

Leon Levițchi – Archive. 18



Limba Engleză.
Texte analitice pentru
Cursul Practic
1967

Ediție facsimil în 4 volume
Volumul 3

I should rather say: I believe
in things that can be demonstrated and I do not believe that can
-not be demonstrated. If - if! - the new achievements of lin-
guistics can prove that we have been in the wrong, and the new
achievements are in the right, all the better - we shall surrender
to them ; but, if they cannot justify themselves, all the worse -
we shall not surrender.

Editat de
C. George Sandulescu și Lidia Vianu



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CENTENAR LEVIȚCHI

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Anul acesta se împlinesc 100 de ani bătuți pe muchie de la nașterea Profesorului de limbă și literatură engleză Leon D. Levițchi. ESTE CENTENARUL LEVIȚCHI.

*

Ce este Anglistica? Este pur și simplu absolut tot ce se leagă nu numai de limba, ci și de literatura engleză, în timp și spațiu (în timp, de la *Beowulf* la Harold Pinter, iar, în spațiu, de la gramatica substantivului până la lexicografie).

Ca să fii anglist adevărat, trebuie să cunoști bine nu numai literatura, ci și limba – structura limbii. Să ne gândim acum la cei care l-au precedat pe Leon D. Levițchi la conducerea științifică reală a Catedrei. Nu au fost decât trei: Dragoș Protopopescu, Ana Cartianu și Klinka – după spusele studenților, născut la Calcutta. Cum se face că niciunul dintre ei nu avea cunoștințe de structura limbii? În plus, erau toți trei specializați în porțiuni ale anglisticii: Dragoș Protopopescu – în franțuzisme, Ana Cartianu – în literatura secolului al XIX-lea, iar Klinka era un foarte bun traducător, dar numai din română în engleză. Important este de subliniat aici că Profesorul Levițchi acoperea în detaliu întreaga arie a anglisticii în sensul german al

cuvântului. Aceasta este rațiunea pentru care el singur a fost deschizător de drumuri. Iată de ce el rămâne singurul și cel mai important dintre toți.

*

Nu ușor, ba chiar cu greu, reușim în sfârșit să publicăm o serie de documente private ale remarcabilului anglist mort tânăr pentru un intelectual, la numai 70 de ani (1918-1991), chiar când pusese tocul jos — terminând ultimul dicționar pe care ajunsese să-l mai scrie.

Nu avem nevoie să facem o prezentare a Profesorului Leon Levițchi, fiu într-o serie neîntreruptă de 17 preoți. Poate am avea material de publicat de zece ori mai mult decât reușim.

Să ne ajute Dumnezeu să publicăm cât mai mult, cu scopul de a întregi complexa sa personalitate. Mulțumim din inimă familiei Levițchi pentru ajutorul dat, și urăm spor cititorilor acestor stranii documente.

C. George Sandulescu

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Imaginile de pe copertă: Leon Levițchi; Manuscris din emisiune radiofonică, 1973, cu corecturile lui Levițchi, reluat aici lărgit:

Well - you see - quite, quite accidentally, I belong to an older generation; and, quite, quite accidentally, ~~ix~~ for twenty years on end I taught English grammar to our students; and I taught them ~~them~~ in the spirit of Charles Bally and Harold Palmer, not in that of Chomsky.... I do not in the least believe in the idea that the history of linguistics ^{is} should be divided into two : the pre- and the post-Chomsky period .I should rather say: I believe in things that can be demonstrated and I do not believe that can ^{in things/} -not be demonstrated. If - if! - the new achievements of linguistics can prove that we have been in the wrong, and the new achievements are in the right, all the better - we shall surrender to them ; but, if they cannot justify themselves, all the worse - we shall not surrender, and we shall go on saying that ~~much~~ ^{is} better to speak of subject and predicate than of subject and predicate group (SNG, or PG).



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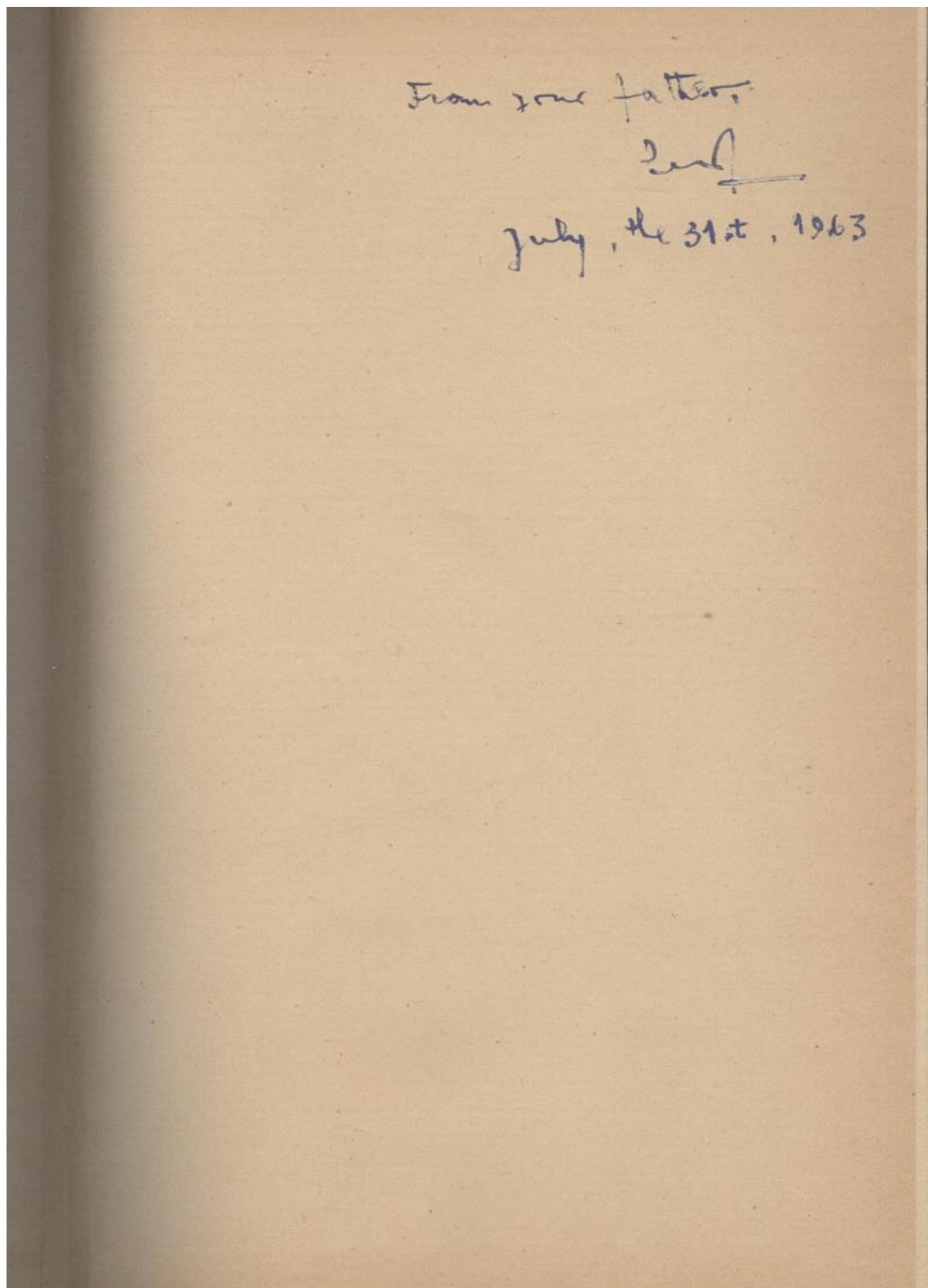
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Lesson XII

From ALL MY SONS

by Arthur Miller

Arthur Miller's plays are all responses to what was "in the air" at the moment he wrote them. Each of them is unveiling a truth already known to his generation, but each of them goes deeper than the simple presentation of this truth and focuses the attention of the reader and spectator on the forces at variance both in society and in the individual.

Thus, in All My Sons the truth unveiled is an anti-social action but the stress does not fall on the action which has been done. The problem is rather the conscience of Joe Keller, a businessman who made a big fortune during World War II by supplying the army Air Force with faulty material and the reactions of his family.

The family consists of Joe Keller, the father, an unsteady man who avoids to take any responsibility which might endanger his position; Kate Keller, the mother, who always feels a pain on the top of her head, is wearing out more bed-room slippers than shoes, because of her sleepless nights, and who is haunted by the idea that her son, Larry, a pilot, who was reported missing three years before, is still alive; and the second son, Chris, a young man of thirty two, capable of immense affection and loyalty.

They are spending a quiet afternoon at home together with Ann, Larry's fiancée whom Chris has invited and with whom he is in love and wants to marry.

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Ann's father was Joe's partner. He is now imprisoned for having sold cracked cylinder heads to the Army, fact which brought about the death of twenty one pilots. Joe got himself exonerated on account of an illness which kept him out of the plant the very day of the delivery. Ann, together with her brother George - a lawyer now - had cut any relationship with their father. On Ann's accepting Chris's invitation, George went to his father's prison and inquired into the case. He found out that, in delivering the cracked cylinder heads, his father had acted on Joe's telephone instructions. He comes down to prevent Ann from marrying Chris. Both Kate and Joe are anxious to get rid of Ann and George.

In the apparently friendly talk ensuing George's coming, Kate, proud of her husband's good health, makes the remark that he had never been ill. Her statement would have passed unnoticed in other circumstances. But for George - under the strain of his father's case it is extremely revealing: on a day when Joe declared himself ill the delivery of the faulty heads took place. He connects that remark with the knowledge he had of his own father's lack of initiative and, sure of Joe's guilt, he wants to leave the premises. Kate takes advantage of his leaving to send Ann away too. The atmosphere becomes tense with Ann's reluctance to leave and with George being disappointed in his sister. On the other hand, Chris is angry with his mother's attitude. He, who never before questioned his parents' decisions, now rises against his mother's will and is so much upset that repeatedly and threateningly asks her "How do you dare pack her bag?"

.....

MOTHER (calling out): They'll be right out, driver!

CHRIS : She's not leaving, Mother.

GEORGE: You heard her say it, he's never been sick!

MOTHER: He misunderstood me, Chris ! (Chris looks at her, struck)



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GEORGE (to Ann) : He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed!

CHRIS: You'd better answer him, Annie. Answer him.

MOTHER : I packed your bag, darling.

CHRIS: What ?

MOTHER: I packed your bag. All you've got to do is close it.

ANN: I'm not closing anything. He asked me here and I'm staying till he tells me to go. (To George) Till Chris tells me!

CHRIS : That's all! Now get out of here, George!

MOTHER (to Chris): But if that's how he feels -

CHRIS: That's all, nothing more till Christ comes, about the case of Larry as long as I'm here! (To George) Now get out of here, George!

GEORGE (to Ann): You tell me. I want to hear you tell me.

ANN: Go, George !

(They disappear up the driveway, Ann saying, 'Don't take it that way, Georgie! Please don't take it that way.')

CHRIS (turning to his mother): What do you mean, you packed her bag? How dare you pack her bag?

MOTHER: Chris -

CHRIS : How dare you pack her bag?

MOTHER: She doesn't belong here.

CHRIS : Then I don't belong here.

MOTHER: She's Larry's girl.

CHRIS : And I'm his brother and he's dead, and I'm marrying his girl.

MOTHER: Never, Never in this world!

KELLER: You lost your mind?

MOTHER: You have nothing to say!

KELLER: (cruelly): I got plenty to say. Three and a half years you been talking like a maniac -

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(Mother smashes him across the face).

MOTHER: Nothing, You have nothing to say. Now I say.
He's coming back, and everybody has got to wait.

CHRIS: Mother, Mother -

MOTHER: Wait, wait -

CHRIS: How long? How long?

MOTHER: (rolling out of her): Till he comes; for ever
and ever till he comes!

CHRIS: (as an ultimatum): Mother, I'm going ahead with it.

MOTHER: Chris, I've never said no to you in my life, now I
say no!

CHRIS: You'll never let him go¹) till I do it.

MOTHER: I'll never let him go and you'll never let him go!

CHRIS: I've let him go. I've let him go a long -

MOTHER (with no less force, but turning from him): Then
let your father go. (Pause, Chris stands transfixed)

KELLER: She's out of her mind.

MOTHER: Altogether! (to Chris, but not facing them)
Your brother's alive, darling, because if he's
dead, your father killed him.
Do you understand me now? As long as you live,
that boy is alive. God does not let a son be killed
by his father. Now you see, don't you? Now you see.
(Beyond control, she hurries up and into the house).

KELLER (-Chris has not moved. He speaks insinuatingly,
questioningly): She's out of her mind.

CHRIS (in a broken whisper): Then.... you did it?

KELLER (with the beginning of plea in his voice): He never
flew a P - 40

CHRIS (struck, deadly): But the others.

1) You'll never let him go - you'll never renounce him



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KELLER (insistently): She's out of her mind. (He takes a step towards Chris, pleadingly.)

CHRIS: (unyielding): Dad.... you did it ?

KELLER : (still asking, and saying) : Then you did it. To the others. (Both hold their voices down).

KELLER (afraid of him, his deadly insistence): What's the matter with you ? What the hell is the matter with you?

CHRIS (quietly, incredibly): How could you do that? How ?

KELLER: What's the matter with you!

CHRIS : Dad... Dad, you killed twenty-one men!

KELLER: What, killed ?

CHRIS : You killed them, you murdered them.

KELLER: (as though throwing his whole nature open before Chris): How could I kill anybody?

CHRIS : Dad! Dad!

KELLER (trying to hush him): I didn't kill anybody!

CHRIS : Then explain it to me. What did you do? Explain it to me or I'll tear you to pieces!

KELLER (horrified at his overwhelming fury): Don't, Chris, don't -

CHRIS: I want to know what ^{you} did, now what did you do? You had a hundred and twenty cracked engine-heads, now what did you do?

KELLER: If you're going to hang me then I-

CHRIS : I'm listening. God Almighty, I'm listening!

KELLER (-their movements now are those of subtle pursuit and escape. Keller keeps a step out of Chris's range as he talks) You're a boy, what could I do ! I'm in business, a man is in business; a hundred and twenty cracked,



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you're out of business; you get a process, the process don't work you're out of business; you don't know how to operate, your stuff is no good; they close you up, they tear up your contracts, what the hell's it to them? You lay forty years into a business and they knock you out in five minutes, what could I do, let them take forty years, let them take my life away? (His voice cracking) I never thought they'd install them. I swear to God. I thought they'd stop'em before anybody took off.

CHRIS : Then why'd you ship them out?

KELLER : By the time they could spot them I thought I'd have the process going again, and I could show them they needed me and they'd let it go by¹⁾. But weeks passed and I got no kick-back²⁾, so I was going to tell them.

CHRIS: Then why didn't you tell them?

CHELLER: It was too late. The paper, it was all over the front page, twenty-one went down, it was too late. They came with hand-cuffs into the shop, what could I do? (He sits on bench.) Chris.... Chris, I did it for you, it was a chance and I took it for you. I'm sixty-one years old, when would I have another chance to make something for you? Sixty-one years old you don't get another chance, do ya?

CHRIS : You even knew they wouldn't hold up in the air.

KELLER: I didn't say that.

1)....they'd let it go by - they will take no notice of it

2) ... I got no kick-back-I got no complaint/objection/criticism



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CHRIS: But you were going to warn them not to use them -

KELLER: But that don't mean -

CHRIS : It means you knew they'd crash.

KELLER : It don't mean that.

CHRIS: Then you thought they'd crash.

KELLER : I was afraid maybe-

CHRIS : You were afraid maybe ! God in heaven, what kind of a man are you ? Kids were hanging in the air by those heads. You knew that !

KELLER: For you, a business for you!

CHRIS : (with burning fury): For me! Where do you live, where have you come from? From me!- I was dying every day and you were killing my boys and you did it for me ? What the hell do you think I was thinking of, the goddam business ? Is that as far as your mind can see, the business ? What is that, the world - the business? What the do you mean, you did it for me? Don't you have a country ? Don't you live in the world? What the hell are you ? You're not even an animal, no animal kills his own, what are you? What must I do to you ? I ought to tear the tongue out of your mouth, what must I do ? (With his fist he pounds down upon his father's shoulder. He stumbles away, covering his face as he weeps). What must I do, Jesus God, what must I do ?

KELLER : Chris.... My Chris...

CURTAIN

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C O M M E N T A R Y

The above excerpt deals with Mother's attempts to preserve the status quo (which means the very existence of her family) and the crumbling down of all illusions when reality is revealed.

Each of the characters in the play feels that his or her life is reaching a crucial point and tries to defend his own position. Chris feels that if he is not allowed to marry Ann he will break any relations with his parents. Joe feels that, in order to pacify George (who wants to reopen the case), he should support Chris and Ann, and he therefore turns against Kate. Kate's gesture of smashing him across the face seems hysterical, but it is justified by her words, "Then let your father go." The lack of force with which she utters these words and the almost impersonal way in which she answers her son show that she has known the truth for a long time, has been tortured by it, her health has been undermined by it but she has struggled on, keeping up appearances in order not to disgrace her family and ruin her husband whom she understands and loves. Even in this moment of crisis she is reluctant to reveal the truth. Joe, a stolid mind, who has always considered that by ignoring what you don't like, you can avoid it, does not grasp the strain of the moment and keeps on saying, "She's (Kate) out of her mind." Kate's complete unveiling of the truth in the sentence "Your brother's alive, darling, because if he's dead, your father killed him" is not meant to prove her sanity; it is first of all her deliverance from the fetters of such dreadful knowledge. After these words she hurries up into the house, she does not want to fight Chris any longer because she knows that she has lost.

The knowledge of the truth is so astounding to Chris that his mind refuses to accept it. We can see

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from his broken whisper, from his broken questions, from his tenderly addressing his father that he still hopes to be told something that might belie the truth. But Keller's explanations only add evidence to the crime.

From now on the talk between father and son goes on in a peculiar way. Chris does not ask questions, does not accuse. As in a trance, he asserts the truth by bits in order to understand it fully: "Then... you did it?" "But the others" ; "Dad... you did it ?" "Dad.... Dad, you killed twenty-one men!"; "You killed them, you murdered them" "Dad! Dad!."

He asks for details, and it is only after knowing them that he bursts out with burning fury, accusing his father of having become completely dehumanized for the sake of business. He does not class him even with animals, because no animal kills his own as his father has done. And now, facing the dreadful facts, Chris is burdened with his own responsibility. Crushed by the collapse of his trust in his father, he turns on himself, on his own share of responsibility and asks himself "What must I do, Jesus God, what must I do?"

Joe's attitude is very interesting to study. He has worked his way up into the world from a simple worker and in spite of his fortune he has remained as uneducated as he was at ^{the} beginning. He has a peasant-like common sense. The trouble with him is not that he cannot tell right from wrong, but that his cast of mind cannot admit that he, personally has other connections with his world, his society, besides those which are aimed at maintaining and strengthening his position. In the excerpt above, Joe knows that it was wrong to furnish the one hundred and twenty cracked engine-heads, but the consequence of his act - the crime committed against the pilots - has never tortured him. Even when he is accused of having killed his own son, he tries to prove "not guilty" on the ground that his son "never



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flew a P 40".

The play is made even more dramatic by the way in which the playwright presents the criminal. Joe Keller is not a cynical profiteer who deliberately reduces the safety requirements in order to increase the profit. He is the simple man who got on by energy and will-power and once a member of a certain class he has to act according to its requirements, unless he has a deep relationship to society as a whole, and a deep sense of responsibility. If he confines himself to the limited world of business to which he belongs he is trapped by it, and that is what Joe realizes when he says "a man is in business; a hundred and twenty cracked, you're out of business; you got a process, the process don't work you're out of business; you don't know how to operate, your stuff is no good; they close you up, they tear up your contracts, what the hell's it to them? You lay forty years into a business and they knock you out in five minutes, what could I do, let them take forty years, let them take my life away?"

It is against that jungle existence that Arthur Miller pleads when he stresses the problem of relatedness, the problem of responsibility of individual acts. The playwright's intention is obviously that of arousing the public's indignation at Joe's littleness and form of myopia, and to achieve it, he makes the play as untheatrical as possible. To that purpose he avoids all metaphors, images, figures of speech, and preserves a familiar style throughout the play. In moments of deep crises the syntax is broken, as it is with Joe, or it becomes rich and powerful by means of exclamatory sentences, rhetorical questions and reiterations e.g. in Chris's indictment of his father's attitude.

A characteristic feature of the tension of the play is the peculiarity of the dialogue. Generally a play is based on questions and answers. Miller's dialogue is a dramatic series of unanswered questions - which are statements in fact. Even in sentences punctuated with



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question marks, the word order is that of statements and the speaker is hardly asking for an answer: You lost your mind"? "Then,.... you did it ? "

Some stylistic devices help to increase the tension of the dramatic dialogue. Chris's determination to have his own way is achieved by means of gradation; "I'm his brother and he's dead, and I'm marrying his girl." The same device is used later on reaching a climax:

CHRIS : You'll never let him go till I do it.

MOTHER: I'll never let him go, and you'll never let him go!

CHRIS : I've let him go, I've let him go a long-

MOTHER (with no force, but turning from him); Then let your father go"

Ellipsis is also used as a stylistic device besides being used to characterize Joe's uneducated speech. In some of his sentences Joe omits the auxiliaries: "Three and a half years you been talking like a maniac." "Sixty-one years old you don't get another chance". On the other hand, Chris uses it to express his indignation at his mother's decision: "What do you mean, you packed her bag?" Kate's desire of getting rid of Ann is also expressed by an ellipsis which lends to a short infinitive the value of an imperative: "All you've got to do is close it". A state of mind is also expressed by the continuous aspect. Ann's "I'm not closing anything..... I'm staying till he tells me to go" show her resolution to stay there and fight for her happiness.

George's disappointment with his sister's determination to marry the son of the criminal is expressed by an emphatic imperative, "You tell me, I want to hear you tell me."

There are some ungrammatical forms in the text which characterize Joe's uneducated speech: "I thought they'd stop'em before anybody took off"; "do ya"; "But that don't mean. " etc.



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Thus, in spite of the scarcity of figures of speech, the playwright achieves great dramatic tension through the simplicity of the vocabulary and through the idiomatic morphology and syntax he uses.

EXERCISES

I.

1.- Answer the following questions:

1. Why does Chris look at his mother struck?
2. To what purpose has George come to the Kellers' place?
3. What makes Ann refuse to leave with her brother ?
4. Why does Chris's mother oppose his marrying Ann ?
5. How does Chris realize the truth about his father ?
6. Explain in what way Keller killed his son Larry?
7. Comment upon Chris's words: "Explain to me or I'll tear you to pieces"
8. Why did Keller ship the faulty heads ?
9. Explain Chris's words: "I was dying everyday and you were killing my boys and you did it for me".

2.- Give examples that illustrate the difference in the use of the following group of words:

to answer-to reply - to respond; business -
enterprise - plant - factory - works - mill.

3.- Pick out the sentence in which the complex verb to take off is used. Look up the verb in the dictio-



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nary. Illustrate its uses by examples from the books you are reading.

4.- Write a short dialogue using the following colloquial expressions from the text:

They'll be right out; But if that's how he feels; don't take it that way; to roll out of oneself; I'm going ahead with it.

5.- Paraphrase the following:

She doesn't belong here ; You'll never let him go, till I do it; she's out of her mind? his voice cracking; twenty one went down.

6.- In the text the noun fury is modified by the qualifying adjective burning. Use a few other nouns that may be qualified by the same adjective, in sentences of your own.

7.- Choose between the synonyms in the brackets and account for your choice:

"Eddie, I (want, need) you to (listen, hear) to me. You know, sometime God mixes up the people. We all love somebody, the wife, the kids - every man's got somebody that he loves, heh ? But sometimes.... there's too much. You know ? There's too much, and it goes where it mustn't. A man works (hard, hardly), he (brings up, breeds, grows up) a child, sometimes it's a niece, sometimes even a daughter, and he never (realizes, is aware of, is conscious of) it, but through the years - there is too much love for the daughter, there is too much love for the niece. Do you (understand, grasp) what I'm saying to you?" (From "A View from the Bridge" by A. Miller).





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II.

1.- Comment on the uses of the verb to get in the text.

2.- Speak about the functions of would in the text.

3.- Point out the accusative with the infinitive constructions and comment on them.

4.- Comment on "I'd have the process going again"

5.- Turn the first ten lines of the text into indirect speech.

6.- Fill in the necessary prepositions:

Idea is very important..... me as a dramatist, but I think it is time someone said that playwrights, including the greatest, have not been noted..... the new ideas they have broached..... their plays.

By new I mean an original idea invented..... the playwright quite as such things are created..... scientists or philosophers. Because a new idea, be it Darwinism or Marxism appears.... first to be very close insanity because to be new must reverse important basic beliefs and assumptions which.... turn, have been institutionalized and are administered.... one or another kind..... priesthood... a vested interest..... the old idea.

The dramatic form is a dynamic thing. It is not possible to dally.... it... reflections. We react..... a surrounding crowd rather than.... it, our individual criteria..... truth are set..... one side and we are no longer..... The mercy... a performance alone, but.... the surrounding reaction..... it.



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If plays have not broached new ideas, they have enunciated not-yet- popular ideas which are already...the air, ideas..... which there has already been a preparation non-dramatic media. ("Introduction to the Collected Plays" by Arthur Miller).

7.- Fill in the definite or indefinite articles where necessary:

Few dramatists have been more articulate on their own behalf than Arthur Miller ; his various prefaces, lectures, articles and interviews listed in.... bibliography at..... end of this book already provide.... formidable critical commentary on his five major plays and on..... theory of literature that underlies them. "Never trust... artist, Trust..... tale, "warned D.H.Lawrence. "... proper function of.... critic is to save.... tale from..... artist who created it." Arthur Miller is less in....need of such salvation than are many of his contemporaries, but... independent commentator may hope to show Miller as not only... important dramatist but also.... important American dramatist whose work occupies.... significant place in.... tradition of American literature. Such.... view-point has been challenged by Miller himself". "My approach to... playwriting and... drama itself is organic; and to make this glaringly evident at once it is necessary to separate..... drama from what we think of today as.... literature.... drama ought not to be looked at first and foremost from... literary perspectives merely because it uses words, verbal rhythm, and poetic image. These can be its most memorable parts, it is true, but they are not its inevitable accompaniments. "

(From Arthur Miller by Dennis Welland).

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III.

1.- In the text the continuous aspect is used extensively as a grammatical (near future) as well as a stylistic device. Discriminate between its uses.

2.- Account for the scarcity of abstract nouns and compound nouns in the text.

3.- Point out all the adjectives used in the text. Which of them are used as epithets?

TRANSLATE INTO ROMANIAN:

TYRONE : You mustn't let yourself be too downhearted, lad, by the bad news you had today. Both the doctors promised me, if you obey orders at this place you're going, you'll be cured in six months, or a year at most.

EDMUND (his face hard again): Don't kid me. You don't believe that .

TYRONE (too vehemently): Of course I believe it ! Why shouldn't I believe it when both Hardy and the specialist-?

EDMUND: You think I'm going to die.

TYRONE : That's a lie! You're crazy !

EDMUND (more bitterly): So why waste money? That's why you're sending me to a state farm-

TYRONE (in guilty confusion): What state farm?
It's the Hilltown Sanatorium, that's all I know, and both doctors said it was the best place for you.



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EDMUND (scathingly) : For the money! That is, for nothing, or practically nothing. Don't lie, Papa. You know damned well Hilltown sanatorium is a state institution! Jamie suspected you'd cry poorhouse to Hardy and he wormed the truth out of him.

TYRONE (furiously): That drunken loafer! I'll kick him out in the gutter! He's poisoned your mind **against** me ever since you were old enough to listen!

EDMUND : You can't deny it's the truth about the state farm, can you ?

TYRONE : It's not true the way you look at it. What if it is run by the state ? That's nothing against it. The state has the money to make a better place than any private sanatorium. And why shouldn't I take advantage of it? It's my right and yours. We're residents. I'm a property owner. I help to support it. I'm taxed to death-

EDMUND (with bitter irony): Yes, on property valued at a quarter of a million.

TYRONE : Lies! It's all mortgaged!

EDMUND : Hardy and the specialist know what you're worth. I wonder what they thought of you when they heard you moaning poorhouse and showing you wanted to wish me on charity!

TYRONE : It's a lie. All I told them was I couldn't afford any millionaire's sanatorium because I was land poor. That's the truth !



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EDMUND : And then you went to the Club to meet McGurie and let him stick you with another bum piece of property! (As Tyrone starts to deny) Don't lie about it. We met McGurie in the hotel bar after he left you. Jamie kidded him about hooking you, and he winked and laughed!

TYRONE (lying feebly) He's a liar if he said-

EDMUND : Don't lie about it ! (With gathering intensity). God, Papa, ever since I went to sea and was on my own, and found out what hard work for little pay was, and what it felt like to be broke, and starve and camp on park benches because I had no place to sleep, I've tried to be fair to you because I knew what you'd been up against as a kid. I've tried to make allowances. Christ, you have to make allowances in this damned family or go nuts ! I have tried to make allowances for myself when I remember all the rotten stuff I've pulled! I've tried to feel like Mama that you can't help being what you are where money is concerned. But God Almighty, this last stunt of yours is too much! it makes me want to puke! Not because of the rotten way you're treating me. To hell with that! I've treated you rottenly, in my way, more than once. But to think when it's a question of your son having consumption, you can show yourself up before the whole town as such a stinking old tightwad! Don't you know Hardy will talk and the whole damned town will know ? Jesus, Papa, haven't you any pride or shame? (Bursting with rage) And don't think I'll let you get away with it! I won't go to any damned state farm just to save you a few lousy dollars to buy more bum property with ! You stinking old miser- ! (He chokes huskily, his voice trem-



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bling with rage, and then is shaken by a fit of coughing).

TYRONE (has sunk back in his chair under this attack, his guilty contrition greater than his anger. He stammers) ! Be quiet ! Don't say that to me ! You're drunk ! I won't mind you. Stop coughing, lad. You've got yourself worked up over nothing. Who said you had to go to this Hilltown place? You can go anywhere you like. I don't give a damn what it costs. All I care about is to have you get well. Don't call me a stinking miser, just because I don't want doctors to think I'm a millionaire they can swindle.

(From "Long Day's Journey into Night" by E.O. Neill.)

TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH:

Alt general, scund și grozav de spătos, în uniformă cu buzunări numeroase și enorme, încît ar fi putut cuprinde toată arhiva marelui stat-major, părea, nu s-ar fi putut spune de ce, foarte încîntat de tot ce întîlnea, vedea, auzea.

Rămînea în urma tuturor, ridicînd sprîncenele îmbinate și imense cît o pereche de mustăți, să adauge după inima sa milostivă, cuvinte de îmbărbătare bolnavilor:

- La Mărășești ? Bravo ! Amîndoi ochii ? Regretabil, dar nu e nimic.... Bravo ! la Poiana Mărului, ai zis ? Interesant ! Se poate trăi foarte bine

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și numai cu o mână... Bravo, îmi plăci, băiatule ! Iți spun că-mi plăci !

Strîngea mîinile cîte nu erau ciungite, dezvelea păturiile să vadă resturile picioarelor sfîrșite în bonturi de bandaje.... Bolnavii cereau să se ridice pe-o coaștă, înălțau gîturile slabe, îngăimau începuturi de vorbe.

- Stai liniștit!... Bravo ! Nu e nimic. Țara ! Minunat !.....

Se aflau încă două doamne și o fată blondă, în haină albastră de culoarea viorelei, înaltă și fragilă, cu umerii slabi și înguști, cu părul imaterial ca un abur.

Toată silința și-o adunase să-și rețină lacrimile.

Împărțea timidă cîte o floare din mănunchiul răsfirat pe braț, și țigări dintr-un coș, purtat respectuos de un infirmier..... Nu știa cu ce cuvinte să-și însoțească darul ; cu obrazii învăpăiați de emoție, punea floarea și cele cîteva țigări pe marginea paturii și pleca repede, ca după o faptă rușinoasă. Dar ochii bolnavilor o urmăreau recunoscători ; simțeau că într-adevăr aceasta singură suferă cu adevărat pentru suferința lor.

.....

- Bravo ! La Citus ! Nu e nimic.... Se poate trăi foarte bine și fără picioare..... Țara, băiatule !

În urmă, alți medici în șorturi albe, și doamne de caritate, și infirmiere purtînd coșurile de țigări și infirmieri cu condici, cu flori și pachete de șocolată.... Convoiul înaintează doi pași, se oprește, bolnavul face eforturi să se ridice într-un cot și încearcă printre crîspățiile de durere să surîdă, rușinat că se află culcat înaintea atîtor persoane înalte.....

Iar bolnavii inspectați, după ce convoiul a trecut, își caută cu degetele cîte le-au mai rămas, pe mar-



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ginea păturii, cele câteva țigări, pachetul de șocolată și floarea lăsată de fata subțire și blondă, cu ochii umezi și cu buza de jos tremurând. Ea singură presimțea că acestor dureri altă alinare li se cuvine : nu exclamațiile doamnei cu lorgnon și îmbărbătările generalului scund : "Nu face nimic.... La Oituz ? Bravo !"

(Cezar Petrescu, Intunecare)



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Lesson XIII

From SAY NO TO DEATH

by Dymphna Cusack

Dymphna Cusack is one of the most popular Australian authors. Her writings rank her high among the writers of the day. To her pen belong such novels as "Jungfrau", "The Sun in Exile", "Southern Steel". Her theatre and radio plays "Red Sky at Morning", "Morning Sacrifice", "Stand Still Time" and many others have been acclaimed by literary critics all over the world. Her reportage "Chinese Women Speak" is a really fascinating document about her personal contacts with Chinese women, about their selfless struggle for a splendid cause.

Her book "Say no to Death" is the tragical love-story of a young girl (Janet) and a returned soldier (Bart).

In the excerpt below, the author with a particular dramatic force, focusses our attention on the every-day life in a T.B. sanatorium, which is depicted with great precision, testifying to a perfect knowledge of the mentality of the patients, their sufferings, the strain and the anxiety that fills their hearts.

Each week Jan grew more accustomed to sanatorium life. The things for which she recoiled at first settled down into the routine of everyday living. Against her will she found herself accepting the attitudes of the other patients, absorbing the details of their treatment, adopting their jargon.

After Locklynn, Pine Ridge was a haven indeed. le
At Locklynn you were a pariah, but here at Pine Ridge you



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were treated as though your illness was a privilege. Life was geared ~~to~~ your illness, and you were geared to a routine designed for you.

At first, she thought she would never learn to adjust herself to the discipline of the rest periods - to lie still from half-past ten to half-past twelve - not even allowed to read - the second hour of it in complete silence; to lie again inactive - even the pillows removed so that you lay flat in the bed - from half-past one to half-past two, and go back again to your bed or your lounge from half-past four till half-past five.

Walking patients settled themselves on lounges in the garden and the veranda. It had seemed ridiculous to see grown men and women sitting and laughing together one moment, rise when the lounge bell rang and go quietly to rest like children.

Then invisible chains bound you in your bed and silence settled over Pine Ridge like a glass bell shutting out life. Through the open door and window gleamed the deep blue of the valley, the light blue arc of the shy.

"I shall go mad", she had said, lying stiff and unrelaxed, her mind swarming with thoughts she tried in vain to put aside, her eyes closed, in a vain effort to shut out the world around her.

"You'll soon get used to it," her room companion, Mrs. Carlton, said. "It's all part of taking the cure. Soon, like the rest of us, you'll just take it for granted."

"I shall never take it for granted." Lying rigid with her eyelids tightly closed, Jan thought again of how people talked of taking it for granted. Linda and Betty had taken it for granted. And now Mrs. Carlton talked of taking it for granted. The rules said you must lie quietly at rest in your bed as a help to getting well. So she would lie quietly in her bed and



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endeavour to rest. It was part of the cure, like learning to walk in a different way in order to save your energy. It was all part of the things you had to do if you were to get out of the sanatorium in six months. She was going to get out in six months. She was going to get well. And she would not take it for granted.

At Pine Ridge stillness was a positive thing. It was not only absence of sound but a quality in itself that differed with the changing weather. When the ochre ridges stood drenched in the autumn sunshine, the silence was different from when the mists covered the mountains. On sunny days the calling of the birds, the chugging of the train came with a shattering clarity, but in the mist all sounds were muffled; even the calling of the currawongs clustered thickly in the trees near the house was muted and desolate.

At night the dome of the sky settled down over the surrounding ranges, the valleys were dark, the ridges spangled with the lights of townships and the far edge of the eastern sky was jewelled with the lights that marked Sydney.

Lying awake at night in the quiet house she would watch the garden merge into the valley and the valley merge into darkness, and over them all the sky resting soft as the bloom on a dark plum, a sky so crowded with stars that she felt she had only to put up her hand to pluck one. Sometimes she felt that everything around her was suspended in silence.

Time at Pine Ridge was not like time as Jan had known it anywhere else. Time was no longer something you measured by your watch and your clock, or even by your calendar. Six months in bed no longer seemed a long time when Mrs. Carlton beside her had been in bed for eighteen months. Six months was nothing when there was a girl her own age just along the veranda who had come back for her third six months.





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Leonard, the dark quiet-voiced man whom she had seen the first day, had been there for three years and at one moment, when he talked, six months contracted like a concertina with its beginning in autumn and its end in spring, so close that you could almost span it with your hand.

C H A P T E R 29.

The sou'-westerly poured in a gusty current over the valley, lashing through the trees in a steady roar, the branches of the gums streaming before it like the ripple of running water; the elms tossing their young leaves in fountains of changing colour, an invisible surf moaning in the pines. Far off on the horizon the arched shadow of the harbour bridge glimmered like a mirage.

The matron came ^{out} of Jan's room and across the veranda, her little round brown eyes snapping under lowering brows. She glared at him through her glasses.

"She's not quite ready yet; sister is fixing her up. It's most inconvenient for you to come at this time, but as you have to wait, I might as well talk to you now". She made no effort to lower her voice, and several patients resting on their lounges at the ^{end} of the veranda turned curiously.

"Miss Blakeley needs a great deal of extra attention. You'll have to get a night special. It's quite bad enough to have ^{to} attend to her in the daytime here. This is a sanatorium not a hospital. We don't expect to have to nurse the patients, we only take them here on the condition that they can look after themselves".

Bart's temper flared. "Then what do we pay six guineas a week for?"



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Matron's eyes slewed round at him. "You're paying six guineas a week for what you'd get in any sanatorium, and that certainly does not include attention at night. Miss Blakeley will definitely have to have a night special if she is to stay here".

"Then why don't you get a night special? She's been little enough trouble up to now."

"Young man, you're very ready with your tongue, I suppose you know you'll have to pay for her."

"Pay ? Surely we're already paying enough?"

"You're not paying for special nursing at all. The trouble with you men who've been in the army is you seem to think you should get everything free."

"I don't expect to get anything free. We've been paying for everything we've got - on the dot, too!"

"Well, if Miss Blakeley is to stay here, you'll have to pay for a special nurse."

"Then we'll pay for a special nurse ! What will it cost ?"

"I'll have to get one down from Leura, that means fares, and with the other incidentals she's entitled to it'll run out about nine pounds a week".

Bart stared at her speechlessly.

Matron looked at him with grim satisfaction. That's taken the wind out of his sails, the young rooster ! She smiled triumphantly. "Well, shall I get a special ?"

There was an itching in his palms, and for a moment Bart felt the desire to take her stringy neck between his hands and squeeze it until there was no life left, as he had been taught to do in the jungle. There was a red mist before his eyes, and the matron's face swayed in front of him like a yellow berry on a long stalk. He focused it again with difficulty. He beat back his rage, and tried to make his voice sound conciliatory.





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"But surely, Matron...." It did not sound like his own voice at all. "Surely we could get someone else. I mean just someone who'd keep an eye on her, not a trained nurse?"

"If we get a special she'll have to be a trained nurse. I have the reputation of my sanatorium to think of, and if we ^{get} a trained nurse it will cost roughly nine pounds a week - extra." She brought the last word out explosively.

"But we can't afford it. You know very well we can't afford it."

She made a movement of her thin shoulders, too violent to be called a shrug.

"If that's the case you'll have to take her out."

Bart stared at her in bewilderment. "But Dr. Murchison Laide said she must have at least another three months' bed-rest."

"Not in my sanatorium. Not in the state she's in. And Dr. Murchison Laide knew perfectly well what the position was when he left here yesterday. I made it quite clear to him."

Bart bit back an oath at the thought of the doctor's suave advice to talk it over with the matron. The swine !

"Well ?" The matron broke in on his thoughts. "When are you going to take her ?"

"Take her ? As sick as she is ? You mean you'd put a girl out - as sick as she is, who has nowhere to go?"

The matron's shoulders twitched again. "It's not my business where she goes."

"But it's inhuman."

"It's the rules. When I take patients here, it's on certain conditions. If they get to sick to look after themselves, they either get in specials or they go. If you can't afford a special then I'll order an ambulance and you'll have to take Miss Blakeley home. You'd better get in touch with her sister so she'll know when to expect her."



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Bart thought of the five-pound note between him and next payday. "How long will she need a special ?"

"Indefinitely, in the state she's in."

"If I pay for one for a week till I see what other arrangements we can make?"

"Very well, but you'd better leave me the money. I have to pay any nurse who comes here as soon as her work is done, and I can't be responsible."

"I'll give you five pounds. Miss Blakeley's sister will bring you the rest on Saturday. Naturally when I came up today I didn't expect to have a gun held at my head for a few lousy quid. I thought this was a hospital, not a hold-up joint."

The matron's eyes sparkled disconcertingly behind her glasses. "That's no language to use and it'll get you nowhere and do you no good, nor Miss Blakeley either. And I'd remind you again, this isn't a hospital."

"You're telling me ! I've been in military hospitals, and if your standard of looking after your patients was ever tried in the army it'd get ^{you} a court-martial, and you'd bloody well deserve it."

Don't swear at me, please. I won't have it. You don't happen to be in the army here. Just remember that."

"Sanatorium." Bart's nostrils flared. "You ought to call it a sanatorium ! Why you don't even know the first rules of hygiene, and as for nursing...!"

"That's enough ! I've already gone out of my way to give you a chance to make other arrangements for Miss Blakeley, and I'd have you know I did it only because I know none of you have any money. The last time this sort of thing happened, I simply ordered the ambulance and sent the patient down to a private hospital in Sydney and informed her relatives when she was on the way, and if I had any sense I'd have done the same here, instead of leaving myself to be insulted by a whipper-snapper like you."

"I thought your patients exaggerated when they said you were nothing but a mercenary old bitch, but they were right."



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C o m m e n t a r y

(This commentary refers both to the text given above and to that given in the translation exercise).

With great courage and vigour, Dymphna Cusack unmasks the evils of the capitalist world. She subjects her heroes to unspeakably difficult trials, making them ready for a supreme sacrifice.

The unshakable power of her realism lies in her interest in life, her confidence in it and her desire to master it. Thus, she shows that in her native surroundings (Sydney) "with houses and flats harder to get than gold...." (p.218), - there are millions of people whose lives are overshadowed by poverty, who are starved, doomed to death, hurt, and dwarfed.

Realism is also the keynote of Cusack's language. In the excerpt, the narration in simple and unpretentious, the principal artistic means being the dense emotional colouring, constantly emphasised by the struggle Bart wages with the misfortunes that drag them deeper and deeper into the slough. This emotional colouring is rendered by a decidedly unclassical language. The piling up of scientific terms is resorted to by the author when she wishes to render with solemn purposefulness the atmosphere of the sanatorium life and gives striking details of the treatment:

" At first, she thought she would never learn to adjust herself to the discipline of the rest periods - to lie still from half-past ten to half-past twelve - not even allowed to read - the second hour of it in complete silence; to lie again inactive - even the pillows removed, so that you lay flat in the bed - from half-past one to half-past two, and go back again to your bed or your lounge from half-past four till half-past five".



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Bart's way of speaking characterizes him as simple, unconventional, direct, sincere and responsive. His sentences, often replete with strong words and vulgarisms, are exclamatory interrogative, elliptical. In a word, his language may be styled as 'impulsive'.

".... Bart bit back an oath/stthe thought of the doctor's suave advice to talk it over with the matron. The swine !

"Well ? ♡ The matron broke in on his thoughts. "When are you going to take her?"

"Take her? As sick as she is ? You mean you'd put a girl out as sick as she is, who has nowhere to go ?" (p.214).

Mention should be also made of the author's readiness to use tropes, chiefly similes, as in:

"Time at Pine Ridge was not like time Jan had known it anywhere else. Time was no longer something you measured by your watch and your clock, or even by your calendar. Six months in bed no longer seemed a long time when Mrs. Carlton beside her had been in bed for eighteen monts. Leonard, the dark, quiet-voiced man whom she had seen the first day, had been there for theree years and at one moment when he talked, six months contracted like a concertina with its beginning in autumn and its end in spring, so close that you could almost span it with your hand." (p.106).

The image of minutes and seconds drifting past more slowly than the yellowed leaves fluttering to earth, suggests the idea of the monotony and the weariness that cloud Jan's life. The most striking effect is achieved by D.Cusack when comparing the patients with "passengers" haphazardly crowed together *Id* on a train that had been shunted off on to a siding and stood there in the darkness, without direction and without destination, waiting. This is the principal idea underlying the whole fragment, enabling us to enter Janet's most intimate feelings, to visualize the





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despair of a man with no hope to recover. To further stress that principal idea and in order to convey the atmosphere of stilness reigning in the sanatorium, the author either repeats the word silence ("sometimes she felt that everything around was suspended in silence") or renders the notion by means of words associated with that idea : "but in the mist all sound were muffled; even the calling of the currawongs... was muted and desolate", or using such phrases as : "lying stiff and unrelaxed", "lying rigid".

D.Cusack has the knack of inventing startling suggestive metaphors. Thus extraordinarily expressive and full of imagination is the comparison of the sound of the train, passing Pine Ridge with "a comet rushing through space, the flaming plumes of its engines making its progress across the sky".

The writer makes use of rich and vivid epithets, thus converting a vast emotional range (lyricism, tenderness, sadness, tension) and revealing different aspects of reality: invisible chains, flaming plumes, unendurable day, strangling noises, liquid cough, whirling thoughts, stringy neck, suave advice, wondering joy, or "the shattering clarity of sounds on sunny days" and muffled sounds in the mist".

Being interested in the development of her characters, D.Cusack draws the readers' attention to certain aspects of their appearance - the matron's constantly twitching shoulders, her eyes either glaring or snapping behind her eye-glasses, a.s.o. Such remarks are skilfully woven into the main narrative and serve to throw fresh light on some of the characters. The authors's deep feeling for the beauty of nature is reflected in the masterly descriptions of her native landscape.

"The sou' - westerly poured in a gusty current over the valley, lashing through the trees in a steady roar, the branches of the gums streaming before it like the ripple of running water; the elms tossing their young leaves in fountains of changing colour, an invisible surf



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moaning in the pines. Far off on the horizon the arched shadow of the harbour bridge glimmered like a mirage."

EXERCISES

I.

- 1.- Ask 10 leading questions to the text.
- 2.- Explain in your own words the meaning of the following words and phrases:
"Sou'-westerly" ; his temper flared ;
bit back an oath ; to run out ; whipper-snapper ; night special ; to get sth. free ; on the dot.
- 3.- Give equivalents for:
to take it for granted ; to grow accus-tomed ; jargon ; to merge into ; to stand still.
- 4.- State the difference between to pluck and to pick.
- 5.- Look up the verb to grow in the dictionary and give ^{some} of the traditional combinations of it is a part. *which*
- 6.- Supply synonyms for the verb to adjust and use them in sentences of your own.
- 7.- Look up the following words in an English- English dictionary and comment upon them from the point of view of their origin:
routine, pariah, veranda, matron, momentum.



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- 8.- Discriminate between the verbs to endeavour and to try. Supply sentences with them.
- 9.- Comment on the word spring from the point of view of homonymy.

II.

- 1.- Discriminate between the - ing forms found in the first paragraph.
- 2.- Extend the non-personal (non-finite) construction below into a subordinate clause:
"The matron came out, her little brown eyes snapping under lowering brows."
- 3.- Change the modal verbs below into their synonyms:
 - a) You'll have to get a night special.
 - b) Miss Blakeley is to stay here.
 - c) Shall I get a special ?
 - d) Surely we could get someone else.
 - e) I have to pay the nurses.
- 4.- Name the parts of speech in the sentence:
Naturally when I came up today I didn't expect to have a gun held at my head for a few lousy quid.
- 5.- Give the full forms of all contractions in the text.
- 6.- Comment on the functions of would in the following:
 1. Lying awake at night in the quiet house, she would watch the garden merge into the valley....





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2. At first she thought she would never learn to adjust herself.
3. Sometimes he spoke of the days when ^{they} would be together again - far away from Springvale. He told her of a house by a lake which they would build; of the children who would play in it. And she would watch him with brilliant eyes, fascinated, a faint smile on her lips, while in her fancy she felt the wind across the lake ^{blow} against her fevered face.
- 7.- Analyse the following words morphologically:
unendurable, hollowly destination.
- 8.- Supply the missing prepositions:
 1. You'd better get.... touch with her sister.
 2. The sou'- westerly wind poured.... a gusty current..... the valley.
 3. Far off.... the horizon, the arched shadow... the harbour bridge glimmered like a mirage.
 4. She glared.... him... her glasses.
 5. It's most inconvenient... you to come... this time.
 6. Miss Blakeley needs a great deal...extra attention.
 7. I've been military hospitals, and if your standard... looking... your patients was ever tried.... the army it'd get you a court-martial.
- 9.- Fill in the definite or indefinite articles wherever necessary: Gradually Jane ceased to watch.... life of... ward;.... problem of her neighbours ceased to interest her.... signifi-



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cance of their words no longer registered she was wrapped in ... world of her own. She lay for hours staring at.... opposite wall..... narrow slit of sky was deeper blue with..... coming autumn:

..... leaves of.... tree that swayed across it gradually yellowed. Often she stared at... glass ball on her locker where.... little girl moved through... miniature snowstorm every time Sister Conrick shook it. The.... flurry of snowflakes took her out of..... drab ward. She was once again active and vigorous.... wind in her hair,... snow cold on her face. (D.Cusack, "Say No To Death").

III.

- 1.- Underline Cusack's craftsmanship as manifest in the style of the whole excerpt.
- 2.- Point out in the text:
 - a) words and phrases typical of scientific style;
 - b) words and turns of speech belonging to colloquial style.
- 3.- What figures of speech are widely used in the above given excerpts ? Supply examples.
- 4.-, Discuss the inversion in the following sentence:

"....through the open door and window
gleamed the deep blue of the valley,
the light blue arc of the sky."
- 5.- Explain the stylistic value of the phrase:
lying stiff and unrelaxed.





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- 6.- Supply examples of repetition from the two excerpts given above.
- 7.- What setting does D. Cusack introduce into her novel ?
- 8.- What is the author's method of individualising her characters ? (Refer to the devices used to characterise the matron).
- 9.- What are the most dramatic details of the above given fragments? (Refer to the devices used to convey this dramatic atmosphere).

TRANSLATE INTO ROMANIAN:

Six months ! Six months was only interminable when she thought of Bart. Then the time of separation shook her. Then six months could no longer be spanned with your hand or with your mind.

When she thought that she would not see Bart from Sunday to Sunday, seven unendurable days in which the minutes and even the seconds drifted past more slowly than the yellowed leaves fluttering to earth in the windless air, then time was like the ticking of a watch in which the springs had broken, but which responds to shaking and ticks hollowly until the momentum has gone.

There were other moments time was like a shadow on the mountains, which seemed to stand still all day long, though the sun burnt its way across the sky until it sank behind the shadowed ridge. Days like this, time stood still. There were nights when the stars she could see through the doorway stood still. Then time had no meaning at all; then the sound of the train might have been a comet rushing through space, the flaming plumes of its engines marking its progress across the sky. You were suspended in a moment of breathless waiting.



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At Locklynn you had been almost like passengers haphazardly crowded together on a train that hurtled madly from one station to another, but here you were on a train that had been shunted off on to a siding and stood there in the darkness, without direction and without a destination... waiting.

The silence in the house at night was itself a menace. You could not forget why you were there, because every now and then someone coughed. The girl in the end room with her soft liquid cough - the man along the veranda uttering loud and strangling noises. You were afraid for them. You wondered what was happening to them. You wished desperately that there was a night nurse who would go and soothe them - give them the comfort of her presence. But there was no night nurse at Pine Ridge. If you wanted anything you got it for yourself. Lights flickered palely in the darkness as one after another of the patients switched on their bed lamps. Of course there was a bell but you did not ring it. "Better be found dead in the morning," Mrs. Carlton said laughingly. "It will cause you less trouble".

In the sleepless night, Mrs. Carlton's presence, her soft whispering, was a rampart between you and a fear you never admitted even to yourself.

(D.Cusack, Say No To Death)

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TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH :

Dincolo de frontierele adolescenței - vîrstă la care frageda tulpină omenească se sprijină încă pe cei apropiați din jur - se întinde, ca o imensă mare liberă, etapa tulburătoare a tinereții. Ajuns la completa dezvoltare fiziologică, asemenea unui trunchi vînjos, cu rădăcinile bine înfipite în pămînt, organismul uman posedă în gradul cel mai înalt minunatele daruri care se cheamă sănătate, optimism, încredere, avînt, siguranță de sine. De aceea, pe toate tărîmurile de activitate, tineretul reprezintă un factor dinamic, neobosit, care-și trăiește preocupările la cea mai înaltă tensiune.

Entuziasmul, necesitatea de a trăi viața cît mai din plin pe toate planurile, fizic și spiritual, de a respira, ca să spunem astfel, prin toți porii, e trăsătura specifică, firească tinereții, în perfectă concordanță cu structura vîrstei. Pe asemenea făgaș se desfășoară viața tineretului nostru sănătos din societatea socialistă, în ambianța interesului pentru rezolvarea problemelor fundamentale ale omului.

Fiecare tînăr sau tînără găsește în noile condiții sociale posibilitatea să-și afirme nestingherit capacitatea și talentul, să-și înlăptuiască năzuințele, să scoată la iveală filonul de aur al calităților cu care e înzestrat. Alături de toți făuritorii socialismului din patria noastră, tineretul își modelează profilul său etic și spiritual, asimilează cunoștințele tehnice și științifice, valorile nestemate ale culturii naționale și universale. Înaintarea societății noastre pe drumul socialismului înseamnă înaintarea pe drumul formării omului nou, implicit a tinerei generații. În cursa vieții, tinerii sînt purtătorii ștafetei, reprezentînd pentru ansamblul colectivității sociale schimbul "de mîine". Spre ei se îndreaptă ochii celor din jur în familie, în școală, în producție,

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în vederea canalizării energiilor lor clocotitoare în mod
eficient, rodnic, pentru ei și societate.

Tineretea este, am putea spune, vârsta marilor
energii, vârsta marilor impulsuri, a marilor aspirații și
idealuri.

(M. Pădureleanu, dintr-un articol în
"Scinteia").



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PART TWO.

Lesson 1.

From TYPHOON

by Joseph Conrad

Joseph Conrad is the pen-name of Joseph Korzeniowski (1857-1924), a remarkable English novelist and story-teller of Polish origin.

Deeply and often cruelly realistic in the presentation of people and events (e.g. in the novels Lord Jim, Allmayer's Folly, etc.), he is considered to be a 'neo-romantic' writer, among other reasons for his sympathy with strong, exceptional characters.

Conrad's fame rests chiefly on his description of adventures. The sea usually supplies him with an all-important setting, and the author's devotion to it may be seen at its best in such works as Nostromo, or The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'; and, above all, in Typhoon (1902), in which love of adventure combines with exquisite descriptions of the sea and of the men grappling with it.

Chapter II

Observing the steady fall of the barometer, Captain Mac Whirr thought, "There's some dirty weather knocking about." This is precisely what he thought. He had an experience of moderately dirty weather - the term dirty as applied to the weather implying only moderate discomfort to the seaman. Had he been informed by an

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indisputable authority that the end of the world was to be finally accomplished by a catastrophic disturbance of the atmosphere, he would have assimilated the information under the simple idea of dirty weather, and no other, because he had no experience of cataclysms, and belief does not necessarily imply comprehension. The wisdom of his country had pronounced by means of an Act of Parliament that before he could be considered as fit to take charge of a ship he should be able to answer certain simple questions on the subject of circular storms such as hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons; and apparently he had answered them, since he was now in command of the Nan-Shan in the China seas during the season of typhoons. But if he had answered he remembered nothing of it. He was, however, conscious of being made uncomfortable by the clammy heat. He came out on the bridge, and found no relief to this oppression. The air seemed thick. He gasped like a fish, and began to believe himself greatly out of sorts.

The Nan-Shan was ploughing a vanishing furrow upon the circle of the sea that had the surface and shimmer of an undulating piece of grey silk. The sun, pale and without rays, poured down leaden heat in a strangely indecisive light.

.....

The temperature in the engine-room had gone up to a hundred and seventeen degrees. Irritated voices were ascending through the skylight and through the fiddle of the stokehold in a harsh and resonant uproar, mingled with angry clangs and scrapes of metal, as if men with limbs of iron and throats of bronze had been quarreling down there. The second engineer was falling foul of the stokers for letting the steam go down. He was a man with arms like a blacksmith, and generally feared, but that afternoon the stokers were answering him back recklessly, and slammed the furnace doors with the fury of despair. Then the noise ceased suddenly, and the second engineer appeared, emerging out of the stokehold streaked with grime





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and soaking wet like a chimney-sweep coming out of a well. As soon as his head was clear of the fiddle he began to scold Jukes for not trimming properly the stokehold ventilators; and in answer Jukes made with his hands deprecatory soothing sign meaning: No wind - can't be helped - you can see for yourself. But the other wouldn't hear reason. His teeth flashed angrily in his dirty face. He didn't mind, he said, the trouble of punching their blanked heads down there, blank his soul, but did the condemned sailors think you could keep steam up in the God-forsaken boilers simply by knocking the blanked stokers about ? No, by George!

.....
At its setting the sun had^a diminished diameter and an expiring brown, rayless glow, as if millions of centuries elapsing since the morning had brought it near its end. A dense bank of cloud became visible to the northward; it had a sinister dark olive tint, and lay low and motionless upon the sea, resembling a solid obstacle in the path of the ship. She went floundering towards it like an exhausted creature driven to its death. The coppery twilight retired slowly, and the darkness brought out overhead a swarm of unsteady, big stars, that, as if blown upon, flickered exceedingly and seemed to hang very near the earth. At eight o'clock Jukes went into the chart-room to write up the ship's log.

He copied neatly out of the rough-book the number of miles, the course of the ship, and in the column for "wind" scrawled the word "calm" from top to bottom of the eight hours since noon. He was exasperated by the continuous monotonous rolling of the ship. The heavy inkstand would slide away in a manner that suggested perverse intelligence in dodging the pen. Having written in the large space under the head of "Remarks" "Heat very oppressive", he stuck the end of the penholder in his teeth, pipe fashion, and





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mopped his face carefully.

"Ship rolling heavily in a high cross swell, "he began again, and commented to himself, "Heavily is no word for it." Then he wrote: "Sunset threatening, with a low bank of clouds to N. and E. Sky clear overhead."

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Sprawling over the table with arrested pen, he glanced out of the door, and in that frame of his vision he saw all the stars flying upwards between the teakwood jambs on a black sky. The whole lot took flight together and disappeared, leaving only a blackness flecked with white flashes, for the sea was as black as the sky and speckled with foam afar. The stars that had flown to the roll came back on the return swing of the ship, rushing downwards in their glittering multitude, not of fiery points, but enlarged to tiny discs brilliant with a clear wet sheen.

Jukes watched the flying big stars for a moment, and then wrote: "8 P.M. Swell increasing. Ship labouring and taking water on her decks. Barometer still falling." He paused, and thought to himself, "Perhaps nothing whatever'll come of it." And then he closed resolutely his entries: "Every appearance of a typhoon coming on."

On going out he had to stand aside, and Captain MacWhirr strode over the doorstep without saying a word or making a sign.

"Shut the door, Mr Jukes, will you?" he cried from within.

Jukes turned back to do so, muttering ironically: "Afraid to catch cold, I suppose."

.....
In the midst of all this stir and movement Captain MacWhirr, holding on, showed his eyes above the upper edge, and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Swell getting worse, sir".

"Noticed that in here, "muttered Captain MacWhirr. Anything wrong?"



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Jukes, inwardly disconcerted by the seriousness of the eyes looking at him over the top of the book, produced an embarrassed grin.

E X E R C I S E S

I.

1. Explain the following words (in English):

| | | |
|-----------|---------------|------------|
| barometer | weather | finally |
| wisdom | to remember | apparently |
| to dodge | uncomfortable | clammy |

II. Give derivative forms of:

| | | |
|------------|---------|------|
| to disturb | command | fish |
| reckless | head | turn |

III. Form compounds with:

| | | |
|------|-------|------|
| head | black | noon |
| room | good | wind |

IV. Find idiomatic phrases in the text for:

| | | |
|---------|------------------|-----------------------------|
| to roam | not well, unwell | to rise (of temperature) |
|---------|------------------|-----------------------------|

V. Give the antonyms of:

| | | | |
|-----------|---------|------|--------|
| to ascend | harsh | down | fury |
| to scold | angrily | end | slowly |

II.

I. State the morphological status of the words underlined:

a) Ship rolling heavily in a high cross swell.



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- b) He stuck the end of the penholder in his teeth,
• pipe fashion.
- c) She went floundering towards it like an exhausted creature driven to its death.
- d) The coppery twilight retired slowly.

II. Comment on the use of articles in:

Observing the steady fall of the barometer, Captain MacWhirr thought, "There's some dirty weather knocking about." This is precisely what he thought. He had an experience of moderately dirty weather - the term dirty as applied to the weather implying only moderate discomfort to the seaman. Had he been informed by an indisputable authority that the end of the world was to be finally accomplished by a catastrophic disturbance of the atmosphere, he would have assimilated the information under the simple idea of dirty weather and no other, because he had no experience of cataclysms, and belief does not necessarily imply comprehension.

III. Translate into English:

a) căderea batometrului; ridicarea temperaturii; comanda vasului ; pe bordul vasului Nan-Shan ; zgomotul mașinilor ; apusul soarelui; tangajul vasului; hula mării; apropierea taifunului.

b) însoțit de o catastrofă; cu ajutorul busolei; aflat la comanda vasului; cu furia disperării; drept răspuns; foarte aproape de pământ; într-un fel care; a se gândi în sinea sa; fără să spună un cuvânt.

I. What is the prevailing figure of speech used in the excerpt from Typhoon? Supply illustrations.

II. Can you explain stylistically such statements in the excerpt as, "The temperature in the engine - room had gone up to a hundred and seventeen degrees", "At its setting the sun had a diminished diameter" (instead of "became smaller", etc,) etc.?



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III. Pick out all the technical words in the excerpt.

IV. Name the cases of inversion in the first paragraph of the excerpt.

V. Show by what linguistic means the character of Jukes is delineated,

TRANSLATE INTO ROMANIAN:

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist.
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin ;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark ! roar the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside the flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
Four us is toiling near;
For us the raftmen down the stream
Their island barges steer,
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still;
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.



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Up! up! in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough;
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below;
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land
Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

(From The Ship-Builders, by John
Greenleaf Whittier, 1819-1891)

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TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH:

Intr-o seară arabul a fost dat lipsă la apel.

A doua zi s-a aflat că a dispărut sicriul. Arabul evadase. Barca noastră putuse lua, că era păzită de sentinelă. Se mulțumise să fugă pe mare cu sicriul pe care-l călătuisese bine, ca să nu intre apă în el. Il văzuse cioplind niște lopățele de lemn, dar nu-i dăse nimănui în minte ce poate face cu ele. După patru zile, un vapor francez a întâlnit sicriul plutind în larg. Arabul zăcea amorțit în el, mai mult mort decât viu. L-au pescuit și l-au adus în port.

Toți condamnații erau chinuți zi și noapte de ideea de a fugi. De o parte, oceanul pustiu, fără capăt, de altă parte, pădurea virgină, tropicală. Apa îi atrăgea pe toți; ea da mai multe șanse de scăpare.

Pe toți îi chinuia gândul să încerce a fugi pe apă. Căutau toți cu ochii avizi înainte, în largul oceanului; acolo era libertatea. Înapoi, pe pământ, era pușcărie, umilinți și moarte.

Nicola își făcea mereu socoteala anilor ce avea de stat acolo. Zece ani și cu dublajul, douăzeci. Căci după ce-ai sfârșit pedeapsa, nu poți pleca din insulă decât după ce stai liber încă timp egal cu cel la care ai fost condamnat.

Șase inși s-au înțeles să fugă pe apă.

Trei luni de zile au ținut pregătirile.

Un italian tânăr, care lucra la depozitul de materiale, a furat un bal de pânze de vele. Un grec bătrîn, lucrător la atelierul de reparații ale vaselor, a construit un berton, un fel de barcă de pânză, avînd numai coastele de lemn de ulm. Barca o ținea ascunsă pe mal, într-un stufăriș. Nicola, singur om de apă, marinar de meserie, el trebuia să conducă barca pe ocean.



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Doi erau bandiți corsicani și unul francez, uriaș, fost măcelar la Lyon.

Au strîns provizii de drum; pesmeți, cutii de conserve, slănină și zahăr. Pentru apă dulce italianul furase două butoaie din depozit.

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și într-o noapte au șters-o pe ascuns. Au avut noroc de un vînt bun de la coastă. Repede au ieșit în larg. Trei zile și trei nopți au navigat în vederea țărmlui, cu nădejdea că o să ajungă pe coasta Guyanei Olandeze. Acolo era limanul de scăpare a tuturor evadaților. Nu aveau nici busolă, nici hartă.

Cînd se zărea vreun fum în larg, ei se îndreptau spre țarm, strîngînd pînzele și legau în virful catargului niște foi de palmier, mascînd barca din depărtare.

Timpul era bun, marea calmă, dar, nenorocul lor, fundul bărcii a fost sfișiat într-o noapte de trunchiul unui copac plutitor. Nu mai era nimic de făcut. Cum se găseau pe un banc de nisip aproape de coastă, au sărit în apă și au ajuns cu toții teferi la mal.

La început nu puteau merge pe uscat. Li se întepeniseră picioarele cît au stat în barcă.

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Lesson 2.

From THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

by Mark Twain

THE PINCH-BUG AND HIS PREY.

There was a rustling of dresses, and the standing congregation sat down. The boy whose history this book relates did not enjoy the prayer, he only endured it - if he even did that much. He was restive all through it ; he kept tally of the details of the prayer, unconsciously - for he was not listening, but he knew the ground of old, and the clergyman's regular route over it - so when a little trifle of new matters was interlarded, his ear detected it and his whole nature resented it ; he considered additions unfair, and scoundrelly. In the midst of the prayer a fly had lit on the back of the pew in front of him and tortured his spirit by calmly rubbing its hands together, embracing its head with its arms, and polishing it ~~so~~ vigorously that it seemed to almost part company with the body, and the slender thread of a neck was exposed to view ; scraping its wings with its hind legs and smoothing them to its body as if they had been coat-tails; going through its whole toilet as tranquilly as if it knew it was perfectly safe. As indeed it was; for as sorely as Tom's hands itched to grab for it they did not dare - he believed his soul would be instantly destroyed if he did such a thing while the prayer was going on. (p. 57).

.....

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Presently he bethought him of a treasure he had and got it out. It was a large black beetle with formidable jaws - a "pinchbug", he called it. It was in a percussion-cap box. The first thing the beetle did was to take him by the finger. A natural fillip followed, the beetle went floundering into the aisle and lit on its back, and the hurt finger went into the boy's mouth. The beetle lay there working its helpless legs, unable to turn over. Tom eyed it, and longed for it; but it was safe out of his reach. Other people uninterested in the sermon, found relief in the beetle, and they eyed it too. Presently a vagrant poodledog came idling along, sad at heart, lazy with summer softness and the quiet, weary of captivity, sighing for change. He spied the beetle; the drooping tail lifted and wagged. He surveyed the prize; walked around it; smelt at it from a safe distance; walked around it again; grew bolder, and took a closer smell; then lifted his lip and made a gingerly snatch at it, just missing it; made another, and another; began to enjoy the diversion; subsided to his stomach with the beetle between his paws, and continued his experiments; grew weary at last, and then indifferent and absent-minded. His head nodded, and little by little his chin descended and touched the enemy, who seized it. There was a sharp yelp, a flirt of the poodle's head, and the beetle fell a couple of yards away, and lit on its back once more. The neighboring spectators shook with a gentle inward joy, several faces went behind fans and handkerchiefs, and Tom was entirely happy. The dog looked foolish, and probably felt so; but there was resentment in his heart, too, and a craving for revenge. So he went to the beetle and began a wary attack on it again; jumping at it from every point of a circle, lighting with his forepaws within an inch of the creature, making even closer snatches at it with his teeth, and jerking his head till his ears flapped again. But he grew tired once more, after a while; tried to amuse himself with a fly but found no relief; followed



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an ant around, with his nose close to the floor, and quickly wearied of that; yawned, sighed, forget the beetle entirely and sat down on it. Then there was a wild yelp of agony and the poodle went sailing up the aisle; the yelps continued, and so did the dog; he crossed the house in front of the altar; he flew down the other aisle; he crossed before the doors; he clamored up the homestretch; his anguish grew with his progress, till presently he was but a woolly comet moving in its orbit with the gleam and the speed of light. At last the frantic sufferer sheered from its course, and sprang into its master's lap; he flung it out of the window, and the voice of distress quickly thinned away and died in the distance.

By this time the whole church was red-faced and suffocating with suppressed laughter, and the sermon had come to a dead standstill. The discourse was resumed presently, but it went lame and halting, all possibility of impressiveness being at an end; for even the gravest sentiments were constantly being received with a smothered burst of unholy mirth, under cover of some remote pew-back, as if the poor parson had said a rarely facetious thing. It was a genuine relief to the whole congregation when the ordeal was over and the benediction pronounced.

Tom Sawyer went home quite cheerful, thinking to himself that there was some satisfaction about divine service when there was a bit of variety in it. He had but one marring thought; he was willing that the dog should play with his pinch-bug, but he did think it was upright in him to carry it off.

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EXERCISES

I.

1.- Ask questions of your own in connection with the second paragraph of the text.

2.- Use the word genuine in sentences of your own.

3.- Supply synonymism for the verb to crave. Use each of them in a separate sentence.

II.

1.- Point out verbs and phrases conveying modality.

2.- Pick out all - ing forms in the text and discriminate between their functions.

3.- Analyse the following words morphologically :

unconsciously, bethought, pinch-bug,
absent-minded, resentment, thinned.

4.- Translate the following passage:

"Presently a vagrant poodle-dog came idling along.... spied the beetle... smelt at it from a safe distance ; made a gingerly snatch at it began a wary attack on it again, jumping at it from every point of the circle....." and explain the difference between to snatch and to snatch at, to jump - to jump at, to smell - to smell at.





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5.- Comment on the tenses used in the following passage:

"going through its whole toilet as tranquilly as if it knew it was perfectly safe. As indeed it was; for as sorely as Tom's hands itched to grab for it they did not dare - he believed his soul would be instantly destroyed if he did such a thing while the prayer was going on.... (Mark Twain, "The Adventures of T.S.", Chapter IV).

6.- Fill in the blanks with the required prepositions and adverbs:

It did not seem wise... me to pull the plug....
.... the wash-bowl and let the needles go.... the drain.
I had visions .. 4logging... the plumbing system...the LC
house, and also a vague fear.... causing short circuits
somehow or other. (I know very little... electricity
and I don't want to have it explained.... me). Finally,
I groped very gently... the bowl and eventually had four e
.... the needles... the palm.... one hand and three...
the palm.... the other.... two I couldn't find. It I
thought quickly and clearly, I wouldn't have done that.
A lathered man whose ear is bleeding and who has four
wet needles.... one hand and three.... the other may be
said.... have reached the lowest/^{known}point.... human effi-
ciency. There is nothing he can do but stand there. I
tried transferring the needles..... my left hand.....
the palm... my right hand, but I couldn't get them....
my left hand. Wet needles cling.... you.... the end, I
wiped the needles.... a bath towel which was
hanging... a rod.... the bath tub.

(From "Nine Needles" by James
Thurber).

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7.- Insert the necessary articles:

And now... minister prayed.... good, generous prayer it was, and went into details: it pleaded for church, and..... little children of... church ; for other churches of.... village; for.... village itself; for.... country; for.... state ; for..... state officers; for..... United States ; for..... churches of.... United States ; for Congress ; for..... Predisent, ; for officers of.... government ; for poor sailors, tossed by stormy seas ; for..... oppressed millions groaning under... heel of.... European monarchies and Oriental despotism ; for such as have light and.... good tidings, and yet have not....eyes to see nor ears to hear withal ; for..... heathen in far islands of... sea; and closed with a supplication that words he was about to speak might find grace and favor, and be as seed sown in fertile ground, yielding in time.... grateful harvest of good. Amen.

III.

1.- Discuss the stylistic value of the phraseology in the passage.

2.- What are the devices used by Mark Twain in order to achieve humorous effects ?

3.- How does the author succeed in conveying the dynamic nature of the whole scene ?

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TRANSLATO INTO ROMANIAN:

The nervous, dapper, "pearl" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the "Daily Thunderstorm", and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you!"

"Come to what ? "

"Interview you."

"Ah ! I see. Yes - yes. Um ! Yes - yes".

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and when I had been looking six or seven minutes I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said :

"How do you spell it ?

"Spell what ?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness ! what do you want to spell it for ?"

"I don't want to spell it ; I want to see what it means".

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say, I can tell you what it means, if you - if you-"

"Oh, all right ! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"In, in, ter, ter, inter - "

"Then you spell it with an I ?"

"Why, certainly !"

"Oh, that is what took me so long."

"Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with ?"

"Well, I - I - hardly know. I had the Unabridged,



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and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a picture of it in even the latest e - My dear sir. I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as - as - intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm - I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes - yes ; they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed, I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well - well - this is disheartening. It ought to be done with a club in some cases ; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history ?"

"Oh, with pleasure - with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory - singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me".

(M. Twain, Tom Sawyer Abroad).

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TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH:

În duminică se făcuse deplină tăcere și un întuneric tainic, prin care totuși ochii vedeau cu ușurință. În tăcerea aceasta, un greieruș începu să țîrîie melancolic, aproape. Lizuca îl ascultă atentă.

- Cîntă frumusețea, șopti ea.

- Da, dar nu prea mă lasă să dorm, mormări Petrole.

- Nu știu de ce, dar mie nu mi-e somn deloc. Așa-i de frumos și de bine... Eu n-am cunoscut niciodată duminica asta. Acum văd că-i o pădure ca-n poveștile pe care mi le spunea mama... Nu mai sună greierul. A tăcut.

- A făcut foarte bine, îngîmă somnoros Petrole.

Tăcu greierușul. După el o privighetoare își umflă de cîteva ori glasul, pe un vîrf de smicea¹⁾ într-o rază de lună.

- Asta ce-i ? întrebă cu mirare fetița. Petrole nu-i răspunse.

Duminica rămase iar tăcută în fundul ei de lumină, ca într-un vis. Și dăduse Lizuca înțelegerea că în farmecul acela are să se întîmple ceva deosebit. Și aștepta cu inima bătînd și cu ochii ațîniți.

Și deodată clipiră candelă verzi de licurici în două șiraguri și văzu pajiștea de flori deschisă către un părete de stîncă, între doi mesteceni bătrîni. În lumina verzuie fără zgomot, o ușă de cremene se mișcă și se dădu la o parte, și din întuneric de peșteră apărură minunată arătare. Erau niște omușori mititei, numai de două palme de la pămînt. Le luceau fețele și ochii de zîmbet.



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Fetița voi să-i numere.

- Nu se cade să ne numeri ! se auzi o voce subțirică. Să știi că sîntem șapte !

Si duduia Lizuța nu-i numără; și știa că sînt șapte prichindei. Si veneau încet către ea prin dumbrava fermecată, printre candelilele licuricilor ; și parcă ei singuri străluceau de lumină.

În frunte păseau un bătrînel ș-o bătrînică, cu plete albe și cu obrazurile rumene, îmbrăcați în straie de mușchi. După ei, patru prichindei cu bărbi cărunte purtau un pătuț de mlajă²⁾ împodobit cu cicori și sulcină³⁾. Si pe pătuțul acela, pe un tronșor de piatră, sta o domniță mai mititică decît toți și bălaie ca grîul. Avea pe cap o cunună de maci sălbatici și era îmbrăcată într-o haină lungă de coloarea pietrei de rubin.

- Vă cunosc, șopti ea cu nespusă fericire ; v-am văzut la bunici acasă, într-o carte veche, pe care o citea mama cînd era ca mine.

(M.Sadoveanu, Dumbrava
minunată).

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1. smicea = ramură subțire și flexibilă
 2. mlajă = un fel de răchită.
 3. sulcină = sulfină, floare de cîmp.





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Lesson 3

From A SERVICE OF LOVE

by O. Henry

O'Henry (1862 - 1910) is the pen-name of William Sydney Porter, whose short stories are widely read and have been translated into many languages.

He left school at fifteen and tried his fortune as a clerk, book-keeper a.s.o. His acquaintance with ranchers, cow-boys, cattle-thieves and small clerks offered him wonderful material for his short stories ; his first sketches appeared in 1887.

In 1898 he was sentenced to 5 years' imprisonment for having embezzled bank funds. He was released after 3 years and 3 months for good behaviour. It is now generally believed that O. Henry was not guilty.

He chose his pen-name after one of the guards in that prison, namely Ozzin Henry.

His first book "Cabbages and Kings" appeared in 1904 and brought him immediate success and money, the sale of his book being enormous.

His best books are "The Four Million", "The Heart of the West", "Roads of Destiny" and others. O'Henry's short stories are known to have influenced the development of the American short story. Presenting his heroes with sympathy, understanding and tenderness, creating his plots with inventiveness and great imagination he always succeeded in captivating his reader's attention.

When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.
That is our premise. This story shall draw a con-

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clusion from it, and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the great wall of China.

Joe Larrabes came out of the Middle West with a genius for pictorial Art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine-tree village in the South that her relatives found enough dollars for her to go "North" and "finish".

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works, pictures, wall paper and Chopin.

Joe and Delia fell in love one with the other, of each with the other, as you please, and in a short time were married for when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat, and they were happy; for they had their Art, and they had each other.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister - you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light - his highlights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock - you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

But after a while money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons.

For two or three days she went out hoping to find pupils. One day she came home looking pleased and excited.

"Joe, dear," she said, joyfully, "I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General - General A.B. Pinkney's



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daughter - on Seventy-first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe !

"My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing - dresses always in white ; and the sweetest, simplest manners ! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and just think, Joe ! \$ 5 a lesson ! I don't mind it a bit ; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, dear, let's have a nice supper."

"That's all right for you, Dele," said Joe, "but how about me ? Do you think I'm going to let you work for wages while I play about in the regions of high art? I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two."

Delia came and hung about his neck.

"Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on \$ 15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister."

"All right", said Joe. "But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a dear to do it."

When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard", said Delia.

"Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park", said Joe. "And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them".

"I'm sure you will," said Delia, sweetly.
"And now let's be thankful for Gen. Pinkney and his veal roast".

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in the Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, praised and kissed at 7 o'clock. It was most times 7 O'clock when he returned in the evening.



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At the end of the week Delia triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8 x 10 (inches) centre table of the 8 x 10 (feet) flat parlour.

"Sometimes", she said, a little wearily, "Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practise enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses ^{entirely} ~~entirely~~ in white, and that does get monotonous. But Gen. Pinkney is the dearest old man ! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano - 'And how is the music progressing ?' he always asks.

" I wish you could see that drawing-room, Joe! And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks".

And then, Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth some bills: a ten, a five, a two and a one - and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

"Sold that water-colour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria," he announced.

"Don't joke with me, " said Delia - "not from Peoria!"

"All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele, a fat man with a woollen muffler. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window and thought it was a windmill at first, but he bought it anyhow. He ordered ^{another} ~~another~~ - an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot to take back with him. Music lessons ! Oh, I guess Art is still in it".

"I'm so glad you have kept on," said Delia heartily. "You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars ! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters tonight".

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his \$ 18 on the parlour table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.



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"How is this ?" asked Joe after the usual greetings. Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

"Clementina", she explained, "insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon. I know Clementina isn't in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbits she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But Gen. Pinkney ! - Joe, that old man nearly went mad. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now."

"What's this?" asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

"It's something soft," said Delia, "that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch? she had seen the money on the table."

"Did I?" said Joe; "just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot today, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele ?"

"Five o'clock, I think," said Dele. "The iron - I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen Gen. Pinkney; Joe, when"

"Sit down here a moment, Dele," said Joe, He drew her to the couch, sat beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

"What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele ?" he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eyes full of love and stubbornness, and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of Gen. Pinkney; but then down went her head and out the truth and tears.

"I couldn't get any pupils," she confessed. "And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons ; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street



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laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Punkney and Clementina don't you, Joe ? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry, are you, Joe ? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria."

"He wasn't from Peoria," said Joe slowly.

"Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe - and - kiss me, Joe - and what made you ever think that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina ?"

"I didn't", said Joe, "until tonight. And I wouldn't have then. only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engineroom this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with an iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks".

"And then you didn't-"

"My purchaser from Peoria", said Joe, "and Gen. Pinkney are both creations of the same art - but you wouldn't call it either painting or music."

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

"When one loves one's Art no service seems -"

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips".

"No", she said - "just 'When one loves.'"

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E X E R C I S E S

I.

- 1.- Ask 10 leading questions to the text.
- 2.- Paraphrase the following constructions:
..... did things in six octaves so promisingly ; morning-effect sketches ; water-colour of the obelisk to a man ; I've been firing the engine ; drew some bills.
- 3.- Look up the word draw in the dictionary. Give some of the phrases and traditional combinations it enters and translate them into Romanian.
- 4.- Supply synonyms for the verb to toss and use them in sentences of your own.
- 5.- Select the words and phrases in the text which may be classed as americanisms.

II.

- 1.- Pick out all-ing forms in the text and discriminate between their functions.
- 2.- Explain in grammatical terms the forms: packed him off breakfasted, you ought to have seen Gen. Pinkney ; what have you been doing for the last two weeks ; you mightn't have sold ; I hate for you to give lessons.
- 3.- Explain the ellipsis in: Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon.
- 4.- Fill in the blanks with the required prepositions and adverbs:
"When we arrived before day... the inn where the mail stopped, I was shown... .. a nice little bedroom, with



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DOLPHIN painted.... the door. Very cold, I was, I know,... the hot tea they had given me.... a large fire downstairs; and very glad I was to turn... the Dolphin's bed, pull.... the Dolphins' blankets... my head, and go to sleep. Mr. Barkis, the carrier, was to call.... me... the morning... nine o'clock. I got... .. eight, a little giddy... the shortness..... my night's rest, and was ready..... him..... the appointed time. (Eckersley, "Brighter English, David Copperfield by Dickens).

5.- Fill in the definite or indefinite articles wherever necessary:

Daniel Defoe was master of.... narrative that became... novel "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders"), master of... polemical pamphlet (".... Shortest Way with Dissenters"); master of... written word (he published 250 works); and master of.... tongue... in cheek style of reporting of which.... Journal of... Plague Year, written 1722, is.... sparkling example. For decades it was believed to be ... actual report of... Londoneer who had survived in scourge... how else to explain detailed authenticity of sights, smells and sounds, or its human factors which, faithful to life, sent their comic moments sprawling in.... field of tragedy and horror? Indeed, Defoe had been.... Londoneer during... plague time; but... Londoneer scarcely out of petticoats! His Journal had grown out of ... reading of old records.

(From Song to Generations).

III.

1.- Does O'Henry make use of any figures of speech in the excerpt?

2.- Discuss the stylistic function of the sentence : when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. "



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3.- Compile a character study of the heroes of the story.

4.- How are humanistic and lyrical trends reflected in the story ?

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TRANSLATE INTO ROMANIAN:

It looked like a good thing : but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama - Bill Driscoll and myself - when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterwards expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition" ; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as underleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities ; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the "Weekly Farmer's Budget". So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern,



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upright collectionplate passer and foreclose. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the new-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figures that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy !" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride ?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I came up, and says:

"Ha ! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now, " says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm old



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Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's Captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard!"

(O. Henry, The Ransom of Red Chief)

TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH:

Ieri, elevii din clasa a XI-a, băieți și fete din toate școlile, au pășit spre răscrucile noilor drumuri în viață. Ce drum vor alege unii, pe care anume vor păși alții? Toate duc spre muncă, spre știință, spre progres. Pe nici unul din drumurile care se deschid înaintea lor nu-i așteaptă, ascuns sub stîncă, balaurul din poveste pentru ca feții frumoși să-și mai ascute paloșul și să-și mai hrănească bidiviul cu jăratic. Toți își cunosc drumul pot păși unde vor și visează să-și arate cât mai curînd măsura puterii lor pe calea ce o aleg, încadrîndu-și tinerețea politicii de întărire și înălțare a patriei pe care o înfăptuiește întregul popor.

Desigur, nostalgic, gîndul îi va aduce de multe ori înapoi, spre primele litere descoperite în abecedar.

Ți-e dragă vîrsta pe care o are copilul tău. Cu unsprezece ani în urmă am intrat, prima oară, de mîină cu băiatul meu, în curtea școlii. Cînd s-a rînduit în șir cu ceilalți și a intrat în clasă, mi s-a părut, ca și celorlalți părinți, desigur, că el se pierde în mulțime, iar eu rămîn singură. Dar nu. Am cunoscut curînd treizeci de copii care n-au mai fost "mulțime", adică "anonymat", ci mulți "fiecare". I-am cunoscut bine, ne-am împrietenit și acum am împărtășit împreună cu ei emoția despărțirii de școală și începutului de drum în viață.



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Fapt obișnuit, de fiecare an, la ieșirea fiecărei promoții și totuși evenimentul unic și de neuitat pentru fiecare din ei în parte.

Pe peretele sălii de festivități, decupate cu mîgală în litere de hîrtie aurită, cuvintele : "Școală dragă, la revedere!" Vorbe simple, exprimînd un gînd nostalgic și bucuria unui început.

O clipă doar, spre amintiri, pentru că în cuvintele colegei ei, Marilena Constantinescu, răsună chemarea spre viitor : "Ne unește tinerețea fără bătrînețe. Să nu credeți cumva că e un basm. Nu, 18 ani nu sînt o vîrstă, ci nemurire și care dintre noi nu simte infinite, inepuizabile forțe legate de tot ce este și ce va fi, mai ales VA FI. Noi conjugăm totul la viitor...."

Emoția sfîrșitului de an școlar și a despărțirii de școală, nerăbdarea și bucuria începutului de drum s-au răsfrînt printre florile festivității și pe chipurile părinților, mame și tați, care, împreună cu copiii lor, absolveau clasa a XI-a încă odată în promoția 1965.

("18 ani" de Dorina Rădulescu
din ziarul "Scînteia").

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Lesson 4.

From THE INVISIBLE MAN

by H.G.Wells

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, a novelist interested in character - drawing, social problems, science, history, wrote novels and essays concerning all those aspects. Well-grounded in scientific matters, in many of his novels he dealt with these subjects in an imaginative way writing what is now termed sci-fi^x novels (The First Men in the Moon, The War of the Worlds, The Food of the Gods, The Invisible Man, etc.).

The Invisible Man is the tragic fate of a student of genius, Griffin, who determined by insane motives, turned his knowledge of chemistry to wrong account. Having found a formula for rendering things and beings invisible, he experienced it first on a cat, then on himself. He succeeded in becoming completely invisible (with the exception of a spot on his retina), and dreamed of dominating people by terror. His drama began when Griffin realized that he could no longer use a formula for recovering his visible shape. He was pushed to stealing, murdering and was finally caught.

The excerpt below relates what people in Iping - the village where Griffin retired to continue his experiments - commented on his appearance and manners.

x). science - fiction



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.....
Hall did not like him, and whenever he dared he talked of the advisability of getting rid of him; but he showed his dislike mainly by concealing it ostentatiously, and avoiding his visitor as much as possible. "Wait till the summer," said Mrs Hall sagely, "when the artists are beginning to come. Then we'll see. He may be a bit overbearing, but bills settled punctual is bills settled punctual, whatever you likes to say."

The stranger did not go to church, and indeed made no difference between Sunday and the irreligious days, even in costume. He worked, as Mrs.Hall thought, very fitfully. Some days he would come down early and be continuously busy. On others he would rise late, pace his room, fretting audibly for hours together, smoke, or sleep in the arm-chair by the fire. Communication with the world beyond the village he had none. His temper continued very uncertain ; for the most part his manner was that of a man suffering under almost unendurable provocation, and once or twice things were snapped, torn, crushed or broken in spasmodic gusts of violence. His habit of talking to himself in a low voice grew steadily upon him, but though Mrs.Hall listened conscientiously she could make neither head nor tail of what she heard.

He rarely went abroad by day, but at twilight he would go out muffled up enormously, whether the weather was cold or not, and he chose the loneliest paths and those most over-shadowed by trees and banks. His goggling spectacles and ghastly, bandaged face under the penthouse of his hat came with disagreeable suddenness out of the darkness upon one or two home-going labourers; and Teddy Henfrey, tumbling out of the "Scarlat Coat" one night at half-past nine, was scared shamefully by the stranger's skull-like head (he was walking hat in hand) lit by the sudden light of the open inn door. Such children as saw him at night-fall dreamt of bogeys, and it seemed doubtful whether he disliked boys more than they disliked him, or the reverse;



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but there was certainly a vivid enough dislike on either side.

It was inevitable that a person of so remarkable an appearance and bearing should form a frequent topic in such a village as Iping. Opinion was greatly divided about his occupation. Mrs. Hall was sensitive on the point. When questioned, she explained very carefully that he was an "experimental investigator," going gingerly over the syllables as one who dreads pitfalls. When asked what an experimental investigator was, she would say with a touch of superiority that most educated people knew such things as that, and would then explain that he "discovered things." Her visitor had an accident, she said, which temporarily discoloured his face and hands, and being of a sensitive disposition was averse to any public notice of the fact.

Out of her hearing there was a view largely entertained that he was a criminal trying to escape from justice by wrapping himself altogether from the eye of the police. This idea sprang from the brain of Mr. Teddy Henfrey. No crime of any magnitude dating from the middle or end of February was known to have occurred. Elaborated in the imagination of Mr. Gould, the probationary assistant in the National School, this theory took the form that the stranger was an anarchist in disguise, preparing explosives, and he resolved to undertake such detective operations as his time permitted. These consisted for the most part in looking very hard at the stranger whenever they met, or in asking people who had never seen the stranger leading questions about him. But he detected nothing.

Another school of opinion followed Mr. Fearenside, and either accepted the piebald view or some modification of it. As, for instance, Silas Durgan who was heard to assert that "if he chose to show himself at fairs he'd make his fortune in no time", and being a bit of a theologian compared the stranger to the man with the one talent. Yet another view explained the entire matter by regarding the stranger as a harmless lunatic. That had the advantage



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of accounting for everything straight away. Between these main groups there were waverers and compromisers. Sussex folk have few superstitions, and it was only after the events of early April that the thought of the supernatural was first whispered in the village. Even then it was only credited among the women-folk.

But whenever they thought of him, people in Iping on the whole agreed in disliking him. His irritability, though it might have been comprehensible to an urban brainworker, was an amazing thing to these quiet Sussex villagers. The frantic gesticulations they surprised now and then, the headlong pace after nightfall that swept him upon them round quiet corners, the inhuman bludgeoning of all the tentative advances of curiosity, the taste for twilight that led to closing of doors, the pulling down of blinds, the extinction of candles and lamps - who could agree with such goings on? They drew aside as he passed down the village, and when he had gone by, young humorists would up with coat collars and down with hat brims, and go pacing nervously after him in imitation of his occult bearing. There was a song popular at that time called "The Bogey Man!" Miss Satchell sang it at the schoolroom concert - in aid of the church lamps - and thereafter, whenever one or two of the villagers were gathered together and the stranger appeared, a bar or so of this tune, more or less sharp or flat, was whistled in the midst of them. Also belated little children would call "Bogey Man!" after him, and make off, tremulously elated.

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Cuss, the general practitioner, was devoured by curiosity. The bandages excited his professional interest; the report of the thousand - and-one bottles aroused his jealous regard. All through April and May he coveted an opportunity of talking to the stranger, and at last, towards Whitsuntide, he could stand it no longer, but hit upon the subscription list for a village nurse as an excuse. He was surprised to find



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that Mr. Hall did not know his guest's name.

"He gave a name," said Mrs. Hall - an assertion which was quite unfounded - "but I didn't rightly hear it!" She thought it seemed so silly not to know the man's name.

E x e r c i s e s

I.

- 1.- Give synonyms for the words and phrases:
irreligious days, sagely, fitfully, to fret,
temper, gusts of violence, to make head or
tail of something, abroad (as used in the
text), gingerly, magnitude, to be credited,
tentative advances, in no time.
- 2.- Discuss the meaning of the prefix over - in
overbearing, overshadowed.
- 3.- Analyse the expression skull-like head;
give some other examples on the same pat-
tern.
- 4.- Find examples of conversion in the text.
- 5.- Supply examples to show the different
meanings of popular.

II.

- 1.- Discuss the functions of the verb would
in the text.
- 2.- Find examples of the degrees of compa-
rison of adjectives and adverbs. Discuss
the way in which they are formed and
expressed.





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- 3.- What is the meaning of as in: "such children as saw him at nightfall dreamt of bogeys". Give other examples using the same pattern.
- 4.- Discuss the meaning of the Present Tense in the paragraph beginning with "Another school of opinion...."
- 5.- Give examples of sentences built on the pattern "No crime of any magnitude... was known to have occurred".
- 6.- Fill in definite and indefinite articles where necessary.

So our H.G. is no more. He has written his own biography, which is, like - most autobiographies, much more candid than any second-hand account of him is likely to be; and I shall not attempt to paraphrase it. But as I knew - man-and he could not have recorded

- impression he made on me even if that had been his intention—I record it myself for what it is worth.

H.G. was not - gentleman. Nobody understood better than he what gentry means; his Clissold novel proves this beyond - question. But he could not, or would not, act the part. No - conventional social station fitted him. His father was - working gardener and - professional cricketer. His mother was - house-keeper, and by his own account not - very competent one. - two kept a china shop in Bromley, from - basement of which the infant H.G. contemplated - bootsoles of - inhabitants through - grating in - pavement, and noted that





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they were mostly worn out. His glimpses of - high life were gained in his visits to - country house in which his mother was employed; and there he must have been - bit of - pet, though his references to it in-later life were anything but grateful. . He began to earn his living as - linen draper's shopman, this being in his mother's opinion - high destiny for him. He rose to be - schoolmaster, graduated as - science student, winning - B. Sc.; and presently, like Dickens and Kipling, left it all behind and found himself - great popular story teller, freed for ever from - pecuniary pressure, and with - every social circle in - kingdom open to him.

(From The Man I Knew by G.B.Shaw)

III.

- 1.- Find examples of uncultivated speech and explain its role in the text.
- 2.- Discuss the biblical implication of the man with the one talent and point out the meaning of that allusion here.
- 3.- Discuss the humorous effect of another school of opinion used in reference to the gossiping of Iping.
- 4.- Find an example of oxymoron in the text.
- 5.- Discuss the different ways in which emphasis is achieved in the text.
- 6.- Enlarge upon the source of the humoristic effect of a criminal trying to escape from justice by wrapping





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himself altogether from the eye of the police;
and of : it seemed doubtful whether he disliked
boys more than they disliked him, or the reverse.
Find other examples of humour or irony in the
text.

- 7.-Discuss the choice of words, the different fields
of human activity in which they mostly occur and
account for their use in the text.
- 8.-Discuss the effect of mixing different language
styles in the text.
- 9.-What figure of speech is the piebald view?
- 10.-How does the author show the cowardly behaviour
of the children and of the grown-ups ?
- 11.Characterize the Invisible Man's behaviour
and explain people's dislike of him. What was
lying at the bottom of their feeling?
- 12.- Discuss the ways of behaving towards the Invi-
sible Man of different persons of Iping.
- 13.- Read Chapter III to find the enumeration of
the "thousand-and-one bottles" and other de-
tails explaining the views of the people of
Iping concerning the stranger.

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TRANSLATE INTO ROMANIAN:

For a moment she stood gazing at him, too surprised to speak. He held a white cloth - it was a ~~ser-vi-~~ *I* ~~ette~~ he had brought with him - over the lower part of his face, so that his mouth and jaws were completely hidden, and that was the reason of his muffled voice. But it was not that which startled Mrs. Hall. It was the fact that all the forehead above his blue glasses was covered by a white bandage, and that another covered his ears, leaving not a scarp of his face exposed excepting only his pink, peaked nose. It was bright pink, and shining, just as it had been at first. He wore a dark brown velvet jacket, with a high, black, linen-lined collar turned up about his neck. The thick black hair, escaping as it could below and between the cross bandages, projected in curious tails and horns, giving him the strangest appearance conceivable. This muffled and bandaged head was so unlike what she had anticipated that for a moment she was rigid.

He did not remove the serviette, but remained holding it, as she saw now, with a brown gloved hand, and regarding her with his inscrutable blank glasses. "Leave the hat," he said, speaking indistinctly through the white cloth.

Her nerves began to recover from the shock they had received. She placed the hat on the chair again by the fire. "I didn't know, sir, " she began, "that..... " And she stopped, embarrassed.

"Thank you," he said dryly, glancing from her to the door, and then at her again.

"I'll have them nicely dried, sir, at once," she said, and carried his ~~clothes~~ *X* out of the room. She glanced at his ~~whiteswathed~~ *X* head and blank goggles again as she was going out of the door; but his napkin was still *I-*



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in front of his face. She shivered a little as she closed the door behind her, and her face was eloquent of her surprise and perplexity. "I never!" she whispered. "There!" She went quite softly to the kitchen, and was too preoccupied to ask Millie what she was messing about with now, when she got there.

The visitor sat and listened to her retreating feet. He glanced inquiringly at the window before he removed his serviette, and resumed his meal. He took a mouthful, glanced suspiciously at the window, took another mouthful; then rose and, taking the serviette in his hand, walked across the room and pulled the blind down to the top of the white muslin that obscured the lower panes. This plunged the room in twilight. He returned with an easier air to the table and his meal.

(H.G.Wells, The Invisible Man)

- o -

TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH:

Între timp, cei doi prieteni se luaseră de braț și o porniră la drum.

Dacă ar fi fost atenți la ceea ce vorbeau trecătorii, ar fi rămas surprinși. Căci nimic nu se discuta mai aprins la București în aceste zile decât planul înarzăneței expediții interplanetare, întocmit de un colectiv de savanți, în frunte cu tânărul astronom Matei Butaru.

Ziarele dezbătuseră pe larg proiectul și, cum era de așteptat, numeroși cetățeni începuseră să se pasioneze pentru temerara încercare. Interesul pentru acest eveniment întrecuse chiar pe acela stîrnit de primele experiențe de modificare a climei Islandei cu ajutorul instalațiilor atomotermice aeropurtate.

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Se știa că la planul expediției astrale colaboraseră ingineri, astronomi, fizicieni, matematicieni, un numeros grup de tineri entuziaști. Astăzi urma să se desfășoare sesiunea Institutului de Cercetări Astronomice, ce avea să hotărască asupra planului și de aceea nu era de mirare că oamenii de pe stradă învârteau nerăbdători butoanele aparatelor portative de televiziune, în așteptarea transmiterii reportajului.

- Știi, Sandule, i se adresează Matei Butaru prietenului său, am convingerea că planurile noastre vor fi aprobate. Totul a fost întocmit cu multă minuțiozitate. Am prevăzut până și amănuntele cele mai neînsemnate. Oamenii de știință trebuie să recunoască că ceea ce propunem este pe deplin realizabil și că expediția poate aduce o mare contribuție la progresul științei mondiale. Păcat că tocmai tu nu poți lua parte, tu care mi-ai dat un ajutor atât de prețios în pregătirea proiectului.

- Din tot sufletul aș fi vrut să vă însoțesc.
Dar înainte de un an ^{nu} voi termina punerea în funcțiune a centrului unic de telecomandă a rachetelor de transport și până atunci....

O melodie veselă, urmată de trei semnale scurte, îl întrerupsese. În același timp, pe cer apăsător proiectat un text scurt.

(Drum printre aștri de M. Stefan
și Radu Nor).

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Lesson 5

From S T R I F E

by John Galworthy

ACT II, scene 2


The scene below presents a workers' meeting held after the strike had lasted for a while and had almost exhausted the men's resistance and determination. Robert's ardent revealing speech marks the climax of the scene and of the play as a whole.

ROBERTS. But there was one other spoke to you - Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the Union for. They said to us "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you". An' they did desert us.

EVANS. They did.

ROBERTS. Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. (With intense conviction.) For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say - We've won the fight !
The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up.
With withering scorn.
You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies.
You've forgotten what that fight 'as been ;
many times I have told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a blood-sucker. The fight

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of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of merciful Nature. That thing is Capital ! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains at its own price. Don't you know that ? Wasn't the work o' my brains bought for seven hundred pounds and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger ? It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's Capital ! A thing that will say - "I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows - you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital ! Tell me, for all their talk is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income Tax to help *I* the poor ? That's Capital ! A white-faced stony-hearted monster ! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain ? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there - Mr.Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us ; sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends - a great dumb ox that can ohly be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw he was afraid - afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid - like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men - (he pauses, holding out his hand till



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there is utter silence) - Give me a free hand to tell them : "Go you back to London. The men have nothing for you ! " (A murmuring.) Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

EVANS, JAGO, and OTHERS. A free hand! Give him a free hand !
Bravo - bravo !

ROBERTS. 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting (the murmuring dies) not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. (With intense sadness.) Oh! men for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon ¹ their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them. They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they - aren't they ? If we can shake (passionately) that white-faced monster with the bloody lips, that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives and children, since the world began, (Dropping the note of passion, but with the utmost weight and intensity.) If we have not the hearts of men to stand against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life; and we shall stay for ever what we are, (in almost a whisper) less than the very dogs.

An utter stillness, and Roberts stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd.



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EVANS and JAGO. (Suddenly) Roberts ! (The shout is taken up.)

There is a slight movement in the crowd, and Madge passing below the towing-path, stops by the platform, looking up at Roberts. A sudden doubting silence.

ROBERTS. "Nature", says that old man, "give in to Nature". I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face - an' let it do its worst!

He catches sight of Madge, his brows contract, he looks away.

MADGE. (In a low voice - close to the platform). Your wife's dying! (Roberts glares at her as if torn from some pinnacle of exaltation.)

ROBERTS. (Trying to stammer on.) I say to you - answer them - answer them -
He is drowned by the murmur in the crowd.

THOMAS. (Stepping forward.) Don't you hear her, then?

ROBERTS. What is it ? (A dead silence.)

THOMAS. Your wife, man !

Roberts hesitates, then with a gesture, he leaps down, and goes away below the towing-path, the men making way for him. The standing bargeman opens and prepares to light a lantern. Daylight is fast failing.

MADGE. He needn't have hurried! Annie Roberts is dead.



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EXERCISES

1.- Answer the following questions:

- a) Why had the strike lasted so long ?
- b) What was the attitude of Mr.Harkness, the trade-union delegate?
- c) What was the attitude of the workers ?
- d) Whom does Roberts attack and expose in his speech ?
- e) How does he describe the employers?
- f) What does he ask for ?
- g) What is the ultimate aim of the "strife" as put forth by Roberts ?
- h) What is the symbolic meaning of Annie Roberts' death ?
- i) Is Roberts finally defeated or victorious ?

EXERCISES

I.

- 1.- Draw up a list of words referring to the human body found in the text and add as many terms as you can.
- 2.- Pick up the compound adjectives used in the text and supply some more examples.
- 3.- Point out the difference between brain and brains.
- 4.- Build up sentences using the following phrases : for all that, to have a bad (cruel) time of it,

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to stir a finger, to give somebody a free hand, breast to breast, eye to eye, to make way for.

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5.- Explain the formation of the verbs "to fatten, to blacken" and give some more examples of verbs formed in the same way.

II.

1.- Point out the omission of the relative pronouns in the first paragraph.

2.- Give examples of nouns used only in the plural, of the type dividends.

3.- Explain the difference between : utter - utmost ; first - foremost ; nearest - next ; last - latest ; farther - further ; latter - later ; less - lesser ; illustrate the difference by using the adjectives above in sentences.

4.- Point out some grammatical peculiarities of the language used in stage directions.

III.

1.- Draw a general outline of the text above dividing it into logical units.

2.- Point out the composition of the scene:

- a) the proportion between dialogue and soliloquy;
- b) the climax in Roberts' speech;
- c) the significance of Madge's intervention and her final remark.



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3.- Analyse Roberts' speech as a sample of oratorical language style. Point out:

- a) its aim;
- b) its polemical tone;
- c) its militant character;
- d) its pathetic note;
- e) the arguments the speaker makes use of in order to persuade and carry out his point.

4.- Speak of the stylistic means the writer resorts to;

- a) the structure of sentences and their disposition,
- b) the use of rhetorical questions, quotations, exclamatory sentences and direct address,
- c) emphasis achieved by the repetition of words and sentences,
- d) the epithets used in the definition of capital and the capitalists,
- e) elements of colloquial style to be found in Roberts' speech - elliptical sentences, repetition due to excitement, grammatical and phonetic irregularities,
- f) analyse the prolonged metaphor "bloody-sucking monster",
- g) show the stylistic value of the pronoun it (designating capital) and of "a mass of flesh" (defining Mr. Scantlebury, one of the shareholders).

5.- Point out the role of stage directions.

6.- Comment upon the two opposite world outlooks revealed by the two sentences set in antithesis: "give in to Nature", and "strike your blow in Nature's face".



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7.- Draw a parallel between Galsworthy's play
and Shelley's poem "Song to the Men of England".

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TRANSLATE INTO ROMANIAN:

There came a morning at the end of September when
Aunt Ann was unable to take from Smither's hands the in-
signia of persona dignity. After one look at the old face,
the doctor, hurriedly sent for, announced that Miss
Forsyte had passed away in her sleep.

.....

Upon arriving, the coffin was borne into the
chapel, and two by two, the mourners filed in behind
This guard of men, all attached to the dead by the bond
of kinship, was an impressive and singular sight in the
great city of London, with its overwhelming diversity of
life, its innumerable vocations, pleasures, duties, its
terrible harness, its terrible call to individualism.

The family had gathered to triumph over all this,
to give a show of tenacious unity, to illustrate gloriously
that law of property underlying the growth of their tree,
by which it had thriven and spread trunk and branches,
the sap flowing through all, the full growth reached at
the appointed time. The spirit of the old woman lying in
her last sleep had called them to this demonstration. It
was her final appeal to that unity which had been their
strength - it was her final triumph that she had died
while the tree was yet whole.

She was spared the watching of the branches just
out beyond the point of balance. She could not look into
the hearts of her followers. The same law that had worked
in her, bringing her up from a tall, straight-backed slip





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of a girl to a woman strong and grown, from a woman grown to a woman *old*, angular, feeble, almost witch-like, with individuality all sharpened and sharpened, as all rounding from the world's contact fell off from her - that same law would work, was working, in the family she had watched like a mother.

She had seen it young, and growing, she had seen it strong and grown, and before her old eyes had time or strength to see any more, she died. She would have tried, and who knows but she might have kept it young and strong, with her old fingers, her trembling kisses- a little longer ; alas ; not even Aunt Ann could fight with Nature.

'Pride comes before a fall !' In accordance with this, the greatest of Nature's ironies, the Forsyte family had gathered for a last proud pageant before they fell. Their faces to right and left, in single lines, were turned for the most part impassively toward the ground, guardians of their thoughts ; but here and there, one looking upward, with a line between his brows, seemed to see some sight on the chapel walls too much for him, to be listening to something that appalled. And the responses, low- *muttered* in voices through which rose the same tone, the same unseizable family ring, sounded weird, as though murmured in hurried duplication by a single person.

The service in the chapel over, the mourners filed up again to guard the body to the tomb. The vault stood open, and, round it, men in black were waiting.

From the high and sacred field, where thousands of the upper middle class lay in their last sleep, the eyes of the Forsytes travelled down across the flocks of graves. There , spreading to the distance, lay London, with no sun over it, mourning the loss of its daughter, mourning with this family, so dear, the loss of her who was mother and guardian. A hundred thousand spires and houses, blurred in the great gray web of property, lay



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there like the prostrate worshippers before the grave of this, the oldest Forsyts of them all.

A few words, a sprinkle of earth, the thrusting of the coffin home, and Aunt Ann had passed to her last rest.

(John Galsworthy, The Man of Property,
Chp.IX).

TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH:

Scriitorul prezintă cu mult realism episoade din viața grea a muncitorilor care suferă sub povara exploatării și a mizeriei. Unul dintre episoadele cele mai puternice prin dramatismul său este scena meetingului muncitoresc la care se discută problema grevei.

Nici un dramaturg englez nu a scris vreo operă care să se poată compara cu *Lupta* în ceea ce privește caracterul concret al descrierii contradicțiilor de clasă din orânduirea capitalistă. Iată cum gîndește capitalistul John Anthony: "Se spune că patronii și muncitorii sînt egali. Ipocrizie ! Intr-o casă nu poate să existe decît un singur stăpîn. Acolo unde se întîlnesc doi oameni, cel mai tare va fi stăpîn. Se spune că munca și capitalul au aceleași interese. Ipocrizie ! Interesele lor sînt la fel de opuse ca cei doi poli... Există un singur fel de a-i trata pe oamenii- cu o mîină de fier".

Aceeași claritate a conștiinței de clasă apare și în replicile lui Roberts, muncitorul socialist. "Capitalul, le spune el muncitorilor, cumpără sudoarea frunții oamenilor și chinurile minții lor cu prețul pe care-l vrea.

Punîndu-i față în față pe capitaliști și pe muncitori, Galsworthy încearcă însă să demonstreze





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posibilitatea unui compromis. El arată că și în rândurile burgheziei există oameni de omenie care se gândesc la necesitatea de a ușura situația muncitorilor, în timp ce alții sînt înclinați să consimtă la acest lucru, fie chiar și dintr-un simplu calcul. Totdeauna mizeria muncitorilor crește în perioada grevei. În descrierea lui Galsworthy, masa muncitorilor nu se arată la fel de fermă și de intransigentă, cum este conducătorul ei, Roberts, iar greva se termină printr-o înțelegere, cu concesii reciproce (de ambele părți).


Cu toată limitarea burgheză liberală a poziției lui Galsworthy, drama lui rămîne pînă astăzi cea mai importantă piesă realistă despre lupta de clasă din dramaturgia engleză.

(A. Anixt: Istoria Literaturii Engleze).

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Holograph list
of the
40 languages
used by James
Joyce
in writing
*Finnegans
Wake*

Director
Lidia Vianu

Executive Advisor
C. George Sandulescu

