdom was no longer as powerful as it had been. Britain found that France, Germany and the USA were increasingly competing with her, the international trade was growing and, as a result, the sense of political uncertainty also increased. English government disgraced itself with the War of 1899-1902 which was unleashed by the imperialistic circles, looking for the new markets. Britain was no longer able to persuade other countries how to behave. Instead, Great Britain had to reach agreement with them. But it failed.

The South African War (1899-1902) was the first step towards World War I and showed the antidemocratic character of English policy to all the world. The social contradictions home and abroad were greatly sharpened. Furthermore, almost a whole generation of young men was destroyed. The returning soldiers spread the truth about the horrors of the war. The First World War brought much suffering to people. The destruction had been terrible, there was a great sorrow for the dead.

Between 1919-1922 there appeared a series of verse under the title *"Georgian Poetry"* where the most powerful poems of the terrible experiences were published. King George V (1910-1936) won popularity for the work he did during World War I, he gave up all German titles as a sign of British hostility to Germany.

Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918) and **Wilfred Owen** (1893-1918) both contributed to that book of powerful war poetry. *"Break of Day in the Trenches"* by Isaac Rosenberg describes the feeling of horror during the war. Wilfred

Owen's attitude towards war is revealed through his dreadful description of the dead man in the poem *"It is Sweet and Honourable to Die for Your Country":*

"Never again" was the feeling of the nation when it was all over. As soon as the war had ended, the English government started to build new houses and improve social conditions and education.

English literature was given a new life because World War I divided the "old" world from the "modern" one. Some English writers openly declared reactionary principles of the imperialistic ideology. The years between 1890-1930 were the most fertile of the British novel. The novel in Britain established itself as the leading literary genre. *John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Herbert Wells* continued the traditions of Charles Dickens. Moreover, their novels revealed the changing social conditions in England. The novelists of the beginning of the 20th century differed from the novelists of the 19th century who had to follow the perfect descriptive style. The writers of the 20th century did away with the elaborate syntax of the 19th century prose. They started a new tradition of bringing the language of literature close to the spoken language, to the language of real life with much more expressive intonation and short, abrupt sentences. Humanity was now seen as part of the natural world and the actions of a person could be motivated from the psychological point of view, by the forces inside the human being.

One of the famous writers of the first decades of the 20th century was *Rudyard Kipling* – the bard of imperialism.

2. Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

Rudyard Kipling was born in India into an intellectual family of a designer and sculptor. When Rudyard was six years old he was sent to England, and lived there till seventeen. He was educated in a private boarding school, the owner of which was a powerful and cruel woman who treated him severely, and the boy could have gone mad if his mother hadn't come to England to take him back. Kipling returned to India to take up journalism.

He spent much of his adult life there, at a time when the power and influence of the British Empire were at their height. He was tremendously popular as a bard of the British Empire who firmly believed in the English rule in the conquered lands.

Kipling's political reputation was no less important than his literary significance. The peculiarity of his main literary principle was in his vision of "Things as They Are". The poems and short stories for which he is best known deal with India itself, its wild animals and the British army and navy. Kipling writes of courage, honour and patriotism, making wide use of illiterate language of soldiers and common people. His best-known volume of poems is *"Barrack-Room Ballads"* (1892). In *"The Ballad of East and West"* Kipling expresses the idea that all the-people, in spite of their origin and nationality, have one common feature: they are People, and *"The Law of Jungle"* makes all the differences vanish.

Kipling's poetry is best represented in the *"Seven Seas"* (1896) and *"The Five Nations"* (1903). His short stories: *"The Jungle Book"* (1894), *"The Second Jungle Book"* (1895) and *"Just So Stories"* (1902) are still popular.

"The Jungle Book" (1894) describes how the boy Mowgli is brought up in the jungle by wild animals who have human personalities. Kipling knew how to talk to children. His novel

"Kim" (1901) is the story of a boy who lives in India and grows up to do service to the British Empire by capturing some important secret papers. Kipling travelled a lot, and after much travelling he settled in an ancient house in Sussex.

In 1907 Kipling became the first writer to get the Nobel Prize. He became popular all over the world. He influenced the works of many other writers, e. g. Ernest Hemingway, Jack London. It's important to realize that his novels and poems are closely connected with each other.

Kipling's verses are frankly prosaic, while his prose is wonderfully lyrical. But he never expresses his own point of view. His stories are often a third person narration. His work reflects his preoccupation with moral principles, and his postwar stories possess a great moral force pointed to the fundamental changes that were taking place in consciousness.

Kipling's son was killed during World War I, and the sense of loss worried him greatly. His short story *"The Gardener"* deals with the events of World War I which involved a lot of young people, and brought suffering and grief to their relatives. Bitterly disappointed in his dreams of Britain's greatness, Kipling shut himself up in depressing and gloomy isolation.

3. Herbert George Wells (1866-1946)

The contemporary of Rudyard Kipling, *Herbert Wells*, was born into a poor family in 1866. He had to work very hard to get an education. He was a biologist and worked as an assistant of a well-known English scientist, a follower of Charles Darwin. At an early age Wells came to the Utopian conclusion that only scientists could solve the contradictions of the society. Wells understood that the world had to be changed, but not through revolution. He though

that only evolution and certain reforms could change the existing order of things.

Herbert George Wells was born in Bromley, England. His father was the owner of a small shop. His mother was a housekeeper. The family was not rich. Thus Herbert had to earn money for his education when he was fourteen. After school he entered a scientific college in London where he managed to win a free place to study. He was a bright student. Afterwards he became a teacher of science. Meanwhile, Herbert Wells was writing a lot. It was his hobby. When he was thirty, he became popular and rich. He had houses in London and in France. During his life Herbert Wells wrote 40 books of fiction, several stories and books for children. Besides he wrote articles and reviews on political and social themes.

Herbert Wells's early works established him as a famous writer of fiction, because everything written by the author between 1891 and 1901 is referred to pure science fiction. The plot unfolds against the scientific background. Besides, there is very strong social sounding in his works. Many of his personages are the representatives of the lower classes, but the writer always gives them a chance of happiness.

Among Wells's early scientific novels are: *"The Time Machine"* (1895), about a machine that can travel through time instead of through space; *"The Invisible Man"* (1897), scientific progress can be dangerous in the wrong hands; *"The War of the Worlds"* (1898), a negative side of great technical achievements; *"The First Men in the Moon"* (1901), a travel by air to the Moon, about seventy years before this actually happened.

In the novels of his early cycle Herbert Wells describes the destiny of the bourgeois civilization. This is his main social theme. The later cycle of novels was written after 1901 and up to World War I which shocked the writer.

He could no longer be sure of peaceful progress. Herbert Wells wrote *"The World Set Free"* and *"The War in the Air"* where he addressed the question to all the mankind: "What will happen to humanity if cold intellect triumphs over feelings and emotions?" This question is, at the same time, a call to the people to recognize their way of life. Moreover, it is a warning to humanity, because the author appeals to reason of the people of the world and asks them to avoid the destructive wars. "We have learned now that we cannot regard this planet as being fenced in and a secure abiding-place for Man; we can never anticipate the unseen good or evil that may come upon us suddenly out the space." *("The War of the Worlds").*

Herbert Wells understood that his science fiction did not reflect the lives of real people. Thus he decided to write about the world of which he had personal experience. He wrote about the lives of ordinary people, such as a shopkeeper *("The History of Mr Polly",* 1910) and a teacher *("Love and Mr Lewisham",* 1900); he wrote about greed and dishonesty *("Tono-Bungay",* 1909); he described his impressions of his visit to Russia in 1920 *("Russia in the Shadows").*

Herbert Wells travelled a lot. In 1946 he died in London. But Herbert Wells is remembered as the father of science fiction. In all his books the writer shows a remarkable imagination combined with the ability to make intelligent guesses about future scientific developments.

4. John Galsworthy (1867-1933)

John Galsworthy was an outstanding English novelist and playwright, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1932. He was born in 1867 in London into an established wealthy family of a lawyer. He attended Harrow and New College, Oxford, training as a barrister, however, he was not keen to begin practising law and instead travelled abroad to look after the family's shipping business interests. In 1895 Galsworthy began an affair with Ada Nemesis Pearson Cooper, the wife of one of his cousins. After her divorce ten years later, the pair married and stayed together until his death in 1933.

Galsworthy travelled a lot. He visited Canada, Russia and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. He began to write in the last years of the 19th century, but his first works were not popular. "*The Four Winds*", a collection of short stories, was Galsworthy's first published work in 1897. These, and several subsequent works, were published under the pen name John Sinjohn and it would not be until *"The Island Pharisees*" (1904) that he would begin publishing under his own name, probably owing to the death of his father. His first play "*The Silver Box*" (1906), became a success and he followed it up with "*The Man of Property*" (1906), the first in the Forsyte trilogy. Although he continued writing both plays and novels it was as a playwright that he was mainly appreciated for at the time. Along with those of other writers of the time, such as George Bernard Shaw, his plays addressed the class system and social issues, two of the best known being "S*trife*" and "*The Skin Game*".

As a writer he was one of the last representatives of bourgeois realism in English literature. He was a conservative himself. Nevertheless, he gave a vivid picture of the society of the 20th century. The idea of creating series of novels,

portraying the history of several generations of an English family, was carried out in his masterpiece *"The Forsyte Saga"*. He depicted the representatives of an English upper-middle class family of the Forsytes. Although sympathetic to his characters he highlights their insular, snobbish and acquisitive attitudes and their suffocating moral codes. He is viewed as one of the first writers of the Edwardian era; challenging in his works some of the ideals of society depicted in the preceding literature of Victorian England. The depiction of a woman in an unhappy marriage furnishes another recurring theme in his work. Galsworthy presented the story of the Forsytes in two trilogies. It took him twenty-two years to accomplish his monumental work. The starting point was *"The Man of Property"* (1906). In 1918 he began to write a continuation to the novel. This developed into a great scene of English life, including more than fifty years: *"The Forsyte Saga","A Modern Comedy","The End of the Chapter"*.

His work is often less convincing when it deals with the changing face of wider British society and how it affects people of the lower social classes. Through his writings he campaigned for a variety of causes including prison reform, women's rights, animal welfare and the opposition of censorship. During World War I he worked in a hospital in France as an orderly after being passed over for military service. He was elected as the first president of the International PEN literary club in 1921, was appointed to the Order of Merit in 1929 – after earlier turning down a knighthood – and was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1932. He was too ill to attend the Nobel awards ceremony, and died six weeks later.

John Galsworthy lived for the final seven years of his life at Bury in West Sussex. He died from a brain tumour at his

London home. In accordance with his will he was cremated with his ashes then being scattered over the South Downs from an aeroplane. The popularity of his fiction waned quickly after his death but the hugely successful adaptation of "*The Forsyte Saga*" in 1967 renewed interest in his work.

5. George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950

George Bernard Shaw has introduced a new form of drama, the *publicistic drama.* His plays are suited for reading as much as for acting. An important aim of most of his plays was to face his audience with completely new points of view and ways of looking at themselves and the society they lived in. His ideas are expressed in short, wise, witty sayings. He enjoyed the shock when his ideas were expressed with much wit. He turned to drama as the medium of expression, as the means to criticize and educate society. Shaw delighted in saying and showing the opposite of what his audiences expected. When writing on the social problems of the 20th century, he often uses striking paradoxes and aphorisms.

George Bernard Shaw was born in Ireland, but spent most of his long life in England. All his references to his childhood, the extreme coldness and inhuman isolation of that home are apparent in his memoirs: "We as children, had to find our way in a household – where there was neither hate nor love, fear nor reverence, but always personality... The fact that nobody cared for me particularly gave me a frightful self-sufficiency." Shaw tells how as a child once he went for a walk with his father who playfully pretended to throw him into the canal – and nearly did. Returning home he ran to his mother to share his suspicion that "Papa is drunk". Her bitter reply "When is he anything else?" was a violent destruction of His Universe. He says: "I have never since believed in anything and anybody."

After four ineffective schools which did not even teach Latin, Shaw at fifteen became a clerk in a land agent's office by his father's more successful brothers. His mother and sister left for London soon after his 15th birthday, Shaw remained in Dublin for another five years. The five years of his office life were memorable to him chiefly for the many hours spent with the excellent picture collection in the Dublin National Gallery, to which Shaw eventually left a large part of his fortune.

Bernard Shaw joined his mother in London, and in the four years from 1879 to 1883 he wrote five long novels and sent them to as many publishers as he could find stamps to reach. He wrote: "My mother was not interested in my manuscripts. I don't think she ever read a single of them. She accepted me as a good-for-nothing, just what she would expect from a son of her husband." His few immature novels had little success, and his own experience had taught him that he had no promising future in the novel.

In 1885 he was elected to the executive board of the Fabians, who considered themselves Marxists and accepted a very unrealistic materialism. They proclaimed an immediate revolution under Fabian leadership, and they set the probable day of the revolution" not later than 1889" – the anniversary of Bastille Day. The Fabians participated with other socialists in the struggle for freedom of speech at street meetings which had begun in 1885 and let up to the "Bloody Sunday" in the Trafalgar Square in November, 1887, during which several men were killed. Shaw supported the struggle against fascism, imperialism and wars.

In 1892 he turned to drama. His plays are divided into three cycles:

1. Unpleasant Plays (1892-1894);
2. Pleasant Plays (1894-1897);

3. Three Plays for Puritans (1897-1899).

The most significant plays are *"Widowers' Houses"* (1892), *"Mrs Warren's Profession"* (1894), *"The Man of Destiny"* (1895), *"Pygmalion"* (1912), *"The Apple Cart"* (1930).

The high spirits which characterized his plays before 1914, often bringing into his comedy a lively element of farce, did not appear so much afterwards. His plays are full of brilliant dialogues and witty paradoxes. He mocks at bourgeois charity, satirizes bourgeois businessmen. Shaw called himself a jester of English society. A jester can say whatever he likes. Nobody can be offended by jester's jokes. His method of developing a play often involves a turn which takes the audience half by surprise, as it may have taken the dramatist himself. Shaw wrote: "When I am writing a play I never invent a plot: I let the play write itself and shape itself, which it always does even when up to the last moment I do not foresee the way out. Sometimes I do not see what the play was driving at until quite a long time after I have finished it."

6. William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

William Butler Yeats was Irish. He was a great figure in the poetry of the early part of the 20th century. When he began writing, an important concern of his poetry was to praise and glorify the nature of his native land and its people. He revived the myths and legends, and made a great contribution to the new literary traditions linked with the national liberation movement.

His work covered fifty years: his first poems were written in 1889 and his last ones were written in 1939. He was a symbolist who had his roots in the aesthetic movement of the 80's-90's of the 19th century. His earlier poetry is an attempt to escape from his age to a

self-created world of loveliness. Yeats wants to get away from the reckless world and plunge into the dreamy, mythical world of stars.

The most important collections of verse belonging to Yeats's first period are *"The Wind Among the Reeds"* (1899), *"The Rose"* (1903), *"Green Helmet and other Poems"* (1912).

Yeats wrote over twenty volumes of poetry in his long career as well as many plays. His best-known plays are *"Cathleen Ni Houlihan"* (1902) where the poor old woman symbolizes the misfortune of Ireland, and *"Deirdre"* (1907) based on Celtic mythology. Yeats was very important in the revival of Irish drama in the early age of the century, known as the Celtic Revival, and his plays were staged at the famous Abbey Theatre in Dublin. He described himself as "the last of the Romantics" in 1931, and wrote one of the best poems, *"Sailing to Byzantium",* describing Ireland as "no country for old men".

From love poems to poems of political crisis, the range of Yeats's work makes him one of the great poets of the century. Later he denied the sentimental and romantic trends of his earlier work. The style of his verse became more intricate, where his personal memories prevailed. He felt disappointed with the world unfit for sensitive people.

In his poem *"An Irish Airman Foresees His Death"* the airman knows he will die in a war which does not affect his village in Ireland. Still he will die because of the pleasure of danger and excitement of fighting in the air. In his last poem Yeats comes back to the unheroic place where they all began. He uses a metaphor to underline the idea that he doesn't try to pretend now to use grand language to describe great themes.

William Butler Yeats managed to form a link between two epochs of English literature by his evolution from the romantic Symbolist of the very end of the 19th century to the sophisticated Realist of the 20th century.

7. William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965)

William Somerset Maugham is one of the best known English writers of the 20th century. He was not only a novelist, but also one of the most successful dramatists and short-story writers. He believed that the charm of a story lied in its interesting plot and exciting situation. More than that, Maugham's story always implicates deep thought and signifies critical approach to the characters. The writer points out that a short story "can be read at a single sitting", it must have a beginning, a middle and an end. His short stories are usually very sincere and logically explained.

William Somerset Maugham was born in 1874 in Paris, where his father worked at an Embassy. But his parents died when he was young, and his uncle, an English clergyman, brought him up. Maugham got his education in Germany and studied medicine in London. His first novel *"Liza of Lambeth'"* came out in 1897. It gives a realistic picture of slum life, and much is taken from his own experience as a doctor. Maugham went on producing books, but his first masterpiece, *"Of Human Bondage",* appeared only in 1915. His own life, hardships and difficulties are described in this novel. It brought the writer fame. But it was *"The Moon and Sixpence"* (1919) which made his reputation of a novelist established.

Maugham travelled a lot. Many of his stories are set in foreign lands, and inspired by his travels to Malaya, Siam, China and other countries. His rich life experience gave the author a solid basis for his writing. He criticized the wrongs of the bourgeois society, but at the same time, like Rudyard

Kipling, Maugham proclaimed the ideology of accepting "things as they are". Maugham thought that it was not in the power of man to alter the world. In his works he compares world to the theatre where human life is staged.

In 1921 his first volume of stories was published under the title *"The Trembling of a Leaf"* which includes a famous story *"Rain"*. Maugham is a sharp observer of people, and is amused by them, but doesn't want to get closely involved with them. That's why his stories often have a bitter or unexpected ending. In his story *"Rain"* (or *"Miss Thompson")* the author stresses the idea that Man can't withstand hardships and all the wrongs of society, that Evil is superior to Man.

Besides the numerous plays and stories Somerset Maugham wrote his famous novels *"The Painted Veil"* (1925) and *"Cakes and Ale'* (1930). During World War I and World War II the writer was the British agent, and he was best known for his short stories, published in 1928 under the title *"Ashenden"*. Ashenden is a spy who has become very popular as a hero in English fiction, and the character who tells the story has become particularly associated with Somerset Maugham himself in the minds of the public. Many of Maugham's stories and novels are staged and well-known all over the world.

Лекція 2. English Literature of the first half of the 20th century

План:

1. Historical background.
2. James Joyce and the stream of consciousness.
3. Virginia Woolf as one of the principal exponents of Modernism.

4. Richard Aldington is a master of battle-scene descriptions.

5. Archibald Cronin and John B. Priestley reveal the atmosphere of social struggle.

6. Arthur Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie - the masters of a detective novel.

1. Historical background

By the 1930's the British economy had recovered, especially in the South and in the Midlands. A great number of small houses had been built along main roads. The War influenced the cultural development of the country. In the work of many 20th century English writers it is possible to see not only the products of the individual experience, but also several general tendencies. The writers had much in common. In the 20's a sharp division of literary tendencies was noticeable. Modernism became the leading trend of English literature of postwar period, as a result of the crisis of bourgeois culture caused by the War.

At that time the works of *Zigmund Freud* (1856-1930), an Austrian psychoanalyst, professor of neurology, became very popular in England, and had a great influence on the development of Modernism. Among Freud's followers was a group of English intellectuals, which became widely known as the "Bloomsbury Group" headed by *Virginia Woolf*. Bloomsbury was the name of a suburb of London where the group met and discussed their theories.

Virginia Woolf wrote in her essay *"Modern Fiction":* "English fiction from Sterne to Meredith bears witness to our natural delight in humour and comedy,

in the beauty of earth, in the activities of the intellect, and in the splendour of the body. Their masterpieces certainly have a strange air of simplicity... Materialists ... write of unimportant things, ... they spend immense skill ... making the trivial... But sometimes, more and more often as time goes by, we suspect a momentary doubt, a spasm of rebellion, as the pages fill themselves in the customary way. Is life like this? Must novels be like this?... The novelist at present... has to have the courage to say that what interests him is no longer "this" but "that"... For the moderns 'that' (the point of interest) lies very likely in the dark places of psychology... We do not come to write better, ... the modern practice of the art is somehow an improvement upon the old. We have to admit that we are exacting, and, further, that we find it difficult to justify our discontent by explaining what it is that we exact."

A complicated political situation in Europe at that period could not but affect England both in politics and economy. In 1933 Hitler came to power in Germany. In 1932 "The British Fascists' Union" was organized. This caused great disturbances of the wide popular masses of England. The Civil War in Spain brought about the protests of the English common people. The English workers showed their solidarity with the Spanish Republicans. The dockers refused to load arms for the fascists, they organized meetings of protest calling to resistance against fascism. At the end of 1929 a general economic crisis seized all the world, continuing up to 1934. *Richard Aldington, John Priestley, Archibald Cronin* were the writers who together maintained the realistic principles in Art in the 30's. *James Joyce* and *Virginia Woolf* altered novelistic

technique through the development of the *stream of consciousness* style of writing.

2. James Joyce (1882-1941)

James Joyce was born into a well-to-do family in a small town not far from Dublin. His father, John Joyce, was well-educated and very musical. James inherited his father's talent. He had a good ear for music and a pleasant voice. If John Joyce had paid attention to his son's abilities, James Joyce might have become a talented singer. Unfortunately, his bad eyesight caused him much suffering. He had undergone surgery, enduring twelve surgical operations on his eyes. At the end of his life Joyce was almost blind.

It was his father who taught James to respect the heroic past of Ireland. It was his aunt who made a true Catholic of him. Joyce was educated in Dublin and afterwards in Paris where he studied foreign languages and French literature. Joyce spent most of his adult life in Europe, mainly in France, Italy and Switzerland. He knew twenty-two languages.

James Joyce devoted himself to literature. He worked thoroughly, corrected his manuscripts attentively and didn't allow the publishers to alter his creations. His first great book, *"Dubliners"* (1905) is a collection of stories dealing with the life in Dublin. The idea of hopelessness passes through all of them as a kind of leitmotiv. The stories are written in a frank manner, and the author reveals his deep interest in psychological matters. There are fifteen stories in the collection. The last story, *"The Dead"*, is the longest one.

The publication of *"Dubliners"* was held up for years, because both Irish and English publishers had changed words and sentences without Joyce's permission. He could publish his book only in 1914. *"A Portrait of the Artist as a*

Young Man" appeared in 1916. This story presents Joyce himself as a young man in the character of his hero, Stephen Dedalus, who is formed by the powerful forces of Irish national, political and religious feelings, and shows how he gradually gets rid of the influence of these forces to follow his own fate.

James Joyce introduced a new literary method into English literature. In his two great master novels, *"Ulysses"* (1922) and *"Finnegan's Wake"* (1939), Joyce broke completely with traditions of the Victorian novel. He greatly influenced the way English novels were written, with his use of unusual and invented words and different styles of writing, such as the *stream of consciousness* – expressing thoughts and feelings as they pass through the mind. "In contrast with those whom we have called materialists, Mr Joyce is spiritual; he is concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that the brain" (Virginia Woolf *"Modern Fiction")*.

This method is revealed in *"Ulysses"* in which there are no links with objective reality. The plot of the book unfolds on a single day in 1904 in the life of three people: an Irish Jew, his wife and Stephen Dedalus (the hero of *"A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man")*. His method makes this book rather difficult to understand. But this method "has the merit of bringing us closer to what we were prepared to call life itself...Any method is right, that expresses what we wish to express, if we are writers; that brings us closer to the novelist's intention if we are readers... Several young writers, among whom James Joyce is the most notable, attempt to come closer to life, and to preserve more sincerely and exactly what interests and moves them..." (Virginia Woolf *"Modern Fiction")*

3. Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)

Virginia Woolf has been regarded as one of the principal exponents of Modernism which distinguished the modern experimental novels of the 20th century from the descriptive and profound manner of the 19th century writing.

Adeline Virginia Woolf was born in London in 1882. After her father's death in 1904 the family moved to the suburb of London, Bloomsbury, where the followers of Freud gathered to discuss their theories. The Bloomsbury set of the intellectuals was called "The Bloomsbury Group". The leader of the group was Virginia Woolf. (Her husband was Leonard Woolf, one of the members of the set of writers and artists.) The ideas of Freud, who discovered the unconscious, were appreciated within the Bloomsbury society.

In 1917 Virginia Woolf and Leonard Woolf managed to set up a publishing house, the famous Hogarth Press. Meanwhile, Virginia Woolf suffered from her mental illness, but during the calm periods she wrote her books. Her first novel *"Voyage Out"* was written in 1915. It was not a success. But her *"Jacob's Room",* published in 1922, established her as a highly experimental novelist.

She attempted to explore the consciousness of her characters. Like James Joyce, she was an aesthete. She showed life "as it is". She only depicted life. "Life escapes; and perhaps without life nothing else is worth while ... Life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end" (Virginia Woolf *"Modern Fiction").*

Her modernist approach of using the "stream of consciousness", when the characters, not the author, are shown as judging, is reflected in her novels *"Mrs. Dalloway"* (1925) and *"To the Lighthouse"* (1927). *"Mrs. Dalloway"* gives a description of one day in June 1923 as it was

experienced by Mrs. Dalloway. It is permeated with the stream of thoughts and emotions. Virginia Woolf used her narrative method, her "interior monologue" to describe the inner movement of consciousness in Mrs. Dalloway's mind: "She went upstairs, paused at the window, and came to the bathroom. As soon as she enters the bathroom, she feels emptiness about the heart of life… She could see what she lacked. It was not beauty; it was not mind. It was something central which permeated... It was a sudden revelation, a tinge like a blush which one tried to check and then, as it spread, one yielded to its expansion, and rushed to the farthest verge and there quivered and felt the world come closer..."

The "stream of consciousness" helps the author to engage our attention and the essential fibre of our soul: "The brain must wake, ... the soul must brave itself to endure..." Mrs. Dalloway loves life. She connects life with a "perpetual sense, as she watched the taxi; cabs; she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live, even one day... Her only gift was knowing people almost by instinct, she thought..."

In *"Orlando"* (1928) Woolf presents the main character that begins as a man in the 16th century and ends as a woman in 1928, still only thirty-six years old. *"The Wave"* (1931) takes six characters at different moments of their lives and shows how each is influenced by the death of a person they all knew well. *"To the Lighthouse"* is considered to be Virginia Woolf's best novel, based on depiction of her parents. But in her stories plot is not of great importance. The reader's attention is drawn by the inner monologues and the author's extraordinary perception of the world. "The proper stuff of fiction does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction, every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit

is drawn upon; no perception comes amiss" (Virginia Woolf *"Modern Fiction")*.

Mental depression of the writer led her to a tragic end. Virginia Woolf drowned herself in 1941. Beside her novels she wrote many critical studies on literature such as *"Modern Fiction"* and *"The Russian Point of View"*. Her style of writing caused a stream of publication though she was never popular with the reading public.

4. Richard Aldington (1892-1962)

Richard Aldington was born in 1892 in Hampshire. He was educated at Dover College and the University of London. In 1913 he was a literary editor of the journal *"The Egoist"*. In 1916 he joined the Army and fought in World War I as a private in the infantry; later he became an officer. He was demobilized soon, however, for he was badly wounded. The War experiences caused his hatred and anger which were well described in his early books. His attitude to those who sent people to death on the battlefield is vividly reflected in his two volumes of stories: *"Roads to Glory"* (1930) and *"Soft Answers"* (1932). After the First World War the so-called "lost generation" appeared in Europe and European literature. The mood of the young generation was that of profound pessimism and disillusionment. They participated in the War hoping to find their lost ideas; instead, they only suffered from its effects.

Aldington is a master of battle-scene descriptions. His language abides in military terms, it is expressive, dynamic and helps to create realistic images and pictures. But the problems of the "lost generation" bring George Winterbourne (the main character of the novel "Death of A Hero") and the author to a deadlock, for they can't find the way out. Aldington

didn't live much in his own country. The last years of his life he spent in America and France.

5. Archibald Cronin (1896-1981)

Archibald Cronin was born at Cardross. He was educated at Dumbarton Academy and in 1914 began to study medicine at Glasgow University. In 1919 he graduated from it with honours, then worked as a surgeon on a ship. On his return to Britain Cronin settled in South Wales where he worked as a general practitioner. In 1925 he started practice in the West End of London.

But in 1930 his health broke down, and while convalescing in the West Highlands of Scotland he wrote *"Hatter's Castle"* (1931). It caused a sensation in literature and literary circles. Thus Dr Cronin decided to take up writing. In 1933 he won a gold medal for the best historical essay of the year. His literary career was a success. His next book *"The Stars Look Down"* (1935) presents the relations between the miners and their masters. The major conflict of the book is a social struggle that arises from the clash of "two nations". The author's satire is directed against upper classes. The injustice, the social contradictions are well described. *"The Citadel"* (1937) is a fine collection of portraits in the medical world of England.

6. John Boynton Priestley (1894-1984)

John Boynton Priestley was born in Bradford. He started writing in 1919. Now he is known all over the world. Priestley was not only a famous writer, but an excellent storyteller, critic and essayist. He could entertain his readers. More than that, he wrote plays that were very popular when they were first performed and are still produced today.

Priestley started as an essayist, then he began writing novels. His first novel appeared in 1929 under the title

"The Good Companions". It was a success. The author reveals the scenes of small provincial towns with their drab and dingy hotels and inns, old theatres and dirty buildings. In 1930 his novel *"Angel Pavement"* was published. The fate of the broken timber firm is described in this novel. The author skillfully reveals the atmosphere of unemployment, fear of never getting the job and fear of losing the job. Priestley depicts the feelings of unhappy workers who lose hope for better life.

It is interesting to know that John Priestley wrote more than forty plays. The most famous of them are *"The Dangerous Corner"* (1932), *"Time and the Conways"* (1937) and *"An Inspector Calls"* (1946). *"Time and the Conways"* moves the time of the events of the play from the past to the present and back to the past again so that the audience can see the characters in their present situation and its contrast with their earlier hopes and intentions. *"An Inspector Calls"* shows how each member of a family slowly understands that he or she is responsible, because a girl who knew them all in different ways has killed herself.

In his short novels Priestley draws the readers' attention towards different episodes of the wartime "blackout", the coming of demobilization, release, entertainment. His works are admired outside Britain. He has distinguished himself as a prominent, the most fertile writer. But there is no doubt that John Priestley belongs to no trend or "school" style.

7. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930)

Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh into a family of a clerk. Arthur was well-educated, he became a doctor of medicine and worked as a doctor on a whaler, and then in

Africa. His medical knowledge was a great help to him in writing detective stories.

He gained a great popularity in 1887 when his first detective novel *"A Study in Scarlet"* was published. His next novels, *"The Sign of Four"* and *"The Hound of the Baskervilles"* established him as a famous author. He became the greatest master of this thrilling genre. Detective fiction attracts the readers who are extremely interested in discovering for themselves the answer to the mystery or who the murderer is. Each story is a puzzle to be solved. A great master of a detective story, Arthur Conan Doyle managed to thrill the world. He created five volumes of detective stories about Sherlock Holmes.

The *detective novel* is a form that became very popular towards the end of the 19th century, particularly through the *"Sherlock Holmes"* stories of Arthur Conan Doyle. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote 60 Sherlock Holmes adventures –four long novels and 56 short stories. Sherlock Holmes is a name that everybody knows. The readers learn a lot about him from the stories in which he appears. He smokes a pipe and plays the violin. He lives at Baker Street in London. As a detective, Sherlock Holmes has extraordinary powers of deduction. Doctor Watson, his faithful friend and assistant, helps Holmes in the moments of danger. Conan Doyle decided to "kill" Sherlock Holmes because he wanted to spend his time on more serious writing. But it is for Sherlock Holmes that Conan Doyle is remembered not only for his historical stories.

By the way, in our imagination Sherlock Holmes is a real person to whom people write real letters from all the corners of our planet; they celebrate his birthday on the 6th of January.

All these letters arrive at the Sherlock Holmes Museum

situated in 221b, Baker Street. According to the stories written by Conan Doyle Sherlock Holmes lived and worked there for 23 years.

8. Agatha Christie (1890-1976)

Agatha Christie (born Agatha Miller) was born in Torquay, England. In 1914 she married Colonel Archibald Christie, an aviator in the Royal Flying Corps. They had one daughter, Rosalind, before their divorce in 1928. Christie's long line of books started with *"The Mysterious Affair at Styles"* which was written in 1915 and published in 1920. Her early books have a Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, as the hero, while the main character of the later books is Miss Marple, a quiet old English lady.

Agatha Christie reached the top of her fame in 1970, though people's tastes were changing radically during that period of time. Thus it is possible to notice some changes in the manner and style of her mystery writing from 1920 to the later period. The form is still of the detective story but relatively new. It becomes more mature and sophisticated for the readers can take into consideration as many details as the detective can. Moreover, the author can skillfully combine two devices, the spiritualism and nursery rhyme, to make her stories more intricate. Agatha Christie uses spiritualism as a mask for mystery. Although she is extremely interested in science fiction, "she avoided both science and fantasy as main themes." She remains the best writer of a tightly-knit detective story.

Agatha Christie also wrote six romantic novels under the pseudonym Mary Westmacott. She wrote non-fiction as well – four books including an autobiography and an entertaining account of the many archeological expeditions she shared with her second husband, Sir Max Mallowan.

In 1971, she achieved her country's highest honour when she received the Order of Dame Commander of the British Empire. Agatha Christie has conquered the world, her appeal is that of a puzzle of many of her mysteries. A career of forty-five years is remarkable in the "light genre" in the 20th century English literature.

Лекція 3. English Literature of the second half of the 20th century

План:

1. Historical background.
2. An outstanding fiction writer – George Orwell.
3. John R. Tolkien and his masterpiece "The Lord of the Rings".
4. Charles Percy Snow – a unique personality of a prominent scientist and an outstanding novelist.
5. Graham Greene **as** a representative of critical realism.
6. James Aldridge and his novels of the war time.
7. John Osborne introduced a new kind of drama – a psychological play-monologue.

1. Historical background

In 1941 Germany and Japan attacked the Soviet Union and the United States, both quite unexpectedly. The war quickly became worldwide. As a result, Britain used soldiers from all parts of its Empire to help to fight against Germany and Japan. Britain tried to save the "balance of power" in Europe, and to control the Atlantic Ocean and the sea surrounding Britain. The Second World War lasted longer than the First World War.

Since 1946 England faced a strong resistance on the part of the oppressed people of India and Egypt. The crash of the

colonial Empire began. The Empire was losing its colonial possessions. This was partly because of the rapid growth of local liberation movements, but also because of a change in thinking. However, the ending of Britain's Empire was a successful process, because the newly independent countries remained on friendly terms with Britain. After the Second World War the unity of the European countries was very important. In 1957 the state refused to take part in the creation of a European Common Market. It was a mistake, because it was very difficult for Britain to stay out of Europe in the conditions of the increasing financial and economic difficulties.

The Second World War influenced greatly the ideological and intellectual life of England, which could not but affect the development of English literature. During the war Great Britain suffered heavy financial losses. The postwar programme of the Labour Party became the only hope for a better future for the common people of England. Very soon, however, the people saw that the policy of Labour leaders did not differ much from that of their predecessors; for England the postwar years were the years of crisis, growing unemployment which was the result of the Home and Foreign policy of the Labour Party.

The failure of the Labour Government that promised a lot and did nothing, the cold war and atomic threat, the rapid intensification of the cultural and moral crises – these were the factors which influenced the minds of the English people, particularly intelligentsia, and caused their disillusionment. All this was reflected in the literature of that time. *Jack Lindsay* in his *"Novels of the British Way"* gives a fine picture of the complicated political situation in England after World War II.

Different literary tendencies appeared one after another: "The Angry Young Men" (1953-1957), "Movement", "New Left" and teenager's literature (after 1958 "the Working-Class Novel" and "the New Wave Drama"). The main essence of all these literary groups was the earnest searching of the writers for their place in life, for a better future.

After World War II the novel continued to be the leading genre in English literature. *Charles Percy Snow, Graham Greene, James Aldridge* became the famous writers of that period. In the fifties there appeared the term "The Angry Young Men" which was applied to the young people, the writers, who wanted to express their anger with the society and their disillusionment and dissatisfaction with a strange and unsettling world.

The *academic novel* has become popular among the readers who are interested in universities and can recognize many of the issues discussed. *"The History Man"* (1975) by *Malcolm Bradbury* was a great success. The short story has continued to be popular. It was *Roald Dahl* (1916-1990) who produced many thrilling stories and tales for children. Thus the volumes of his stories came to life: *"James and the Giant Peach", "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory", "The Witch", "The Magic Finger"* and many others. Roald Dahl was "a slow writer". He was searching for the right word or phrase, he didn't want the quality of his stories to suffer. He was the honest writer who created his own principles in writing. The author is talented; he shows life as it is. He establishes himself as a psychological writer whose stories are not only thrilling but also very important. Such stories are called *morality stories*.

2. George Orwell (1903-1950)

George Orwell, whose real name was Eric Blair, was born in India and well educated in England. He studied at Eton, but he hadn't got a higher education. During his schooling Orwell read a lot, he knew quite well that his future career would be connected with literary activity. His life experience helped him to write his novels and essays. Thus his first book *"Burmese Days"* was published in 1934. Then followed *"A Clergyman's Daughter'"* (1935) and several essays on politics, art and literature. The writer exposed all the vices of the human gap between the upper classes and the working class. George Orwell worshiped the ideals of socialism and hated fascism. That is why he took part in the Spanish Civil War as a BBC correspondent in 1936. Orwell fought for Republicans and was badly wounded. From then on he worked as a journalist and novelist.

His Spanish impressions are described in his documentary novel *"Homage to Catalonia"* (1938) in which he appreciated the atmosphere of equality and brotherhood among the Republicans during the war. G.Orwell became a staunch supporter of Socialism, though he realized that some Spanish Republicans betrayed the interests of freedom. He understood how selfish, greedy and mean some people were in their aim to possess a great political power and their desire to suppress the others. His thoughts and sufferings G.Orwell vividly revealed in his two very popular novels: *"Animal Farm"* (1945) and *"1984"* (1949). The writer blamed Totalitarism and proclaimed Socialism.

In Orwell's popular book *'1984"*, written in 1949 in Scotland where the author settled after the Second World war, he describes the future where every word is controlled; every action is seen by the state, which has developed a kind of television that can watch people in their own home, and is

changing the language so that the only words left are those for objects and ideas that the government wants the people to know about. For G. Orwell, the quality of a language implies the quality of the society, thus the government regulating the language manipulates the people who use it. This picture of the future, influenced by the hardships and sorrows of the war, is depressing and gloomy. George Orwell considers that the state must play an important part in a reasonable society, but he also believes that each person in such a society needs to be independent.

3. John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892-1973)

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien was born in 1892 in Africa. His father, Arthur Tolkien, left England for South Africa for better prospects of promotion, where he had to take up a post of a bank clerk. Soon Arthur died in 1896, and Ronald, his mother and his younger brother returned to England and settled near Birmingham. The family lived in poverty. Their mother died when Ronald was twelve. At that time he attended King Edward's School, where he studied Latin and Greek. Meanwhile, Tolkien was taught Middle English. Later, in Oxford, Ronald Tolkien was greatly interested in Finnish, Welsh and Anglo-Saxon. It might have been his family roots that encouraged him to plunge into the Anglo-Saxon epoch. His ancestors were Saxons. Thus his father's family name is believed to be of Saxon origin. It means "foolishly-brave", oxymoron, which Ronald occasionally used. His father's first name, Arthur, reminds us of the times of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. As the result of everything mentioned above Ronald Tolkien started to invent his own mythological language.

In August 1914 the First World War broke out. Tolkien graduated from Oxford the following year. He had to be

embarked for France. But before taking up his commission he married Edith Bratt. They married in Warwick where Edith lived. Warwick Castle with its beautiful countryside impressed the future writer greatly. In 1916 Tolkien was sent to active duty to the Western Front where he was struck down by trench fever (typhus-like infection) and was sent back to England. Soon he was appointed to the post of Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford and established himself one of the finest philologists in the world. At the same time he began writing his myths and legends of Middle-earth. Meanwhile, Tolkien told his children his wonderful tales. Sometimes he published his works. *"The Hobbit"* appeared in 1937. It was a success and encouraged Tolkien to continue developing his literary talent.

But it was not until 1954 that his masterpiece, *"The Lord of the Rings",* was published and rapidly came to public notice. The tale is written in two books logically connected with each other. *"The Fellowship of the Ring"* is the first part of original hard-cover edition of *"The Lord of the Rings"* published in 1968.

Tolkien contributed a lot into the world literature, having revived and enriched the fantasy genre with his translations of a number of Middle-earth related works: *"The Adventures of Tom Bombadil", "Sir Gawain", "The Pearl"* and others. In 1969 Ronald Tolkien and his wife Edith moved to Bournemouth where they lived until Edith's death. After that Tolkien returned to Oxford in 1971. There he died in 1973, after short illness, having left his long-awaited mythological work, *"The Silmarillion"* unpublished. His son Christopher Tolkien managed to publish it in 1977 alongside with several incomplete writings, under the title of *"Unfinished Tales of Numenor and Middle Earth".*

4. Charles Percy Snow (1905-1980)

Charles Percy Snow was born in 1905 in Leicester, a relatively prosperous city based on boot-and-shoe trades. He was the second of the four sons in the family. Snow was educated in Alderman Newton Grammar School where in the sixth form he specialized in science. Later he worked as a laboratory assistant at the same school. After Leicester University College he worked on molecular physics. At Cambridge the high quality of his research let him be elected to a Fellowship in 1930, and he was recognized as a talented scientist. Nevertheless, he decided to devote himself to literature. As a beginning he wrote two detective novels. One of them is called *"Death under Sail"* (1932). In 1933 he wrote *"The Search",* his first serious novel. It established him as a novelist.

Real fame came to Snow in 1940 when he started publishing a series of novels under the general title *"Strangers and Brothers".* It took him more than a quarter of a century to finish his work including eleven novels. Snow remained in academic life until the outbreak of the Second World War when he was asked by a committee of the Royal Society to help in organizing university scientists for the war. Thus he joined the civil service. Since 1947 the writer published seven more novels of the projected eleven which will complete the *"Strangers and Brothers".* The most important are: *"The Light and the Dark"* (1947), *"Time of Hope"* (1949), *"The Conscience of the Rich"* (1958). All these novels are united by one character - Lewis Eliot - a lawyer and a government official. Snow had a unique personality because he managed to be a prominent scientist and an outstanding novelist simultaneously.

5. Graham Greene (1904-1991)

Graham Greene is a contradictory writer, possessing a great force of conviction whose late novels seem to show a very rapid development towards critical realism. Greene would characterize himself as a realist and a religious writer. He is a Catholic whose books have brought him an international estimation. Graham Greene was born in 1904 at Berkhamstead. His father Charles Henry Greene was a headmaster of the local church school and was a true Catholic. This fact strongly influenced the views of the writer since his very childhood.

Graham Greene was educated at Oxford. After graduating from it he became a subeditor of the "London Times" from 1926 to 1930. Greene travelled widely. He had been to all parts of Mexico which later became a scene of many of his novels. He first came to notice of the literary world with his novels of 1930's, such as *"Brighton Rock"* (1938) and *"The Power and the Glory"* (1940). With these books he introduced his own genre, the thriller based on moral significance.

"Brighton Rock" has at its centre an evil man who thinks he can conquer everything and everyone who stands in his way. He is outside the laws of man, but for Greene, only God's law is strong enough to reach him; his soul can be saved because he loves. *"The Power and the Glory"* is considered to be one of his best novels. It tells the story of a priest in South America who is in danger and has to choose between saving his soul (by continuing acting as a priest) or his body, either by escaping or refusing from his action as a priest. The characters who are failures are seen as being nearer God than those who are more successful in worldly ways.

Since the beginning of his literary career Graham Greene wrote along two lines: the so-called "serious novels" and "the entertaining novels". While the first are generally about the

psychology of man, the second are more of the detective type. The plot of such a novel is always exciting and violent. But all of his "entertaining" books have one common feature - the humanism of the author, his profound psychological analysis of the characters and the social problems of the day. For Graham Greene the essential human tragedy lies in the gap between *what man wants* and *what he is able to get.*

6. **James Aldridge** (1918 - 2015)

James Aldridge was born in 1918 on the Island of Man near Scotland, in the family of an English writer. He spent his youth in Australia, then came to England in the 1930's for the higher education, studied at Oxford and became a war correspondent. He travelled a lot; he visited almost every corner of the front: Egypt, Greece, Spain, Iran. *"Signed with Their Honour"* (1942), *"The Sea Eagle"* (1944), *"Of Many Men"* (1946) were of great importance among the novels of the war time. These books were the first record of the sufferings and hardships of millions of people fighting for their freedom and independence.

The writer could brilliantly reflect the social and political situation in Greece. Moreover, he captured the certain historical period. His novels are permeated with sorrow and bitterness over the loss of lives, though lack of despair is characteristic for all novels of James Aldridge. *"The Diplomat"* has become an important landmark in English Literature. In June 1953 the World Peace Council awarded Aldridge the gold medal for the novel. This is a definite acknowledgement of the writer's achievement.

7. John Osborne (1929-1994)

John Osborne was born in 1929 in a suburb of London. He lived there until the beginning of World War II. He was educated in a boarding school, at 16 he left school for

journalism. Then, quite by chance he became an actor and worked in different provincial theatres. At the beginning of the 1950's he was invited to play in London's English Stage Company. In 1956 he became a playwright. Since then Osborne has written over fifteen plays, among them were *"The Entertainer'* (1957) and *"The World of Paul Slickey"* (1959). These plays describe the laws and traditions of the British society.

In 1956 the Royal Court Theatre was established in London. It was greatly interested in performing new plays, because it was the first theatre with a permanent company of actors, the English Stage Company. Osborne's *"Look Back in Anger"* was staged in the Royal Court Theatre on 8th of May, 1956. The author introduced a new kind of drama, a psychological *play-monologue.* The play reflects the life of the postwar youth with special emphasis on the new intelligentsia, the representatives of "Angry Young Men". They get a university education, but can't find their proper place in society.

ПРАКТИЧНИЙ МОДУЛЬ

Практичне заняття 1-2

Тема: English Literature of the first half of the 20th century

План:

1. Historical background.
2. Rudyard Kipling and his literature for children.
3. The scientific novels of Herbert George Wells.
4. John Galsworthy as an outstanding English novelist and playwright.
5. George Bernard Shaw – the master of paradoxes and aphorisms.
6. William Butler Yeats as a great figure in the poetry of the early 20th century.
7. William Somerset Maugham is one of the best known English novelist, dramatist and short-story writer.
8. Virginia Woolf as one of the principal exponents of Modernism.
9. Richard Aldington is a master of battle-scene descriptions.
10. Archibald Cronin and John B. Priestley reveal the atmosphere of social struggle.
11. Arthur Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie - the masters of a detective novel.

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5. Ивашева В.В. Литература Великобритании XX в.: учебник для студентов филологических специальностей вузов / В.В. Ивашева. – М., 1984

6. История всемирной литературы: В 9 т. Т.8 – М., 1994

7. Позднякова Л. История английской и американской литературы. — М., 2002

8. Прокаєв Ф.І. Кучинський Б.В., Долганов І.В. Зарубіжна література. – К., 1987

9. Шахова К. Нариси творчості зарубіжних письменників-реалістів XIX-XX століття. К., 1975.

10. English literature (M. Gekker, T. Volosova, A. Doroshevich). Part II. - Тернопіль, 2001

Практичне заняття 3-4

Тема: English Literature of the second half of the 20th century

План:

1. Historical background.
2. An outstanding fiction writer – George Orwell.
3. John R. Tolkien and his masterpiece "The Lord of the Rings".
4. Charles Percy Snow – a unique personality of a prominent scientist and an outstanding novelist.
5. Graham Greene as a representative of critical realism.
6. James Aldridge and his novels of the war time.
7. John Osborne introduced a new kind of drama – a psychological play-monologue.

Рекомендована література до практичних занять

1. Аникин Г. В., Михальская Н. П. История английской литературы. – М., 1985

2. Елизарова М. и др. История зарубежной литературы конца XIX — начала XX века. — М., 1980

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10. English literature (M. Gekker, T. Volosova, A. Doroshevich). Part II. - Тернопіль, 2001

ЗАВДАННЯ ДЛЯ САМОСТІЙНОЇ РОБОТИ

Самостійна робота 1

Питання для опрацювання та самоконтролю:

1. Особливості розвитку англомовної літератури модернізму.

2. Загальні тенденції розвитку англійської літератури XX ст.

3. Декаданс і модернізм: зв'язок і відмінності.

4. Філософські основи модернізму. Модернізм і оновлення художніх форм: природа новаторства, техніка „потоку свідомості”.

5. Діяльність групи Блумсбері.

Самостійна робота 2

Питання для опрацювання та самоконтролю:

1. Загальні тенденції розвитку ірландської англомовної літератури кінця XIX – першої половини XX століття. Поняття англо-ірландської літератури.

2. Життєвий і творчий шлях Дж. Джойса: його вплив на подальший розвиток літератури XX ст. „Улісс” Дж. Джойса як роман-міф.

3. Творчість В. Вулф як новеліста, романіста і теоретика літератури модернізму. Роман „потоку свідомості” в творчості письменниці: „Місіс Делловей”.

4. Жанрові різновиди англійського модерністичного роману. Творчість Д.Г. Лоуренса: роман „Коханець леді Чатерлей”.

5. Інтелектуальний роман О. Гакслі.

Самостійна робота 3

Питання для опрацювання та самоконтролю:

1. Особливості розвитку реалізму в англійській літературі першої пол. XX ст. Реалізм: синтез традицій класичного реалізму XIX ст. з модерністськими новаціями.

2. Жанрова система і різноманіття форм реалістичного мистецтва XX ст.

3. Творчість Джона Ґолсворсі. Форсайтівський цикл письменника.

4. Література „втраченого покоління”.

5. Роман Р. Олдінґтона „Смерть героя” і література „втраченого покоління”.

6. Сатиричні романи І. Во.

Самостійна робота 4

Питання для опрацювання та самоконтролю:

1. Розвиток утопічних жанрів у літературі XX століття. Поняття “утопія”, “антиутопія”, “дистопія” в історії літератури: жанроутворюючі ознаки та основні характеристики.

2. Творчість Г. Веллса. Соціально-фантастичний роман у творчості письменника: „Містер Блетсуорсі на острові Ремпол”.

3. Антиутопія і модернізм. Роман „Дивний новий світ” О. Гакслі як зразок антиутопії. Роман Дж. Орвела „1984” як роман-дистопія.

Самостійна робота 5

Питання для опрацювання та самоконтролю:

1. Англійська література повоєнного періоду

2. Особливості соціокультурного й історичного розвитку Великої Британії після Другої світової війни.

3. Загальні тенденції розвитку англійського роману в повоєнний період.

4. Реалізм у літературі повоєнного періоду: проблематика та жанри.

5. Творчість Г. Ґріна в контексті антиколоніального роману.

6. Робітничий роман. Творчість Ч.П. Сноу: епічний цикл „Чужі і брати”.

Самостійна робота 6

Питання для опрацювання та самоконтролю:

1. Англійський інтелектуальний роман другої

половини XX століття. Вплив філософії й літератури екзистенціалізму.

2. Філософсько-психологічні романи А. Мердок: тематика, проблематика, традиція і новаторство.

3. Філософські притчі В. Ґолдінґа: особливості художнього методу письменника.

Рекомендована література до самостійної роботи:

Основна

1. Аникин Г., Михальская Н. История английской литературы. – М., 1985.

2. Жлуктенко Н. Ю. Английский психологический роман XX века. – К.: Выща школа, 1988.

3. Зарубіжні письменники. Енциклопедичний довідник. У 2 т. / За ред. Н. Михальської та Б. Щавурського. – Тернопіль, 2005.

4. Затонский Д. Модернизм и постмодернизм. Мысли об извечном коловращении изящных и неизящных искусств. – Харьков, 2000.

5. Ивашева В. В. Литература Великобритании XX века: Учеб. для филол. спец. вузов. – М.: Высшая школа, 1984.

6. Ивашева В. Современная английская литература. – М., 1963.

7. Література Англії XX століття: Навчальний посібник / за ред. К. О. Шахової. / К. О. Шахова, Н. Ю. Жлуктенко, С. Д. Павличко та інш. – К.: Либідь, 1993.

8. Павличко С. Д. Зарубіжна література: Дослідж. та критич. статті. – К.: Вид-во Соломії Павличко «Основи», 2001.

9. Филюшкина С. Современный английский роман. – Воронеж, 1988.

Додаткова

10. Аникин Г. Английский роман 60-х годов XX века. – М., 1974.

11. Блум Г. Західний канон: книги на тлі епох / Пер. з англ. під загальною редакцією Р. Семківа. – К.: Факт, 2007.

12. Венгеров Л. Зарубіжна література. 1871 – 1973. Огляди і портрети. – К., 1974.

13. Дубашинский И. Роман Ч.П. Сноу «Коридоры власти». – М., 1984.

14. Ивашева В. Английский роман последнего десятилетия. – М., 1962.

15. Мірошниченко Л. Останній роман В. Ґолдінґа // Всесвіт. – 1998. - № 8. – С. 146-151.

16. Сачик О. Творча гра та ігрова творчість // Всесвіт. – 1999. - № 1-2. – С. 114-116.

17. Зарубежная литература второго тысячелетия. 1000 – 2000: Учеб. пособие / Под ред. Л. Андреева. – М., 2001.

18. Зарубіжна література XX ст.: Посібник / За ред. О.М. Николенка, Т.М. Конєвої. – К.: Академія, 1998.

19. Ильин И. П. Постмодернизм от истоков до конца столетия: эволюция научного мифа. – М., 1998.

20. Лиотар Ж.-Ф. Ответ на вопрос: что такое постмодерн? – М.: Ad Marginem, 1993. − С. 303−323.

21. Наливайко Д. Искусство: направления, течения, стили. – К.: Мистецтво, 1981.

22. Постмодернизм. Энциклопедия. – Минск, 2001.

23. Современное зарубежное литературоведение (Страны Западной Европы и США): концепции, школы, термины. Энциклопедический справочник. – М., 1999.

24. Beach J. W. A History of English Literature. Volume 4. – New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1962.

25. Beach J. W. The Twentieth Century Novel: Studies in Technique. – New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1960.

ТЕМИ РЕФЕРАТІВ

1. General trends of English literature in the early XX century.

2. Aestheticism of O. Wilde as a novelist, playwright, poet and theorist of literature.

3. The artistic features of O. Wilde's novel "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

4. Development of English novels of the late of XX century.

5. Modernism as one of the leading literary movements in English literature of the first half of the XX century.

6. The life and career of James Joyce: its impact on the further development of the literature of the XX century.

7. "Ulysses". James Joyce's novel as a myth.

8. Anglo-modernism poetry. T. Eliot – the creator of the poem-myth.

9. The main features of modernistic English novel.

10. V. Woolf – a novelist and a theorist of modernism in literature.

11. The psychological novel in the works of V. Woolf.

12. Intellectual novels of A. Huxley.

13. Development of utopian genres in English literature of the first half of the twentieth century.

14. Lost generation in the English literature of the first half of the XX century. Richard Aldington's works.

16. The main features of realism in English literature of the first half of the XX century.

17. The life and career of John Galsworthy. "The Forsyte Saga".

18. The humanism of Graham Greene, his profound psychological analysis of the characters and the social problems of the day.

19. The English comic novel of the XX century.

20. General trends of English drama of the late XIX - early XX century.

21. Philosophical and psychological novels of A. Murdoch: tradition and innovation.

22. Philosophical foundations of Modernism.

УРИВКИ ІЗ ЛІТЕРАТУРНИХ ТВОРІВ

Agatha Christie
"And Then There Were None"

Chapter 1

In the corner of a first-class smoking carriage, Mr. Justice Wargrave, lately retired from the bench, puffed at a cigar and ran an interested eye through the political news in the Times.

He laid the paper down and glanced out of the window. They were running now through Somerset. He glanced at his watch - another two hours to go.

He went over in his mind all that had appeared in the papers about Indian Island. There had been its original purchase by an American millionaire who was crazy about yachting - and an account of the luxurious modern house he had built on this little island off the Devon coast. The unfortunate fact that the new third wife of the American millionaire was a bad sailor had led to the subsequent putting up of the house and island for sale. Various glowing advertisements of it had appeared in the papers. Then came the first bald statement that it had been bought - by a Mr. Owen. After that the rumours of the gossip writers had started. Indian Island had really been bought by Miss Gabrielle Turl, the Hollywood film star! She wanted to spend some months there free from all publicity! Busy Bee had hinted delicately that it was to be an abode for Royalty??! Mr. Merryweather had had it whispered to him that it had been bought for a honeymoon - Young Lord L... had surrendered to Cupid at last! Jones knew for a fact that it had been purchased by the Admiralty with a view to carrying out some very hush hush experiments!

Definitely, Indian Island was news!

From his pocket Mr. Justice Wargrave drew out a letter. The handwriting was practically illegible but words here and there stood out with unexpected clarity. Dearest Lawrence... such years since I heard anything of you... must come to Indian Island... the most enchanting place... so much to talk

over... old days... communion with Nature... bask in sunshine... 12:40 from Paddington... meet you at Oakbridge... and his correspondent signed herself with a flourish his ever Constance Culmington.

Mr. Justice Wargrave cast back in his mind to remember when exactly he had last seen Lady Constance Culmington. It must be seven - no, eight years ago. She had then been going to Italy to bask in the sun and be at one with Nature and the contadini. Later, he had heard, she had proceeded to Syria where she proposed to bask in yet stronger sun and live at one with Nature and the bedouin.

Constance Culmington, he reflected to himself, was exactly the sort of woman who would buy an island and surround herself with mystery! Nodding his head in gentle approval of his logic, Mr. Justice Wargrave allowed his head to nod... He slept...

II

Vera Claythorne, in a third-class carriage with five other travellers in it, leaned her head back and shut her eyes. How hot it was travelling by train today! It would be nice to get to the sea! Really a great piece of luck getting this job. When you wanted a holiday post it nearly always meant looking after a swarm of children - secretarial holiday posts were much more difficult to get. Even the agency hadn't held out much hope.

And then the letter had come.

"I have received your name from the Skilled Women's Agency together with their recommendation. I understand they know you personally. I shall be glad to pay you the salary you ask and shall expect you to take up your duties on August 8th. The train is the 12:40 from Paddington and you will be met at Oakbridge station. I enclose five pound notes for expenses.

Yours truly,

Una Nancy Owen.

And at the top was the stamped address Indian Island. Sticklehaven. Devon...

Indian Island! Why, there had been nothing else in the papers lately! All sorts of hints and interesting rumours. Though probably that was mostly untrue. But the house had certainly been built by a millionaire and was said to be absolutely the last word in luxury.

Vera Claythorne, tired by a recent strenuous term at school, thought to herself - "Being a games mistress in a third-class school isn't much of a catch... If only I could get a job at some decent school."

And then, with a cold feeling round her heart, she thought: "But I'm lucky to have even this. After all, people don't like a Coroner's Inquest, even if the Coroner did acquit me of all blame!"

He had even complimented her on her presence of mind and courage, she remembered. For an inquest it couldn't have gone better. And Mrs. Hamilton had been kindness itself to her - only Hugo - (but she wouldn't think of Hugo!)

Suddenly, in spite of the heat in the carriage she shivered and wished she wasn't going to the sea. A picture rose clearly before her mind. Cyril's head, bobbing up and down, swimming to the rock... Up and down - up and down... And herself, swimming in easy practised strokes after him - cleaving her way through the water but knowing, only too surely, that she wouldn't be in time...

The sea - its deep warm blue mornings spent lying out on the sands - Hugo - Hugo who had said he loved her...

She must not think of Hugo...

She opened her eyes and frowned across at the man

opposite her. A tall man with a brown face, light eyes set rather close together and an arrogant almost cruel mouth.

She thought to herself:

"I bet he's been to some interesting parts of the world and seen some interesting things..."

III

Philip Lombard, summing up the girl opposite in a mere flash of his quick moving eyes thought to himself:

"Quite attractive - a bit schoolmistressy perhaps..."

A cool customer, he should imagine - and one who could hold her own - in love or war. He'd rather like to take her on...

He frowned. No, cut out all that kind of stuff. This was business. He'd got to keep his mind on the job.

What exactly was up, he wondered? That little Jew had been damned mysterious.

"Take it or leave it, Captain Lombard."

He had said thoughtfully:

"A hundred guineas, eh?"

He had said it in a casual way as though a hundred guineas was nothing to him. A hundred guineas when he was literally down to his last square meal! He had fancied, though, that the little Jew had not been deceived - that was the damnable part about Jews, you couldn't deceive them about money - they knew!

He had said in the same casual tone:

"And you can't give me any further information?"

Mr. Isaac Morris had shaken his little bald head very positively.

"No, Captain Lombard, the matter rests there. It is understood by my client that your reputation is that of a good man in a tight place. I am empowered to hand you one hundred guineas in return for which you will travel to

Sticklehaven, Devon. The nearest station is Oakbridge, you will be met there and motored to Sticklehaven where a motor launch will convey you to Indian Island. There you will hold yourself at the disposal of my client."

Lombard had said abruptly:

"For how long?"

"Not longer than a week at most."

Fingering his small moustache, Captain Lombard said:

"You understand I can't undertake anything - illegal?"

He had darted a very sharp glance at the other as he had spoken. There had been a very faint smile on the thick Semitic lips of Mr. Morris as he answered gravely: "If anything illegal is proposed, you will, of course, be at perfect liberty to withdraw."

Damn the smooth little brute, he had smiled! It was as though he knew very well that in Lombard's past actions legality had not always been a sine qua non...

Lombard's own lips parted in a grin.

By Jove, he'd sailed pretty near the wind once or twice! But he'd always got away with it! There wasn't much he drew the line at really...

No, there wasn't much he'd draw the line at. He fancied that he was going to enjoy himself at Indian Island...

IV

In a non-smoking carriage Miss Emily Brent sat very upright as was her custom. She was sixty-five and she did not approve of lounging. Her father, a Colonel of the old school, had been particular about deportment.

The present generation was shamelessly lax - in their carriage, and in every other way...

Enveloped in an aura of righteousness and unyielding principles, Miss Brent sat in her crowded third-class

carriage and triumphed over its discomfort and its heat. Every one made such a fuss over things nowadays! They wanted injections before they had teeth pulled - they took drugs if they couldn't sleep - they wanted easy chairs and cushions and the girls allowed their figures to slop about anyhow and lay about half naked on the beaches in summer.

Miss Brent's lips set closely. She would like to make an example of certain people.

She remembered last year's summer holiday. This year, however, it would be quite different. Indian Island...

Mentally she reread the letter which she had already read so many times.

Dear Miss Brent,

I do hope you remember me? We were together at Bellhaven Guest House in August some years ago, and we seemed to have so much in common.

I am starting a guest house of my own on an island off the coast of Devon. I think there is really an opening for a place where there is good plain cooking and a nice old-fashioned type of person. None of this nudity and gramophones half the night. I shall be very glad if you could see your way to spending your summer holiday on Indian Island - quite free - as my guest. Would early in August suit you? Perhaps the 8th.

Yours sincerely.

U.N. -

What was the name? The signature was rather difficult to read. Emily Brent thought impatiently: "So many people write their signatures quite illegibly."

She let her mind run back over the people at Bellhaven. She had been there two summers running. There had been that nice middle-aged woman - Mrs. - Mrs. - now what was her name? - her father had been a Canon. And there had been a

Miss Olton - Ormen - No, surely it was Oliver! Yes - Oliver.

Indian Island! There had been things in the paper about Indian Island - something about a film star - or was it an American millionaire?

Of course often those places went very cheap - islands didn't suit everybody. They thought the idea was romantic but when they came to live there they realized the disadvantages and were only too glad to sell.

Emily Brent thought to herself: "I shall be getting a free holiday at any rate."

With her income so much reduced and so many dividends not being paid, that was indeed something to take into consideration. If only she could remember a little more about Mrs. - or was it Miss - Oliver?

V

General Macarthur looked out of the carriage window. The train was just coming into Exeter where he had to change. Damnable, these slow branch line trains! This place, Indian Island, was really no distance at all as the crow flies.

He hadn't got it clear who this fellow Owen was. A friend of Spoof Leggard's, apparently - and of Johnny Dyer's.

- One or two of your old cronies are coming - would like to have a talk over old times.

Well, he'd enjoy a chat about old times. He'd had a fancy lately that fellows were rather lighting shy of him. All owing to that damned rumour! By God, it was pretty hard - nearly thirty years ago now! Armstrong had talked, he supposed. Damned young pup! What did he know about it? Oh, well, no good brooding about these things! One fancied things sometimes - fancied a fellow was looking at you queerly.

This Indian Island now, he'd be interested to see it. A lot of gossip flying about. Looked as though there might be

something in the rumour that the Admiralty or the War Office or the Air Force had got hold of it...

Young Elmer Robson, the American millionaire, had actually built the place. Spent thousands on it, so it was said. Every mortal luxury...

Exeter! And an hour to wait! And he didn't want to wait. He wanted to get on...

VI

Dr. Armstrong was driving his Morris across Salisbury Plain. He was very tired... Success had its penalties. There had been a time when he had sat in his consulting room in Harley Street, correctly apparelled, surrounded with the most up-to-date appliances and the most luxurious furnishings and waited - waited through the empty days for his venture to succeed or fail...

Well, it had succeeded! He'd been lucky! Lucky and skillful of course. He was a good man at his job - but that wasn't enough for success. You had to have luck as well. And he'd had it! An accurate diagnosis, a couple of grateful women patients - women with money and position - and word had got about. "You ought to try Armstrong - quite a young man - but so clever - Pam had been to all sorts of people for years and he put his finger on the trouble at once!" The ball had started rolling.

And now Dr. Armstrong had definitely arrived. His days were full. He had little leisure. And so, on this August morning, he was glad that he was leaving London and going to be for some days on an island off the Devon coast. Not that it was exactly a holiday. The letter he had received had been rather vague in its terms, but there was nothing vague about the accompanying cheque. A whacking fee. These Owens must be rolling in money. Some little difficulty, it seemed, a

husband who was worried about his wife's health and wanted a report on it without her being alarmed. She wouldn't hear of seeing a doctor. Her nerves -

Nerves! The doctor's eyebrows went up. These women and their nerves! Well, it was good for business, after all. Half the women who consulted him had nothing the matter with them but boredom, but they wouldn't thank you for telling them so! And one could usually find something.

"A slightly uncommon condition of the - some long word - nothing at all serious - but it just needs putting right. A simple treatment."

Well, medicine was mostly faith-healing when it came to it. And he had a good manner - he could inspire hope and belief.

Lucky that he'd managed to pull himself together in time after that business ten - no, fifteen years ago. It had been a near thing, that! He'd been going to pieces. The shock had pulled him together. He'd cut out drink altogether. By Jove, it had been a near thing though...

With a devastating car-splitting blast on the horn an enormous Super Sports Dalmain car rushed past him at eighty miles an hour. Dr. Armstrong nearly went into the hedge. One of these young fools who tore round the country. He hated them. That had been a near shave, too. Damned young fool!

VII

Tony Marston, roaring down into Mere, thought to himself:

"The amount of cars crawling about the roads is frightful. Always something blocking your way. And they will drive in the middle of the road! Pretty hopeless driving in England, anyway... Not like France where you really could let out..."

Should he stop here for a drink, or push on? Heaps of time! Only another hundred miles and a bit to go. He'd have a gin and gingerbeer. Fizzing hot day!

This island place ought to be rather good fun - if the weather lasted. Who were these Owens, he wondered? Rich and stinking, probably. Badger was rather good at nosing people like that out. Of course, he had to, poor old chap, with no money of his own...

Hope they'd do one well in drinks. Never knew with these fellows who'd made their money and weren't born to it. Pity that story about Gabrielle Turl having bought Indian Island wasn't true. He'd like to have been in with that film star crowd.

Oh, well, he supposed there'd be a few girls there...

Coming out of the Hotel, he stretched himself, yawned, looked up at the blue sky and climbed into the Dalmain.

Several young women looked at him admiringly - his six feet of well-proportioned body, his crisp hair, tanned face, and intensely blue eyes.

He let in the clutch with a roar and leapt up the narrow street. Old men and errand boys jumped for safety. The latter looked after the car admiringly.

Anthony Marston proceeded on his triumphal progress.

VIII

Mr. Blore was in the slow train from Plymouth. There was only one other person in his carriage, an elderly seafaring gentleman with a bleary eye. At the present moment he had dropped off to sleep.

Mr. Blore was writing carefully in a little notebook.

"That's the lot," he muttered to himself. "Emily Brent, Vera Claythorne, Dr. Armstrong, Anthony Marston, old Justice Wargrave, Philip Lombard, General Macarthur,

C.M.G., D.S.O. Manservant and wife: Mr. and Mrs. Rogers."

He closed the notebook and put it back in his pocket. He glanced over at the corner and the slumbering man.

"Had one over the eight." diagnosed Mr. Blore accurately. He went over things carefully and conscientiously in his mind.

"Job ought to be easy enough," he ruminated. "Don't see how I can slip up on it. Hope I look all right."

He stood up and scrutinized himself anxiously in the glass. The face reflected there was of a slightly military cast with a moustache. There was very little expression in it. The eyes were grey and set rather close together.

"Might be a Major," said Mr. Blore. "No, I forgot. There's that old military gent. He'd spot me at once.

"South Africa," said Mr. Blore, "that's my line! None of these people have anything to do with South Africa, and I've just been reading that travel folder so I can talk about it all right."

Fortunately there were all sorts and types of colonials. As a man of means from South Africa, Mr. Blore felt that he could enter into any society unchallenged.

Indian Island. He remembered Indian Island as a boy... Smelly sort of rock covered with gulls - stood about a mile from the coast. It had got its name from its resemblance to a man's head - an American Indian profile.

Funny idea to go and build a house on it! Awful in bad weather! But millionaires were full of whims!

The old man in the corner woke up and said:

"You can't never tell at sea - never!"

Mr. Blore said soothingly, "That's right. You can't."

The old man hiccuped twice and said plaintively:

"There's a squall coming."

Mr. Blore said:

"No, no, mate, it's a lovely day."

The old man said angrily:

"There's a squall ahead. I can smell it."

"Maybe you're right," said Mr. Blore pacifically.

The train stopped at a station and the old fellow rose unsteadily.

"Thish where I get out." He fumbled with the window. Mr. Blore helped him.

The old man stood in the doorway. He raised a solemn hand and blinked his bleary eyes.

"Watch and pray," he said. "Watch and pray. The day of judgement is at hand."

He collapsed through the doorway onto the platform. From a recumbent position he looked up at Mr. Blore and said with immense dignity:

"I'm talking to you, young man. The day of judgement is very close at hand."

Subsiding onto his seat Mr. Blore thought to himself:

"He's nearer the day of judgement than I am!"

But there, as it happens, he was wrong...

James Joyce
”The Dubliners”

THE SISTERS

There was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of window: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way,

faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened blind for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: "I am not long for this world," and I had thought his words idle. Now I knew they were true. Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word gnomon in the Euclid and the word simony in the Catechism. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

Old Cotter was sitting at the fire, smoking, when I came downstairs to supper. While my aunt was ladling out my stirabout he said, as if returning to some former remark of his:

"No, I wouldn't say he was exactly... but there was something queer... there was something uncanny about him. I'll tell you my opinion...."

He began to puff at his pipe, no doubt arranging his opinion in his mind. Tiresome old fool! When we knew him first he used to be rather interesting, talking of faints and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery.

"I have my own theory about it," he said. "I think it was one of those ... peculiar cases .... But it's hard to say...."

He began to puff again at his pipe without giving us his theory. My uncle saw me staring and said to me:

"Well, so your old friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hear."

"Who?" said I.

"Father Flynn."

"Is he dead?"

"Mr. Cotter here has just told us. He was passing by the house."

I knew that I was under observation so I continued eating as if the news had not interested me. My uncle explained to old Cotter.

"The youngster and he were great friends. The old chap taught him a great deal, mind you; and they say he had a great wish for him."

"God have mercy on his soul," said my aunt piously.

Old Cotter looked at me for a while. I felt that his little beady black eyes were examining me but I would not satisfy him by looking up from my plate. He returned to his pipe and finally spat rudely into the grate.

"I wouldn't like children of mine," he said, "to have too much to say to a man like that."

"How do you mean, Mr. Cotter?" asked my aunt.

"What I mean is," said old Cotter, "it's bad for children. My idea is: let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age and not be... Am I right, Jack?"

"That's my principle, too," said my uncle. "Let him learn to box his corner. That's what I'm always saying to that Rosicrucian there: take exercise. Why, when I was a nipper every morning of my life I had a cold bath, winter and summer. And that's what stands to me now. Education is all very fine and large.... Mr. Cotter might take a pick of that leg mutton," he added to my aunt.

"No, no, not for me," said old Cotter.

My aunt brought the dish from the safe and put it on the table.

"But why do you think it's not good for children, Mr. Cotter?" she asked.

"It's bad for children," said old Cotter, "because their minds are so impressionable. When children see things like that, you know, it has an effect...."

I crammed my mouth with stirabout for fear I might give utterance to my anger. Tiresome old red-nosed imbecile!

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child, I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured, and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin.

The next morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little house in Great Britain Street. It was an unassuming shop, registered under the vague name of Drapery. The drapery consisted mainly of children's bootees and umbrellas; and on ordinary days a notice used to hang in the window, saying: Umbrellas Re-covered. No notice was visible now for the shutters were up. A crape bouquet was tied to the doorknocker with ribbon. Two poor women and a telegram boy were reading the card pinned on the crape. I also approached and read:

July 1st, 1895 The Rev. James Flynn (formerly of S. Catherine's Church, Meath Street), aged sixty-five years. R. I. P.

The reading of the card persuaded me that he was dead and I was disturbed to find myself at check. Had he not been dead I would have gone into the little dark room behind the

shop to find him sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, nearly smothered in his great-coat. Perhaps my aunt would have given me a packet of High Toast for him and this present would have roused him from his stupefied doze. It was always I who emptied the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands trembled too much to allow him to do this without spilling half the snuff about the floor. Even as he raised his large trembling hand to his nose little clouds of smoke dribbled through his fingers over the front of his coat. It may have been these constant showers of snuff which gave his ancient priestly garments their green faded look for the red handkerchief, blackened, as it always was, with the snuff-stains of a week, with which he tried to brush away the fallen grains, was quite inefficacious.

I wished to go in and look at him but I had not the courage to knock. I walked away slowly along the sunny side of the street, reading all the theatrical advertisements in the shop-windows as I went. I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself a sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death. I wondered at this for, as my uncle had said the night before, he had taught me a great deal. He had studied in the Irish college in Rome and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly. He had told me stories about the catacombs and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest. Sometimes he had amused himself by putting difficult questions to me, asking me what one should do in certain circumstances or whether such and such sins were mortal or venial or only imperfections. His questions showed me how complex and mysterious were certain institutions of the

Church which I had always regarded as the simplest acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the Church had written books as thick as the Post Office Directory and as closely printed as the law notices in the newspaper, elucidating all these intricate questions. Often when I thought of this I could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting one upon which he used to smile and nod his head twice or thrice. Sometimes he used to put me through the responses of the Mass which he had made me learn by heart; and, as I pattered, he used to smile pensively and nod his head, now and then pushing huge pinches of snuff up each nostril alternately. When he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloured teeth and let his tongue lie upon his lower lip--a habit which had made me feel uneasy in the beginning of our acquaintance before I knew him well.

As I walked along in the sun I remembered old Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had noticed long velvet curtains and a swinging lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strange in Persia, I thought.... But I could not remember the end of the dream.

In the evening my aunt took me with her to visit the house of mourning. It was after sunset; but the window-panes of the houses that looked to the west reflected the tawny gold of a great bank of clouds. Nannie received us in the hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have shouted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all. The old woman pointed upwards interrogatively and, on my aunt's nodding, proceeded to toil

up the narrow staircase before us, her bowed head being scarcely above the level of the banister-rail. At the first landing she stopped and beckoned us forward encouragingly towards the open door of the dead-room. My aunt went in and the old woman, seeing that I hesitated to enter, began to beckon to me again repeatedly with her hand.

I went in on tiptoe. The room through the lace end of the blind was suffused with dusky golden light amid which the candles looked like pale thin flames. He had been coffined. Nannie gave the lead and we three knelt down at the foot of the bed. I pretended to pray but I could not gather my thoughts because the old woman's mutterings distracted me. I noticed how clumsily her skirt was hooked at the back and how the heels of her cloth boots were trodden down all to one side. The fancy came to me that the old priest was smiling as he lay there in his coffin.

But no. When we rose and went up to the head of the bed I saw that he was not smiling. There he lay, solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with black cavernous nostrils and circled by a scanty white fur. There was a heavy odour in the room--the flowers.

We crossed ourselves and came away. In the little room downstairs we found Eliza seated in his arm-chair in state. I groped my way towards my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. She set these on the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. Then, at her sister's bidding, she filled out the sherry into the glasses and passed them to us. She pressed me to take some cream crackers also but I declined because I thought I would make too much noise eating them. She seemed to be somewhat disappointed at

my refusal and went over quietly to the sofa where she sat down behind her sister. No one spoke: we all gazed at the empty fireplace.

My aunt waited until Eliza sighed and then said:

"Ah, well, he's gone to a better world."

Eliza sighed again and bowed her head in assent. My aunt fingered the stem of her wine-glass before sipping a little.

"Did he... peacefully?" she asked.

"Oh, quite peacefully, ma'am," said Eliza. "You couldn't tell when the breath went out of him. He had a beautiful death, God be praised."

"And everything...?"

"Father O'Rourke was in with him a Tuesday and anointed him and prepared him and all."

"He knew then?"

"He was quite resigned."

"He looks quite resigned," said my aunt.

"That's what the woman we had in to wash him said. She said he just looked as if he was asleep, he looked that peaceful and resigned. No one would think he'd make such a beautiful corpse."

"Yes, indeed," said my aunt.

She sipped a little more from her glass and said:

"Well, Miss Flynn, at any rate it must be a great comfort for you to know that you did all you could for him. You were both very kind to him, I must say."

Eliza smoothed her dress over her knees.

"Ah, poor James!" she said. "God knows we done all we could, as poor as we are--we wouldn't see him want anything while he was in it."

Nannie had leaned her head against the sofa-pillow and seemed about to fall asleep.

"There's poor Nannie," said Eliza, looking at her, "she's wore out. All the work we had, she and me, getting in the woman to wash him and then laying him out and then the coffin and then arranging about the Mass in the chapel. Only for Father O'Rourke I don't know what we'd done at all. It was him brought us all them flowers and them two candlesticks out of the chapel and wrote out the notice for the Freeman's General and took charge of all the papers for the cemetery and poor James's insurance."

"Wasn't that good of him?" said my aunt

Eliza closed her eyes and shook her head slowly.

"Ah, there's no friends like the old friends," she said, "when all is said and done, no friends that a body can trust."

"Indeed, that's true," said my aunt. "And I'm sure now that he's gone to his eternal reward he won't forget you and all your kindness to him."

"Ah, poor James!" said Eliza. "He was no great trouble to us. You wouldn't hear him in the house any more than now. Still, I know he's gone and all to that...."

"It's when it's all over that you'll miss him," said my aunt.

"I know that," said Eliza. "I won't be bringing him in his cup of beef-tea any me, nor you, ma'am, sending him his snuff. Ah, poor James!"

She stopped, as if she were communing with the past and then said shrewdly:

"Mind you, I noticed there was something queer coming over him latterly. Whenever I'd bring in his soup to him there I'd find him with his breviary fallen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouth open."

She laid a finger against her nose and frowned: then she continued:

"But still and all he kept on saying that before the summer was over he'd go out for a drive one fine day just to see the old house again where we were all born down in Irishtown and take me and Nannie with him. If we could only get one of them new-fangled carriages that makes no noise that Father O'Rourke told him about, them with the rheumatic wheels, for the day cheap--he said, at Johnny Rush's over the way there and drive out the three of us together of a Sunday evening. He had his mind set on that.... Poor James!"

"The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said my aunt.

Eliza took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes with it. Then she put it back again in her pocket and gazed into the empty grate for some time without speaking.

"He was too scrupulous always," she said. "The duties of the priesthood was too much for him. And then his life was, you might say, crossed."

"Yes," said my aunt. "He was a disappointed man. You could see that."

A silence took possession of the little room and, under cover of it, I approached the table and tasted my sherry and then returned quietly to my chair in the comer. Eliza seemed to have fallen into a deep revery. We waited respectfully for her to break the silence: and after a long pause she said slowly:

"It was that chalice he broke.... That was the beginning of it. Of course, they say it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But still.... They say it was the boy's fault. But poor James was so nervous, God be merciful to him!"

"And was that it?" said my aunt. "I heard something...."

Eliza nodded.

"That affected his mind," she said. "After that he began to mope by himself, talking to no one and wandering about by

himself. So one night he was wanted for to go on a call and they couldn't find him anywhere. They looked high up and low down; and still they couldn't see a sight of him anywhere. So then the clerk suggested to try the chapel. So then they got the keys and opened the chapel and the clerk and Father O'Rourke and another priest that was there brought in a light for to look for him.... And what do you think but there he was, sitting up by himself in the dark in his confession-box, wide-awake and laughing-like softly to himself?"

She stopped suddenly as if to listen. I too listened; but there was no sound in the house: and I knew that the old priest was lying still in his coffin as we had seen him, solemn and truculent in death, an idle chalice on his breast.

Eliza resumed:

"Wide-awake and laughing-like to himself.... So then, of course, when they saw that, that made them think that there was something gone wrong with him...."

AN ENCOUNTER

It was Joe Dillon who introduced the Wild West to us. He had a little library made up of old numbers of The Union Jack, Pluck and The Halfpenny Marvel. Every evening after school we met in his back garden and arranged Indian battles. He and his fat young brother Leo, the idler, held the loft of the stable while we tried to carry it by storm; or we fought a pitched battle on the grass. But, however well we fought, we never won siege or battle and all our bouts ended with Joe Dillon's war dance of victory. His parents went to eight- o'clock mass every morning in Gardiner Street and the peaceful odour of Mrs. Dillon was prevalent in the hall of the house. But he played too fiercely for us who were younger and more timid.

He looked like some kind of an Indian when he capered

round the garden, an old tea-cosy on his head, beating a tin with his fist and yelling:

Ya! yaka, yaka, yaka!"

Everyone was incredulous when it was reported that he had a vocation for the priesthood. Nevertheless it was true.

A spirit of unruliness diffused itself among us and, under its influence, differences of culture and constitution were waived. We banded ourselves together, some boldly, some in jest and some almost in fear: and of the number of these latter, the reluctant Indians who were afraid to seem studious or lacking in robustness, I was one. The adventures related in the literature of the Wild West were remote from my nature but, at least, they opened doors of escape. I liked better some American detective stories which were traversed from time to time by unkempt fierce and beautiful girls. Though there was nothing wrong in these stories and though their intention was sometimes literary they were circulated secretly at school. One day when Father Butler was hearing the four pages of Roman History clumsy Leo Dillon was discovered with a copy of The Halfpenny Marvel.

"This page or this page? This page Now, Dillon, up! 'Hardly had the day' ... Go on! What day? 'Hardly had the day dawned' ... Have you studied it? What have you there in your pocket?"

Everyone's heart palpitated as Leo Dillon handed up the paper and everyone assumed an innocent face. Father Butler turned over the pages, frowning.

"What is this rubbish?" he said. "The Apache Chief! Is this what you read instead of studying your Roman History? Let me not find any more of this wretched stuff in this college. The man who wrote it, I suppose, was some wretched fellow who writes these things for a drink. I'm surprised at boys

like you, educated, reading such stuff. I could understand it if you were ... National School boys. Now, Dillon, I advise you strongly, get at your work or..."

This rebuke during the sober hours of school paled much of the glory of the Wild West for me and the confused puffy face of Leo Dillon awakened one of my consciences. But when the restraining influence of the school was at a distance I began to hunger again for wild sensations, for the escape which those chronicles of disorder alone seemed to offer me. The mimic warfare of the evening became at last as wearisome to me as the routine of school in the morning because I wanted real adventures to happen to myself. But real adventures, I reflected, do not happen to people who remain at home: they must be sought abroad.

The summer holidays were near at hand when I made up my mind to break out of the weariness of school life for one day at least. With Leo Dillon and a boy named Mahony I planned a day's miching. Each of us saved up sixpence. We were to meet at ten in the morning on the Canal Bridge. Mahony's big sister was to write an excuse for him and Leo Dillon was to tell his brother to say he was sick. We arranged to go along the Wharf Road until we came to the ships, then to cross in the ferryboat and walk out to see the Pigeon House. Leo Dillon was afraid we might meet Father Butler or someone out of the college; but Mahony asked, very sensibly, what would Father Butler be doing out at the Pigeon House. We were reassured: and I brought the first stage of the plot to an end by collecting sixpence from the other two, at the same time showing them my own sixpence. When we were making the last arrangements on the eve we were all vaguely excited. We shook hands, laughing, and Mahony said:

"Till tomorrow, mates!"

That night I slept badly. In the morning I was firstcomer to the bridge as I lived nearest. I hid my books in the long grass near the ashpit at the end of the garden where nobody ever came and hurried along the canal bank. It was a mild sunny morning in the first week of June. I sat up on the coping of the bridge admiring my frail canvas shoes which I had diligently pipe clayed overnight and watching the docile horses pulling a tram load of business people up the hill. All the branches of the tall trees which lined the mall were gay with little light green leaves and the sunlight slanted through them on to the water. The granite stone of the bridge was beginning to be warm and I began to pat it with my hands in time to an air in my head. I was very happy.

When I had been sitting there for five or ten minutes I saw Mahony's grey suit approaching. He came up the hill, smiling, and clambered up beside me on the bridge. While we were waiting he brought out the catapult which bulged from his inner pocket and explained some improvements which he had made in it. I asked him why he had brought it and he told me he had brought it to have some gas with the birds. Mahony used slang freely, and spoke of Father Butler as Old Bunser. We waited on for a quarter of an hour more but still there was no sign of Leo Dillon. Mahony, at last, jumped down and said:

"Come along. I knew Fatty'd funk it."

"And his sixpence...?" I said.

"That's forfeit," said Mahony. "And so much the better for us--a bob and a tanner instead of a bob."

We walked along the North Strand Road till we came to the Vitriol Works and then turned to the right along the Wharf Road. Mahony began to play the Indian as soon as we were out of public sight. He chased a crowd of ragged girls, brandishing his unloaded catapult and, when two ragged

boys began, out of chivalry, to fling stones at us, he proposed that we should charge them. I objected that the boys were too small and so we walked on, the ragged troop screaming after us: "Swaddlers! Swaddlers!" thinking that we were Protestants because Mahony, who was dark-complexioned, wore the silver badge of a cricket club in his cap. When we came to the Smoothing Iron we arranged a siege; but it was a failure because you must have at least three. We revenged ourselves on Leo Dillon by saying what a funk he was and guessing how many he would get at three o'clock from Mr. Ryan.

We came then near the river. We spent a long time walking about the noisy streets flanked by high stone walls, watching the working of cranes and engines and often being shouted at for our immobility by the drivers of groaning carts. It was noon when we reached the quays and as all the labourers seemed to be eating their lunches, we bought two big currant buns and sat down to eat them on some metal piping beside the river. We pleased ourselves with the spectacle of Dublin's commerce--the barges signalled from far away by their curls of woolly smoke, the brown fishing fleet beyond Ringsend, the big white sailing vessel which was being discharged on the opposite quay. Mahony said it would be right skit to run away to sea on one of those big ships and even I, looking at the high masts, saw, or imagined, the geography which had been scantily dosed to me at school gradually taking substance under my eyes. School and home seemed to recede from us and their influences upon us seemed to wane.

We crossed the Liffey in the ferryboat, paying our toll to be transported in the company of two labourers and a little Jew with a bag. We were serious to the point of solemnity, but once during the short voyage our eyes met and we laughed.

When we landed we watched the discharging of the graceful three master which we had observed from the other quay. Some bystander said that she was a Norwegian vessel. I went to the stern and tried to decipher the legend upon it but, failing to do so, I came back and examined the foreign sailors to see had any of them green eyes for I had some confused notion.... The sailors' eyes were blue and grey and even black. The only sailor whose eyes could have been called green was a tall man who amused the crowd on the quay by calling out cheerfully every time the planks fell:

"All right! All right!"

When we were tired of this sight we wandered slowly into Ringsend. The day had grown sultry, and in the windows of the grocers' shops musty biscuits lay bleaching. We bought some biscuits and chocolate which we ate sedulously as we wandered through the squalid streets where the families of the fishermen live. We could find no dairy and so we went into a huckster's shop and bought a bottle of raspberry lemonade each. Refreshed by this, Mahony chased a cat down a lane, but the cat escaped into a wide field. We both felt rather tired and when we reached the field we made at once for a sloping bank over the ridge of which we could see the Dodder.

It was too late and we were too tired to carry out our project of visiting the Pigeon House. We had to be home before four o'clock lest our adventure should be discovered. Mahony looked regretfully at his catapult and I had to suggest going home by train before he regained any cheerfulness. The sun went in behind some clouds and left us to our jaded thoughts and the crumbs of our provisions.

There was nobody but ourselves in the field. When we had lain on the bank for some time without speaking I saw a man approaching from the far end of the field. I watched

him lazily as I chewed one of those green stems on which girls tell fortunes. He came along by the bank slowly. He walked with one hand upon his hip and in the other hand he held a stick with which he tapped the turf lightly. He was shabbily dressed in a suit of greenish-black and wore what we used to call a jerry hat with a high crown. He seemed to be fairly old for his moustache was ashen-grey. When he passed at our feet he glanced up at us quickly and then continued his way. We followed him with our eyes and saw that when he had gone on for perhaps fifty paces he turned about and began to retrace his steps. He walked towards us very slowly, always tapping the ground with his stick, so slowly that I thought he was looking for something in the grass.

He stopped when he came level with us and bade us good day. We answered him and he sat down beside us on the slope slowly and with great care. He began to talk of the weather, saying that it would be a very hot summer and adding that the seasons had changed gready since he was a boy a long time ago. He said that the happiest time of one's life was undoubtedly one's schoolboy days and that he would give anything to be young again. While he expressed these sentiments which bored us a little we kept silent. Then he began to talk of school and of books. He asked us whether we had read the poetry of Thomas Moore or the works of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Lytton. I pretended that I had read every book he mentioned so that in the end he said:

"Ah, I can see you are a bookworm like myself. Now," he added, pointing to Mahony who was regarding us with open eyes, "he is different; he goes in for games."

He said he had all Sir Walter Scott's works and all Lord Lytton's works at home and never tired of reading them. "Of course," he said, "there were some of Lord Lytton's works

which boys couldn't read." Mahony asked why couldn't boys read them--a question which agitated and pained me because I was afraid the man would think I was as stupid as Mahony. The man, however, only smiled. I saw that he had great gaps in his mouth between his yellow teeth. Then he asked us which of us had the most sweethearts. Mahony mentioned lightly that he had three totties. The man asked me how many I had. I answered that I had none. He did not believe me and said he was sure I must have one. I was silent.

"Tell us," said Mahony pertly to the man, "how many have you yourself?"

The man smiled as before and said that when he was our age he had lots of sweethearts.

"Every boy," he said, "has a little sweetheart."

His attitude on this point struck me as strangely liberal in a man of his age. In my heart I thought that what he said about boys and sweethearts was reasonable. But I disliked the words in his mouth and I wondered why he shivered once or twice as if he feared something or felt a sudden chill. As he proceeded I noticed that his accent was good. He began to speak to us about girls, saying what nice soft hair they had and how soft their hands were and how all girls were not so good as they seemed to be if one only knew. There was nothing he liked, he said, so much as looking at a nice young girl, at her nice white hands and her beautiful soft hair. He gave me the impression that he was repeating something which he had learned by heart or that, magnetised by some words of his own speech, his mind was slowly circling round and round in the same orbit. At times he spoke as if he were simply alluding to some fact that everybody knew, and at times he lowered his voice and spoke mysteriously as if he were telling us something secret which he did not wish others to overhear. He repeated his

phrases over and over again, varying them and surrounding them with his monotonous voice. I continued to gaze towards the foot of the slope, listening to him.

After a long while his monologue paused. He stood up slowly, saying that he had to leave us for a minute or so, a few minutes, and, without changing the direction of my gaze, I saw him walking slowly away from us towards the near end of the field. We remained silent when he had gone. After a silence of a few minutes I heard Mahony exclaim:

"I say! Look what he's doing!"

As I neither answered nor raised my eyes Mahony exclaimed again:

"I say... He's a queer old josser!"

"In case he asks us for our names," I said "let you be Murphy and I'll be Smith."

We said nothing further to each other. I was still considering whether I would go away or not when the man came back and sat down beside us again. Hardly had he sat down when Mahony, catching sight of the cat which had escaped him, sprang up and pursued her across the field. The man and I watched the chase. The cat escaped once more and Mahony began to throw stones at the wall she had escaladed. Desisting from this, he began to wander about the far end of the field, aimlessly.

After an interval the man spoke to me. He said that my friend was a very rough boy and asked did he get whipped often at school. I was going to reply indignantly that we were not National School boys to be whipped, as he called it; but I remained silent. He began to speak on the subject of chastising boys. His mind, as if magnetised again by his speech, seemed to circle slowly round and round its new centre. He said that when boys were that kind they ought to be whipped and

well whipped. When a boy was rough and unruly there was nothing would do him any good but a good sound whipping. A slap on the hand or a box on the ear was no good: what he wanted was to get a nice warm whipping. I was surprised at this sentiment and involuntarily glanced up at his face. As I did so I met the gaze of a pair of bottle-green eyes peering at me from under a twitching forehead. I turned my eyes away again.

The man continued his monologue. He seemed to have forgotten his recent liberalism. He said that if ever he found a boy talking to girls or having a girl for a sweetheart he would whip him and whip him; and that would teach him not to be talking to girls. And if a boy had a girl for a sweetheart and told lies about it then he would give him such a whipping as no boy ever got in this world. He said that there was nothing in this world he would like so well as that. He described to me how he would whip such a boy as if he were unfolding some elaborate mystery. He would love that, he said, better than anything in this world; and his voice, as he led me monotonously through the mystery, grew almost affectionate and seemed to plead with me that I should understand him.

I waited till his monologue paused again. Then I stood up abruptly. Lest I should betray my agitation I delayed a few moments pretending to fix my shoe properly and then, saying that I was obliged to go, I bade him good-day. I went up the slope calmly but my heart was beating quickly with fear that he would seize me by the ankles. When I reached the top of the slope I turned round and, without looking at him, called loudly across the field:

"Murphy!"

My voice had an accent of forced bravery in it and I was ashamed of my paltry stratagem. I had to call the name

again before Mahony saw me and hallooed in answer. How my heart beat as he came running across the field to me! He ran as if to bring me aid. And I was penitent; for in my heart I had always despised him a little.

ARABY

North Richmond street being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communnicant and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark

muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill

litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O love!" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there

would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and

walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and. when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway

through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous house and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the

hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words Cafe Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea- sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"0, there's a ... fib!"

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"No, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real.

Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of

the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien
"The Lord Of The Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring"

Book I. Chapter 1
A Long-expected Party

When Mr. Bilbo Baggins of Bag End announced that he would shortly be celebrating his eleventy-first birthday with a party of special magnificence, there was much talk and excitement in Hobbiton.

Bilbo was very rich and very peculiar, and had been the wonder of the Shire for sixty years, ever since his remarkable disappearance and unexpected return. The riches he had brought back from his travels had now become a local legend, and it was popularly believed, whatever the old folk might say, that the Hill at Bag End was full of tunnels stuffed with treasure. And if that was not enough for fame, there was also his prolonged vigour to marvel at. Time wore on, but it seemed to have little effect on Mr. Baggins. At ninety he was much the same as at fifty. At ninety-nine they began to call

him *well*-preserved, but *unchanged* would have been nearer the mark. There were some that shook their heads and thought this was too much of a good thing; it seemed unfair that anyone should possess (apparently) perpetual youth as well as (reputedly) inexhaustible wealth.

'It will have to be paid for,' they said. 'It isn't natural, and trouble will come of it!'

But so far trouble had not come; and as Mr. Baggins was generous with his money, most people were willing to forgive him his oddities and his good fortune. He remained on visiting terms with his relatives (except, of course, the Sackville-Bagginses), and he had many devoted admirers among the hobbits of poor and unimportant families. But he had no close friends, until some of his younger cousins began to grow up.

The eldest of these, and Bilbo's favourite, was young Frodo Baggins. When Bilbo was ninety-nine, he adopted Frodo as his heir, and brought him to live at Bag End; and the hopes of the Sackville-Bagginses were finally dashed. Bilbo and Frodo happened to have the same birthday, September 22nd. 'You had better come and live here, Frodo my lad,' said Bilbo one day; 'and then we can celebrate our birthday-parties comfortably together.' At that time Frodo was still in his *tweens,* as the hobbits called the irresponsible twenties between childhood and coming of age at thirty-three.

Twelve more years passed. Each year the Bagginses had given very lively combined birthday-parties at Bag End; but now it was understood that something quite exceptional was being planned for that autumn. Bilbo was going to be *eleventy-one,* 111, a rather curious number and a very respectable age for a hobbit (the Old Took himself had only reached 130); and Frodo was going to be *thirty-three,* 33) an important number: the date of his 'coming of age'.

Tongues began to wag in Hobbiton and Bywater; and rumour of the coming event travelled all over the Shire. The history and character of Mr. Bilbo Baggins became once again the chief topic of conversation; and the older folk suddenly found their reminiscences in welcome demand.

No one had a more attentive audience than old Ham Gamgee, commonly known as the Gaffer. He held forth at *The Ivy Bush*, a small inn on the Bywater road; and he spoke with some authority, for he had tended the garden at Bag End for forty years, and had helped old Holman in the same job before that. Now that he was himself growing old and stiff in the joints, the job was mainly carried on by his youngest son, Sam Gamgee. Both father and son were on very friendly terms with Bilbo and Frodo. They lived on the Hill itself, in Number 3 Bagshot Row just below Bag End.

'A very nice well-spoken gentlehobbit is Mr. Bilbo, as I've always said,' the Gaffer declared. With perfect truth: for Bilbo was very polite to him, calling him 'Master Hamfast', and consulting him constantly upon the growing of vegetables - in the matter of 'roots', especially potatoes, the Gaffer was recognized as the leading authority by all in the neighbourhood (including himself).

'But what about this Frodo that lives with him?' asked Old Noakes of Bywater. 'Baggins is his name, but he's more than half a Brandybuck, they say. It beats me why any Baggins of Hobbiton should go looking for a wife away there in Buckland, where folks are so queer.'

'And no wonder they're queer,' put in Daddy Twofoot (the Gaffer's next-door neighbour), 'if they live on the wrong side of the Brandywine River, and right agin the Old Forest. That's a dark bad place, if half the tales be true.'

'You're right, Dad!' said the Gaffer. 'Not that the Brandybucks of Buck-land live *in* the Old Forest; but they're a queer breed, seemingly. They fool about with boats on that big river - and that isn't natural. Small wonder that trouble came of it, I say. But be that as it may, Mr. Frodo is as nice a young hobbit as you could wish to meet. Very much like Mr. Bilbo, and in more than looks. After all his father was a Baggins. A decent respectable hobbit was Mr. Drogo Baggins; there was never much to tell of him, till he was drownded.'

'Drownded?' said several voices. They had heard this and other darker rumours before, of course; but hobbits have a passion for family history, and they were ready to hear it again. 'Well, so they say,' said the Gaffer. 'You see: Mr. Drogo, he married poor Miss Primula Brandybuck. She was our Mr. Bilbo's first cousin on the mother's side (her mother being the youngest of the Old Took's daughters); and Mr. Drogo was his second cousin. So Mr. Frodo is his first *and* second cousin, once removed either way, as the saying is, if you follow me. And Mr. Drogo was staying at Brandy Hall with his father-in-law, old Master Gorbadoc, as he often did after his marriage (him being partial to his vittles, and old Gorbadoc keeping a mighty generous table); and he went out *boating* on the Brandywine River; and he and his wife were drownded, and poor Mr. Frodo only a child and all. '

'I've heard they went on the water after dinner in the moonlight,' said Old Noakes; 'and it was Drogo's weight as sunk the boat.'

'And *I* heard she pushed him in, and he pulled her in after him,' said Sandyman, the Hobbiton miller.

'You shouldn't listen to all you hear, Sandyman,' said the Gaffer, who did not much like the miller. 'There isn't no

call to go talking of pushing and pulling. Boats are quite tricky enough for those that sit still without looking further for the cause of trouble. Anyway: there was this Mr. Frodo left an orphan and stranded, as you might say, among those queer Bucklanders, being brought up anyhow in Brandy Hall. A regular warren, by all accounts. Old Master Gorbadoc never had fewer than a couple of hundred relations in the place. Mr. Bilbo never did a kinder deed than when he brought the lad back to live among decent folk.

'But I reckon it was a nasty shock for those Sackville-Bagginses. They thought they were going to get Bag End, that time when he went off and was thought to be dead. And then he comes back and orders them off; and he goes on living and living, and never looking a day older, bless him! And suddenly he produces an heir, and has all the papers made out proper. The Sackville-Bagginses won't never see the inside of Bag End now, or it is to be hoped not.'

'There's a tidy bit of money tucked away up there, I hear tell,' said a stranger, a visitor on business from Michel Delving in the Westfarthing. 'All the top of your hill is full of tunnels packed with chests of gold and silver, *and* jools, by what I've heard. '

'Then you've heard more than I can speak to,' answered the Gaffer. I know nothing about *jools.* Mr. Bilbo is free with his money, and there seems no lack of it; but I know of no tunnel-making. I saw Mr. Bilbo when he came back, a matter of sixty years ago, when I was a lad. I'd not long come prentice to old Holman (him being my dad's cousin), but he had me up at Bag End helping him to keep folks from trampling and trapessing all over the garden while the sale was on. And in the middle of it all Mr. Bilbo comes up the Hill with a pony and some mighty big bags and a couple of

chests. I don’t doubt they were mostly full of treasure he had picked up in foreign parts, where there be mountains of gold, they say; but there wasn’t enough to fill tunnels. But my lad Sam will know more about that. He’s in and out of Bag End. Crazy about stories of the old days he is, and he listens to all Mr. Bilbo’s tales. Mr. Bilbo has learned him his letters - meaning no harm, mark you, and I hope no harm will come of it.

‘Elves and Dragons’ I says to him. ‘*Cabbages and potatoes are better for me and you. Don’t go getting mixed up in the business of your betters, or you’ll land in trouble too big for you,’* I says to him. And I might say it to others,’ he added with a look at the stranger and the miller.

But the Gaffer did not convince his audience. The legend of Bilbo’s wealth was now too firmly fixed in the minds of the younger generation of hobbits.

‘Ah, but he has likely enough been adding to what he brought at first,’ argued the miller, voicing common opinion. ‘He’s often away from home. And look at the outlandish folk that visit him: dwarves coming at night, and that old wandering conjuror, Gandalf, and all. You can say what you like, Gaffer, but Bag End’s a queer place, and its folk are queerer.’

‘And you can say *what you* like, about what you know no more of than you do of boating, Mr. Sandyman,’ retorted the Gaffer, disliking the miller even more than usual. If that’s being queer, then we could do with a bit more queerness in these parts. There’s some not far away that wouldn’t offer a pint of beer to a friend, if they lived in a hole with golden walls. But they do things proper at Bag End. Our Sam says that *everyone’s* going to be invited to the party, and there’s

going to be presents, mark you, presents for all - this very month as is.'

That very month was September, and as fine as you could ask. A day or two later a rumour (probably started by the knowledgeable Sam) was spread about that there were going to be fireworks - fireworks, what is more, such as had not been seen in the Shire for nigh on a century, not indeed since the Old Took died.

Days passed and The Day drew nearer. An odd-looking waggon laden with odd-looking packages rolled into Hobbiton one evening and toiled up the Hill to Bag End. The startled hobbits peered out of lamplit doors to gape at it. It was driven by outlandish folk, singing strange songs: dwarves with long beards and deep hoods. A few of them remained at Bag End. At the end of the second week in September a cart came in through Bywater from the direction of the Brandywine Bridge in broad daylight. An old man was driving it all alone. He wore a tall pointed blue hat, a long grey cloak, and a silver scarf. He had a long white beard and bushy eyebrows that stuck out beyond the brim of his hat. Small hobbit-children ran after the cart all through Hobbiton and right up the hill. It had a cargo of fireworks, as they rightly guessed. At Bilbo's front door the old man began to unload: there were great bundles of fireworks of all sorts and shapes, each labelled with a large red G and the elf-rune, .

That was Gandalf's mark, of course, and the old man was Gandalf the Wizard, whose fame in the Shire was due mainly to his skill with fires, smokes, and lights. His real business was far more difficult and dangerous, but the Shire-folk knew nothing about it. To them he was just one of the 'attractions' at the Party. Hence the excitement of the hobbit-children. 'G for

Grand!' they shouted, and the old man smiled. They knew him by sight, though he only appeared in Hobbiton occasionally and never stopped long; but neither they nor any but the oldest of their elders had seen one of his firework displays - they now belonged to the legendary past.

When the old man, helped by Bilbo and some dwarves, had finished unloading. Bilbo gave a few pennies away; but not a single squib or cracker was forthcoming, to the disappointment of the onlookers.

'Run away now!' said Gandalf. 'You will get plenty when the time comes.' Then he disappeared inside with Bilbo, and the door was shut. The young hobbits stared at the door in vain for a while, and then made off, feeling that the day of the party would never come.

Inside Bag End, Bilbo and Gandalf were sitting at the open window of a small room looking out west on to the garden. The late afternoon was bright and peaceful. The flowers glowed red and golden: snap-dragons and sun-flowers, and nasturtiums trailing all over the turf walls and peeping in at the round windows.

'How bright your garden looks!' said Gandalf.

'Yes,' said Bilbo. I am very fond indeed of it, and of all the dear old Shire; but I think I need a holiday.'

'You mean to go on with your plan then?'

'I do. I made up my mind months ago, and I haven't changed it.'

'Very well. It is no good saying any more. Stick to your plan - your whole plan, mind - and I hope it will turn out for the best, for you, and for all of us.'

'I hope so. Anyway I mean to enjoy myself on Thursday, and have my little joke.'

'Who will laugh, I wonder?' said Gandalf, shaking his head.

'We shall see,' said Bilbo.

The next day more carts rolled up the Hill, and still more carts. There might have been some grumbling about 'dealing locally', but that very week orders began to pour out of Bag End for every kind of provision, commodity, or luxury that could be obtained in Hobbiton or Bywater or anywhere in the neighbourhood. People became enthusiastic; and they began to tick off the days on the calendar; and they watched eagerly for the postman, hoping for invitations.

Before long the invitations began pouring out, and the Hobbiton post-office was blocked, and the Bywater post-office was snowed under, and voluntary assistant postmen were called for. There was a constant stream of them going up the Hill, carrying hundreds of polite variations on *Thank you, I shall certainly come.*

A notice appeared on the gate at Bag End: no admittance except on party business. Even those who had, or pretended to have Party Business were seldom allowed inside. Bilbo was busy: writing invitations, ticking off answers, packing up presents, and making some private preparations of his own. From the time of Gandalf's arrival he remained hidden from view.

One morning the hobbits woke to find the large field, south of Bilbo's front door, covered with ropes and poles for tents and pavilions. A special entrance was cut into the bank leading to the road, and wide steps and a large white gate were built there. The three hobbit-families of Bagshot Row, adjoining the field, were intensely interested and generally envied. Old Gaffer Gamgee stopped even pretending to work in his garden.

The tents began to go up. There was a specially large pavilion, so big that the tree that grew in the field was right inside it, and stood proudly near one end, at the head of the chief table. Lanterns were hung on all its branches. More promising still (to the hobbits' mind): an enormous open-air kitchen was erected in the north corner of the field. A draught of cooks, from every inn and eating-house for miles around, arrived to supplement the dwarves and other odd folk that were quartered at Bag End. Excitement rose to its height.

Then the weather clouded over. That was on Wednesday the eve of the Party. Anxiety was intense. Then Thursday, September the 22nd, actually dawned. The sun got up, the clouds vanished, flags were unfurled and the fun began.

Bilbo Baggins called it a *party,* but it was really a variety of entertainments rolled into one. Practically everybody living near was invited. A very few were overlooked by accident, but as they turned up all the same, that did not matter. Many people from other parts of the Shire were also asked; and there were even a few from outside the borders. Bilbo met the guests (and additions) at the new white gate in person. He gave away presents to all and sundry - the latter were those who went out again by a back way and came in again by the gate. Hobbits give presents to other people on their own birthdays. Not very expensive ones, as a rule, and not so lavishly as on this occasion; but it was not a bad system. Actually in Hobbiton and Bywater every day in the year it was somebody's birthday, so that every hobbit in those parts had a fair chance of at least one present at least once a week. But they never got tired of them.

On this occasion the presents were unusually good. The hobbit-children were so excited that for a while they almost forgot about eating. There were toys the like of which they

had never seen before, all beautiful and some obviously magical. Many of them had indeed been ordered a year before, and had come all the way from the Mountain and from Dale, and were of real dwarf-make.

When every guest had been welcomed and was finally inside the gate, there were songs, dances, music, games, and, of course, food and drink. There were three official meals: lunch, tea, and dinner (or supper). But lunch and tea were marked chiefly by the fact that at those times all the guests were sitting down and eating together. At other times there were merely lots of people eating and drinking - continuously from elevenses until six-thirty, when the fireworks started.

The fireworks were by Gandalf: they were not only brought by him, but designed and made by him; and the special effects, set pieces, and flights of rockets were let off by him. But there was also a generous distribution of squibs, crackers, backarappers, sparklers, torches, dwarf-candles, elf-fountains, goblin-barkers and thunder-claps. They were all superb. The art of Gandalf improved with age.

There were rockets like a flight of scintillating birds singing with sweet voices. There were green trees with trunks of dark smoke: their leaves opened like a whole spring unfolding in a moment, and their shining branches dropped glowing flowers down upon the astonished hobbits, disappearing with a sweet scent just before they touched their upturned faces. There were fountains of butterflies that flew glittering into the trees; there were pillars of coloured fires that rose and turned into eagles, or sailing ships, or a phalanx of flying swans; there was a red thunderstorm and a shower of yellow rain; there was a forest of silver spears that sprang suddenly into the air with a yell like an embattled army, and came down again into the Water with a hiss like a hundred

hot snakes. And there was also one last surprise, in honour of Bilbo, and it startled the hobbits exceedingly, as Gandalf intended. The lights went out. A great smoke went up. It shaped itself like a mountain seen in the distance, and began to glow at the summit. It spouted green and scarlet flames. Out flew a red-golden dragon - not life-size, but terribly life-like: fire came from his jaws, his eyes glared down; there was a roar, and he whizzed three times over the heads of the crowd. They all ducked, and many fell flat on their faces. The dragon passed like an express train, turned a somersault, and burst over Bywater with a deafening explosion.

'That is the signal for supper!' said Bilbo. The pain and alarm vanished at once, and the prostrate hobbits leaped to their feet. There was a splendid supper for everyone; for everyone, that is, except those invited to the special family dinner-party. This was held in the great pavilion with the tree. The invitations were limited to twelve dozen (a number also called by the hobbits one Gross, though the word was not considered proper to use of people); and the guests were selected from all the families to which Bilbo and Frodo were related, with the addition of a few special unrelated friends (such as Gandalf). Many young hobbits were included, and present by parental permission; for hobbits were easy-going with their children in the matter of sitting up late, especially when there was a chance of getting them a free meal. Bringing up young hobbits took a lot of provender.

There were many Bagginses and Boffins, and also many Tooks and Brandybucks; there were various Grubbs (relations of Bilbo Baggins' grandmother), and various Chubbs (connexions of his Took grandfather); and a selection of Burrowses, Bolgers, Bracegirdles, Brockhouses, Goodbodies, Hornblowers and Proudfoots. Some of these were only

very distantly connected with Bilbo, and some of them had hardly ever been in Hobbiton before, as they lived in remote corners of the Shire. The Sackville-Bagginses were not forgotten. Otho and his wife Lobelia were present. They disliked Bilbo and detested Frodo, but so magnificent was the invitation card, written in golden ink, that they had felt it was impossible to refuse. Besides, their cousin, Bilbo, had been specializing in food for many years and his table had a high reputation.

All the one hundred and forty-four guests expected a pleasant feast; though they rather dreaded the after-dinner speech of their host (an inevitable item). He was liable to drag in bits of what he called poetry; and sometimes, after a glass or two, would allude to the absurd adventures of his mysterious journey. The guests were not disappointed: they had a *very* pleasant feast, in fact an engrossing entertainment: rich, abundant, varied, and prolonged. The purchase of provisions fell almost to nothing throughout the district in the ensuing weeks; but as Bilbo's catering had depleted the stocks of most stores, cellars and warehouses for miles around, that did not matter much.

After the feast (more or less) came the Speech. Most of the company were, however, now in a tolerant mood, at that delightful stage which they called 'filling up the corners'. They were sipping their favourite drinks, and nibbling at their favourite dainties, and their fears were forgotten. They were prepared to listen to anything, and to cheer at every full stop.

My dear People, began Bilbo, rising in his place. 'Hear! Hear! Hear!' they shouted, and kept on repeating it in chorus, seeming reluctant to follow their own advice. Bilbo left his place and went and stood on a chair under the illuminated tree. The light of the lanterns fell on his beaming face; the

golden buttons shone on his embroidered silk waistcoat. They could all see him standing, waving one hand in the air, the other was in his trouser-pocket.

My dear Bagginses and Boffins, he began again; *and my dear Tooks and Brandybucks, and Grubbs, and Chubbs, and Burrowses, and Hornblowers, and Bolgers, Bracegirdles, Goodbodies, Brockhouses and Proudfoots.* 'ProudFEET!' shouted an elderly hobbit from the back of the pavilion. His name, of course, was Proudfoot, and well merited; his feet were large, exceptionally furry, and both were on the table.

Proudfoots, repeated Bilbo. *Also my good Sackville-Bagginses that I welcome back at last to Bag End. Today is my one hundred and eleventh birthday: I am eleventy-one today!* 'Hurray! Hurray! Many Happy Returns!' they shouted, and they hammered joyously on the tables. Bilbo was doing splendidly. This was the sort of stuff they liked: short and obvious.

I *hope you are all enjoying yourselves as much as I am.* Deafening cheers. Cries of *Yes* (and *No).* Noises of trumpets and horns, pipes and flutes, and other musical instruments. There were, as has been said, many young hobbits present. Hundreds of musical crackers had been pulled. Most of them bore the mark dale on them; which did not convey much to most of the hobbits, but they all agreed they were marvellous crackers. They contained instruments, small, but of perfect make and enchanting tones. Indeed, in one corner some of the young Tooks and Brandybucks, supposing Uncle Bilbo to have finished (since he had plainly said all that was necessary), now got up an impromptu orchestra, and began a merry dance-tune. Master Everard Took and Miss Melilot Brandybuck got on a table and with

bells in their hands began to dance the Springle-ring: a pretty dance, but rather vigorous.

But Bilbo had not finished. Seizing a horn from a youngster near by, he blew three loud hoots. The noise subsided. I *shall not keep you long,* he cried. Cheers from all the assembly. I *have called you all together for a Purpose.* Something in the way that he said this made an impression. There was almost silence, and one or two of the Tooks pricked up their ears.

Indeed, for Three Purposes! First of all, to tell you that I am immensely fond of you all, and that eleventy-one years is too short a time to live among such excellent and admirable hobbits. Tremendous outburst of approval.

I *don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve.* This was unexpected and rather difficult. There was some scattered clapping, but most of them were trying to work it out and see if it came to a compliment.

Secondly, to celebrate my birthday. Cheers again. I *should say: OUR birthday. For it is, of course, also the birthday of my heir and nephew, Frodo. He comes of age and into his inheritance today.* Some perfunctory clapping by the elders; and some loud shouts of 'Frodo! Frodo! Jolly old Frodo,' from the juniors. The Sackville-Bagginses scowled, and wondered what was meant by 'coming into his inheritance'.*Together we score one hundred and forty-four. Your numbers were chosen to fit this remarkable total: One Gross, if I may use the expression.* No cheers. This was ridiculous. Many of his guests, and especially the Sackville-Bagginses, were insulted, feeling sure they had only been asked to fill up the required number, like goods in a package. 'One Gross, indeed! Vulgar expression.'

It is also, if I may be allowed to refer to ancient history, the anniversary of my arrival by barrel at Esgaroth on the Long Lake; though the fact that it was my *birthday slipped my memory on that occasion. I was only fifty-one then, and birthdays did not seem so important. The banquet was very splendid, however, though I had a bad cold at the time, I remember, and could only say 'thag you very buch'. I now repeat it more correctly: Thank you very much for coming to my little party.* Obstinate silence. They all feared that a song or some poetry was now imminent; and they were getting bored. Why couldn't he stop talking and let them drink his health? But Bilbo did not sing or recite. He paused for a moment.

Thirdly and finally, he said, *I wish to make an ANNOUNCEMENT.* He spoke this last word so loudly and suddenly that everyone sat up who still could. *I regret to announce that - though, as I said, eleventy-one years is far too short a time to spend among you - this is the END. I am going. I am leaving NOW. GOOD-BYE!*

He stepped down and vanished. There was a blinding flash of light, and the guests all blinked. When they opened their eyes Bilbo was nowhere to be seen. One hundred and forty-four flabbergasted hobbits sat back speechless. Old Odo Proudfoot removed his feet from the table and stamped. Then there was a dead silence, until suddenly, after several deep breaths, every Baggins, Boffin, Took, Brandybuck, Grubb, Chubb, Burrows, Bolger, Bracegirdle, Brockhouse, Goodbody, Hornblower, and Proudfoot began to talk at once.

It was generally agreed that the joke was in very bad taste, and more food and drink were needed to cure the guests of shock and annoyance. 'He's mad. I always said so,' was probably the most popular comment. Even the Tooks (with a few exceptions) thought Bilbo's behaviour was absurd.

For the moment most of them took it for granted that his disappearance was nothing more than a ridiculous prank.

But old Rory Brandybuck was not so sure. Neither age nor an enormous dinner had clouded his wits, and he said to his daughter-in-law, Esmeralda: 'There's something fishy in this, my dear! I believe that mad Baggins is off again. Silly old fool. But why worry? He hasn't taken the vittles with him.' He called loudly to Frodo to send the wine round again.

Frodo was the only one present who had said nothing. For some time he had sat silent beside Bilbo's empty chair, and ignored all remarks and questions. He had enjoyed the joke, of course, even though he had been in the know. He had difficulty in keeping from laughter at the indignant surprise of the guests. But at the same time he felt deeply troubled: he realized suddenly that he loved the old hobbit dearly. Most of the guests went on eating and drinking and discussing Bilbo Baggins' oddities, past and present; but the Sackville-Bagginses had already departed in wrath. Frodo did not want to have any more to do with the party. He gave orders for more wine to be served; then he got up and drained his own glass silently to the health of Bilbo, and slipped out of the pavilion.

As for Bilbo Baggins, even while he was making his speech, he had been fingering the golden ring in his pocket: his magic ring that he had kept secret for so many years. As he stepped down he slipped it on his finger, and he was never seen by any hobbit in Hobbiton again.

He walked briskly back to his hole, and stood for a moment listening with a smile to the din in the pavilion and to the sounds of merrymaking in other parts of the field. Then he went in. He took off his party clothes, folded up and wrapped in tissue-paper his embroidered silk waistcoat, and put it

away. Then he put on quickly some old untidy garments, and fastened round his waist a worn leather belt. On it he hung a short sword in a battered black-leather scabbard. From a locked drawer, smelling of moth-balls, he took out an old cloak and hood. They had been locked up as if they were very precious, but they were so patched and weather stained that their original colour could hardly be guessed: it might have been dark green. They were rather too large for him. He then went into his study, and from a large strong-box took out a bundle wrapped in old cloths, and a leather-bound manuscript; and also a large bulky envelope. The book and bundle he stuffed into the top of a heavy bag that was standing there, already nearly full. Into the envelope he slipped his golden ring, and its fine chain, and then sealed it, and addressed it to Frodo. At first he put it on the mantelpiece, but suddenly he removed it and stuck it in his pocket. At that moment the door opened and Gandalf came quickly in.

‘Hullo!’ said Bilbo. 'I wondered if you would turn up.’

'I am glad to find you visible,’ replied the wizard, sitting down in a chair, 'I wanted to catch you and have a few final words. I suppose you feel that everything has gone off splendidly and according to plan?’

‘Yes, I do,’ said Bilbo. "Though that flash was surprising: it quite startled me, let alone the others. A little addition of your own, I suppose?’

It was. You have wisely kept that ring secret all these years, and it seemed to me necessary to give your guests something else that would seem to explain your sudden vanishment.’

‘And would spoil my joke. You are an interfering old busybody,’ laughed Bilbo, ‘but I expect you know best, as usual.’

‘I do - when I know anything. But I don’t feel too sure about this whole affair. It has now come to the final point. You have had your joke, and alarmed or offended most of your relations, and given the whole Shire something to talk about for nine days, or ninety-nine more likely. Are you going any further?’

‘Yes, I am. I feel I need a holiday, a very long holiday, as I have told you before. Probably a permanent holiday: I don’t expect I shall return. In fact, I don’t mean to, and I have made all arrangements.

'I am old, Gandalf. I don’t look it, but I am beginning to feel it in my heart of hearts. *Well-preserved* indeed!’ he snorted. ‘Why, I feel all thin, sort of *stretched,* if you know what I mean: like butter that has been scraped over too much bread. That can’t be right. I need a change, or something.’

Gandalf looked curiously and closely at him. ‘No, it does not seem right,’ he said thoughtfully. ‘No, after all I believe your plan is probably the best.’

‘Well, I’ve made up my mind, anyway. I want to see mountains again, Gandalf, *mountains,* and then find somewhere where I can *rest.* In peace and quiet, without a lot of relatives prying around, and a string of confounded visitors hanging on the bell. I might find somewhere where I can finish my book. I have thought of a nice ending for it: *and he lived happily ever after to the end of his days.* ‘

Gandalf laughed. I hope he will. But nobody will read the book, however it ends.’

‘Oh, they may, in years to come. Frodo has read some already, as far as it has gone. You’ll keep an eye on Frodo, won’t you?’

‘Yes, I will - two eyes, as often as I can spare them.’

'He would come with me, of course, if I asked him. In fact he offered to once, just before the party. But he does not really want to, yet. I want to see the wild country again before I die, and the Mountains; but he is still in love with the Shire, with woods and fields and little rivers. He ought to be comfortable here. I am leaving everything to him, of course, except a few oddments. I hope he will be happy, when he gets used to being on his own. It's time he was his own master now.'

'Everything?' said Gandalf. 'The ring as well? You agreed to that, you remember.'

'Well, er, yes, I suppose so,' stammered Bilbo.

'Where is it?'

'In an envelope, if you must know,' said Bilbo impatiently. 'There on the mantelpiece. Well, no! Here it is in my pocket!' He hesitated. 'Isn't that odd now?' he said softly to himself. 'Yet after all, why not? Why shouldn't it stay there?'

Gandalf looked again very hard at Bilbo, and there was a gleam in his eyes. 'I think, Bilbo,' he said quietly, 'I should leave it behind. Don't you want to?'

'Well yes - and no. Now it comes to it, I don't like parting with it at all, I may say. And I don't really see why I should. Why do you want me to?' he asked, and a curious change came over his voice. It was sharp with suspicion and annoyance. 'You are always badgering me about my ring; but you have never bothered me about the other things that I got on my journey.'

'No, but I had to badger you,' said Gandalf. 'I wanted the truth. It was important. Magic rings are - well, magical; and they are rare and curious. I was professionally interested in your ring, you may say; and I still am. I should like to

know where it is, if you go wandering again. Also I think *you* have had it quite long enough. You won’t need it any more. Bilbo, unless I am quite mistaken.’

Bilbo flushed, and there was an angry light in his eyes. His kindly face grew hard. ‘Why not?’ he cried. ‘And what business is it of yours, anyway, to know what I do with my own things? It is my own. I found it. It came to me.’

‘Yes, yes,’ said Gandalf. ‘But there is no need to get angry.’

‘If I am it is your fault,’ said Bilbo. ‘It is mine, I tell you. My own. My precious. Yes, my precious.’

The wizard’s face remained grave and attentive, and only a flicker in his deep eyes showed that he was startled and indeed alarmed. ‘It has been called that before,’ he said, ‘but not by you.’

‘But I say it now. And why not? Even if Gollum said the same once. It’s not his now, but mine. And I shall keep it, I say.’

Gandalf stood up. He spoke sternly. ‘You will be a fool if you do. Bilbo,’ he said. ‘You make that clearer with every word you say. It has got far too much hold on you. Let it go! And then you can go yourself, and be free.’

‘I’ll do as I choose and go as I please,’ said Bilbo obstinately.

‘Now, now, my dear hobbit! ‘ said Gandalf. ‘All your long life we have been friends, and you owe me something. Come! Do as you promised: give it up! ‘

‘Well, if you want my ring yourself, say so!’ cried Bilbo. ‘But you won’t get it. I won’t give my precious away, I tell you.’ His hand strayed to the hilt of his small sword.

Gandalf’s eyes flashed. It will be my turn to get angry soon,’ he said. If you say that again, I shall. Then you will

see Gandalf the Grey uncloaked.’ He took a step towards the hobbit, and he seemed to grow tall and menacing; his shadow filled the little room.

Bilbo backed away to the wall, breathing hard, his hand clutching at his pocket. They stood for a while facing one another, and the air of the room tingled. Gandalf’s eyes remained bent on the hobbit. Slowly his hands relaxed, and he began to tremble.

‘I don’t know what has come over you, Gandalf,’ he said. ‘You have never been like this before. What is it all about? It is mine isn’t it? I found it, and Gollum would have killed me, if I hadn’t kept it. I’m not a thief, whatever he said.’

‘I have never called you one,’ Gandalf answered. ‘And I am not one either. I am not trying to rob you, but to help you. I wish you would trust me, as you used.’ He turned away, and the shadow passed. He seemed to dwindle again to an old grey man, bent and troubled.

Bilbo drew his hand over his eyes. I am sorry,’ he said. ‘But I felt so queer. And yet it would be a relief in a way not to be bothered with it any more. It has been so growing on my mind lately. Sometimes I have felt it was like an eye looking at me. And I am always wanting to put it on and disappear, don’t you know; or wondering if it is safe, and pulling it out to make sure. I tried locking it up, but I found I couldn’t rest without it in my pocket. I don’t know why. And I don’t seem able to make up my mind.’

‘Then trust mine,’ said Gandalf. ‘It is quite made up. Go away and leave it behind. Stop possessing it. Give it to Frodo, and I will look after him.’

Bilbo stood for a moment tense and undecided. Presently he sighed. ‘All right,’ he said with an effort. I will.’ Then he shrugged his shoulders, and smiled rather ruefully. ‘After

all that's what this party business was all about, really: to give away lots of birthday presents, and somehow make it easier to give it away at the same time. It hasn't made it any easier in the end, but it would be a pity to waste all my preparations. It would quite spoil the joke.'

'Indeed it would take away the only point I ever saw in the affair,' said Gandalf.

'Very well,' said Bilbo, 'it goes to Frodo with all the rest.' He drew a deep breath. 'And now I really must be starting, or somebody else will catch me. I have said good-bye, and I couldn't bear to do it all over again.' He picked up his bag and moved to the door.

'You have still got the ring in your pocket,' said the wizard. 'Well, so I have!' cried Bilbo. 'And my will and all the other documents too. You had better take it and deliver it for me. That will be safest.'

'No, don't give the ring to me,' said Gandalf. 'Put it on the mantelpiece. It will be safe enough there, till Frodo comes. I shall wait for him.'

Bilbo took out the envelope, but just as he was about to set it by the clock, his hand jerked back, and the packet fell on the floor. Before he could pick it up, the wizard stooped and seized it and set it in its place. A spasm of anger passed swiftly over the hobbit's face again. Suddenly it gave way to a look of relief and a laugh. 'Well, that's that,' he said. 'Now I'm off!'

They went out into the hall. Bilbo chose his favourite stick from the stand; then he whistled. Three dwarves came out of different rooms where they had been busy.

'Is everything ready?' asked Bilbo. 'Everything packed and labelled?'

'Everything,' they answered.

‘Well, let’s start then!’ He stepped out of the front-door.

It was a fine night, and the black sky was dotted with stars. He looked up, sniffing the air. ‘What fun! What fun to be off again, off on the Road with dwarves! This is what I have really been longing for, for years! Good-bye! ‘ he said, looking at his old home and bowing to the door. ‘Good-bye, Gandalf!’

‘Good-bye, for the present, Bilbo. Take care of yourself! You are old enough, and perhaps wise enough.’

‘Take care! I don’t care. Don’t you worry about me! I am as happy now as I have ever been, and that is saying a great deal. But the time has come. I am being swept off my feet at last,’ he added, and then in a low voice, as if to himself, he sang softly in the dark:

The Road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with eager feet,
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.

He paused, silent for a moment. Then without another word he turned away from the lights and voices in the fields and tents, and followed by his three companions went round into his garden, and trotted down the long sloping path. He jumped over a low place in the hedge at the bottom, and took to the meadows, passing into the night like a rustle of wind in the grass.

Gandalf remained for a while staring after him into the darkness. ‘Goodbye, my dear Bilbo - until our next meeting!’ he said softly and went back indoors.

Frodo came in soon afterwards, and found him sitting in the dark, deep in thought. ‘Has he gone?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ answered Gandalf, ‘he has gone at last.’

‘I wish - I mean, I hoped until this evening that it was only a joke,’ said Frodo. ‘But I knew in my heart that he really meant to go. He always used to joke about serious things. I wish I had come back sooner, just to see him off.’

I think really he preferred slipping off quietly in the end,’ said Gandalf. ‘Don’t be too troubled. He’ll be all right - now. He left a packet for you. There it is!’

Frodo took the envelope from the mantelpiece, and glanced at it, but did not open it.

‘You’ll find his will and all the other documents in there, I think,’ said the wizard. ‘You are the master of Bag End now. And also, I fancy, you’ll find a golden ring.’

‘The ring!’ exclaimed Frodo. ‘Has he left me that? I wonder why. Still, it may be useful.’

‘It may, and it may not,’ said Gandalf. ‘I should not make use of it, if I were you. But keep it secret, and keep it safe! Now I am going to bed.’

As master of Bag End Frodo felt it his painful duty to say good-bye to the guests. Rumours of strange events had by now spread all over the field, but Frodo would only say *no doubt everything will be cleared up in the morning*. About midnight carriages came for the important folk. One by one they rolled away, filled with full but very unsatisfied hobbits. Gardeners came by arrangement, and removed in wheel-barrows those that had inadvertently remained behind.

Night slowly passed. The sun rose. The hobbits rose rather later. Morning went on. People came and began (by orders) to clear away the pavilions and the tables and the chairs, and the spoons and knives and bottles and plates,

and the lanterns, and the flowering shrubs in boxes, and the crumbs and cracker-paper, the forgotten bags and gloves and handkerchiefs, and the uneaten food (a very small item). Then a number of other people came (without orders): Bagginses, and Boffins, and Bolgers, and Tooks, and other guests that lived or were staying near. By mid-day, when even the best-fed were out and about again, there was a large crowd at Bag End, uninvited but not unexpected.

Frodo was waiting on the step, smiling, but looking rather tired and worried. He welcomed all the callers, but he had not much more to say than before. His reply to all inquiries was simply this: 'Mr. Bilbo Baggins has gone away; as far as I know, for good.' Some of the visitors he invited to come inside, as Bilbo had left 'messages' for them.

Inside in the hall there was piled a large assortment of packages and parcels and small articles of furniture. On every item there was a label tied. There were several labels of this sort:

For ADELARD TOOK, for his VERY OWN, from Bilbo, on an umbrella. Adelard had carried off many unlabelled ones.

For DORA BAGGINS in memory of a LONG correspondence, with love from Bilbo, on a large waste-paper basket. Dora was Drogo's sister and the eldest surviving female relative of Bilbo and Frodo; she was ninety-nine, and had written reams of good advice for more than half a century.

For MILO BURROWS, hoping it will be useful, from B.B., on a gold pen and ink-bottle. Milo never answered letters.

For ANGELICA'S use, from Uncle Bilbo, on a round convex mirror. She was a young Baggins, and too obviously considered her face shapely.

For the collection of HUGO BRACEGIRDLE, from a contributor, on an (empty) book-case. Hugo was a great borrower of books, and worse than usual at returning them.

For LOBELIA SACKVILLE-BAGGINS, as a PRESENT, on a case of silver spoons. Bilbo believed that she had acquired a good many of his spoons, while he was away on his former journey. Lobelia knew that quite well. When she arrived later in the day, she took the point at once, but she also took the spoons.

This is only a small selection of the assembled presents. Bilbo's residence had got rather cluttered up with things in the course of his long life. It was a tendency of hobbit-holes to get cluttered up: for which the custom of giving so many birthday-presents was largely responsible. Not, of course, that the birthday-presents were always *new,* there were one or two old *mathoms* of forgotten uses that had circulated all around the district; but Bilbo had usually given new presents, and kept those that he received. The old hole was now being cleared a little.

Every one of the various parting gifts had labels, written out personally by Bilbo, and several had some point, or some joke. But, of course, most of the things were given where they would be wanted and welcome. The poorer hobbits, and especially those of Bagshot Row, did very well. Old Gaffer Gamgee got two sacks of potatoes, a new spade, a woollen waistcoat, and a bottle of ointment for creaking joints. Old Rory Brandybuck, in return for much hospitality, got a dozen bottles of Old Winyards: a strong red wine from the Southfarthing, and now quite mature, as it had been laid down by Bilbo's father. Rory quite forgave Bilbo, and voted him a capital fellow after the first bottle.

There was plenty of everything left for Frodo. And, of course, all the chief treasures, as well as the books, pictures, and more than enough furniture, were left in his possession. There was, however, no sign nor mention of money or jewellery: not a penny-piece or a glass bead was given away.

Frodo had a very trying time that afternoon. A false rumour that the whole household was being distributed free spread like wildfire; and before long the place was packed with people who had no business there, but could not be kept out. Labels got torn off and mixed, and quarrels broke out. Some people tried to do swaps and deals in the hall; and others tried to make *off* with minor items not addressed to them, or with anything that seemed unwanted or unwatched. The road to the gate was blocked with barrows and handcarts.

In the middle of the commotion the Sackville-Bagginses arrived. Frodo had retired for a while and left his friend Merry Brandybuck to keep an eye on things. When Otho loudly demanded to see Frodo, Merry bowed politely.

'He is indisposed,' he said. 'He is resting.'

'Hiding, you mean,' said Lobelia. 'Anyway we want to see him and we mean to see him. Just go and tell him so!'

Merry left them a long while in the hall, and they had time to discover their parting gift of spoons. It did not improve their tempers. Eventually they were shown into the study. Frodo was sitting at a table with a lot of papers in front of him. He looked indisposed - to see Sackville-Bagginses at any rate; and he stood up, fidgeting with something in his pocket. But he spoke quite politely.

The Sackville-Bagginses were rather offensive. They began by offering him bad bargain-prices (as between friends) for various valuable and unlabelled things. When Frodo replied that only the things specially directed by Bilbo

were being given away, they said the whole affair was very fishy.

'Only one thing is clear to me,' said Otho, 'and that is that you are doing exceedingly well out of it. I insist on seeing the will.'

Otho would have been Bilbo's heir, but for the adoption of Frodo. He read the will carefully and snorted. It was, unfortunately, very clear and correct (according to the legal customs of hobbits, which demand among other things seven signatures of witnesses in red ink).

'Foiled again!' he said to his wife. 'And after waiting *sixty* years. Spoons? Fiddlesticks!' He snapped his fingers under Frodo's nose and slumped off. But Lobelia was not so easily got rid of. A little later Frodo came out of the study to see how things were going on and found her still about the place, investigating nooks and comers and tapping the floors. He escorted her firmly off the premises, after he had relieved her of several small (but rather valuable) articles that had somehow fallen inside her umbrella. Her face looked as if she was in the throes of thinking out a really crushing parting remark; but all she found to say, turning round on the step, was:

'You'll live to regret it, young fellow! Why didn't you go too? You don't belong here; you're no Baggins - you - you're a Brandybuck!'

'Did you hear that, Merry? That was an insult, if you like,' said Frodo as he shut the door on her.

'It was a compliment,' said Merry Brandybuck, 'and so, of course, not true.'

Then they went round the hole, and evicted three young hobbits (two Boffins and a Bolger) who were knocking holes in the walls of one of the cellars. Frodo also had a tussle

with young Sancho Proudfoot (old Odo Proudfoot's grandson), who had begun an excavation in the larger pantry, where he thought there was an echo. The legend of Bilbo's gold excited both curiosity and hope; for legendary gold (mysteriously obtained, if not positively ill-gotten), is, as every one knows, any one's for the finding - unless the search is interrupted.

When he had overcome Sancho and pushed him out, Frodo collapsed on a chair in the hall. It's time to close the shop, Merry,' he said. 'Lock the door, and don't open it to anyone today, not even if they bring a battering ram.' Then he went to revive himself with a belated cup of tea.

He had hardly sat down, when there came a soft knock at the front-door. 'Lobelia again most likely,' he thought. 'She must have thought of something really nasty, and have come back again to say it. It can wait.'

He went on with his tea. The knock was repeated, much louder, but he took no notice. Suddenly the wizard's head appeared at the window.

'If you don't let me in, Frodo, I shall blow your door right down your hole and out through the hill,' he said.

'My dear Gandalf! Half a minute!' cried Frodo, running out of the room to the door. 'Come in! Come in! I thought it was Lobelia.'

'Then I forgive you. But I saw her some time ago, driving a pony-trap towards Bywater with a face that would have curdled new milk.'

'She had already nearly curdled me. Honestly, I nearly tried on Bilbo's ring. I longed to disappear.'

'Don't do that!' said Gandalf, sitting down. 'Do be careful of that ring, Frodo! In fact, it is partly about that that I have come to say a last word.'

‘Well, what about it?’

‘What do you know already?’

‘Only what Bilbo told me. I have heard his story: how he found it, and how he used it: on his journey, I mean.’

‘Which story, I wonder,’ said Gandalf.

‘Oh, not what he told the dwarves and put in his book,’ said Frodo. ‘He told me the true story soon after I came to live here. He said you had pestered him till he told you, so I had better know too. "No secrets between us, Frodo," he said; "but they are not to go any further. It’s mine anyway."‘

‘That’s interesting,’ said Gandalf. ‘Well, what did you think of it all?’

‘If you mean, inventing all that about a "present", well, I thought the true story much more likely, and I couldn’t see the point of altering it at all. It was very unlike Bilbo to do so, anyway; and I thought it rather odd.’

‘So did I. But odd things may happen to people that have such treasures - if they use them. Let it be a warning to you to be very careful with it. It may have other powers than just making you vanish when you wish to.’

‘I don’t understand,’ said Frodo.

‘Neither do I,’ answered the wizard. ‘I have merely begun to wonder about the ring, especially since last night. No need to worry. But if you take my advice you will use it very seldom, or not at all. At least I beg you not to use it in any way that will cause talk or rouse suspicion. I say again: keep it safe, and keep it secret!’

‘You are very mysterious! What are you afraid of?’

‘I am not certain, so I will say no more. I may be able to tell you something when I come back. I am going off at once: so this is good-bye for the present.’ He got up.

‘At once!’ cried Frodo. ‘Why, I thought you were staying on for at least a week. I was looking forward to your help.’

‘I did mean to - but I have had to change my mind. I may be away for a good while; but I’ll come and see you again, as soon as I can. Expect me when you see me! I shall slip in quietly. I shan’t often be visiting the Shire openly again. I find that I have become rather unpopular. They say I am a nuisance and a disturber of the peace. Some people are actually accusing me of spiriting Bilbo away, or worse. If you want to know, there is supposed to be a plot between you and me to get hold of his wealth.’

‘Some people!’ exclaimed Frodo. ‘You mean Otho and Lobelia. How abominable! I would give them Bag End and everything else, if I could get Bilbo back and go off tramping in the country with him. I love the Shire. But I begin to wish, somehow, that I had gone too. I wonder if I shall ever see him again.’

‘So do I,’ said Gandalf. ‘And I wonder many other things. Good-bye now! Take care of yourself! Look out for me, especially at unlikely times! Good-bye!’

Frodo saw him to the door. He gave a final wave of his hand, and walked off at a surprising pace; but Frodo thought the old wizard looked unusually bent, almost as if he was carrying a great weight. The evening was closing in, and his cloaked figure quickly vanished into the twilight. Frodo did not see him again for a long time.

ГЛОСАРІЙ

Abstract — the summary of the contents of a book, chapter, or any literary work.

Allegory — a description of one thing under the guise of another suggestively similar.

Alliteration — smt. called head rhyme of initial rhyme, is the close repetition not of the same letter, but of the same sound, usually at the beginning of words.

Allusion — a reference to characters and events of mythology, legends, history.

Anecdote — a brief account of a striking incident. Details of history hitherto unpublished.

Angry Young Men —a trend in English literature which appeared in the 50's of the 20th century as a result of disillusionment in post-war bourgeois reality.

Annals — a narrative of events written year by year. Historical records generally.

Antagonist — the main character opposing the hero or protagonist in drama.

Anthology — any collection of choice pieces of poetry or prose.

Apology — a work written to defend or justify the writer's ideas or beliefs.

Art for art's sake — an idealistic theory of decadent art, based on the belief that art does not depend on social life, and that merely form, not content, is important.

Ballad — a song accompanied by a dance. The name applied to a narrative poem.

Ballad opera — a play of popular and often topical character with spoken dialogue and a large number of songs fitted to existing tunes.

Baroque — a literary style characterized by exuberant excess of ornament.

Belles-lettres — polite, elegant literature (novel, tale, story, essay, short story).

Blank verse — verse without rhyme.

Bourgeois drama — a term describing realistic drama today, which presents aspects of middle - class life.

Bucolic — rural or pastoral poems, dealing with country life.

Burlesque — an imitation of a literary work designed to ridicule the speech, action, ideas; literary composition or dramatic representation which aims at exciting laughter by the comical treatment of serious subject or the caricature of the spirit of a serious work.

Canto — a singing or chant section of a poem, a chief division of a long poem.

Carol — a song of joy sung at Christmas time to celebrate the Nativity.

Classicism — adherence to classical principles and taste in literature and art.

Comedy — drama dealing with humorous, familiar events and the behaviour of ordinary people, speaking the language of everyday life.

Comedy of intrigue — the form of comedy which subordinates characters to plot.

Comedy of manners — comedy where the emphasis is laid upon the portrayal of social life.

Chartist poetry — poetry reflecting the revolutionary

struggle of the English working class (the first attempt of creating proletarian literature).

Decadence — the decline of the quality of an art or literature after a period of greatness.

Didactic — intended to teach. Having the manner or purpose of a teacher.

Elegy — a song of lamentation over someone dead. A personal, reflective poem.

Epic — a kind of narrative poem in which a heroic theme is treated in elevated style (mock-epic — a literary work burlesques the epic style or manner).

Epos — early unwritten epic poetry, epic poem.

Essay — a short prose composition embodying the author's reflections on a particular subject.

Existentialism — the movement is based on the assumption that reality as existence can be lived but can never become the object of thought.

Expressionism — a form of romantic art in which emotion or emotive elements expressed through violent distortion and exaggeration are taken to the point of excess.

Fable — a short narrative illustrating some moral truth, the plot of a play, the meaning of a poem; a story in which animals and birds play the parts.

Farce —a form of drama with extravagant, boisterous comic action.

Fiction — any imagined or invented narrative.

Folklore — the beliefs, tales, legends, songs, sayings of a people handed down by word of mouth.

Frame story —a story within a story.

Genre — a literary type, such as epic, lyric, tragedy, comedy.

Gothic novel — a form of the novel marked by chilling sensationalism, horror and mysteries.

Grotesque — fantastic exaggeration aimed at representing human beings or their life as comically distorted, awkward.

Historical novel — a narrative based upon history to represent an imaginative reconstruction of events.

Humanism — an attitude of mind, a system of thought, which concentrates especially upon the activities of man, rather than upon the external world of nature or upon religious ideals.

Idyll — an idealized story of happy innocence, in a pastoral form, often in verse.

Imagism — a kind of poetry the chief aim of which was to achieve accurate description, and to prove that beauty might be found in small commonplace things.

Impressionism — a way of writing which does not deal with reality objectively, but gives the impression formed by the author.

Intrigue — the term applied to plays which have intricate plotting

Juvenilia — early works produced in the author's or artist's youth.

Lampoon — a malicious and abusive satire directed against an individual.

Low comedy — a comedy bordering on farce designed to amuse by emphasizing human abnormalities and stupidities designed to make the audience laugh.

Lyric — any short poem directly expressing the poet's own thoughts and emotions.

Masque — a type of dramatic entertainment popular in the 16th and 17th centuries, acted by amateurs, usually, noblemen in masks. The earliest masques consisted only of

music, dancing, mime and spectacle, and did not present any consecutive story.

Melodrama — a sentimental play with touches of pathos, and sometimes a happy ending.

Metre — a definite pattern of poetic rhythms determined by character and number of feet in a line.

Mock heroic — the style of a poem imitating in a burlesque manner the heroic style.

Naturalism — an attempt to achieve complete fidelity to nature by giving no idealized picture of life.

Neo-classic — a revival of the style and outlook of Greek and Roman classical writers.

Novel — a fictious prose narrative dealing with human beings and their actions over a period of time and displaying varieties of human character in relation to life.

Novelette — a short novel, especially one without literary quality.

Novella — a short prose narrative.

Ode — a poem meant to be sung. A lyric poem often addressed to a person or an abstraction, usually of exalted style and feeling.

Paradox — a statement which, though it seems to be selfcontradictory, contains a basis of truth.

Parody — a burlesque poem or song. A composition mimicking closely in rhythm, phrase, and theme a serious work.

Pastoral(e) — a musical composition, dealing with a pastoral subject, portraying pastoral scenes.

Picaresque — a class of romances that deal with rogues or knaves whose adventures, often incredible, serve to satirize the society.

Pre-romanticism — a trend in English poetry that preceded romanticism.

Pun — the humorous or ludicrous use of a word in more than one sense; a play of words.

Realism — the method of a truthful presentation of objective reality.

Renaissance — the great revival of learning under the influence of Greek and Latin art and literature.

Restoration literature — literature of the period of reestablishment of monarchy in 1860 marked by the classicist style, restoration of the theatre, hence rise to the development of the drama.

Romance — a tale of chivalry, a medieval tale in prose or verse celebrating the adventures, in love and war, of some hero of chivalry.

Romanticism — a literary movement characterized by the qualities of remoteness, desolation, melancholy, divine unrest, passion, and the all-embracing power of the imagination.

Saga — a prose narrative written in Iceland or Norway during the Middle Ages.

Saga novel — a prose narrative portraying the life of a large family, presented through a series of novels.

Science fiction — stories and novels dealing, usually in a fanciful way, with space travel and other fascinations of science.

Sentimentalism — the quality of excessive emotion, the affectation of fine feeling; a literary movement of the 2nd half of the 18th century, a new stage of the Enlightenment, marked by emotional treatment of nature, rejection of bourgeois civilization.

Sentimental novel — a narrative in which the sentiment is

free from sentimentality. The story presents simple goodness avoiding mawkishness by humour and pathos.

Short story — a brief narrative in prose characterized by uniformity of tone and dramatic intensity, and having as a plot a single action.

Sketch — a brief, descriptive article, a short dramatic play.

Slapstick — knockabout comedy; slapdash methods.

Soliloquy — speaking one's thoughts aloud with none to hear or regardless of the presence of hearers.

Sonnet — a poem of fourteen lines in pentameter verse form, confined to a single theme.

Stanza — lines of verse grouped together to compose a pattern usually repeated throughout the poem.

Story — a narrative, a tale shorter than a novel.

Stream of consciousness — the technique for revealing thoughts and feelings flowing in perpetual-soliloquy through the mind of the character.

Subplot — a separate action in a story or play.

Symbolism — the characteristic of some writers to invent objects, actions, or ideas with a symbolic meaning. The representation, not literally, but by symbols.

Tale — a fictitious narrative, told in prose or verse, often, simple in theme, skilful in presentation. Often used in titles and subtitles.

Theatre of the absurd — a trend in post-war European drama, the name to avant-garde plays of today.

Thriller — a highly sensational and exciting novel, play, or film,

Tragedy — a serious play in which the chief figures by some peculiarity of characters pass through a series of misfortunes leading to the final catastrophe.

Tragi-comedy — a dramatic composition partaking of the nature of both tragedy and comedy, and not having a fatal issue.

University Wits — a group of Elizabethan playwrights and pamphleteers.

Utopian literature — literature describing an ideally perfect place or ideal society.

Verse — metrical composition or structure, a metrical line of poetry.

Victorians — English writers who lived and worked in the so-called Victorian age.

Western — a novel dealing with cowboys, bandits, sheriffs, rustlers and shanty towns, and set in the West of the USA.

Yellow press — a term applied in England, to sensational periodicals.

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