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ПРИВАТНИЙ ВИЩИЙ НАВЧАЛЬНИЙ ЗАКЛАД
«МІЖНАРОДНИЙ ЕКОНОМІКО-ГУМАНІТАРНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ
ІМЕНІ АКАДЕМІКА СТЕПАНА ДЕМ'ЯНЧУКА»

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СУЧАСНА ЛІТЕРАТУРА АНГЛОМОВНИХ КРАЇН

Навчальний посібник
для здобувачів вищої освіти другого (магістерського) рівня

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Посібник складається з лекцій, практичних занять, зміст яких відповідає вимогам освітньої та робочої програм, та творів для читання. Матеріал навчального посібника висвітлює етапи та закономірності розвитку літературного процесу у Великій Британії та Сполучених Штатах Америки, еволюцію провідних напрямів і художніх систем, жанрових і стильових структур. Завдання сприяють формуванню у студентів літературної компетенції та вміння критично аналізувати сучасні літературні твори, допомагають удосконалювати вміння ефективно працювати з інформацією, інтерпретувати літературні твори із урахуванням сучасних тенденцій наукових розвідок, виявляти й аналізувати розвиток традицій у творах, що вивчаються, формувати власну думку про наукову, художню, історичну та естетичну цінність твору.

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PREFACE

Шановний читачу!

Маємо честь представити вам посібник "Сучасна література англомовних країн", який стане вашим незамінним супутником у вивченні та розумінні світу сучасної англомовної літератури. Це видання створене з метою надати вам цінний інструмент для вивчення англійської мови та поглибленого розуміння культури та літературної спадщини англомовних країн. Посібник спеціально створений, щоб збагатити ваші знання, покращити навички читання та дозволити зануритися в захопливий світ літератури, що відбиває різноманітні глибинні думки та емоції.

Сучасна література англомовних країн – неймовірно багата та різноманітна, охоплює твори письменників з усіх куточків англомовного світу – від Великої Британії та США до Канади, Австралії та Нової Зеландії. Ми запрошуємо вас у захоплюючу подорож навколо цих країв за допомогою художніх текстів.

Оскільки наша мета – забезпечити найкращий досвід для вас, посібник містить практичні завдання, які допоможуть вам активізувати вивчені знання, покращити навички читання та аналізу. Різноманітність завдань допоможе вам розширити словниковий запас, вивчити нові фразеологізми та поглибити розуміння граматики англійської мови.

Література має силу змінювати світ і розширювати світогляд, ми впевнені, що вона також збагатить вашу душу та серце.

Нехай цей посібник стане вашим надійним провідником у чудовий світ сучасної англомовної літератури. Приготуйтесь до захоплюючої подорожі, яка відкриє перед вами нескінченні можливості та надихне до нових досягнень.

З найкращими побажаннями, команда розробників.

LECTURES

Lecture 1. General Characteristics of the 20-21th Century English Literature

1. Introduction
2. Experiments with Fragmented Structure
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4. Modern English Novels
5. Postmodern Novels
6. The Novel of the City
7. Writing from the Margins
8. Cubism In Writing
9. Internal Landscape
10. Stream of Consciousness
11. Multiple Perspectives
12. Fragmentation of the Individual

1. Introduction

No other era until the 20th century was like it. Marx, Freud, Darwin, and Einstein are just a few of the intellectuals who had a significant impact on Western society. The literature of the 20th century clearly reflected these changes. Postmodernism, which placed an emphasis on self-awareness and pop art, emerged from modernism, a movement that represented a significant break from Victorianism in the nineteenth century. There are common traits that transformed literature forever even if 20th century literature is a varied area that includes a range of genres.

2. Experiments with Fragmented Structure in English Literature

Prior to the 20th century, literature tended to be structured in linear, chronological order. Twentieth century writers experimented with other kinds of structures. Virginia Woolf, for instance, wrote novels whose main plot was often "interrupted" by individual characters' memories, resulting in a disorienting experience for the reader. Ford Madox Ford's classic "The Good Soldier" plays with chronology, jumping back and forth between time periods. Many of these writers aimed to imitate the feeling of how time is truly experienced subjectively.

3. Fragmented Perspective in Contemporary English Literature

The dependability of an objective narrator in literature was the one thing readers could rely on prior to the 20th century. However, modernist and postmodern authors thought that this was detrimental to the overall credibility of fiction. The sarcastic narrator, who could not be relied upon to tell the truth about a story, emerged in the 20th century. Nick Carraway, the story's narrator in Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby," for instance, has a prejudice in favor of the book's title character. Faulkner's "As I Lay Dying" swaps narrators between each chapter in an extreme example of fragmented perspective.

4. Modern English Novels

Modern literature, published between 1900 and 1945, and contemporary literature, sometimes known as postmodern literature, published after 1945. The presence of God, the primacy of human reason, and the nature of reality were all questioned by the protagonists in modern and current books. Great historical occurrences like the Great Depression, World War II, Hiroshima, the cold war, and communism were mirrored in novels of the time. Famous modern novels include "To The Lighthouse" (1927) by English novelist and essayist Virginia Woolf; "Ulysses" (1921), by Irish novelist and short story writer James Joyce; "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1929), the most famous World War I anti-war novel by German novelist and journalist Erich Maria Remarque and "The Sound and the Fury" (1929) by American novelist and short story writer William Faulkner, which depicts the decline of the South after the Civil War.

5. Postmodern Novels

Naturalism and realism paved the way for postmodern surrealistic literature with more reflecting characters. Magical realism, metafiction, and the graphic novel are all components of the postmodern novel. It claims that the universe cannot be fully understood by reason alone and that there is a greater power that governs man. Modern books play with language, rely less on traditional principles, and experiment with how time is represented in the narrative. Among the most well-known works of magical realism are "A Hundred Years of Solitude" (1967) by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, "The Color Purple" (1982) by Alice Walker, "In Cold Blood" (1966) by Truman Capote, "Roots" (1976) by Alex Haley, and "Fear of Flying" (1973) by Erica Jong.

6. The Novel of the City

The 20th century is known as the urbanization century. Novelists in Europe and America chose urban settings as the backdrops for their novels as more people relocated to urban areas. James Joyce's "Dubliners," a collection of short stories that all take place in different parts of Dublin, is probably the most well-known of these. Michael Ondaatje and Toronto, Theodore Dreiser and Chicago, Paul Auster and New York, and Virginia Woolf and London are just a few of the writers from the 20th century who have strong ties to particular cities.

7. Writing from the Margins

The 20th century provided underprivileged people a voice who had previously received little praise for their literary accomplishments. For instance, the Harlem Renaissance united African-Americans residing in New York to create a potent literary movement. Poetry and fiction by authors like Langston Hughes, Nella Larsen, and others championed black identity. Similar to how male authors become well-known through their autobiographical works. Finally, the post-colonial literary movement emerged as a result of authors like Chinua Achebe writing fiction on behalf of colonized peoples who had been subjected to Western imperialism.

8. Cubism In Writing

Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque were primarily responsible for the early 20th century visual arts style known as cubism. By prioritizing fragmentation over linear charting, many perspectives over a single perspective, and subjective mental experience over objective sense experience, these painters investigated new modes of representation. With the use of cubist components, modernist authors and poets of the time, including Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and William Faulkner, pushed the limits of literary portraiture.

9. Internal Landscape

Cubists were more interested in the internal landscape of the individual than the external landscape of the objective world following revolutionary developments in the social sciences, especially Sigmund Freud's theories. Similarly, in modernist writing, the psyche, the unconscious, the conscious intellect, and creative abstraction itself all gained more significance than the more objective, one-dimensional depiction of the Victorian age that came before it. James Joyce explored Stephen Dedalus's inner life in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," revealing a rich and complex one that would later come to define his later, more experimental works: "His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings."

10 Stream of Consciousness

Many writers followed the cubists' example of exploring the psyche through language and phrase structure. Modernist writers attempted to capture cognition as it actually occurred, which was irrational and haphazardly, as opposed to earlier writing styles, which had depended on logic and clarity to convey information. This approach became referred to as "stream of consciousness." Virginia Woolf was a notable pioneer of this approach. The author of the ground-breaking book "Mrs. Dalloway" managed to record the continuous thoughts of several characters. For instance, early on in the book, Woolf recounts the chaotic and haphazard thoughts of Septimus, a visionary with war wounds who is on the edge of going insane: “Men must not cut down trees. There is a God. (He noted such revelations on the backs of envelopes.) Change the world. No one kills from hatred. Make it known (He wrote it down).”

11. Multiple Perspectives

Picasso was known for using a variety of planes and perceptual angles in his paintings. Modernist authors successfully employed this strategy to illustrate how the subjective viewpoints of various characters alter the narrative realities. William Faulkner was a master of this approach. The demise and burial of rural matriarch Addie Bundren are depicted in his book "As I Lay Dying" from the intertwining viewpoints of almost a dozen different characters. Each character tells the story's events in a unique fashion using his or her own voice, tone, and vocabulary. Faulkner, like Picasso, constructed a stark mosaic of pictures that illustrates the subjectivity and relativism at the core of the human experience.

12. Fragmentation of the Individual

When cubist techniques were used, they produced a pretty ominous image: the person as a collection of fragmented pictures. Modernist writers investigated the effects of movements like cubism using similar methods. How could an individual maintain a coherent reason for existing in society if subjectivity triumphed over everything? How could the person escape fragmented insanity or, worse, alienation, loneliness, and despair? Faulkner famously utilized a juvenile figure in "As I Lay Dying" to illustrate how identity is unreasonably based on discrete, subjective percepts. Young Vardaman transfers the identity of his mother onto the fish because the latter dies after the former does. The entire first chapter is made up of the phrase "My mother is a fish."

Lecture 2. The English Modernist Literature: main traits

1. THE MAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERNIST LITERATURE

English literature of the first half of the 20th century is a quick transition from the Victorian era to the present; - industrial revolution and dominance in the world economy; - colonial policy, which resulted in one-fourth of the world being ruled by the British; - London being regarded as the world's political and financial capital; - rampant urbanization (a quarter of the population lived in cities); - miscellaneous: freedom of thought, vegetarianism, free love, English literature: in crisis, thriving, renaissance, decadence, the theme of war, "trench (war) lyrics", the emergence of English social drama, experimentation.

Contemporary authors: T.-S. Eliot, J. Galsworthy, Virginia Woolf, J.-B. Shaw, R. Aldington, F.-M. Ford, R. Brooke, 3. Sassoon, W. Owen, G. Wells, J. Galsworthy, G.W. Barker, D.T. Lawrence, S. O'Casey.

Individualism

The individual is more intriguing than society in modernist literature. Modernist authors were particularly intrigued by how people adjusted to a changing environment. In certain instances, the person overcame difficulties. Characters in Modernist literature typically struggled to keep their heads above water. The world or civilization was portrayed by authors as a threat to the morality of their characters. Characters created by Ernest Hemingway that accepted their surroundings as they were and persisted in their actions are particularly cherished.

Experimentation

Modernist authors rebelled against conventional methods and styles. Poets stopped using conventional rhyme schemes and switched to free verse. All expectations were broken by novelists. Writers combined historical imagery with contemporary themes and languages to create a stylistic collage. Modernists often discussed the inner workings of consciousness. This obsession gave rise to a style of narration known as stream of consciousness, in which the novel's point of view wanders in a manner approximating human cognition. The experimental Modernist writings of T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, and others are well known.

Absurdity

The devastation of the two World Wars had a significant impact on writers of the time. Many notable English poets perished or were injured during World War One. Global capitalism was simultaneously remaking society on all levels. For many authors, the absurdity of the world was increasing daily. In the bustle of daily existence, the mystique of life was being lost. The terrible bloodshed of World War II was further proof that humanity had gone astray. This absurdity was portrayed by modernist writers in their works. Modern absurdism can be seen in Franz Kafka's "The Metamorphosis," in which a traveling salesman is changed into an insect-like creature.

Symbolism

The authors of the Modernist movement gave things, people, places, and events deep significance. They created a multi-layered, often secretive, or code-like reality in their minds. The notion that a poem is a puzzle that must be solved has its roots in the Modernist era. Although symbolism was not a novel idea in literature, the Modernists' particular application of symbols was novel. Compared to earlier authors, they allowed far more to the reader's imagination, creating open-ended stories with numerous possible interpretations. For instance, each chapter of James Joyce's "Ulysses" contains unique, open-ended symbols.

Formalism

Modernist authors viewed literature more as a craft than as a creative peak. Instead of the intrinsic, organic process that earlier generations had portrayed, they thought that poems and novels were composed of smaller pieces. The Modernists' quest for uniqueness and creativity was nourished by the notion of literature as craft. Foreign languages, extensive vocabularies, and invented terms are frequently used in modernist poetry. The poet e.e. cummings disregarded all organization and strewn his words across the entire page.

1901–1939: British Modernist Period. When Queen Victoria passed away, the political stability that her reign had ensured changed, marking the end of the Victorian Era. Rapid changes in Western society, such as urbanization, the expansion of industry, and World War I, are addressed by modernism. This movement was heavily influenced by thinkers like Sigmund Freud, Ernst Mach, and Friedrich Nietzsche. The idea that previously supporting aspects of human life, including as religious views, social mores, and aesthetic values, had been destroyed or disproved or had become fragile, was at the core of modernist art.

2. POETRY

2.1. Pre World War I Poetry

The greatest influence on many poets was World War I. One of them, Thomas Hardy, composed several war poems. In these poems, Hardy described the tragedy of both the Boer Wars and ultimately World War I while capturing the perspective and language of soldiers. The poem "The Man He Killed" (1902), which depicts two men engaged in combat with one of them feeling guilty about having to shoot the other,

serves as an illustration of this. Hardy makes a point in this poem about how conflict can turn prospective allies into adversaries. one of the most well-known poets and authors in the annals of English literature. Hardy developed a contemporary style while adhering closely to poetic convention and tradition. Like his fiction, Hardy's poetry exhibits innovative uses of stanza and voice but is also characterized by a pervading fatalism. The poems highlight "the contradictions always present in Hardy, between the vulnerable, doomsday man and the serene inhabitant of the natural world," according to biographer Claire Tomalin.

The Man He Killed By Thomas Hardy

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because —
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like — just as I —
Was out of work — had sold his traps —
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."

Alfred Edward Housman

With the release of 'A Shropshire Lad' (1896), a collection of 63 poems that brilliantly conveyed a profound level of emotional vulnerability, Housman had already achieved literary success. He started writing another collection of poems in honor of those who had died in battle after World War I. He said: “Knowledge is good, method is good, but one thing beyond all others is necessary; and that is to have a head, not a pumpkin, on your shoulders, and brains, not pudding, in your head”. Edmund Wilson said in an essay appearing in the Ricks collection, “His world has no opening horizons; it is a prison that one can only endure. One can only come the same painful cropper over and over again and draw from it the same bitter moral”.

Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries
By A. E. Housman
These, in the days when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.
Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and the earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

2.2. World War I Poetry

First modern war was World War I. Additionally, it caused social, political, and economic issues for Great Britain due to their high debt levels and the rise of the United States as a new global power. An international deterioration in Great Britain's standing began with World War I. This is reflected in the poetry of the period, which reveals the profound pessimism of this post-war country. the poets of war Poetry from both combatants in World War I who described their experiences and war supporters at home who wrote fervently about Great Britain's efforts inspired a great deal of poetry. Wilfred Owen, Edward Thomas, and Rupert Brooke were among the poets who lost their lives in warfare. For those who survived the battlefield like Siegfried Sassoon, Ivor Guerney, and Robert Graves, their experiences had a direct impact on their poetry.

Rupert Brooke

“Handsome, charming, and talented, Brooke was a national hero even before his death in 1915 at the age of 27. His poetry, with its unabashed patriotism and graceful lyricism, was revered in a country that was yet to feel the devastating effects of two world wars. Brooke's early death only solidified his image as "a golden-haired, blue-eyed English Adonis," as Doris L. Eder notes in the Dictionary of Literary Biography, and among those who lauded him after his death were writers Virginia Woolf and Henry James and British statesman Winston Churchill. (…) The sonnets from "Nineteen Fourteen" became well-known right away. William Ralph Inge, the dean of London's St. Paul's Cathedral, recited "The Soldier" publicly on Easter Sunday in 1915. Three weeks later, Brooke passed away, ensuring that "The Soldier" and the other war sonnets would always be associated with him. According to A.C. Ward, "The Soldier" "became the one poem irrevocably linked with Rupert Brooke's name." It serves as his serene and elegant epitaph for all time. The circumstances of Brooke's passing had a big impact on "Nineteen Fourteen's" success.

The Soldier

By Rupert Brooke
If I should die, think only this of me:
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England’s, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

2.3. Changes in Poetry

https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/rupert-brooke

Modernist writing is very reflective of itself. This period saw the composition of significantly shorter poems that made more use of free verse. used the imagism idea in their writing, which focused on using clear words to evoke an image.

T.S. Eliot

British poet T.S. Eliot, who was born in America, is frequently cited as one of the 20th century's most important poets. His poems pushed for what he saw as a necessary departure from the romanticism's daydreaminess. The internationalism that distinguishes modernism is demonstrated by Eliot's capacity to be categorized as both an American and a British poet. It was no longer necessary to restrict writers to a single nationality. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (1915) was one of his earliest well-known compositions. This poetry is a stream of consciousness narration of an internal monologue. This method aims to give readers a written account of a narrator's feelings and thoughts. The Waste Land (1922) is one of his other well-known poems. More on Eliot can be found in the American literature intros.

Hysteria

By T. S. Eliot

As she laughed I was aware of becoming involved in her laughter and being part of it, until her teeth were only accidental stars with a talent for squad-drill. I was drawn in by short gasps, inhaled at each momentary recovery, lost finally in the dark caverns of her throat, bruised by the ripple of unseen muscles. An elderly waiter with trembling hands was hurriedly spreading a pink and white checked cloth over the rusty green iron table, saying: 'If the lady and gentleman wish to take their tea in the garden, if the lady and gentleman wish to take their tea in the garden ...' I decided that if the shaking of her breasts could be stopped, some of the fragments of the afternoon might be collected, and I concentrated my attention with careful subtlety to this end.

W.B. Yeats

An important figure in Modernist poetry is the Irish author. Yeats' early poems was mostly concerned with Irish history and Celtic traditions, but the unrest

surrounding the Irish revolutionaries prompted him to write more politically. This shift in perspective was evident in his publishing of Easter in 1916. This poem was created in response to the Easter Rebellion, which resulted in the deaths of thousands of Irish Republicans who supported an independent Ireland from Great Britain. Although he hails heroes in this poem, he also criticizes the rebel leaders' intransigence by comparing their hearts to those of granite. His The Tower (1928) collection of poems – which included well-known poems like "Leda and the Swan," "Among School Children," and "Sailing to Byzantium"– may be his best work.

Among School Children

By William Butler Yeats

I

I walk through the long schoolroom questioning;
A kind old nun in a white hood replies;
The children learn to cipher and to sing,
To study reading-books and history,
To cut and sew, be neat in everything
In the best modern way - the children's eyes
In momentary wonder stare upon
A sixty-year-old smiling public man.

VIII

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
O chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer, A
re you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

Source: The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats (1989)

Wystan Hugh Auden

W.H. Auden «is famous for writing poetry on a variety of subjects like love, politics, culture, psychology, and religion. His poems “Funeral Blues” (1936) and “September 1, 1939” (1939) each relate to one of these themes. Like Yeats he discusses the historical failures of people involved in the conflict, but looks ahead to potential reconciliation in the future. His poem “Funeral Blues” has an unknown narrator lamenting the death of someone close to him. He asks for complete silence while he mourns».

Funeral Blues

by W.H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead S
cribbling on the sky the message ‘He is Dead’.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.
He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

3. PROSE

3.1.The Birth of the Modern Novel

The aim of fiction at this period switched from depicting man in his social network to depicting him as a lone individual. This modification highlighted the human being's mental processes and irrational desires. Even if this started to become popular, other authors continued to focus on traditional social class topics.

E.M. Forster

His works frequently addressed social status hierarchy and class. He also showed an interest in personal ethics. 'A Room with a View' (1908) and 'A Passage to India' (1924) are the two most well-known. In "A Room with a View," George Emerson and Lucy Honeychurch fall in love. While Lucy feels compelled by her class to wed her wealthy fiancé Cecil, she ultimately finds herself unable to ignore the chemistry and clues that George and she are meant to be together. Dr. Aziz, Mr. Cyril Fielding, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Adela are the four individuals whose lives are central to Forster's novel "A Passage to India." Adela is convinced that Dr. Aziz molested her while they were visiting India's Marabar Caves. The trial that follows brings to light the 1920s Indian independence movement and the racial tensions of the time.

D.H. Lawrence

https://www.britannica.com/biography/D-H-Lawrence/Poetry-and-nonfiction

English author of books on travel, correspondence, plays, poems, short tales, and novels. He became one of the most important English authors of the 20th century because to his books "Sons and Lovers" (1913), "The Rainbow" (1915), and "Women in Love" (1920). His books mostly dealt with interclass connections. One of his most well-known and contentious books, "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1928), explores a connection between a working-class man and an upper-class woman. Clifford Chatterley, Lady Chatterley's husband, is paralyzed from the waist down. That, along with his lack of emotional connection, prompts Oliver Mellors, the gamekeeper, and Lady Chatterley to get involved romantically. Lady Chatterley learns from this

encounter that successful love requires both the mind and the physical. D.H. Lawrence was originally acknowledged as a working-class novelist who captured the realities of English provincial family life and - in the early days of psychoanalysis - as the author-subject of a famous case history of the Oedipus complex. Lawrence's candid treatment of sexuality was afterwards used to portray him as the father of a "liberation" that he himself would not have approved of. His attempts to express subjective states of emotion, feeling, and intuition have won readers over from the start because to the poetic vividness of his writing.A constant, slightly modified repetition of themes, characters, and symbols that reflect Lawrence's own changing artistic vision and thought coexists with this spontaneity and intensity of feeling. His greatest works are still challenging to read because they strive to put into words that which is generally wordless since it exists below consciousness. This is done through the use of obsessive personal metaphors, mythological themes, and above all, realism. Lawrence made an effort to transcend the "old, stable ego" of the characters readers of more traditional novels were accustomed with. His characters go through constant changes that are not caused by conscious intention, thought, or ideas, but rather by unconscious processes.

James Joyce

https://www.britannica.com/biography/D-H-Lawrence/Poetry-and-nonfiction

Irish writer of novels such as Ulysses (1922) and Finnegans Wake (1939) known for his experimental use of language and study of new literary techniques In 1922, he published the bestseller Ulysses. Each of the 18 chapters in Ulysses has characters and themes from the Odyssey. Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, and Molly Bloom serve as the book's central figures and stand in for Telemachus, Odysseus, and Penelope, respectively. Leopold's voyage through Dublin is compared to that of Odysseus as he is viewed as the hero. The nonlinear and disjointed plot of this book was a common element of Modernist fiction. Another trait of Modernist writers is the use of Greek and Roman mythology in Joyce's book.

Virginia Woolf

Woolf mainly focused on the duties of upper-middle-class women in her writing. Mrs. Dalloway (1925), To the Lighthouse (1927), Orlando (1928), and A Room of One's Own (1929) are some of her best-known works. Two distinct stories are featured in her work Mrs. Dalloway, which is told in a stream of consciousness. One of them is Clarissa Dalloway's, who is getting ready for her party and thinking back on her youth and her marriage decision. The other story concerns Septimus Smith, a World War I soldier who experiences hallucinations related to the conflict. Due to the undercurrents of homosexuality between Clarissa and a childhood friend, Sally, this book served as a hint of a shift toward radical thinking. In A Room of One's Own, Woolf examines the place of women in fiction and the obstacles they encounter as authors. In order to show that a woman with Shakespeare's talents would have been denied the same opportunities and achievement, Woolf invents a sister for Shakespeare in one portion of the book.

3.2. Short Stories

Katherine Mansfield is considered one of the most prominent short story writers during the Modernist period. Mansfield wrote about a variety of subjects, such as socioeconomic class, family ties, and the societal repercussions of war. In her short story "The Doll's House" from 1922, she explores how class influences children's social interactions. The oldest Burnell child refuses to allow a significantly less wealthy family see the dollhouse that the Burnell kids were given. The youngest Burnell is reprimanded when she deviates from this classist behavior. Many of Mansfield's other short stories, such as "The Garden Party" (1922) and "The Daughters of the Late Colonel" (1922), have young characters and class concerns.

3.3. Science Fiction

Aldous Huxley

His first two novels, published in 1921 and 1923, are humorous and nefarious satires on the pretenses of the English literary and intellectual coteries of the day, and they helped Huxley establish himself as a famous author. These 'Barren Leaves' (1925) and (1928) are works in a related style. The author of the dystopian novel "Brave New World" (1932) took inspiration from Victorian-era authors like H.G. Wells and wrote it during the Modernist era. The story takes place in a dystopian London where people are educated to fit into a caste system and are prohibited from having free thoughts. Huxley also foresees advancements in subliminal learning and reproductive technologies.

The Devils of Loudun (1952), a thorough psychological analysis of an alleged historical incident involving a group of 17th-century French nuns, and "The Doors of Perception," a book about Huxley's experiences with the hallucinogenic drug mescaline, are two of Huxley's most significant later works. His most recent book, Island (1962), presents an idealized picture of a Pacific Ocean culture.

4. The 20th CENTURY DRAMA

George Bernard Shaw

https://www.britannica.com/biography/George-Bernard-Shaw

The most well-known playwrights for the English theatre at the time Shaw started writing for it were Sir A.W. Pinero and H.A. Jones. Both men were attempting to create a contemporary realistic play, but neither had the ability to stray from the manufactured stories and stereotyped characters that theatergoers were accustomed to. With the introduction of several of Henrik Ibsen's plays to the London stage around 1890, when "A Doll's House" was performed there; his Ghosts followed in 1891, and the possibility of a new freedom and seriousness on the English stage was introduced, the poverty of this kind of drama had become apparent. Shaw, who was about to publish "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" (1891), quickly transformed an unsuccessful comedy called "Widowers' Houses" into a play with a tone that is distinctly "Ibsenite," turning it into a play on the infamous scandal of slum landlordism in London. George Bernard

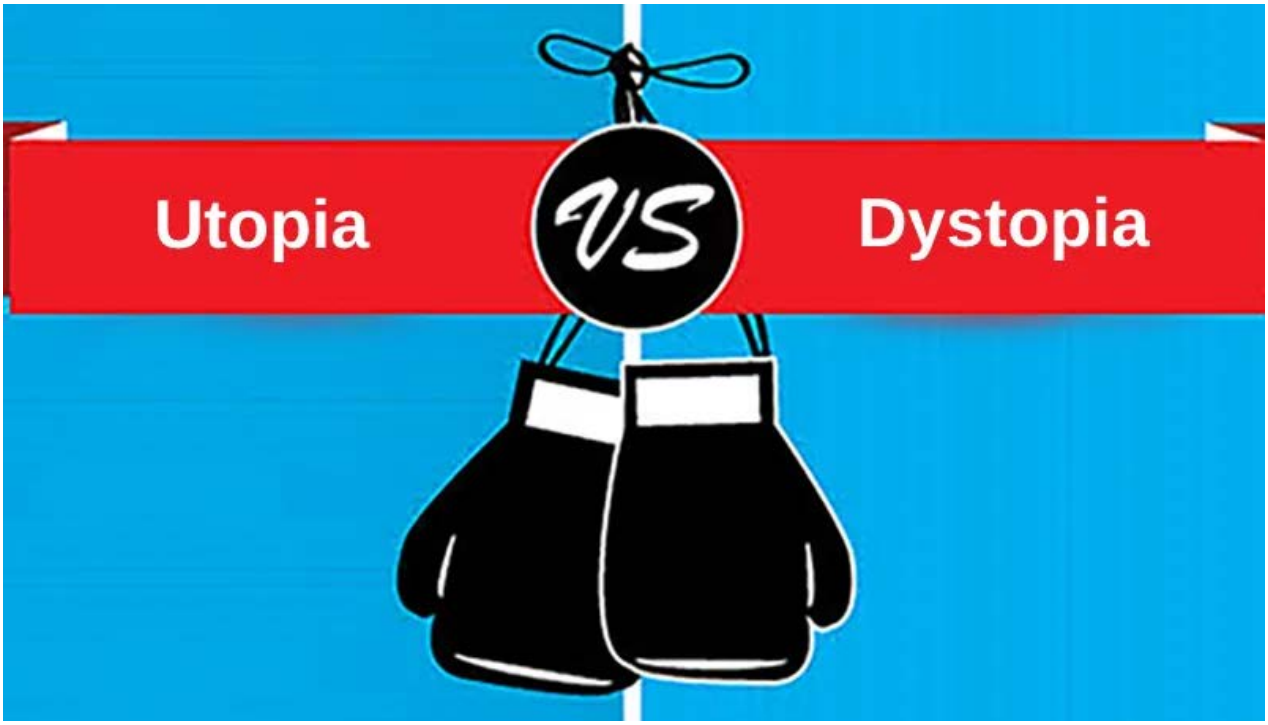
Shaw continued to have success with his playwriting during a time when books were still widely read. Many of his works displayed his contentious beliefs, which later influenced writers. His drama "Pygmalion" (1912) has had numerous adaptations and performances. Dr Oliver Tearle briefly recaps the story of the play ‘Pygmalion’: "Henry Higgins, a professor of phonetics, has an almost Sherlockian ability to deduce the hometown or region of anyone based on their accent. He overhears a flower girl named Eliza Doolittle and mocks the common way she talks. The next day, Eliza shows up and asks Higgins to give her elocution lessons so she can learn to talk ‘proper’.

Eliza’s father, Alfred Doolittle, shows up and tries to get some money off Higgins: he shows himself to be boorish and prone to violence – he tries to strike his daughter when she sticks her tongue out at him – and Higgins, realising the upbringing his young protégé has had, acknowledges that he has taken on a mammoth task in trying to make Eliza into a respectable-sounding lady.

Higgins nevertheless accepts the challenge, with his friend Colonel Pickering betting him that he can’t pass Eliza off as a lady at the ambassador’s party in six months’ time. Higgins is emboldened by this challenge, and a few months later he tests his progress on Eliza by taking her to his mother’s drawing-room party, where Eliza’s diction impresses the partygoers. However, her use of vulgar language – including the swearword ‘bloody’ – is greeted less enthusiastically.

But the young Freddy Eynsford-Hill is smitten by her, and pursues her. At the ambassador’s ball, Eliza charms everyone with her diction and her language, and Higgins wins his bet. However, he loses interest in her afterwards, much to her annoyance. Indeed, he even crows that her transformation is only superficial and possible because of his work on her; when her father appears, announcing his marriage, and Eliza immediately reverts to her Cockney speech, he is triumphant. Eliza accepts Freddy’s attention instead, agreeing to marry him."

Lecture 3. Utopian & Dystopian Literature



"All utopias are dystopias. The term "dystopia" was coined by fools that believed a "utopia" can be functional."

A.E. Samaan

1. INTRODUCTION

Utopia and dystopia are terms used in literature and fiction. Sir Thomas More first used the word "Utopia" in his book of the same name published in 1516. The words function as synonyms for one another. The phrases and the traits have both been employed frequently in fiction and have established their acceptance. The primary distinction between Utopia and Dystopia is that whereas Utopia refers to a civilization that is in an ideal and flawless state, Dystopia is the exact opposite of Utopia and describes a society that is in a very unpleasant and chaotic state. These two societies are both fictional.

2. WHAT IS UTOPIAN LITERATURE?

The genre of dystopian fiction, in which tales are set in grim futures where the future has gone awry, is well-known to many readers of the twenty-first century. Fortunately, there is a sibling genre of utopian fiction that is much less depressing than dystopian fiction in the larger universe of speculative fiction, science fiction, and fantasy. There has been utopian literature for many years, from many different cultures and philosophies. Utopian Literature: What Is It?

A genre of fiction known as utopian fiction is set in an idealistic society. A utopian novelist places their story in a setting that is consistent with their personal philosophy and larger ethos. This does not imply that conflicts do not exist in utopian literature.

Utopian literature shares many of the same fundamental components of fiction, such as engaging storytelling, a fully realized main character, and issues that must be resolved. The distinction is that utopian literature frequently takes place in a flawless world or state. It may seem counterintuitive to introduce conflict into a utopian society, but as utopian authors show, if given enough time, people are adept at doing so.

2.1. The History and Origins of Utopian Literature

Sir Thomas More, an English philosopher, coined the word "utopia" in reference to two ancient Greek terms that meant "good place" and "no place." The utopian society that More envisions in his 1516 book Utopia has long been a reference point for philosophers, government officials, and fiction writers alike. Utopian studies are still taught in philosophy departments at leading universities.

Even though More is credited with creating the term "utopia," research on ideal society has existed for many decades. Plato wrote Republic in about 370 BC, outlining qualities of a perfect state. Other nationalities' philosophers, like the Roman Plutarch, were influenced by Plato's Republic in their attempts to imagine the ideal future civilisation.

Post-More, utopian fiction emerged in works like *New Atlantis* (1627) by Sir Francis Bacon. Meanwhile *The City of the Sun* (1623) by Tommaso Campanella further expanded More’s utopian philosophy.

2.2. Characteristics and Types of Utopia Fiction

Typically, utopian literature identifies aspects of contemporary life that could use improvement and then imagines worlds with those improvements.

- Ecological utopia stories depict societies where the severe issues that affect the environment and natural resources do not exist.
- Feminist utopias present societies in which men and women are equally valued.
- Technological utopias show developments in computing, robotics, and transportation that are currently unattainable.

2.3. Examples of Utopian Literature

About a century after More's Utopia was written, utopian fiction truly started to appear, although the genre didn't fully take off until the eighteenth century and beyond.

In the United States and Great Britain, English-language authors of utopian novels came to be particularly linked with them. Here are some well-known utopian works that date back to the seventeenth century.

Eighteenth Century Utopian Fiction

1. *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift
2. *A Description of Millenium Hall and the Country Adjacent* by Sarah Scott

Nineteenth Century Utopian Fiction

1. *A Crystal Age* by W. H. Hudson
2. *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy
3. *Equality* by Edward Bellamy
4. *News from Nowhere* by William Morris
5. *Erewhon* by Samuel Butler

Twentieth Century Utopian Fiction

1. *A Modern Utopia* by H. G. Wells
2. *Men Like Gods* by H. G. Wells
3. *Childhood's End* by Arthur C. Clarke
4. *Island* by Aldous Huxley
5. *Always Coming Home* by Ursula K. Le Guin
6. *Walden Two* by B. F. Skinner
7. *The Star Trek* sci-fi television series created by Gene Roddenberry

3. What is Dystopian Fiction?

https://www.masterclass.com/articles/what-is-dystopian-fiction-learn-about-the-5-characteristics-of-dystopian-fiction-with-examples#whats-the-difference-between-utopia-and-dystopia

Dystopian literature presents a future picture. Characters in dystopias fight against environmental destruction, technological control, and political persecution in countries in terminal decline. Readers of dystopian literature may be challenged to rethink contemporary social and political situations, and in certain cases, they may even be motivated to take action.

Dystopian Fiction: What Is It?

Speculative fiction's dystopian genre got its start as a reaction to utopian literature. A dystopia is a horrifying and cruel envisioned community or culture. A dystopia is the opposite of a utopia, which is a society that is ideal.

3.1. The Significance of Dystopian Fiction

Anarchism, tyranny, and widespread poverty are frequent topics in dystopian books with a didactic message. Margaret Atwood, one of literature's most celebrated authors of dystopian fiction, thinks about it like this: "If you're interested in writing speculative fiction, one way to generate a plot is to take an idea from current society and move it a little further down the road. Even if humans are short-term thinkers, fiction can anticipate and extrapolate into multiple versions of the future."

Here are some other arguments for the importance of dystopian novels in literature:

- Through dystopian literature, humanity can be made aware of the risks posed by the present social and political order. The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood, published in 1985, is set in Gilead, a dystopian version of the United States. It issues a warning about repressive patriarchy.
- Dystopian fiction may reflect the author's worldview. The Time Machine, written by H.G. Wells in 1895, is one work that exhibits Wells' socialist leanings. The plot centers on a scientist from Victorian England who constructs a time machine and discovers the drawbacks of a capitalist society.
- Dystopian fiction can be incredibly inventive and calls for a greater suspension of disbelief. For instance, a gang of pigs in George Orwell's allegory Animal Farm organize a coup against their human farmer. The rise to power of the farm animals is modeled after the Russian Revolution.
- Satirical critiques can be included in dystopian literature. For instance, Anthony Burgess' 1962 book A Clockwork Orange is a societal satire of behaviorism. The setting is a dystopian society with a violent teenage subculture. A totalitarian regime defends society by enforcing morality and outlawing aggressive inclinations.

3.2. Characteristics of Dystopian Fiction

The central themes of dystopian novels generally fall under these topics:

- Government control
- Environmental destruction
- Technological control
- Survival
- Loss of individualism

Characteristics of Dystopian Fiction: Government Control

In dystopian literature, the government has a significant role. In most cases, there is either no government or a cruel one.

1. According to George Orwell's novel "1984," the government controls everything in the world. Three intercontinental superstates survive after a world war, and the fictitious dictator Big Brother imposes constant monitoring on its citizens.

2. Ursula K. Le Guin's 1985 science-fiction book Always Coming Home, which is set in a post-apocalyptic world, follows the Kesh group of people. The Kesh are a self-organized people who reject a system of governance.

3. The events of Suzanne Collins' young adult trilogy The Hunger Games, which began in 2008, take place in Panem, a fictional state built on the ashes of North America. The majority of Panem's wealth is held by the totalitarian government known as The Capitol, which also governs its people. The 12 districts of Panem's youth are chosen each year to compete in the Hunger Games, an annual televised death battle.

Characteristics of Dystopian Fiction: Technological Control

Dystopian literature frequently portrays advanced science and technology as a tyrannical, all-pervasive force that spreads terror rather than as tools for enhancing daily living.

1. Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, published in 1932, examines the peril of technology. The dominant World State deploys potent conditioning technology to regulate citizen behavior and reproduction.

2. Dream of Electric Sheep by Androids? after a nuclear war in 1992, by Philip K. Dick takes place in a post-apocalyptic San Francisco. This 1968 book, which examines the perils of sophisticated technology, served as the inspiration for the movie The Blade Runner. Artificial creatures have emerged as a result of global extinction, and there are android robots that are indistinguishable from humans.

3. M.T. Anderson's young adult dystopian book Feed, which was published in 2002, is about a near-future America that is ruled by Feednet, a computer network that has been implanted into the brains of 73% of the country's people.

Characteristics of Dystopian Fiction: Environmental Disaster

The settings in dystopian literature frequently take place in uninhabitable, devastated, or doomed locations.

1. Cormac McCarthy's 2006 novel The Road is a post-apocalyptic tale about a father and son exploring the wreckage of America following a mass extinction.

2. James Dashner's The Maze Runner trilogy details how powerful solar flares and coronal mass ejections obliterated the dystopian society. A gang of teenage lads are trapped in an imagined location called The Glade in the first novel of the series and must escape its ever-evolving labyrinth.

Characteristics of Dystopian Fiction: Survival

In dystopian environments, the repressive forces and destruction frequently leave the residents on their own.

1. Stephen King wrote The Running Man, which was first released in 1982 under the alias Richard Bachman. The story, which takes place in 2025, is about a poor guy who, in order to support his family, participates in a life-or-death game show competition while living under a repressive dictatorship.

2. In William Golding's 1954 novel Lord of the Flies, a group of schoolchildren are left on a tropical island after their plane is shot down during a fictitious nuclear

conflict. As the lads struggle to establish a civilization and fight for survival, conflicts start to arise between them.

3. Jeanne DuPrau's novel The City of Ember is set in a subterranean realm referred to as Ember. The secluded city, which was built to avert an oncoming catastrophe, centers on a group of kids trying to escape.

Characteristics of Dystopian Fiction: Loss of Individualism

How should societal needs be compared to those of the individual? The risks of conformity are depicted in many dystopian scenarios.

1. Ray Bradbury's 1953 novel Fahrenheit 451 centers on a fireman whose job it is to burn books. This future society's heightened interest in technology and entertainment—as well as its incapacity to think freely and creatively—is a result of the censoring of books.

2. The Giver, a 1993 book for young adults by Lois Lowry, is about a society where there is no suffering because everyone has been made to embrace "Sameness." The narrative centers on a 12-year-old child who is chosen to serve as the society's Receiver of Memory and keep the memories of the neighborhood before "Sameness" was put into effect.

3. The 1920 novel We by Yevgeny Zamyatin centers on a spaceship engineer who lives in the One State, a hypothetical future state. The inhabitants of One State are identified by number and wear uniforms.

4. The Difference Between Utopian Fiction and Dystopian Fiction

The worlds of utopian literature are idealized versions of reality. The opposite is true in dystopian fiction. In a dystopian fiction, the main character is thrust into a setting where seemingly everything has gone wrong on a grand scale. Similar to utopian literature, dystopian literature might be set in the past, the future, or an alternate present. Some might have modified representations of actual cities like New York and London, while others might take place entirely in made-up places. Here are some notable examples of dystopian literature:

- *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley
- *The Giver* by Lois Lowry
- *1984* by George Orwell
- *The Hunger Games* by Suzanne Collins
- *The Handmaid's Tale* by Margaret Atwood

Utopianism and dystopianism blur the lines between political science, philosophy, and literature. For example, George Orwell's writing is heavily influenced by all three. Utopian tales have persisted for ages, whether they depict a present-day paradise, a hypothetical lost golden age, or a future ecological utopia situated on a lush space station. Additionally, unlike their dystopian counterparts, they serve as a reminder of humankind's capacity for good.

Parameters of Comparison	Utopia	Dystopia
Meaning	Utopia is an imaginary society that is in perfect order.	Dystopia is a society that is disoriented and chaotic.
Characteristic	Utopia is a peaceful land with disciplined citizens.	The situation of dystopia is hostile and full of agitation. The commotion never lets anything set.
Allegory	Utopia is the presentation of paradise.	Dystopia is the presentation of hell.
Features	Utopia is systematic, calm, clean, ordered, fair, and things happen smoothly there. Independent thought and freedom can be seen in a utopian society.	Dystopia is the opposite state of utopia. It is imbalanced, chaotic, lawless, dirty, and violent. Propaganda is used to control the citizens of a dystopian society.
Government	Utopia is not controlled by constructed government systems.	Dystopia is governed by a tyrannical government that keeps the citizens under constant surveillance.
Environment	Utopia shows a back-to-nature concept. They preserve nature and the natural world.	Nature is destroyed in dystopia. A dystopian society is highly advanced in technology.

Additional reading
https://www.ijcrt.org/papers/IJCRT1133199.pdf

Through the millennia, the psychologies of people living in various eras have had an impact on literature. This is how the many genres of literature are categorized. These two literary genres that investigate social and political structures are the dystopia and its derivative, the utopia. Whereas in utopian literature, the environment is depicted as being in line with the author's ethos and having a number of characteristics that readers frequently find to be indicative of what they would like to accomplish in reality or utopia. In dystopian fiction, on the other hand, a setting that is depicted as having numerous characteristics that readers frequently feel to be representative of that which they would wish to avoid in reality, or dystopia, is depicted. Both are frequently combined in books as a metaphor for the various paths humanity might take and how those paths might lead to one of two conceivable futures. A form of speculative fiction, utopias and dystopias are frequently depicted in science fiction and other speculative fiction genres.

Actually, "dystopia" and "utopia" are just two sides of the same coin. These often depict two extreme positions in a science fiction context. The two are also explained in greater detail in literature. However, by definition, a "utopia" is a society or a

community where everyone lives in the best conditions imaginable. There are no so-called regulations; humanity is given complete freedom to investigate everything (apart from flaws). In contrast, "dystopia" emphasizes the exact opposite, which is a country where most people have incredibly miserable living and working conditions. In a dystopia, most or all of the social and political structures are unfavorable.

Many people would consider "Utopia" to be a paradise. Thomas Moore introduced the phrase for the first time in his official work "Utopia" in 1516. He imagined a remote island where everything appears to be going according to plan in his paradise. It is similar to staring at clear skies, warm, brilliant sunlight, working in orderly, roomy buildings, interacting with kind people, going to work joyfully, and living in harmony with everyone. But there's a good reason why most people consider utopias to be pure fantasy. It's because paradise as a concept appears unattainable. There can never be a perfect, real-world, material universe. This kind of world is not just unrealistic but also impractical.

A dystopian world, commonly referred to as an anti-utopia or kakotopia, is completely decayed. The words "utopia" and "dystopia" were both created at the same time. However, it wasn't until the late 19th century that its use was made public. The sky in a dystopian world are gloomy. The structures are primarily in ruins, and the sun may not be shining. If there are still any, they are irritating and unwelcoming. It constantly hurts to go to work, and it seems like no one has resolved their issues yet. The scenario of the hit movie "I Am Legend," where Will Smith played the main character, seemed to be the lone survivor of a destroyed civilisation, is an example of a dystopian society.

Concepts of utopia and dystopia depict idealized societies where people live either in a blissful setting where the laws ensure everyone's happiness or in an oppressive society where the state is repressive and in control. When the Greek philosopher Plato published his important political dialogue "Republic" in 380 BC, these ideas first appeared. In it, Aristotle first outlined the core ideas of a utopian society and his ideas for the ideal Greek city-state, which would guarantee a secure existence for all of its residents.

The first futuristic civilizations with people living in a repressive, regulated society that only appeared to be a utopia from the outside were envisioned by authors in the middle of the 20th century. These dystopian tales offer an excellent platform for exploring ideas like individualism, freedom, class distinctions, repression, religion, and cutting-edge technology.

In literary contexts, the phrase "dystopia" typically refers to a meticulous portrayal of a nation that operates on a certain system that the author thinks "better" than any other feasible method.

The authors H.G. Wells (Time Machine), Aldous Huxley (Brave New World), and George Orwell (Nineteen Eighty-Four or 1984) are responsible for some of the oldest and most significant works of dystopian literature. Their writings opened the path for the countless other writers who continue to this day to imagine novel aspects of living in dystopian civilizations. In addition to literature, dystopian themes were explored in a wide range of other media, including video games (Fallout, Deus Ex, and

BioShock), music, comic books (most notably V for Vendetta, Transmetropolitan, Y: The Last Man, and Akira), and television shows (The Prisoner).

Fictional works that are centered on dark dystopian future visions are frequent and popular in today's culture. Some of the most well-known books, films, comic books, and pieces of music of all time were inspired by these images of dystopian societies. Numerous philosophers and writers conjured up gloomy scenarios in which regular folks might live under totalitarian authority. Their works explored a variety of dystopian society themes, including oppressive social control systems, government coercion of the populace, the impact of technology on human thought, coping mechanisms, individuality, freedom of speech and the press, censorship, sexual repression, social class, artificial life, and human interaction with nature (and frequently the results of its destruction). You may consider watching Total Recall, the Terminator series, or Tron Legacy, for instance.

“I would love to change the world but they won’t give me the source code.”

In this sense, a utopian society or community is one that one can only envisage having very desirable or almost flawless traits.A dystopian future is one that is darkly imagined.

As a conclusion, we can state that authors communicate their worries about societal and human concerns through dystopia and warn the populace about their flaws. Dystopia is a literary device used by authors to explore reality and illustrate potential future problems. Thus, dystopia's function in literary works is to inform and make the reader aware of things in "a however" negative fashion. Dystopias can also be warnings concerning how a government or those in authority are currently behaving.

The reason a dystopia is frequently referred to be a critique is because authors expose the flaws in a society or a system. And only Stephen King made the following long-ago predictions:

“In the year 2025, the best men don’t run for president, they run for their lives. . . .”

Stephen King, The Running Man

Lecture 4. Science Fiction vs. Fantasy: How Are Science Fiction and Fantasy Distinct?

1. Introduction

What distinguishes science fiction from fantasy? It can appear to be a straightforward query at first. Science fiction frequently features elements of cutting-edge technology and is set in a dystopian society sometime in the future. On the other hand, a fantasy story is typically set in a fantasy setting and has fantastical characters with magical abilities. There are more parallels and crossovers between these two genres than at first glance, despite the obvious connections between them.

2. The Elements of the Science Fiction Genre

Hyper-technological objects can be depicted in science fiction, but they can also become reality. These things are conceivable because it makes use of contemporary technologies and adds a unique touch. Robots may be present in some of the things depicted in science fiction, but this is conceivable in the future as technology advances.

The items are indeed producible. Although it may be fictitious, there is a chance that it could be created in reality. It bases everything on facts from science and deals only with reality. Reality has an influence on the elements employed in science fiction. It has a relationship to contemporary technique.

Science fiction is a large literary category that includes numerous literary idioms and subgenres. Ray Bradbury (author of Fahrenheit 451), Anne McCaffrey (author of the Dragonriders of Pern series), and Isaac Asimov (author of I, Robot) are well-known authors in the genre. The sci-fi films Star Wars, Dune, and Star Trek are well-known examples. The following list of components can be found in numerous science fiction stories:

1. Science: Science fiction, as its name suggests, incorporates elements of science. From one science fiction narrative to the next, the integration of science can take many different forms. Science fiction frequently incorporates elements of science. The sci-fi subgenre steampunk has a very distinctive look that is typically characterized by pre-industrial age technology. In the more realistic hard science fiction subgenre, the usage of science might take many various forms, but it is almost always present in some fashion.

2. Technology: Science fiction frequently examines cutting-edge innovations like space and time travel. Stories frequently take place in space or on distant planets. Even in situations that are recognizably real-world, sci-fi fiction frequently layer in new technologies that present challenges and existential dilemmas for the protagonists and society as a whole.

3. A dystopian setting: Whether a science fiction narrative is a space opera set on a steampunk spacecraft or a somber neo noir set in a vast metropolis, sci-fi authors

typically set their works in dystopian societies. Science fiction frequently examines dystopian themes in remote settings that, in the end, have striking parallels to the philosophical issues and moral dilemmas that we face in the actual world. The goal is frequently to highlight how dissimilar the sci-fi world is from our own.

Hard science fiction and soft science fiction are the two main categories of science fiction. Hard science fiction frequently depicts and properly forecasts sophisticated technology that has not yet been created and includes accurate details, particularly in the areas of physics, astrophysics, and chemistry. Soft science fiction is less scientific than hard science fiction because it is based on social sciences including psychology, political science, sociology, economics, and anthropology.

H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, Arthur C. Clarke, Ursula K. Le Guin, Gregory Benford, Mary Shell are some noteworthy authors of this genre.

3. The Elements of the Fantasy Genre

The first narrative style is sometimes used to describe the fantasy genre. For thousands of years, humans have incorporated mythological creatures and other elements of fantasy into their stories. It's clear that the genre has evolved, and today some of the best-selling and most successful books are fantasy novels. The Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit authors J.R.R. Tolkien and J.K. Rowling are both well-known writers. Fantasy books often include the following:

1. Mythical creatures: In a typical fantasy setting, mythical creatures that don't exist in reality are common. Supernatural beings and other exotic features are frequently perceived as regular elements of the story's setting.

2. Supernatural abilities: Fantasy characters frequently have magical or supernatural abilities that have no logical or scientific justification. They can frequently perform similar feats to those of sci-fi protagonists, but the rationale for their abilities is typically magical or supernatural rather than technological.

3. Strong worldbuilding: One of the most striking features of many fantasy novels is the authors' depiction of intricate histories, languages, and family trees. Fantasy authors go to tremendous lengths to create a completely new universe with a rich culture and extensive history.

This genre includes a lot of myths and legends. In truth, mythology and folklore frequently serve as inspiration for contemporary fantasy literature.

R. R. Tolkien's The Hobbit and The Lord of the Ring, J. K. Rowling's Harry Potter series, George R. R. Martin's Song of Ice and Fire, C. S. Lewis's Chronicles of Narnia are some popular works in this genre.

4. Differences Between Science Fiction and Fantasy

By now, it should be clear that science fiction and fantasy frequently cross over. Even some subgenres deliberately combine the two, as scientific fantasy:

1. Plausibility: Science fiction stories frequently extrapolate aspects of the contemporary world and make predictions about how they might develop in the future. The supernatural aspects used in fantasy, on the other hand, have no connection to the modern world. The fantasy genre deals in the impossibly impossible, whereas science fiction can be thought of as speculative fiction with an underlying logic derived from

the real world. This is an effective method to think about the distinctions between the two genres.

2. Setting: In general, dystopian, hyper-technological futures are used as the setting for science fiction works. Fantasy novels are frequently set in worlds with fantastical animals and paranormal activities. The universe itself may resemble our own quite a bit, but it contains fantastical features.

Are Science Fiction or Fantasy Stories About Superheroes?

It can be challenging to categorize a book or novella as entirely science fiction or fantasy. Where does the usual superhero story fit within this duality, for instance?

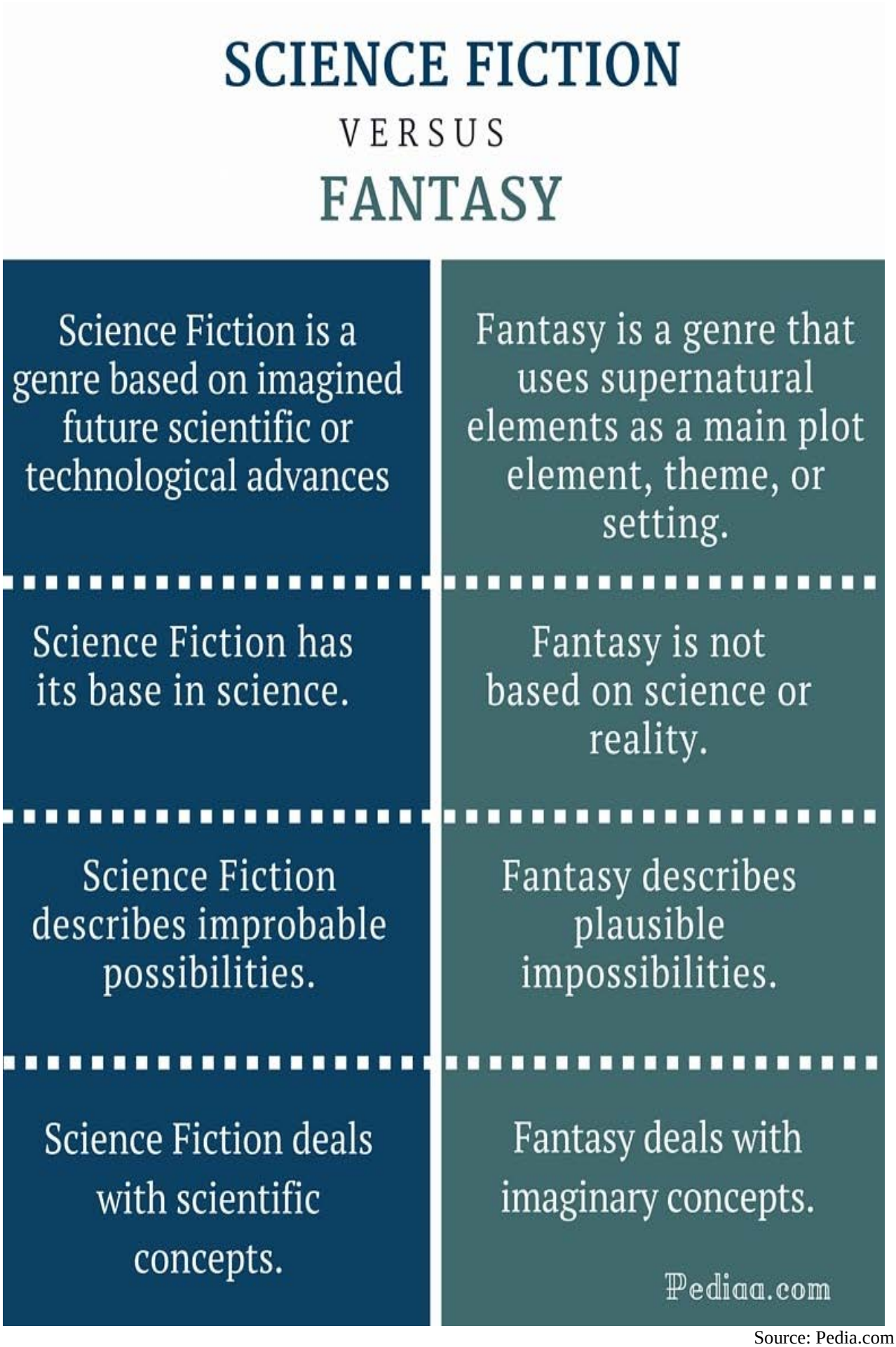
Superheroes typically inhabit a world that resembles our own, but occasionally they have supernatural abilities that have no rational, scientific explanation. Although you may argue that superhero stories belong in any genre, it's probably preferable to classify them as a separate genre.

Comparison Table Between Science Fiction and Fantasy

Parameters of Comparison	Science Fiction	Fantasy
Shows	Advanced technological future	Mythical world
Modern World Connection	Yes	No
Possibility in future	Yes	No
Based on	Facts	Supernatural elements
Imagination	Yes but it will be in the real world	Yes but will never come real
Uses	Science, Technology	Imaginary concepts od the author

Main Differences Between Science Fiction and Fantasy

1. While fantasy depicts mythological beings, science fiction depicts a hyper-technological future.
2. Fantasy has no relation to the present world, whereas Science Fiction maintains the plot relevant to it.
3. Fantasy is impossibly unattainable, but Science Fiction depicts the potential for change in the future.
4. While fantasy typically has supernatural elements, science fiction is always grounded in reality.
5. Fantasy is impossible, but science fiction makes the fantastical possible.
6. Fantasy involves made-up ideas, but Science Fiction always incorporates technology and science.



Source: Pedia.com

Lecture 5. Modern English Philosophical (Intellectual) novel

1. Philosophical (Intellectual) novel as a genre
2. Sir William Gerald Golding
3. Dame Jean Iris Murdoch

1. **Philosophical (Intellectual) novel as a genre**

The philosophical novel is a literary phenomenon that first appeared in the 20th century, following World War I, as a new literary form. Some people had positive feelings about it. They thought that advances in psychology would speed up human development and improve human nature. However, World Wars I and II with their fascism, the greatest evil, seemed to refute all prior theories about human nature and turned intellectuals against the same universal questions: Who am I? What am I here to do? What should I do to complete myself? People were looking for their identities. Existentialism's philosophy provided the answers to all of these queries. The existentialism thinkers included Kierkegard, Jaspers, Berdyayev, Sartre, Camus.

Existentialism is a moral philosophy that offers solutions to existentialist queries. It makes no claim to provide a logical justification for human nature. Human nature is mostly undecipherable; it is impossible to fully comprehend it. It could be deemed pessimistic. No one disputes that death is its ultimate goal or destiny. We ought to conduct ourselves with dignity. We should complete the assignment that life has given us. It puts a strong emphasis on individuality and distinctiveness. We are unable to truly comprehend one another as a result. The word "alien nation" refers to philosophy. It describes the relationships between lonely people who are individually true to themselves. Man is free to act whenever he wills or desires, and his life rests on his ability to make choices. But he ought to be conscious of the implications of his decision. He has an impact on both his own life and the lives of people around him. The concept is aesthetic; life is independent of divine intervention. Existentialism encourages independence. This world is not a happy place to live in; life is full of sorrow, suffering, grief. It’s a continuous range of modes of existence: fear, dismay, suspense, anemy (роз'єднаність між людьми), angoisse (туга), delaissement (занедбаність). Existentialism holds that everything in the cosmos has no care for humans. People's freedom of choice allows them to determine their future. Anxiety is produced by the world. The individual gives it his best effort.

The work of such notable exponents of the philosophical fiction genre as William Golding, Iris Murdoch, and Colin Wilson was profoundly impacted by existentialist notions.

What features distinguish a philosophical novel? Each author gives this genre its own unique shape, yet they all have at least two levels:

2) philosophical - the level where the writer's message deals with some issues of an ideal existence; it explains the causes of evil. 1) notional - the level of an ordinary literary work, specific occurrences in a person's life.

Existentialism emphasizes each person's individuality, yet there is also an idealization at play. In this genre, very little contemporary reality is depicted, and human types are frequently portrayed as archetypes because they share certain traits

with all generations. Thus, the concept of roaming plots (блукаючі сюжети, які повторюються).

The two main categories of philosophical novels are:

1) Biblical parables or fables (the character in "Lord of the Flies" is an allegorical one)

2) Discussions are constructed as an ongoing dialogue between individuals representing opposing viewpoints ("The Black Prince").

In order to illustrate the particularity and universality of the circumstance (war, an isolated island, death), writers frequently place their characters in extreme settings. Laughable decisions are the cause of life. To avoid any outside influences, the plot features some experimental elements. The philosophical novel's main literary devices are symbolism and allegory.

2. Sir William Gerald Golding

English novelist who was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1983 for his allegories of humanity. Particularly among the young people of the post-World War II generation, he attracted a cult of admirers. In a lot of his literature, Golding examines moral quandaries and how people respond to harsh circumstances.

Golding had his education at Brasenose College in Oxford and Marlborough Grammar School, where his father was a teacher. He earned his degree in 1935. After performing in tiny theater productions and settlement houses, he was hired as a teacher at Bishop Wordsworth's School in Salisbury. Involved in the operation that resulted in the destruction of the German battleship Bismarck, he joined the Royal Navy in 1940. In 1944, he oversaw the leadership of a rocket-launching vessel during the invasion of France. After the war he resumed teaching at Bishop Wordsworth's until 1961.

Lord of the Flies was Golding's first book to be published (1954; films in 1963 and 1990). It was very popular and is regarded as one of the best pieces of writing from the 20th century. It tells the tale of a group of schoolboys who wind themselves on a desert island following a plane crash, based on Golding's own wartime experiences. It follows the boys' progression from a stage of retaliatory innocence to barbaric vengeance as an allegory of the inherent corruption (оронст) of human nature. Widespread interest was sparked by its stark and inventive portrayal of the quick and inevitable collapse of social mores. A passage from King Lear is allegedly referenced in the title - "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods, — They kill us for their sport". (King Lear Act IV, Scene).It could possibly be an allusion to Satan by way of the Hebrew name Beelzebub (Baal-zvuv, "god of the fly", "host of the fly," or simply "Lord of Flies"). According to Golding, the goal of the book was to expose the faults of human nature.

Another tale on the inherent violence and depravity of human nature is The Inheritors (1955), which is set in the final days of Neanderthal man. Pincher Martin (1956) explores the guilt-ridden thoughts of a naval commander who is facing an agonizing death after having his ship sunk. Free Fall (1959) and The Spire (1964), two further books, also support Golding's assertion that "man produces evil as a bee produces honey."

In *The Spire* (шпиль) Jocelin, dean of the cathedral, begins the construction of a huge spire. Jocelin is determined to elevate the town and bring people nearer to God by erecting a monument that will scratch the sky. The artwork is loaded with symbolism. The spire, one of the emblems, represents man's desire to succeed and draw attention. It also demonstrates blind ambition since, despite several objections to what Jocelin is doing, he continues to do so in defiance of all counsel.

A youngster who suffered terrible burns during the London Blitz in World War II is the subject of the 1979 film Darkness Visible. His later works include the Booker McConnell Prize-winning novel Rites of Passage from 1980 and its sequels Close Quarters and Fire Down Below. 1988 saw the knighting of Golding.

3. Dame Jean Iris Murdoch

British author and philosopher Dame Jean Iris Murdoch (1919–1999) is best known for her psychological works, which also have philosophical and lighthearted themes. Iris Murdoch's work was profoundly impacted by the existentialist movement. She has written a complex series of books that mostly explore the nature of man and his delusions. Her books are both dramatic and weird, full of dark humor and surprise plot twists, and they explore the search for the meaning of life through the interactions of countless people representing various philosophical perspectives.

Her writings primarily focus on moral dilemmas and battles between good and evil. Her books are intellectually advanced, yet frequently have humorous and melodramatic elements. She was greatly influenced by writers from the 19th century, including Fydor Dostoevsky, Marcel Proust, Simone Weil, and Shakespeare, as well as thinkers like Plato, Freud, Simone Weil, and Sartre. Murdoch is said to have based this kind of male "enchanter" on her lover, Nobel laureate Elias Canetti. Her novels frequently feature upper middle class intellectual males caught in moral dilemmas, gay characters, Anglo-Catholics with crises of faith, empathetic pets, curiously "knowing" children, and occasionally a powerful and almost demonic male "enchanter" who imposes his will on the other characters.

She usually wrote in a realistic style, but occasionally she would add ambiguity into her writing by combining aspects of fantasy into her meticulously documented situations and by using symbolism in a sometimes confusing way. The 1963 novel The Unicorn can be appreciated as a sophisticated Gothic romance, a Gothic novel, or even a satire of the Gothic style of writing.

Murdoch admires a man who is a romantic dreamer. In her 1954 book *Under the Net*, which was written and published, Jake Donaghue is portrayed in this way. It tells the tale of a struggling young British author who lives in London and describes his travels across bohemian Paris and London. Jake tries to navigate life on his own terms. He wants to develop his own way of thinking by escaping the web of traditional thoughts and beliefs. The author focuses on the psychological examination of her hero's inner world, which is governed not by rules but rather by man's desires and struggles.

The Black Prince (1973), for which Murdoch received the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, is a remarkable examination of erotic obsession. When supporting characters contradict the book's narrator and its enigmatic "editor" in a series of afterwords, the text becomes more convoluted and suggests multiple interpretations.

The author explores various expressions and facets of this human emotion in this book. She demonstrates egotistical and disinterested love, intense and logical love, love that borders on hatred, and self-sacrificing love. Murdoch believed that the kind of love that motivates a person to create art is the highest kind of love.

The majority of the book is a portrayal of a moment in the life of the main character, aging London author Bradley Pearson, when he falls in love with Arnold Baffin's daughter, a friend and literary adversary. Bradley and Arnold have had a contentious but enduring relationship for years, and Bradley considers himself to have "discovered" the younger author. Bradley finds himself increasingly caught up in a dynamic of relatives, friends, and coworkers that collectively seem to prevent him from achieving the solitude he believes is required to produce his "masterpiece."

Julian, the young daughter of the Baffins, captures his heart during this time. Bradley is initially ecstatic but quickly grows disgusted at his developing obsession with her and pledges to keep quiet. Then, though, he loses control and starts a brief but passionate affair with her, fleeing with her to a cottage by the sea while ignoring urgent matters at home. His sad sister Priscilla kills suicide while he is away. Bradley notices that Julian seems to be taken away and kept from him, which prompts Bradley to come back. The main section's climactic scene occurs at the Baffins' home, where Bradley arrives to see Rachel (Arnold's wife), who appears to have killed him by striking him with a poker. Bradley ends his account of the events by quickly describing his arrest, prosecution, and conviction for killing Arnold.

Shakespeare's play Hamlet was a major influence on Iris Murdoch when she wrote this book. Throughout, notably by Bradley, it is freely mentioned and discussed. Bradley Pearson shares initials with the Black Prince, the name of Pearson's fictional as well as Murdoch's actual work, as is highlighted in the Post-Scripts. Bradley's apparent self-identification with Shakespeare throughout his tale and his allegation that both Hamlet and Shakespeare were homosexual make it feasible for him to have admitted to being gay. It is further supported by the passages in the novel where he is attracted to Julian and each time her gender is left open.

Murdoch's novels blend realistic depictions of middle-class professional life in the 20th century with exceptional happenings that have elements of the macabre (deathly), the grotesque, and the hysterically funny. Murdoch's belief that although people believe they have the ability to exercise logical control over their lives and behavior, they are truly at the mercy of the unconscious mind, the sway of society at large, and other, more inhuman forces, is illustrated by the novels.

Murdoch authored plays, poetry, works of philosophy, and literary criticism in addition to novels.

Lecture 6. Postmodernism in British and American literature. Its basic features

1. Introduction
2. The main features of postmodernist literature
3. The main themes in postmodernist works
4. Postmodernism in Britain

1. Introduction

The term "postmodernism" has no official definition. The term itself implies that the era followed modernism.

Between the two World Wars, in the 20s and 30s, modernism reached its pinnacle (J. Joyce, V. Woolf, D. H. Lawrence). Realistic and modernist literary trends coexisted in the 1950s and 1960s. As a phenomenon, "The Angry Young Men" marked a certain turn back toward realism (they talked about the position of the lower middle class).

The 1970s and 1990s saw the beginning of postmodernism (J. Fowles, M. Amis, S. Rushdie; K. Vonnegut, J. Heller, and T. Pynchon).

It is a recent phenomena with characteristics that set it apart from modernism and realism. From a postmodernist perspective, the metaphorical image of literature is a mirror.

REALISM	MODERNISM	POSTMODERNISM
1) period – the 2nd part of the 19th c. – Critical or Social Realism – but actually realism breaks the period limits.	1) period – the 1st part of the 20th c.	1) period – we can't say for sure that postmodernism is limited only by the 70-90ss
2) method – 1. Realistic literature mirrors (reflects) objective reality	2) method – 1. Modernist literature refuses to deal with objective reality, it mirrors subjective reality.	2) the method, the tendency and the whole trend are still being a point for discussion. 1. Literature is like a big mirror that is broken intopeaces, it no complete picture, no continuity: in one peace literature reflects objective reality, in another – it mirrors subjective reality. So postmodernist literature is like fragments of objective and subjective reality + art reality.

2. Realistic literature aims at consistency, continuity – logical, chronological order, which is not interrupted.	2. Modernist literature rejects consistency and continuity. The narration is as if from the inner world of the character (as a result we deal with psychologism and elements of psychoanalysis). So the narration is based on reminiscences, and as the inner world is chaotic, based on associations, the narration is also based on associations.	2. Postmodernist literature rejects both of these orders (of modernism and realism), as such as artificial order, i.e. Structural organization is the source of artificiality in literature.
3. The massage is clearly defined, it is explicit. The message is social and moral, ethic.	3. The message is implicit, the message doesn't lie on the surface, as modernists refused to deal with social and moral issues.	3. There is no message. It is indefinable, interminate. Books have open ends (like the novel "The French Lieutenant's Woman"). There is usually no definite clue to the characters' further fates.
4. Realistic personages are social types	4. Modernist characters are unique personalities, they are psychological types (for example, we may remember the interpretation of the articles in the title "A Portraid of **the** Artist As A Young Man"	4. Postmodernist characters are archetypes ("archetype" is the most typical example of something, as it has all the most important features, such types are repeated throughout centuries. Eg: Merlin is the archetype of the wise old man)
5. Realistic literature is addressed to all people without any discrimination	5. Modernists wrote their books only for high-brow intellectuals, the elite.	5. Postmodernist literature is for all categories of readers (Including mass readers), because of the multi-levelled character of these works and the fact that postmodernist works have

		features of doth high and mass culture (pulp culture)

2. The main features of postmodernist literature

1) Because postmodernist books leave things open-ended, the reader will probably wonder, "And what of it?" at the conclusion. In addition, it is challenging to determine whether the characters are nice or bad. The novel, which incorporates elements of other genres and forms, is the primary form and genre of postmodernism.

For instance, Graham Swift's novel "Out of This World" claims that human nature is extremely complex, unexpected, and difficult. Furthermore, no one has the authority to judge another individual. John Fowles' "The French Lieutenant's Woman" is a novel that tells the story of a grandpa, father, and his daughter. It combines aspects from several different genres, including historical fiction, psychological fiction, detective fiction, adventure fiction, and philosophical fiction.

Fiction and non-fiction are combined in postmodernist literature (documentary prose, statistical data, quotes from various documents, etc.). Therefore, postmodernist literature mixes several literary genres.

2) History, the present, and the future coexist in postmodernist art. Therefore, we can discuss the overlap of temporal levels in these works.

3) It's standard practice in postmodernist literature to combine high culture with mass culture (or "kitsch"—pulp culture, which is the culture of very low intellectuals).

4) Combination of many moods, including comedic, tragic, and hilarious ones. The books typically don't have a consistent tone.

5) Magical realism is another element of postmodernist literature, despite the fact that the term itself is deeply paradoxical. It was created by the Latino author Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Salmon Rushdie and Angela Carter are two authors that are considered to be magic realists in British literature. Indian author Salmon Rushdie writes about contemporary Indian life. He received a death sentence for his "satanic Verses" and was reviled by Muslims. He ultimately had to take cover. The protagonist of his book "Midnight's Children" has a magical ability to converse with people thousands of miles away.

Levitation is covered in "Nights at the Circus" by Angela Carter.

Intertextuality, or the use of previously published texts and their elements as the basis for postmodernist literature, is the sixth technique. Another way to use other writings is to create a parody.

Postmodernist works are similar to pastiche (a blending of several components; oypi, стила). They might even incorporate both prose and poetry at once.

So the author tries to change all of these elements to make them look alike. They frequently claim that postmodernist works have a patchwork-like quality. And some of the most striking and striking characteristics of postmodernism include borrowings, allusions, parody (a critical perspective to the main source), and patchworks (combinations of several primary sources).

7) In actuality, social novels are a rare breed in postmodernist literature. And in Great Britain, authors use a variety of devices, such as drawing parallels with the past or the future while turning to magic realism, even when they address the issues that

would be addressed in social (so-called serious) novels dealing with contemporary realities and issues. In other words, they use what Martin Emis, one of the most well-known current English writers, called *postmodernist trickiness* when they produce the so-called experimental novels.

In his renowned work "Time's Arrow or the Nature of the Offense," he himself turned to such cunning. In his book "The French Lieutenant's Woman," John Fowles introduces himself as a character. In his book "The Collector," the author uses an allusion to Shakespeare's drama "The Tempest" ("Буря"). Additionally, Marina Warner reworks "The Tempest" in her book "Indigo."

3. The main themes in postmodernist works

1) The subject of *art and literature*, which is frequently used. Novelists create fictionalized biographies of former, earlier writers:

For instance, Peter Ackroyd's "The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde" is an imagined diary of O. Wilde; in "Milton in America," the author imagined Milton's presence in America despite Milton never having visited;

The novel "Possession" by Antonia Silvia Byatt illustrates a comparison between two couples' love tales from the 19th and 20th centuries;

2) *history* is a common theme in contemporary English literature. For instance, Graham Swift's book "Water Land" presents the history of a county in Central England; "Out Of This World" is a story about a father who made bombs and his son who took pictures of the ruins; and Ian McEwan's book "Black Dogs" which details the Holocaust during World War II;

3) feminist literature is very rich nowadays in Great Britain:

E.g.: *Fay Weldon - "Female Friends"*

Margaret Drabble - "The Realms of Gold" (the writer started as "an angry young woman");

Anita Brookner - "Hotel Du Lac" (In the novel that won her the Booker Prize and established her international reputation, Anita Brookner finds a new vocabulary for framing the eternal question "Why love?" It tells the story of Edith Hope, who writes romance novels under a pseudonym. When her life begins to resemble the plots of her own novels, however, Edith flees to Switzerland, where the quiet luxury of the Hotel du Lac promises to restore her to her senses. But instead of peace and rest, Edith finds herself sequestered at the hotel with an assortment of love's casualties and exiles. She also attracts the attention of a worldly man determined to release her unused capacity for mischief and pleasure. Beautifully observed, witheringly funny, Hotel du Lac is Brookner at her most stylish and potently subversive.):

4) The expanding of the *ethnic paradigm* is still another aspect of postmodernist writing that has recently emerged (Kazuo Ishiguro, Salmon Rushdie, and Ben Okri are only a few examples);

5) *Apocalyptic themes* are prevalent in many works of British literature from the final decades of the 20th century, or Fin-de-Siecle literature.

4. Postmodernism in Britain

The production of literature in England increased throughout the last two decades of the 20th century. However, literal didn't seem very interested in reality. The lack of "straight" novels, or those with a conventionally strong, clear plot, was mentioned by all critics. Very few lengthy prose works that focused on the lives of an individual or a family were written about the state of England, the class system, or other subjects so common in 19th-century and pre-World War II novels. More and more authors are choosing to situate their novels in the past or the future rather than writing about the present. They frequently sent their characters overseas and connected history, present, and future. A new generation of writers emerged in the 1980s, including Martin Amis, Graham Swift, Lan McEwan, Salman Rushdie, and other well-known men of letters like Graham Greene, Muriel Spark, Iris Murdoch, John Fowles, and Margareet Drabble, who continued to write regularly. The fin de siècle spirit, which is characteristic of the end of every century and especially the end of the millennium, permeated English literature of the late 20th century, as it did other national literatures. This was characterized by the atmosphere of shock and uncertainty. "The modern situation is full of suspense: no one, no one at all has any idea how things will turn out", said Martin Amis.

Postmodernism became the name for the new literary movement. It tended to reevaluate the successes of the earlier phases of literary history because it first appeared at the end of the century and the beginning of the millennium. One modern academic claimed that postmodernist literature is characterized by a mistrust of big, or "master," tales. By this, he meant a skepticism toward all significant works of literature about man and society, whose theories appeared to be refuted by the realities of the 20th century. The upshot of this skepticism and reevaluation was the parodying of earlier works. However, parody did not always imply criticizing them. Most frequently, it took the form of revision, employing old themes, imagery, and characters to create fresh literary works with fresh viewpoints on perennial issues. "Books always speak of other books, and every story tells a story that has already been told," as one of the authors put it. These included pictures could be explicit or implicit, but they were always vividly obvious.

The interplay of texts is what is referred to as "intertextuality" in this phenomena. Thus, John Fowles' 1969 novel *The French Lieutenant's* Woman, one of the first to exhibit postmodernist characteristics, is entirely based on comparisons with authors from the 19th century. His characters share similarities with those of Dickens, Thackeray, Bronte, and Hardy, and the book is replete with references to and quotations from the writings of writers, poets, sociologists, and intellectuals from the past, including Charles Darwin, Karl Marx, Mathew Arnold, Alfred Tennyson, and others. "Pastiche" is the term for literary works that incorporate aspects from other works. Postmodernist writers frequently made reference to Shakespeare's work. The Tempest has echoes in The Collector and The Magus by Fowles, The Sea, the Sea and The Philosopher's Pupil by Iris Murdoch, Wise Children by Angela Carter, The Black Prince by Iris Murdoch, Romeo and Juliet in Ben Okri's Dangerous Love, and other works.

There have also been revisions and rewrites of other great English literary masterpieces. Emma Tennant rewrote W. Golding's Lord of the Flies, which is a parody of J. Ballantyne's book The Coral Island, in her book The Queen of Stones, which is about a group of young girls who become separated from their instructor and get lost in the mist. Then, acting out the tale of Queen Elisabeth and her niece Mary Stuart, they devised a game in which they executed the most common and wretched of them. The Bible is equally popular among postmodernist authors. A woodworm tells the tale of Noah's Ark at the beginning of John Bames' book The History of the World in 10 1/2 Chapters. Michele Roberts adapted the tale of Mary Magdalene for The Wild Girl while utilizing the same biblical chapter in The Book of Mrs. Noah. The Book of Job, one of the most outstanding sections of the Old Testament, served as the foundation for Muriel Spark's novel The Only Problem. In his book The Quarantine, Jim Crace also rewrote the account of Christ's temptations in the desert.

The self-reflexive or metafictional nature of many postmodernist works implies that they address the challenges of novel writing. These novels typically feature authors or poets as the main characters. Novels like Daniel Martin (1977), Mantissa (1982), and The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde (1983) by John Fowles and Peter Ackroyd are representative of this.

The relationship between literature and history is one of the central concerns of postmodernist writing. According to postmodernists, the distinction between literature and history has become exceedingly hazy because everything in this world, including history, may be considered as a text. Both of them are intertextual and rely on old literature. Postmodernists are passionate about reassessing history, providing their own interpretation of historical facts and events, and fusing fact with fiction, like in The French Lieutenant's Woman. In his book Losing Nelson, Barry Unsworth critically analyzes the creation of historical tales as well as the concept of the British national hero.

British postmodernist prose's historicism differs from the conventional approach to the past. Contrary to W. Scott and his followers, modern authors do not attempt to completely remove their readers from the present by submerging them in the past. Instead, they repeatedly remind readers of it and emphasize how tightly related the present and past are. The ways that history is handled in postmodernist literature are quite varied. John Fowles repeatedly makes comparisons between the past and the present in his 19th-century novel The French Lieutenant's Woman to emphasize how, in essence, human nature doesn't change. The House of Dr. Dee by Peter Ackroyd is built on the overlapping monologues of two protagonists: our modern day protagonist and his 16th century counterpart. In 10 1/2 chapters, Julian Barnes was able to "squeeze" the entire history of the earth. In the book The Collector by Tibor Fischer, an old talking bowl tells its owner about its lengthy past.

The Second World War is one of the most significant historical themes. It is frequently used by authors in an effort to bring humanity's tragic past to mind and in the belief that doing so may help to avert future global catastrophes. Empire of the Sun, an autobiographical novel by James Ballard, tells the dramatic story of an English teen's time spent under Japanese captivity in China. Kazuo Ishiguro explores the effects of the war on persons who were not even actively involved in it in his two novels, A Pale

View of Hills and An Artist in the Floating World. Several books, like Time's Arrow by M. Amis and Too Many Men by Lily Brett, denounce the Holocaust's atrocities.

Postmodernist authors nevertheless make an effort to avoid imposing their opinions on their readers, especially when writing about overtly moral matters; they seem to leave it up to their audience to make up their own minds. Some postmodernist scholars referred to the "death of the author" in modern literature as a result of the message's ambiguity and room for interpretation. By this, they meant that the reader, not the author, "owns" a piece of writing. One of the "games" that authors might play with their audience is indeterminacy. Another type of game is "an open end," when the author offers multiple possible conclusions for his works or leaves the reader in the dark regarding the destiny of his characters. The use of many narrators, or having various characters tell various versions of the same events, produces a similar outcome by compelling readers to construct their own interpretations of the plot.

Contemporary literature's shape is also impacted by uncertainty. Postmodernist writers frequently mix aspects from several literary styles and genres. Philosophy may coexist with detective stories, historical details, and documentary material, just as it can with horror story elements and documentary information. As a result, the traditional distinction between high and mass culture has vanished. In other words, as one critic put it, "anything goes."

Metropolitan British writers no longer predominate in today's literature. At the close of the 20th century, immigrants and persons born in its former colonies both contributed to the British literary world. With their national themes and distinctive writing styles, authors like V. S. Naipaul (from Trinidad), Salman Rushdie (from India), Ben Okri (from Nigeria), Kazuo Ishiguro (from Japan), and others have injected new life into English literature. The term "postcolonial literature" refers to this recent development.

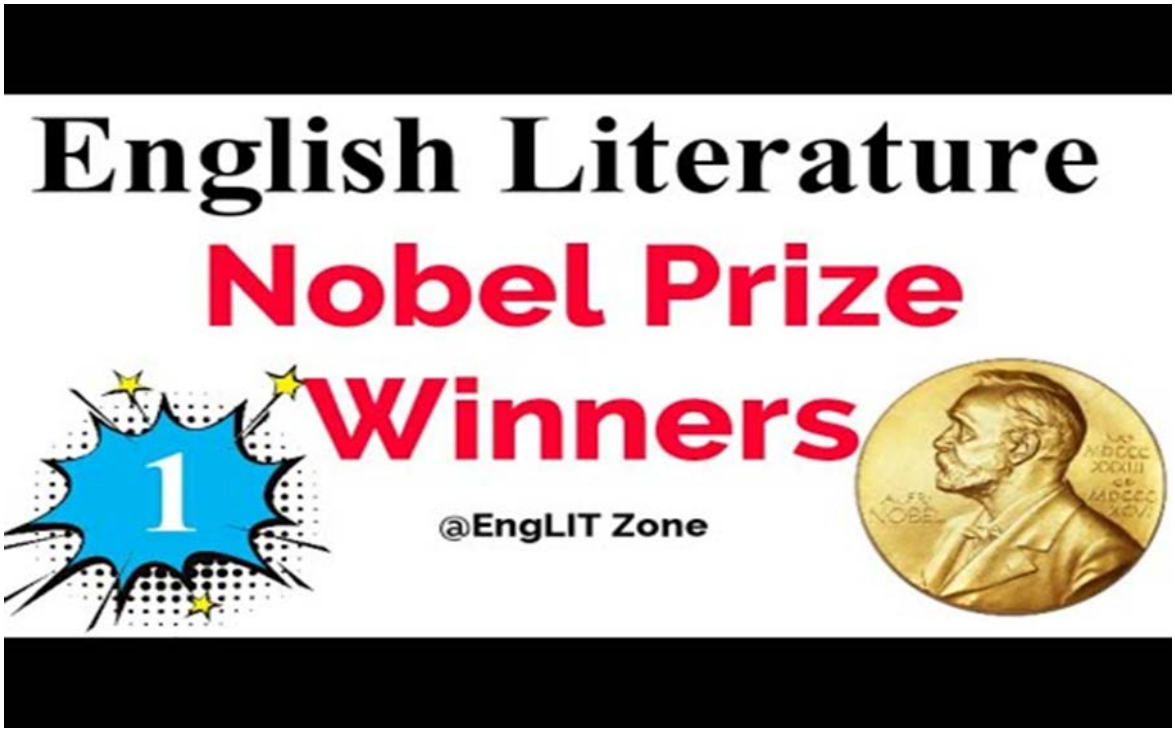
The Theatre of the Absurd and the Theatre of Menace are two of the most famous plays from the middle of the 1960s through the 1970s. We just must name Harold Pinter, Tom Stoppard, and Edward Bond as notable playwrights. Their plays have intricate metaphorical structures and are rife with underlying themes, analogies, and psychological undertones.

Adrian Mitchell, Ted Hughes, and Philip Larkin are examples of contemporary English poets.

Lecture 7. Defining English Literature: Nobel Prize Winners in English Literature and Their Works

1. Introduction
2. British Nobel Prize Winners
3. The USA Nobel Prize Winners
4. Other English speaking countries Nobel Prize Winners

Nobel Prize Winners in English Literature | Nobel Prize/English Literature



1. Introduction

English-language Nobel Laureates in Literature from 1901 through 2021, along with the literary categories in which each winner attained widespread acclaim.

One of the five awards created by Swedish entrepreneur Alfred Nobel's testament in 1895 is the Nobel Prize in Literature. The Swedish Academy gives out the most distinguished literary award in the world each year. According to Alfred Nobel, the prize is given to a writer from any nation who has created "in the field of literature the most outstanding work in an ideal direction." Sully Prudhomme, a French poet and essayist, received it for the first time in 1901. In 2018, the prize has not been given out.

2. British Nobel Prize Winners

English literature has long held a disproportionately prominent position on the world stage because to famous authors like William Shakespeare and Charles Dickens who gave the English literary legacy a luster it still possesses today. Even for people who are familiar with the United Kingdom's creative output, the British Nobel Prize winners for literature serve as an example of this.

The broad list of British authors who have won the Nobel Prize for Literature illustrates how English literature has changed throughout the course of the 20th

century, becoming increasingly inclusive and diverse. The list contains a number of authors who were born abroad but eventually made England their home and had a significant influence on English literature, as well as authors who work in the fields of drama, history, philosophy, and poetry in addition to fiction and poetry. The fact that each of these authors established their own criteria for what constitutes English literature and so defined their own picture of England is what unites them.

Rudyard Kipling (1864-1936)

As the first recipient from the British Isles and the first author writing in the English language, Kipling received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907. As a result of his obsessive zeal for the British Empire, Kipling has come to represent a certain kind of late-Victorian Englishness for many people. Indeed, Kipling spent most of his life writing about the Empire and was born in Bombay, which was at the time a significant center of the British Raj. The White Man's Burden (1899), If (1910), Mandalay (1890), and Gunga Din (1890) were among the works that emphasized the imperial accomplishments and the valor of British armies in overcoming native enemies. Although the literary worth of Kipling's work has rarely been contested, in later decades he was derided as a propagandist for British Imperialism who cared little for the rights of the numerous peoples that inhabited the Empire. His children's books, like The Jungle Book, which is still read by many people, are likely what people remember him for most lovingly.

William Butler Yeats, an Irish poet, dramatist, and prose writer who was one of the finest English-language poets of the 20th century. He was born in Sandymount, Dublin, Ireland, on June 13, 1865, and died in Roquebrune-Cap-Martin, France, on January 28, 1939. In 1923, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

George Bernard Shaw, Irish comedic dramatist, literary critic, and socialist propagandist was born in Dublin, Ireland, on July 26, 1856, and passed away in Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire, England, on November 2, 1950. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925.

John Galsworthy (1897-1933)

John Galsworthy, who received in 1932, the year before he passed away, was the following British author to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was a very prominent dramatist and author in his time, best known for The Forsyte Saga and its sequels A Modern Comedy and End of the Chapter. The complicated lives of an affluent British family who are plagued by issues were presented in this series of novels. Being from a farming family, the family is regarded as nouveaux riches, and the novels are partially an astutely observed parody on the intricacies of the British class system. Galsworthy was not only very well-liked and honored for his literary accomplishments by the Nobel committee, but he also caused controversy. He was considered as an outdated remnant of the Victorian era by the newer generation of modernist writers who rose to prominence in the early 20th century.

T.S. Eliot (1888-1965)

T.S. Eliot, an American who lived in Britain for the majority of his adult life before naturalizing as a British citizen, is recognized as one of the most important authors of the 20th century. Eliot received the award in 1948, by which time he had established himself as a major presence in the British literary community and a role model for a number of upcoming poets. Eliot was born in St. Louis, Missouri, but moved to Europe in his early twenties. He first resided in Paris, then moved to London, where he met Ezra Pound. Together, they would transform literature in the 20th century, eschewing the stuffy realism of their forebears in favor of a modernist stream-of-consciousness approach that highlighted the cracks in personal viewpoint. Eliot's most famous works of his early period were The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, a satire of modern ennui, and The Waste Land, an apocalyptic epic in which Eliot channelled the disillusionment of his generation and the horror of World War One. Eliot's works, along with other modernist classics such as James Joyce's Ulysses and Virginia Woolf's Mrs Dalloway, changed the trajectory of English literature irrevocably.

Bertrand Russell (1872-1970)

In 1950, Bertrand Russell won the Nobel Prize for Literature for his philosophical publications as opposed to his works of fiction. One of the most important philosophers of the early 20th century, he created a new approach to philosophical inquiry that he named "analytic philosophy" through his work. This gave formal logic, linguistic analysis, and rigorous argumentation more weight. Russell's most well-known philosophical writings are Principia Mathematica, which he co-wrote with A.N. Whitehead and was published from 1910 to 1913, and On Denoting, which he published in 1905. Along with pursuing a career in philosophy, Russell was active in politics and society, advocating for nonviolence and, in his later years, nuclear disarmament. He published A History of Western Philosophy in 1945, a book that had a significant impact on the development of Western philosophy and was mentioned when he received the Nobel Prize.

Winston Churchill (1874-1965)

Former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill is a legendary figure in British history who is most known for leading the country during World War II. Churchill had a successful writing career in addition to his political career. He was an enthusiastic historian. He published a number of highly regarded books during his career despite his official duties as prime minister. These include The Second World War, an insider's account of the British war effort, Marlborough: His Life and Times, a biography of Churchill's ancestor the Duke of Marlborough, and A History of the English-Speaking Peoples, a four volume history of Britain from Roman times to the early 20th century. Although many people have claimed that the latter piece is weakened by Churchill's key position in the action, it was recognized when he was awarded the Nobel Prize. In 1953, he was given the Nobel Prize for "his mastery of historical and biographical description as well as for brilliant oratory in defending exalted human values," according to the Nobel Committee.

William Golding (1911-1993)

In 1983, Golding won the Nobel Prize for Literature and at the time was regarded as one of the greatest English authors of the 20th century. With the release of his first book, Lord of the Flies, a terrifying allegorical story of shipwrecked youngsters that was shocking at the time for its grim portrayal of human bestiality, he rose to fame in the early 1950s. This book served as the catalyst for Golding's later stylistic and thematic obsessions, including his propensity for using allegory and his unrelenting pessimism over the nature of civilization. Initially a failure, Lord of the Flies eventually won praise as one of the greatest works of the 20th century and a keen insight into post-war civilization. The Inheritors (1955), The Spire (1964), and Rites of Passage (1980), which won the Man Booker Prize, were among the critically regarded books by Golding that came after it. Golding continues to be one of the most well-known writers in England, especially now that Lord of the Flies is a staple of secondary school curricula in both the US and the UK.

Harold Pinter (1930-2008)

Pinter is recognized with resurrecting British drama. He would go on to dominate the English theatre scene in the second half of the 20th century. When he received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2005, the Nobel Prize committee said that his plays "uncover the precipice under everyday prattle and forces entry into oppression's closed rooms." His works were praised for their psychological understanding and their frightening features. In addition, Pinter's writings indicated a strong political commitment that he also demonstrated in other facets of his life, most notably by refusing to serve in the British military for his National Service in the 1950s and by engaging in arduous political activism in his later years. He actively advocated for the right to free speech, the cessation of war, and the second Iraq War. The Birthday Party (1957), The Homecoming (1964), and Betrayal (1978) are among of Pinter's best-known works.

Samuel Beckett received the 1969 Nobel Prize in Literature "for his writing, which - in new forms for the novel and drama - in the destitution of modern man acquires its elevation." Samuel Beckett Life: April 13, 1906, to December 22, 1989 Country of origin: Ireland He was an Irish playwright, critic, and novelist. He spent the majority of his time in Paris and wrote in both French and English. His most well-known works include a trilogy of 1950s-era poems and well-known plays like Waiting for Godot.

Harold Pinter received the 2005 Nobel Prize for Literature, which was given to a writer "who in his plays uncovers the precipice under everyday practice and forces entry into oppression's closed rooms." Henrik Pinter Duration of life: 10 October 1930 to 24 December 2008 Identity: British He was an actor, dramatist, director, and screenwriter from England. He became well-known throughout the world as one of the most difficult and complex playwrights to follow World War II.

Doris Lessing (1919-2013)

When Lessing received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2007, she was 88 years old and the oldest recipient of the award in history. She left Africa to pursue a writing career even though she was born in Iran and reared in Zimbabwe, which at the time was part of the British colony of Southern Rhodesia. She also left behind her two young children. She relocated to London, where The Grass is Singing, her debut book, was published in 1950. This work, which the author based on her youth in Africa, caused a frightening sensation when it was first published because of its candid portrayal of racial relations in the British colony. The Golden Notebook, Lessing's third book, which was published in 1962, would surpass its fame. For Lessing, this represented a thematic turning point, and its portrayal of female sexuality and the women's movement was incredibly subversive at the time. Throughout her career, Lessing would publish a number of other critically regarded books, such as Memoirs of a Survivor (1974), The Good Terrorist (1985), and The Sweetest Dream (2001).

Kazuo Ishiguro received the 2017 Nobel Prize in Literature for "unveiling the abyss beneath our illusory sense of connection with the world in novels of great emotional force." Ishiguro Kazuo b. November 8, 1954 Identity: British He is a British novelist, scriptwriter, and short-story author of Japanese descent. He is a well-known writer of modern fiction and was awarded the Man Booker prize in 1989 for his book "The Remains of the Day."

3. The USA Nobel Prize Winners

The foremost American playwright and 1936 Nobel Prize winner for literature was **Eugene O'Neill**, whose full name is **Eugene Gladstone O'Neill** (born October 16, 1888, New York, New York, U.S.—died November 27, 1953, Boston, Massachusetts). A long list of his excellent pieces, including Beyond the Horizon (1920), Anna Christie (1922), Strange Interlude (1928), Ah! Wilderness (1933), and The Iceman Cometh (1946), culminate in his masterwork, Long Day's Journey into Night, which was staged posthumously in 1956.

Ernest Hemingway, Ernest whose full name is Ernest Miller Hemingway, was an American novelist and short-story writer who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954. He was born on July 21, 1899, in Cicero, Illinois, now known as Oak Park, and passed away on July 2, 1961, in Ketchum, Idaho. He was renowned for his writing's fierce masculinity as well as for his exciting and well-documented life. His concise and clear prose had a significant impact on 20th-century American and British fiction.

For his "realistic and imaginative writings, combining as they do sympathetic humour and keen social perception," **John Steinbeck** received the 1962 Nobel Prize in Literature. Steinbeck, John From February 27, 1902 to December 20, 1968, he lived. American nationality is required. He wrote novels and was American. His writings, which are regarded as classics of western literature, highlighted farmers' struggles.

Saul Bellow received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976 "for the human understanding and subtle analysis of contemporary culture that are combined in his work." Bellow, Saul Lifetime: 5 April 2005 – 10 June 1915 American nationality is

required. The modern urban man, alienated from society but not destroyed in soul, was represented in his novels by this Canadian-American author.

Czeslaw Milosz received the 1980 Nobel Prize in Literature because he "voices man's exposed condition in a world of severe conflicts" with unwavering clarity. Czeslaw Milosz was a Polish national who lived from 30 June 1911 until 14 August 2004. He was a writer, critic, and translator who was Polish-American. His poetry featured political and philosophical issues and were known for their classical elegance. His 1953 book "The Captive Mind" is regarded as a classic of anti-Stalinism.

The 1993 Nobel Prize in Literature went to **Toni Morrison,** "who in novels characterized by visionary force and poetic import, gives life to an essential aspect of American reality." Morrison, Toni Years: 18 February 1931 American nationality is required. She is a writer, editor, and novelist from the United States. Her works explore the black experience and honor black culture. She had already received the American book award and the Pulitzer Prize for Beloved in 1988.

Seamus Heaney received the 1995 Nobel Prize "for works of lyrical beauty and ethical depth, which exalt everyday miracles and the living past." Heaney, Seamus life span: from April 13, 1939, to August 30, 2013. Country of origin: Ireland He was an Irish poet, playwright, and translator who is credited with being one of the major influences on poetry during his lifetime.

Bob Dylan received the 2016 Nobel Prize in Literature "for having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition." John Lennon American nationality; born May 24, 1941. He is acclaimed as the "Shakespeare" of his day and is an American musician, songwriter, author, and artist. He performs music in the folk, blues, rock, gospel, and country genres. With the sale of more than 100 million records, he is one of the most successful musicians.

The American poet **Louise Glück**, whose full name is **Louise Elisabeth Glück**, was given the 2020 Nobel Prize in Literature. She was born in New York City on April 22, 1943, and her willingness to confront the terrible, the challenging, and the painful led to a body of work that was characterized by insight and a severe lyricism. The Nobel Prize in Literature was given to her in 2020, with the citation "for her unmistakable poetic voice that with austere beauty makes individual existence universal."

4. Other English speaking countries Nobel Prize Winners

Patrick White received the 1973 Nobel Prize in writing "for an epic and psychological narrative art which has introduced a new continent into literature." Patrick White Life: from May 28, 1912, to September 30, 1990 Australian nationality. The first Australian to win the Nobel Prize in literature, he was an Australian novelist and dramatist. His writing has been characterized as unique and rich in myth, metaphor, and allegory.

The 1991 Nobel Prize in Literature was given to ***Nadine Gordimer***, "who through her magnificent epic writing has - in Alfred Nobel's words - been of very great benefit to humanity." Gordimer, Nadine 20 November 1923–13 July 2014 was her entire life span. Identity: South African. She was a political activist, author, and short

story writer from South Africa. She made works that dealt with racial and moral themes in apartheid South Africa as a vocal member of the anti-apartheid movement.

For "a poetic oeuvre of great luminosity, sustained by a historical vision, the result of a multicultural commitment," ***Derek Walcott*** received the 1992 Nobel Prize in Literature. Walcott, Derek From 23 January 1930 until 17 March 2017, 86 years of age Country of origin: Saint Lucia. He was a dramatist and poet from West Indies known for his colorful depictions of Caribbean culture. He produced 30 plays and more than 15 books of poetry.

John M. Coetzee was given the 2003 Nobel Prize in Literature because he "portrays the surprising involvement of the outsider in numerous guises." Coetzee, John M. born on February 9th, 1940; South African nationality. He is a translator, author, and critic from South Africa. In his writings, he has employed allegory to analyze South Africa's apartheid system and subsequent post-apartheid transition.

Elfriede Jelinek received the 2004 Nobel Prize in Literature "for her musical flow of voices and counter-voices in novels and plays that with extraordinary linguistic zeal reveal the absurdity of society's clichés and their subjugating power." Jelinek, Elfriede b. on October 20, 1946 Australian nationality She is a playwright and novelist from Austria. Her writing emphasizes the sex disparity and the powerlessness of women frequently.

The 2013 Nobel Prize in Literature was to ***Alice Munro***, the "master of the contemporary short story." Ida Munro born on July 10, 1931; Canadian nationality. She is a short story author from Canada. The structure of short stories has reportedly changed as a result of her work. For her lifetime of work, she had already received the Man Booker International Prize in 2009.

Due to the sex scandal at the Swedish Academy, the prize was not given out in 2018. (Нобелівську премію з літератури у 2018 році не вручатимуть – DW – 04.05.2018).

Abdulrazak Gurnah, a British author of Tanzanian descent who was born in Zanzibar (now in Tanzania) in 1948 and has written books about the effects of colonialism, the experience of refugees, and global displacement, received the 2021 Nobel Prize in Literature. In 2021, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

https://www.britannica.com/topic/Winners-of-the-Nobel-Prize-for-Literature-1856938

1907	Rudyard Kipling	U.K.	poet, novelist
1925	George Bernard Shaw	Ireland	dramatist
1930	Sinclair Lewis	U.S.	novelist
1932	John Galsworthy	U.K.	novelist
1936	Eugene O'Neill	U.S.	dramatist
1938	Pearl Buck	U.S.	novelist
1949	William Faulkner	U.S.	novelist
1950	Bertrand Russell	U.K.	philosopher
1953	Sir Winston Churchill	U.K.	historian, orator
1954	Ernest Hemingway	U.S.	novelist
1955	Halldór Laxness	Iceland	novelist

1962	John Steinbeck	U.S.	novelist
1969	Samuel Beckett	Ireland	novelist, dramatist
1976	Saul Bellow	U.S.	novelist
1978	Isaac Bashevis Singer	U.S.	novelist
1980	Czesław Miłosz	U.S.	poet
1983	Sir William Golding	U.K.	novelist
1991	Nadine Gordimer	South Africa	novelist
1993	Toni Morrison	U.S.	novelist
1995	Seamus Heaney	Ireland	poet
2001	Sir V.S. Naipaul	Trinidad	novelist
2003	J.M. Coetzee	South Africa	novelist
2005	Harold Pinter	U.K.	dramatist
2007	Doris Lessing	U.K.	novelist
2013	Alice Munro	Canada	short-story writer
2016	Bob Dylan	U.S.	singer, songwriter
2017	Kazuo Ishiguro	U.K.	novelist
2020	Louise Glück	U.S.	poet
2021	Abdulrazak Gurnah	Tanz.	novelist

PRACTICAL LESSONS

Practical lesson 1. The English Modernist Literature: main traits. Virginia Woolf. About Virginia Woolf

1. Strokes to the biography.
2. Features of modernism in the works of Virginia Woolf.
3. "Mrs. Dalloway", "Flush: A Biography"
4. Virginia Woolf's essay "A Room of One's Own"
5. Michael Cunningham's novel "Hours"

Tasks

1. Describe the characteristics of modernism in Virginia Woolf's writing.
- writings in which "stream of consciousness" is predominant
- books with a strong autobiographical element
- works in which the author imitates other authors
2. Why are the novels "Mrs. Dalloway" and "The Flash" combined into one issue?
- draw a graphic of the characters' emotional acuity (darker sectors indicate more negative feelings from specific characters; larger sectors indicate more emotions).
3. Cite five to six passages from "A Room of One's Own" by Virginia Woolf.
4. Conduct a SWOT analysis of the main characters in "Hours" by Michael Cunningham.

https://naurok.com.ua/swot-analiz-golovnih-gero-v-romanu-maykla-kannigema-godini-172745.html

З 60-х років минулого століття й донині SWOT-аналіз широко застосовується у процесі стратегічного планування, що полягає в розділенні чинників і явищ на чотири категорії: сильних (Strengths) і слабких (Weaknesses) сторін проекту, можливостей (Opportunities), що відкриваються при його реалізації, та загроз (Threats), пов'язаних з його здійсненням. SWOT-аналіз головних героїв художніх творів допоможе вам краще зрозуміти їх внутрішній світ, що в свою чергу сприяє кращому розумінню та глибшому засвоєнню проблем які порушує автор.

Virginia Woolf representative
A) expressionism
B) impressionism
C) modernism
D) postmodernism

The writer started a literary direction
A) Vitaism
B) existentialism

C) psychologism
D) "stream of consciousness"

To whom Virginia Woolf promised "the crown of celibacy"
A) to friend Vita
B) to sister Stella
C) to sister Vanessa
D) to brother Thoby

The Wolf couple founded
A) shelter for the homeless
B) humanist journal
C) private publishing house
D) ostrich farm

How did the writer's life end?
A) in the family circle with children
B) in loneliness and oblivion
C) by suicide
D) on a deserted island

Practical lesson 2. Utopia & Dystopia in Contemporary English Literature. George Orwell and Aldous Huxley's work

1. Utopia as a genre.
2. Dystopia.
3. Biography of George Orwell.
4. Creativity of the author.
5. The novel "1984".
6. Biography of Aldous Huxley.
7. Creativity of the writer.
8. Dystopian social science fiction novel “Brave New World”

Tasks

1. Describe the characteristics of the utopia genre in brief.
A) list the authors who have written in this genre.
B) what types of works consider to be utopian?

2. What unites or distinguishes utopia from dystopia?
A) describe the literary period during which dystopia first appeared.
B) list some examples of works in the dystopian genre.

3. Conduct a SWOT analysis of the characters in "1984" by J. Orwell.

4. Create a mental map of "Brave New World" by Aldous Huxley.

5. 5. Outline the main characteristics of George Orwell's work
- which of the author's works is devoted to the Spanish Civil War?
- in what literary works is the topic of totalitarianism addressed?
- why is the 1945 fairy tale "Animal Farm" regarded as the author's pinnacle achievement?

6. Test tasks
The real name of George Orwell
A) Eric Arthur Blair
B) Erich Maria Remarque
C) Gabriel Garcia Marquez

What family did George Orwell come from?
A) "lower-upper-middle class"
B) working class
C) peasant

In what field did George Orwell work for a long time
A) scientific
B) journalism

C) medical

Which of Orwell's famous terms has been introduced into political language
A) "cold war"
B) "anti-Hitler coalition"
C) "pro-European alliance"

Which of George Orwell's works ridicules the totalitarianism of the USSR
A) “Keep the Aspidistra Flying” (**«Нехай квітне аспідистра» фікус)**
B) "Coming Up for Air” (“Ковтнути повітря”)
B) "1984"

Among t Aldous Huxley's close relatives were:
A) Artists, historians, biologists
B) Engineers, inventors, astronauts
C) Military, ministers, politicians

Why Aldous Huxley was not drafted into the army during the First World War.
A) because of a lung disease
B) because of a heart disease
C) due to vision problems

At what age did the writer write his first (unpublished) novel
A) 16 years old
B) 17 years old
B) 18 years old

What scandal is connected with the release of the novel “Brave New World” by Aldous Huxley
A) allegations of plagiarism
B) financial affairs
C) accusations of plagiarism

Practical lesson 3. Differences Between Science Fiction and Fantasy. The works of Herbert Wells and John Ronald Reuel Tolkien

1. Science fiction. Sci-fi.
2. Fantasy literature.
3. Biography of Herbert Wells.
4. Review of creativity.
5. The short stories "The Stolen Bacillus (Викрадена бацила)", "The Magic Shop"(Чарівна крамниця), "The Triumphs of a Taxidermist" (Тріумф таксидерміста), "The Flowering of the Strange Orchid" (Цвітіння Дивної орхідеї"), "The Door in the Wall"(Двері у стіні) and others.
6. Biography of John Ronald Reuel Tolkien.
7. Tolkien and fantasy literature.
8. "The Hobbit, or There and Back Again" («Гобіт, або Туди і звідти», варіант перекладу – «Гобіт, або Мандрівка за Імлисті гори»)

Questions. Tasks.

1. Give Herbert Wells's birth and death dates. Which century is the author's work from?

2. Describe Herbert Wells's work's main phases.

3. Note any memorable quotes from the short stories "The Stolen Bacillus (Викрадена бацила)", "The Magic Shop"(Чарівна крамниця), "The Triumphs of a Taxidermist" (Тріумф таксидерміста), "The Flowering of the Strange Orchid" (Цвітіння Дивної орхідеї"), "The Door in the Wall"(Двері у стіні) and others.

4.Mention John Ronald Reuel Tolkien's birth and passing years. Which century is the author's work from?

5. Create a crossword puzzle using the theme "Tolkien. Fantasy. Writings"

6. Create a character pyramid for "The Hobbit, or There and Back Again"

Tests

Who is considered the predecessor of Herbert Wells in the genre of science fiction? (Some variants are possible)

A) Jules Verne
B) Percy Bysshe Shelley
C) John Keats
D) Mary Shelley
E) Edgar Allan Poe

Herbert Wells wrote: (Some variants are possible)

A) Science fiction novels
B) Utopian novels
C) Novels of social realism
D) Poems
E) Fantasy novels

Herbert Wells worked for some time as (Some variants are possible)
A) a journalist
B) a teacher
C) an editor of the magazine

Herbert Wells admired
A) Natural sciences
B) Humanities
C) Philosophy

Tolkien is considered the founder of
A) Science fiction genre
B) Genre of dystopia
C) High fantasy genre

In what field did John Ronald Reuel Tolkien work?
A) Scientific
B) Medical
C) Political

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien: (Some variants are possible)
A) worked at the Oxford English Dictionary
B) researched the stages of society formation
C) was engaged in theology
D) translated “Beowulf”

The main theme of Tolkien’s creativity
A) social upheavals and global cataclysms
B) the aesthetics of individual mythmaking
C) a political and state utopia

Which of John Ronald Reuel Tolkien's children was involved in creativity and popularized his literary heritage?
A) John Francis Reuel Tolkien
B) Michael Hilary Reuel Tolkien
C) Christopher John Ruel Tolkien
D) Priscilla Mary Anne Reuel Tolkien

Practical lesson 4. Modern English Philosophical (Intellectual) novel. The work of William Golding and Iain Banks

1. Philosophical (Intellectual) novel. Characteristics.
2. Bildungsroman. Main features.
3. William Golding. Strokes to the biography.
4. Creativity of the author.
5. The novel "Lord of the Flies".
6. Ian Banks. Biography
7. Bildungsroman "The Wasp Factory"

Questions. Tasks.

1. What factors influenced William Golding's worldview and literary preferences? Please elaborate on the query:
   - origin
   - education
   - winning the Nobel Prize
   - aristocratic title.
2. What qualifies William Golding's books as existential mythological works?
- why was it called parables by the author?
- why is he referred to as the most controversial English author of the 20th century?
3. Write a crossword puzzle based on "Lord of the Flies" by William Golding.
4. Which of the events in Ian Banks' life story do you find to be the most intriguing, unique, paradoxical, unfair, etc.?

When did the book "The Wasp Factory" come out?

Make a table of characters' characteristics

Take note of the quotations that inspire you (8–10 quotes).

Tests

A philosophical novel has at least 2 levels:

A) notional
B) theological
C) philosophical
D) physiologic

Mainly philosophical novels fall into 2 groups (types):

A) Thrillers
B) Discussions
C) Horror
D) Parables
E) Historical

Symbolism and allegory are the chief literary devices in the philosophical novel. True or false?

A) True
B) False

Anachronism and Irony are the chief literary devices in the philosophical novel. True or false?

A) True

B) False

Sir William Gerald Golding - English novelist who in 1983 won the _____ Prize for Literature for his parables of the human condition. Nobel

To whom does the quote belong "... man produces evil as a bee produces honey..."?

A) Iris Murdoch

B) William Golding

C) Virginia Woolf

D) George Orwell

To whom does the quote belong "Big Brother is watching you"?

A) Iris Murdoch

B) William Golding

C) Virginia Woolf

D) George Orwell

Who is the author of the novel "The Wasp Factory"?

A) Iain Banks

B) William Golding

C) George Orwell

D) Joanne Rowling

Who is the main character in Iain Banks' novel "The Wasp Factory"?

A) Big Brother

B) a psychopathic teenager

C) a young wizard

D) an upper-class woman

Nineteen Eighty-Four (*1984*) is a dystopian social science fiction novel by George Orwell

Big Brother

The Wasp Factory is the novel by Iain Banks

a psychopathic teenager

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone is a fantasy novel by J. K. Rowling.

a young wizard

Mrs Dalloway is a novel by Virginia Woolf,

an upper-class woman

Practical lesson 5. Basic features of Postmodernism in English literature. John Fowles's work

1. Postmodernism in art.
2. Postmodernism in English literature.
3. J. Fowles. Strokes for a portrait (biography, creativity).
4. The works "The Magus", "The French Lieutenant's Woman", "The Collector" (optional).

Tasks

1. Describe the characteristics of postmodernism in art briefly.
2. Describe the characteristics of English literature's postmodernism.

A) list the authors considered postmodernists.

B) which works are regarded as postmodern?

3. What unites or contrasts modernism and postmodernism?

A) what stage of the evolution of literature did modernism and postmodernism emerge at?

B) what works were produced throughout each movement?

4. Describe the characteristics of postmodernism in John Fowles' writing.
5. Create a crossword puzzle based on the content of the selected work

Tests

John Robert Fowles is an English writer

A) utopian

B) modernist

C) postmodernist

D) existentialist

Being a student at the University of Edinburgh, in 1945 John Fowles left his studies for

A) travel

B) military career

C) commercial activity

D) marriage

In 1950-60, John Robert Fowles worked

A) a teacher of English

B) a magazine editor

C) a military attaché

D) merchant

The debut work of the writer is a novel "The French Lieutenant's Woman"

True or false?

A) True

B) False

Which of the writer's novels brought him world fame and were adapted as a feature film?

A) "The Magus"

B) "Daniel Martin"

B) "Collector”

D) "The French Lieutenant's Wife"

John Robert Fowles (31 March 1926 – 5 November 2005) was an English novelist of international renown, critically positioned between realism and modernism.

True or false?

A) True

B) False

John Robert Fowles (31 March 1926 – 5 November 2005) was an English novelist of international renown, critically positioned between modernism and postmodernism.

True or false?

A) True

B) False

Practical lesson 6. Nobel Prize Winners in English Literature. The work of Kazuo Ishiguro

1. The Nobel Prize: to whom and for what.
2. The Nobel Prize and British literature.
3. Kazuo Ishiguro. Biography and creativity.
4. The novel "Never Let Me Go"

Questions. Tasks.

1. When and where did Kazuo Ishiguro get his start?
2. What was Kazuo Ishiguro's education?
3. What kind of writing did the author begin in?
4. What are your knowledge of Stacey Kent, a jazz singer?
5. Work on "Never Let Me Go" by Kazuo Ishiguro applying Edward de Bono's Six Thinking Hats method.

White hat (thinking) – we focus on the facts. When was the book published, where? When and who translated the book in Ukraine? You can mention the genre and structure.

Red (emotions) – feelings that the book evoked.

Yellow (positive) – discussion of what fascinated, impressed, liked in the work.

Black (criticism) – we analyze what we did not like, what disappointed us, we think that we can change it.

Green (creativity) - discussion of the further fate of the characters.

Blue (summary) - what this book is about. What prompts, motivates?

The Nobel Prize in Literature was first awarded in 1901 to French poet and essayist, Sully Prudhomme.

True or false?

A) True

B) False

The Nobel Prize in Literature was first awarded in 1901 to English journalist, short-story writer, poet, and novelist Rudyard Kipling.

True or false?

A) True

B) False

The Nobel Prize in Literature has not been awarded in 2018

True or false?

A) True

B) False

Nobel Prizes are awarded in the fields of

A) Physics

B) Mathematics

C) Literature
D) Psychology

Which of the British writers was the first to win The Nobel Prize in Literature?
A) William Golding
B) Rudyard Kipling
C) George Bernard Shaw
D) John Galsworthy

“Never Let Me Go” is a 2005 dystopian science fiction novel by British author Kazuo Ishiguro
True or false?
A) True
B) False

“Never Let Me Go” is a 2005 Utopian novel by British author Kazuo Ishiguro
True or false?
A) True
B) False

Practical lesson 7. Contemporary English Literature for Children and Youth. The work of Pamela Lyndon Travers Roald Dahl and J. K. Rowling

1. Features of children's literature.
2. Nonsense in English literature.
3. Pamela Lyndon Travers. Life and creativity.
4. Books about Mary Poppins
5. Life and work of Roald Dahl.
6. "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory"
7. Life and work of J.K. Rowling.
8. Books about Harry Potter

Questions. Tasks.

1. Create a table listing the common characteristics of children's and young adult literature.

2.Describe the meaning of nonsense and cross-sense concept What spheres do these terms belong to?

3. Pamela Lyndon Travers. Life and creativity.

- what is the author's real name?
- when did their literary career start?
- how do idioms and words with figurative meanings fit into the texts?
- why doesn't Mary Poppins give the kids any explanations?
- can we discuss Pamela Travels' esoteric motivations in her works?

4. Write 6-7 quotes from the Mary Poppins book that emphasize the value of communication and understanding amongst people.

5. Create an infographic on Roald Dahl's life and career.

6. Which Roald Dahl novels contain autobiographical material?

- what is known about the writer's professional activity?

– which works combine the real with the fantastic most frequently?

– which of the works by Roald Dahl incorporated folklore?

- why did this author's creative works end up as well-liked movie scripts?
- who contributed to the majority of the author's works?
- what does dialogic text analysis mean to you?

7.Compare the movie Charlie and the Chocolate Factory to the original novel.

8. Describe the range of genres that Roald Dahl's writings.

- make a mental map for one of the stories in the book "Konyak Foxley and other adults story".

9.How do you interpret the phrase "fairy tales for adults" when it refers to fantasy?

- what relationship exists between postmodernism/fairy tale, science fiction, and fantasy?
- what distinguishes a contemporary fairy tale from a fantasy or science fiction?

10. Prove that the Harry Potter novels belong to fantasy literature

- explain the role of titles of these novels

- create a word cloud based on works about Harry Potter (choose one of the books)

Who is J.K. Rowling by profession?
A) journalist
B) a teacher
B) a doctor
D) an actress

In which country did the first pages of the Harry Potter book appear?
A) Great Britain
B) Portugal
C) France
D) America

How many books does the Harry Potter series have?
A) 3
B) 4
B) 6
D) 7

The first edition of "Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone" was released in
A) 1994
B) 1995
B) 1997
D) 2000

APPENDIXES

Rupert Brooke Poems

Peace
by Rupert Brooke

Now, God be thanked who has matched us with his hour,
    And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping!
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
    To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary;
    Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
    And all the little emptiness of love!
Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
    Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
        Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there,
    But only agony, and that has ending;
        And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Source: Poetry (April 1915)

Safety
by Rupert Brooke

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest
    He who has found our hid security,
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,
    And heard our word, 'Who is so safe as we?'
We have found safety with all things undying,
    The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,
    And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.
    We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
    Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

The Dead
by Rupert Brooke

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
    Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
    And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
    Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
    Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
    Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
    Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Source: The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke (1915)

Extract from ‘The Waste Land’ by T. S. Eliot

The Waste Land
(Extract by Faber editor)

Read the extract:
April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm’ aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke’s,
My cousin’s, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

Leda and the Swan
by William Butler Yeats

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.
Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

Source: The Collected Works of W. B. Yeats (Macmillan, 1989).

Sailing to Byzantium
by William Butler Yeats

I
That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
—Those dying generations—at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.

II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,

A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

IV

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Source: The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats (1989)

September 1, 1939
by W. H. Auden

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade:
Waves of anger and fear
Circulate over the bright
And darkened lands of the earth,
Obsessing our private lives;
The unmentionable odour of death
Offends the September night.

Accurate scholarship can
Unearth the whole offence
From Luther until now
That has driven a culture mad,
Find what occurred at Linz,
What huge imago made
A psychopathic god:
I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn,
Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return.

Exiled Thucydides knew
All that a speech can say
About Democracy,
And what dictators do,
The elderly rubbish they talk
To an apathetic grave;
Analysed all in his book,
The enlightenment driven away,
The habit-forming pain,
Mismanagement and grief:
We must suffer them all again.

Into this neutral air
Where blind skyscrapers use
Their full height to proclaim
The strength of Collective Man,

Each language pours its vain
Competitive excuse:
But who can live for long
In an euphoric dream;
Out of the mirror they stare,
Imperialism's face
And the international wrong.

Faces along the bar
Cling to their average day:
The lights must never go out,
The music must always play,
All the conventions conspire
To make this fort assume
The furniture of home;
Lest we should see where we are,
Lost in a haunted wood,
Children afraid of the night
Who have never been happy or good.

The windiest militant trash
Important Persons shout
Is not so crude as our wish:
What mad Nijinsky wrote
About Diaghilev
Is true of the normal heart;
For the error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love
But to be loved alone.

From the conservative dark
Into the ethical life
The dense commuters come,
Repeating their morning vow;
"I will be true to the wife,
I'll concentrate more on my work,"
And helpless governors wake
To resume their compulsory game:
Who can release them now,
Who can reach the deaf,
Who can speak for the dumb?

All I have is a voice

To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual man-in-the-street
And the lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.

Defenceless under the night
Our world in stupor lies;
Yet, dotted everywhere,
Ironic points of light
Flash out wherever the Just
Exchange their messages:
May I, composed like them
Of Eros and of dust,
Beleaguered by the same
Negation and despair,
Show an affirming flame.

Excerpt from ‘A Room with a View’ by E. M. Forster

Read an Excerpt below from ‘A Room with a View’ by E. M. Forster to get a sense of her writing

Chapter One

The Bertolini. The Signora had no business to do it," said Miss Bartlett, "no business at all. She promised us south rooms with a view close together, instead of which here are north rooms, looking into a courtyard, and a long way apart. Oh, Lucy!"

"And a Cockney, besides!" said Lucy, who had been further saddened by the Signora's unexpected accent. "It might be London." She looked at the two rows of English people who were sitting at the table; at the row of white bottles of water and red bottles of wine that ran between the English people; at the portraits of the late Queen and the late Poet Laureate that hung behind the English people, heavily framed; at the notice of the English church (Rev. Cuthbert Eager, M.A. Oxon.), that was the only other decoration of the wall. "Charlotte, don't you feel, too, that we might be in London? I can hardly believe that all kinds of other things are just outside. I suppose it is one's being so tired."

"This meat has surely been used for soup," said Miss Bartlett, laying down her fork.

"I want so to see the Arno. The rooms the Signora promised us in her letter would have looked over the Arno. The Signora had no business to do it at all. Oh, it is a shame!"

"Any nook does for me," Miss Bartlett continued; "but it does seem hard that you shouldn't have a view."

Lucy felt that she had been selfish. "Charlotte, you mustn't spoil me: of course, you must look over the Arno, too. I meant that. The first vacant room in the front–"

"You must have it," said Miss Bartlett, part of whose travelling expenses were paid by Lucy's mother–a piece of generosity to which she made many a tactful allusion.

"No, no. You must have it."

"I insist on it. Your mother would never forgive me, Lucy."

"She would never forgive me."

The ladies' voices grew animated and–if the sad truth be owned–a little peevish. They were tired, and under the guise of unselfishness they wrangled. Some of their neighbours interchanged glances, and one of them–one of the ill-bred people whom one does meet abroad–leant forward over the table and actually intruded into their argument. He said:

"I have a view, I have a view."

Miss Bartlett was startled. Generally at a pension people looked them over for a day or two before speaking, and often did not find out that they would "do" till they had gone. She knew that the intruder was ill-bred, even before she glanced at him. He was an old man, of heavy build, with a fair, shaven face and large eyes. There was something childish in those eyes, though it was not the childishness of senility. What exactly it was Miss Bartlett did not stop to consider, for her glance passed on to his

clothes. These did not attract her. He was probably trying to become acquainted with them before they got into the swim. So she assumed a dazed expression when he spoke to her, and then said: "A view? Oh, a view! How delightful a view is!"

"This is my son," said the old man; "his name's George. He has a view too."

"Ah," said Miss Bartlett, repressing Lucy, who was about to speak.

"What I mean," he continued, "is that you can have our rooms, and we'll have yours. We'll change."

The better class of tourist was shocked at this, and sympathized with the new-comers. Miss Bartlett, in reply, opened her mouth as little as possible, and said:

"Thank you very much indeed; that is out of the question."

"Why?" said the old man, with both fists on the table.

"Because it is quite out of the question, thank you."

"You see, we don't like to take–" began Lucy.

Her cousin again repressed her.

"But why?" he persisted. "Women like looking at a view; men don't." And he thumped with his fists like a naughty child, and turned to his son, saying, "George, persuade them!"

"It's so obvious they should have the rooms," said the son. "There's nothing else to say."

He did not look at the ladies as he spoke, but his voice was perplexed and sorrowful. Lucy, too, was perplexed; but she saw that they were in for what is known as "quite a scene," and she had an odd feeling that whenever these ill-bred tourists spoke the contest widened and deepened till it dealt, not with rooms and views, but with–well, with something quite different, whose existence she had not realized before. Now the old man attacked Miss Bartlett almost violently: Why should she not change? What possible objection had she? They would clear out in half an hour.

Miss Bartlett, though skilled in the delicacies of conversation, was powerless in the presence of brutality. It was impossible to snub any one so gross. Her face reddened with displeasure. She looked around as much as to say, "Are you all like this?" And two little old ladies, who were sitting further up the table, with shawls hanging over the backs of the chairs, looked back, clearly indicating "We are not; we are genteel."

"Eat your dinner, dear," she said to Lucy, and began to toy again with the meat that she had once censured.

Lucy mumbled that those seemed very odd people opposite.

"Eat your dinner, dear. This pension is a failure. Tomorrow we will make a change."

Hardly had she announced this fell decision when she reversed it. The curtains at the end of the room parted, and revealed a clergyman, stout but attractive, who hurried forward to take his place at the table, cheerfully apologizing for his lateness. Lucy, who had not yet acquired decency, at once rose to her feet, exclaiming: "Oh, oh! Why, it's Mr. Beebe! Oh, how perfectly lovely! Oh, Charlotte, we must stop now, however bad the rooms are. Oh!"

Miss Bartlett said, with more restraint:

"How do you do, Mr. Beebe? I expect that you have forgotten us: Miss Bartlett and Miss Honeychurch, who were at Tunbridge Wells when you helped the Vicar of St. Peter's that very cold Easter."

The clergyman, who had the air of one on a holiday, did not remember the ladies quite as clearly as they remembered him. But he came forward pleasantly enough and accepted the chair into which he was beckoned by Lucy.

"I am so glad to see you," said the girl, who was in a state of spiritual starvation, and would have been glad to see the waiter if her cousin had permitted it. "Just fancy how small the world is. Summer Street, too, makes it so specially funny."

"Miss Honeychurch lives in the parish of Summer Street," said Miss Bartlett, filling up the gap, "and she happened to tell me in the course of conversation that you have just accepted the living–"

"Yes, I heard from mother so last week. She didn't know that I knew you at Tunbridge Wells; but I wrote back at once, and I said: 'Mr. Beebe is–' "

"Quite right," said the clergyman. "I move into the Rectory at Summer Street next June. I am lucky to be appointed to such a charming neighbourhood."

"Oh, how glad I am! The name of our house is Windy Corner."

Mr. Beebe bowed.

"There is mother and me generally, and my brother, though it's not often we get him to ch– The church is rather far off, I mean."

"Lucy, dearest, let Mr. Beebe eat his dinner."

"I am eating it, thank you, and enjoying it."

He preferred to talk to Lucy, whose playing he remembered, rather than to Miss Bartlett, who probably remembered his sermons. He asked the girl whether she knew Florence well, and was informed at some length that she had never been there before. It is delightful to advise a new-comer, and he was first in the field.

"Don't neglect the country round," his advice concluded. "The first fine afternoon drive up to Fiesole, and round by Settignano, or something of that sort."

"No!" cried a voice from the top of the table. "Mr. Beebe, you are wrong. The first fine afternoon your ladies must go to Prato."

"That lady looks so clever," whispered Miss Bartlett to her cousin. "We are in luck."

And, indeed, a perfect torrent of information burst on them. People told them what to see, when to see it, how to stop the electric trams, how to get rid of the beggars, how much to give for a vellum blotter, how much the place would grow upon them. The Pension Bertolini had decided, almost enthusiastically, that they would do. Whichever way they looked, kind ladies smiled and shouted at them. And above all rose the voice of the clever lady, crying: "Prato! They must go to Prato. That place is too sweetly squalid for words. I love it; I revel in shaking off the trammels of respectability, as you know."

The young man named George glanced at the clever lady, and then returned moodily to his plate. Obviously he and his father did not do. Lucy, in the midst of her success, found time to wish they did. It gave her no extra pleasure that any one should be left in the cold; and when she rose to go, she turned back and gave the two outsiders a nervous little bow.

The father did not see it; the son acknowledged it, not by another bow, but by raising his eyebrows and smiling; he seemed to be smiling across something.

She hastened after her cousin, who had already disappeared through the curtains–curtains which smote one in the face, and seemed heavy with more than cloth. Beyond them stood the unreliable Signora, bowing good-evening to her guests, and supported by 'Enery, her little boy, and Victorier, her daughter. It made a curious little scene, this attempt of the Cockney to convey the grace and geniality of the South. And even more curious was the drawing-room, which attempted to rival the solid comfort of a Bloomsbury boarding-house. Was this really Italy?

Miss Bartlett was already seated on a tightly stuffed armchair, which had the colour and the contours of a tomato. She was talking to Mr. Beebe, and as she spoke, her long narrow head drove backwards and forwards, slowly, regularly, as though she were demolishing some invisible obstacle. "We are most grateful to you," she was saying. "The first evening means so much. When you arrived we were in for a peculiarly mauvais quart d'heure."

He expressed his regret.

"Do you, by any chance, know the name of an old man who sat opposite us at dinner?"

"Emerson."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"We are friendly–as one is in pensions."

"Then I will say no more."

He pressed her very slightly, and she said more.

"I am, as it were," she concluded, "the chaperon of my young cousin, Lucy, and it would be a serious thing if I put her under an obligation to people of whom we know nothing. His manner was somewhat unfortunate. I hope I acted for the best."

"You acted very naturally," said he. He seemed thoughtful, and after a few moments added: "All the same, I don't think much harm would have come of accepting."

"No harm, of course. But we could not be under an obligation."

"He is rather a peculiar man." Again he hesitated, and then said gently: "I think he would not take advantage of your acceptance, nor expect you to show gratitude. He has the merit–if it is one–of saying exactly what he means. He has rooms he does not value, and he thinks you would value them. He no more thought of putting you under an obligation than he thought of being polite. It is so difficult–at least, I find it difficult–to understand people who speak the truth."

Lucy was pleased, and said: "I was hoping that he was nice; I do so always hope that people will be nice."

"I think he is; nice and tiresome. I differ from him on almost every point of any importance, and so, I expect–I may say I hope–you will differ. But his is a type one disagrees with rather than deplores. When he first came here he not unnaturally put people's backs up. He has no tact and no manners–I don't mean by that that he has bad manners–and he will not keep his opinions to himself. We nearly complained about him to our depressing Signora, but I am glad to say we thought better of it."

"Am I to conclude," said Miss Bartlett, "that he is a Socialist?"

Mr. Beebe accepted the convenient word, not without a slight twitching of the lips.

"And presumably he has brought up his son to be a Socialist, too?"

"I hardly know George, for he hasn't learnt to talk yet. He seems a nice creature, and I think he has brains. Of course, he has all his father's mannerisms, and it is quite possible that he, too, may be a Socialist."

"Oh, you relieve me," said Miss Bartlett. "So you think I ought to have accepted their offer? You feel I have been narrow-minded and suspicious?"

"Not at all," he answered; "I never suggested that."

"But ought I not to apologize, at all events, for my apparent rudeness?"

He replied, with some irritation, that it would be quite unnecessary, and got up from his seat to go to the smoking-room.

"Was I a bore?" said Miss Bartlett, as soon as he had disappeared. "Why didn't you talk, Lucy? He prefers young people, I'm sure. I do hope I haven't monopolized him. I hoped you would have him all the evening, as well as all dinner-time."

"He is nice," exclaimed Lucy. "Just what I remember. He seems to see good in every one. No one would take him for a clergyman."

"My dear Lucia–"

"Well, you know what I mean. And you know how clergymen generally laugh; Mr. Beebe laughs just like an ordinary man."

"Funny girl! How you do remind me of your mother. I wonder if she will approve of Mr. Beebe."

"I'm sure she will; and so will Freddy."

"I think every one at Windy Corner will approve; it is the fashionable world. I am used to Tunbridge Wells, where we are all hopelessly behind the times."

"Yes," said Lucy despondently.

There was a haze of disapproval in the air, but whether the disapproval was of herself, or of Mr. Beebe, or of the fashionable world at Windy Corner, or of the narrow world at Tunbridge Wells, she could not determine. She tried to locate it, but as usual she blundered. Miss Bartlett sedulously denied disapproving of any one, and added: "I am afraid you are finding me a very depressing companion."

And the girl again thought: "I must have been selfish or unkind; I must be more careful. It is so dreadful for Charlotte, being poor."

Excerpt from ‘Sons and Lovers by D. H. Lawrence

Read an Excerpt from ‘Sons and Lovers’ below, by D. H. Lawrence to get a sense of his writing

CHAPTER I. THE EARLY MARRIED LIFE OF THE MORELS

‘THE BOTTOMS’ succeeded to ‘Hell Row”. Hell Row was a block of thatched, bulging cottages that stood by the brookside on Greenhill Lane. There lived the colliers who worked in the little gin-pits two fields away. The brook ran under the alder trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by donkeys that plodded wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of Charles II, the few colliers and the donkeys burrowing down like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadows. And the cottages of these coal-miners, in blocks and pairs here and there, together with odd farms and homes of the stockingers, straying over the parish, formed the village of Bestwood.

Then, some sixty years ago, a sudden change took place. The gin-pits were elbowed aside by the large mines of the financiers. The coal and iron field of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire was discovered. Carston, Waite and Co. appeared. Amid tremendous excitement, Lord Palmerston formally opened the company’s first mine at Spinney Park, on the edge of Sherwood Forest.

About this time the notorious Hell Row, which through growing old had acquired an evil reputation, was burned down, and much dirt was cleansed away.

Carston, Waite & Co. found they had struck on a good thing, so, down the valleys of the brooks from Selby and Nuttall, new mines were sunk, until soon there were six pits working. From Nuttall, high up on the sandstone among the woods, the railway ran, past the ruined priory of the Carthusians and past Robin Hood’s Well, down to Spinney Park, then on to Minton, a large mine among corn-fields; from Minton across the farmlands of the valleyside to Bunker’s Hill, branching off there, and running north to Beggarlee and Selby, that looks over at Crich and the hills of Derbyshire: six mines like black studs on the countryside, linked by a loop of fine chain, the railway.

To accommodate the regiments of miners, Carston, Waite and Co. built the Squares, great quadrangles of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they erected the Bottoms.

The Bottoms consisted of six blocks of miners’ dwellings, two rows of three, like the dots on a blank-six domino, and twelve houses in a block. This double row of dwellings sat at the foot of the rather sharp slope from Bestwood, and looked out, from the attic windows at least, on the slow climb of the valley towards Selby.

The houses themselves were substantial and very decent. One could walk all round, seeing little front gardens with auriculas and saxifrage in the shadow of the bottom block, sweet-williams and pinks in the sunny top block; seeing neat front windows, little porches, little privet hedges, and dormer windows for the attics. But

that was outside; that was the view on to the uninhabited parlours of all the colliers' wives. The dwelling-room, the kitchen, was at the back of the house, facing inward between the blocks, looking at a scrubby back garden, and then at the ash-pits. And between the rows, between the long lines of ash-pits, went the alley, where the children played and the women gossiped and the men smoked. So, the actual conditions of living in the Bottoms, that was so well built and that looked so nice, were quite unsavoury because people must live in the kitchen, and the kitchens opened on to that nasty alley of ash-pits.

Mrs. Morel was not anxious to move into the Bottoms, which was already twelve years old and on the downward path, when she descended to it from Bestwood. But it was the best she could do. Moreover, she had an end house in one of the top blocks, and thus had only one neighbour; on the other side an extra strip of garden. And, having an end house, she enjoyed a kind of aristocracy among the other women of the 'between' houses, because her rent was five shillings and sixpence instead of five shillings a week. But this superiority in station was not much consolation to Mrs. Morel.

She was thirty-one years old, and had been married eight years. A rather small woman, of delicate mould but resolute bearing, she shrank a little from the first contact with the Bottoms women. She came down in the July, and in the September expected her third baby.

Her husband was a miner. They had only been in their new home three weeks when the wakes, or fair, began. Morel, she knew, was sure to make a holiday of it. He went off early on the Monday morning, the day of the fair. The two children were highly excited. William, a boy of seven, fled off immediately after breakfast, to prowl round the wakes ground, leaving Annie, who was only five, to whine all morning to go also. Mrs. Morel did her work. She scarcely knew her neighbours yet, and knew no one with whom to trust the little girl. So she promised to take her to the wakes after dinner.

William appeared at half-past twelve. He was a very active lad, fair-haired, freckled, with a touch of the Dane or Norwegian about him. 'Can I have my dinner, mother?' he cried, rushing in with his cap on. 'Cause it begins at half-past one, the man says so.'

'You can have your dinner as soon as it's done,' replied the mother.

'Isn't it done?' he cried, his blue eyes staring at her in indignation. 'Then I'm goin' be-out it.'

'You'll do nothing of the sort. It will be done in five minutes. It is only half-past twelve.'

'They'll be beginnin',' the boy half cried, half shouted.

'You won't die if they do,' said the mother. 'Besides, it's only half-past twelve, so you've a full hour.

The lad began hastily to lay the table, and directly the three sat down. They were eating batter-pudding and jam, when the boy jumped off his chair and stood perfectly stiff. Some distance away could be heard the first small braying of a merry-go-round, and the tooting of a horn. His face quivered as he looked at his mother.

'I told you!' he said, running to the dresser for his cap.

‘Take your pudding in your hand—and it’s only five past one, so you were wrong—you haven’t got your twopence,’ cried the mother in a breath.

The boy came back, bitterly disappointed, for his twopence, then went off without a word.

‘I want to go, I want to go,’ said Annie, beginning to cry.

‘Well, and you shall go, whining, wizzening little stick!’ said the mother. And later in the afternoon she trudged up the hill under the tall hedge with her child. The hay was gathered from the fields, and cattle were turned on to the eddish. It was warm, peaceful.

Mrs. Morel did not like the wakes. There were two sets of horses, one going by steam, one pulled round by a pony; three organs were grinding, and there came odd cracks of pistol-shots, fearful screeching of the cocoanut man’s rattle, shouts of the Aunt Sally man, screeches from the peep-show lady. The mother perceived her son gazing enraptured outside the Lion Wallace booth, at the pictures of this famous lion that had killed a negro and maimed for life two white men. She left him alone, and went to get Annie a spin of toffee. Presently the lad stood in front of her, wildly excited.

‘You never said you was coming—isn’t the’ a lot of things? – that lion’s killed three men-l’ve spent my tuppencean’ look here.’

He pulled from his pocket two egg-cups, with pink mossroses on them.

‘I got these from that stall where y’ave ter get them marbles in them holes. An’ I got these two in two goes-’aepenny a go-they’ve got moss-roses on, look here. I wanted these.’

She knew he wanted them for her.

‘H’m!’ she said, pleased. ‘They ARE pretty!’

‘Shall you carry ‘em, ‘cause I’m frightened o’ breakin’ ‘em?’

He was tipful of excitement now she had come, led her about the ground, showed her everything. Then, at the peep-show, she explained the pictures, in a sort of story, to which he listened as if spellbound. He would not leave her. All the time he stuck close to her, bristling with a small boy’s pride of her. For no other woman looked such a lady as she did, in her little black bonnet and her cloak. She smiled when she saw women she knew. When she was tired she said to her son: ‘Well, are you coming now, or later?’

‘Are you goin’ a’ready?’ he cried, his face full of reproach.

‘Already? It is past four, I know.’

‘What are you goin’ a’ready for?’ he lamented.

‘You needn’t come if you don’t want,’ she said.

And she went slowly away with her little girl, whilst her son stood watching her, cut to the heart to let her go, and yet unable to leave the wakes. As she crossed the open ground n front of the Moon and Stars she heard men shouting, and smelled the beer, and hurried a little, thinking her husband was probably in the bar. At about half-past six her son came home, tired now, rather pale, and somewhat wretched. He was miserable, though he did not know it, because he had let her go alone. Since she had gone, he had not enjoyed his wakes.

‘Has my dad been?’ he asked.

‘No,’ said the mother.

‘He’s helping to wait at the Moon and Stars. I seed him through that black tin stuff wi’ holes in, on the window, wi’ his sleeves rolled up.’

‘Ha!’ exclaimed the mother shortly. ‘He’s got no money.

An’ he’ll be satisfied if he gets his ‘lowance, whether they give him more or not.’

When the light was fading, and Mrs. Morel could see no more to sew, she rose and went to the door. Everywhere was the sound of excitement, the restlessness of the holiday, that at last infected her. She went out into the side garden. Women were coming home from the wakes, the children hugging a white lamb with green legs, or a wooden horse. Occasionally a man lurched past, almost as full as he could carry. Sometimes a good husband came along with his family, peacefully. But usually the women and children were alone. The stay-at-home mothers stood gossiping at the corners of the alley, as the twilight sank, folding their arms under their white aprons.

Mrs. Morel was alone, but she was used to it. Her son and her little girl slept upstairs; so, it seemed, her home was there behind her, fixed and stable. But she felt wretched with the coming child. The world seemed a dreary place, where nothing else would happen for her—at least until William grew up. But for herself, nothing but this dreary endurance—till the children grew up. And the children! She could not afford to have this third. She did not want it. The father was serving beer in a public house, swilling himself drunk. She despised him, and was tied to him. This coming child was too much for her. If it were not for William and Annie, she was sick of it, the struggle with poverty and ugliness and meanness.

She went into the front garden, feeling too heavy to take herself out, yet unable to stay indoors. The heat suffocated her. And looking ahead, the prospect of her life made her feel as if she were buried alive.

The front garden was a small square with a privet hedge. There she stood, trying to soothe herself with the scent of flowers and the fading, beautiful evening. Opposite her small gate was the stile that led uphill, under the tall hedge between the burning glow of the cut pastures. The sky overhead throbbed and pulsed with light. The glow sank quickly off the field; the earth and the hedges smoked dusk. As it grew dark, a ruddy glare came out on the hilltop, and out of the glare the diminished commotion of the fair. Sometimes, down the trough of darkness formed by the path under the hedges, men came lurching home. One young man lapsed into a run down the steep bit that ended the hill, and went with a crash into the stile. Mrs. Morel shuddered. He picked himself up, swearing viciously, rather pathetically, as if he thought the stile had wanted to hurt him.

She went indoors, wondering if things were never going to alter. She was beginning by now to realise that they would not. She seemed so far away from her girlhood, she wondered if it were the same person walking heavily up the back garden at the Bottoms as had run so lightly up the breakwater at Sheerness ten years before.

‘What have I to do with it?’ she said to herself. ‘What have I to do with all this? Even the child I am going to have! It doesn’t seem as if I were taken into account.’

Sometimes life takes hold of one, carries the body along, accomplishes one’s history, and yet is not real, but leaves oneself as it were slurred over.

‘I wait,’ Mrs. Morel said to herself—‘I wait, and what I wait for can never come.’

Then she straightened the kitchen, lit the lamp, mended the fire, looked out the washing for the next day, and put it to soak. After which she sat down to her sewing. Through the long hours her needle flashed regularly through the stuff. Occasionally she sighed, moving to relieve herself. And all the time she was thinking how to make the most of what she had, for the children's sakes. …

Excerpt from 'Ulysses' by James Joyce

(Excerpt republished from Ulysses by James Joyce, first published as a print book February 1922. Now in the public domain).

'Ulysses', novel by Irish writer James Joyce, first published in book form in 1922. Stylistically dense and exhilarating, it is generally regarded as a masterpiece and has been the subject of numerous volumes of commentary and analysis. The novel is constructed as a modern parallel to Homer's Odyssey.

Read an Excerpt from 'Ulysses' by James Joyce below to get a sense of his writing

Ulysses

Get a light snack in Davy Byrne's. Stopgap. Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

—Roast and mashed here.

—Pint of stout.

Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp. Gobstuff.

He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with porringers and tommycans to be filled. Devour contents in the street. John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity women and children cabmen priests parsons fieldmarshals archbishops. From Ailesbury road, Clyde road, artisans' dwellings, north Dublin union, lord mayor in his gingerbread coach, old queen in a bathchair. My plate's empty. After you with our incorporated drinkingcup. Like sir Philip Crampton's fountain. Rub off the microbes with your handkerchief. Next chap rubs on a new batch with his. Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all. Have rows all the same. All for number one. Children fighting for the scrapings of the pot. Want a souppot as big as the Phoenix park. Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it. Hate people all round you. City Arms hotel table d'hôte she called it. Soup, joint and sweet. Never know whose thoughts you're chewing. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vegetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic of course it stinks after Italian organgrinders crisp of onions mushrooms truffles. Pain to the animal too. Pluck and draw fowl. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobbly lights. Give us that brisket off the hook. Plup. Rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces, young one.

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Blood always needed. Insidious. Lick it up smokinghot, thick sugary. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrne's. Moral pub. He doesn't chat. Stands a drink now and then. But in leapyear once in four. Cashed a cheque for me once.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now. Shandygaff?

—Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

—Hello, Flynn.

—How's things?

—Tiptop… Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and… let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham and his descendants musterred and bred there. Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat. Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White missionary too salty. Like pickled pork. Expect the chief consumes the parts of honour. Ought to be tough from exercise. His wives in a row to watch the effect. There was a right royal old nigger. Who ate or something the somethings of the reverend Mr MacTrigger. With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked and minced up. Puzzle find the meat. Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat drink and be merry. Then casual wards full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mity cheese.

—Have you a cheese sandwich?

—Yes, sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Italian I prefer. Good glass of burgundy take away that. Lubricate. A nice salad, cool as a cucumber, Tom Kernan can dress. Puts gusto into it. Pure olive oil. Milly served me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley. Take one Spanish onion. God made food, the devil the cooks. Devilled crab.

—Wife well?

—Quite well, thanks… A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?

—Yes, sir.

Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.

—Doing any singing those times?

Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears to match. Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman. Still better tell him. Does no harm. Free ad.

—She's engaged for a big tour end of this month. You may have heard perhaps.

—No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

The curate served.

—How much is that?

—Seven d., sir… Thank you, sir.

Mr Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips. Mr MacTrigger. Easier than the dreamy creamy stuff. His five hundred wives. Had the time of their lives.

—Mustard, sir?

—Thank you.

He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs. Their lives. I have it. It grew bigger and bigger and bigger.

—Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part shares and part profits.

—Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard hanched on Mr Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat strongly to speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

—Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear: no brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

—He had a good slice of luck, Jack Mooney was telling me, over that boxingmatch Myler Keogh won again that soldier in the Portobello barracks. By God, he had the little kipper down in the county Carlow he was telling me…

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

—For near a month, man, before it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God till further orders. Keep him off the boose, see? O, by God, Blazes is a hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in tuckstitched shirtsleeves, cleaning his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush. Whose smile upon each feature plays with such and such replete. Too much fat on the parsnips.

—And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said. Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup?

—I'm off that, Mr Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never put anything on a horse.

—You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of disgust pungent mustard, the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his wine soothed his palate. Not logwood that. Tastes fuller this weather with the chill off.

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely planed. Like the way it curves there.

—I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said. It ruined many a man, the same horses.

Vintners' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.

—True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unless you're in the know. There's no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving Sceptre today. Zinfandel's the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him. I could have got seven to one against Saint Amant a fortnight before.

—That so? Davy Byrne said…

He went towards the window and, taking up the pettycash book, scanned its pages.

—I could, faith, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. That was a rare bit of horseflesh. Saint Frusquin was her sire. She won in a thunderstorm, Rothschild's filly, with wadding in her ears. Blue jacket and yellow cap. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his John O'Gaunt. He put me off it. Ay.

He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the flutes.

—Ay, he said, sighing.

Mr Bloom, champing, standing, looked upon his sigh. Nosey numbskull. Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again. Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly beards they like. Dogs' cold noses. Old Mrs Riordan with the rumbling stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her lap. O, the big doggybowwowsywowsy!

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can. Six. Six. Time will be gone then. She…

Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour. His eyes unhungrily saw shelves of tins: sardines, gaudy lobsters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky putting anything into your mouth. Poisonous berries. Johnny Magories. Roundness you think good. Gaudy colour warns you off. One fellow told another and so on. Try it on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Tempting fruit. Ice cones. Cream. Instinct. Orangegroves for instance. Need artificial irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes but what about oysters. Unsightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found them out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was in the Red Bank this morning. Was he oysters old fish at table perhaps he young flesh in bed no June has no ar no oysters. But there are people like things high. Tainted game. Jugged hare. First catch your hare. Chinese eating eggs fifty years old, blue and green again. Dinner of thirty courses. Each dish harmless might mix inside. Idea for a poison mystery. That archduke Leopold was it no yes or was it Otto one of those Habsburgs? Or who was it used to eat the scruff off his own head? Cheapest lunch in town. Of course aristocrats, then the others copy to be in the fashion. Milly too rock oil and flour. Raw pastry I like myself. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in the sea to keep up the price. Cheap no-one would buy. Caviare. Do the grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blowout. Lady this. Powdered bosom pearls. The élite. Crème de la crème. They want special dishes to pretend they're. Hermit with a platter of pulse keep down the stings of the flesh. Know me come eat with me. Royal sturgeon high sheriff, Coffey, the butcher, right to venisons of the forest from his ex. Send him back the half of a cow. Spread I saw down in the Master of the Rolls' kitchen area. Whitehatted chef like a rabbi. Combustible duck. Curly cabbage à la duchesse de Parme. Just as well to write it on the bill of fare so you can know what you've eaten. Too many drugs spoil the broth. I know it myself. Dosing it with Edwards' desiccated

soup. Geese stuffed silly for them. Lobsters boiled alive. Do ptake some ptarmigan. Wouldn't mind being a waiter in a swell hotel. Tips, evening dress, halfnaked ladies. May I tempt you to a little more filleted lemon sole, miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she did bedad. Huguenot name I expect that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney, I remember. Du, de la French. Still it's the same fish perhaps old Micky Hanlon of Moore street ripped the guts out of making money hand over fist finger in fishes' gills can't write his name on a cheque think he was painting the landscape with his mouth twisted. Moooikill A Aitcha Ha ignorant as a kish of brogues, worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth below us bay sleeping: sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweetsour of her spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft warm sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her: eyes, her lips, her stretched neck beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see them library museum standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. Aids to digestion. They don't care what man looks. All to see. Never speaking. I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Suppose she did Pygmalion and Galatea what would she say first? Mortal! Put you in your proper place. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods golden dishes, all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton, carrots and turnips, bottle of Allsop. Nectar imagine it drinking electricity: gods' food. Lovely forms of women sculped Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind: food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine. They have no. Never looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let something drop see if she.

Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came to go to do not to do there to do. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked, to men too they gave themselves, manly conscious, lay with men lovers, a youth enjoyed her, to the yard.

When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:

—What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line?

—He's out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for the Freeman.

—I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?

—Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?

—I noticed he was in mourning.

—Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at home. You're right, by God. So he was.

—I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.

—It's not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home to his better half. She's well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast.

—And is he doing for the Freeman? Davy Byrne said.

Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.

—-He doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You can make bacon of that.

—How so? Davy Byrne asked, coming from his book.

Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He winked.

—He's in the craft, he said.

—-Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.

—Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted order. He's an excellent brother. Light, life and love, by God. They give him a leg up. I was told that by a—well, I won't say who.

—Is that a fact?

—O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it. But they're as close as damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.

Davy Byrne smiledyawnednodded all in one:

—Iiiiiichaaaaaaach!

—There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in a clock to find out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the saint Legers of Doneraile.

Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes:

—And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him—you know, over the line.

—God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does.

—There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.

—He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. He's been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.

His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

—I know, Davy Byrne said.

—Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.

Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed frowning, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.

—Day, Mr Byrne.

—Day, gentlemen.

They paused at the counter.

—Who's standing? Paddy Leonard asked.

—I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.

—Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.

—I'll take a stone ginger, Bantam Lyons said.

—How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for God' sake? What's yours, Tom?

—How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping.

For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breastbone and hiccupped.

—Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr Byrne? he said.

—Certainly, sir.

Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.

—Lord love a duck, he said. Look at what I'm standing drinks to! Cold water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck whisky off a sore leg. He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup. A dead snip.

—Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.

Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before him.

—That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.

—Breadsoda is very good, Davy Byrne said.

Tom Rochford nodded and drank.

—Is it Zinfandel?

—Say nothing! Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to plunge five bob on my own.

—Tell us if you're worth your salt and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard said. Who gave it to you?

Mr Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.

—So long! Nosey Flynn said.

The others turned.

—That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.

—Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr Byrne, sir, we'll take two of your small Jamesons after that and a…

—Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.

—Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby.

Mr Bloom walked towards Dawson street, his tongue brushing his teeth smooth. Something green it would have to be: spinach, say. Then with those Rontgen rays searchlight you could.

At Duke lane a ravenous terrier choked up a sick knuckly cud on the cobblestones and lapped it with new zest. Surfeit. Returned with thanks having fully digested the contents. First sweet then savoury. Mr Bloom coasted warily. Ruminants. His second course. Their upper jaw they move. Wonder if Tom Rochford will do

anything with that invention of his? Wasting time explaining it to Flynn's mouth. Lean people long mouths. Ought to be a hall or a place where inventors could go in and invent free. Course then you'd have all the cranks pestering.

He hummed, prolonging in solemn echo the closes of the bars:

Don Giovanni, a cenar teco M'invitasti.

Feel better. Burgundy. Good pick me up. Who distilled first? Some chap in the blues. Dutch courage. That Kilkenny People in the national library now I must.

Bare clean closestools waiting in the window of William Miller, plumber, turned back his thoughts. They could: and watch it all the way down, swallow a pin sometimes come out of the ribs years after, tour round the body changing biliary duct spleen squirting liver gastric juice coils of intestines like pipes. But the poor buffer would have to stand all the time with his insides entrails on show. Science.

Excerpt from 'To the Lighthouse' by Virginia Woolf

To the Lighthouse

To the Lighthouse is a 1927 novel by Virginia Woolf. The novel centres on the Ramsay family and their visits to the Isle of Skye in Scotland between 1910 and 1920.

Following and extending the tradition of modernist novelists like Marcel Proust and James Joyce, the plot of To the Lighthouse is secondary to its philosophical introspection. Cited as a key example of the literary technique of multiple focalization, the novel includes little dialogue and almost no direct action; most of it is written as thoughts and observations. To the Lighthouse is made up of three powerfully charged visions into the life of the Ramsay family, living in a summer house off the rocky coast of Scotland. There's maternal Mrs. Ramsay, the highbrow Mr. Ramsay, their eight children, and assorted holiday guests. From Mr. Ramsay's seemingly trivial postponement of a visit to a nearby lighthouse, Virginia Woolf examines tensions and allegiances and shows that the small joys and quiet tragedies of everyday life could go on forever. The novel recalls childhood emotions and highlights adult relationships. Among the book's many tropes and themes are those of loss, subjectivity, the nature of art and the problem of perception.[, ,]

Read an Excerpt from 'To the Lighthouse' below, by Virginia Woolf to get a sense of her writing (Excerpt republished from 'To the Lighthouse' by Virginia Woolf, first published as a print book in 1927. Now in the public domain).

The Window

"Yes, of course, if it's fine tomorrow," said Mrs. Ramsay. "But you'll have to be up with the lark," she added.

To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if it were settled, the expedition were bound to take place, and the wonder to which he had looked forward, for years and years it seemed, was, after a night's darkness and a day's sail, within touch. Since he belonged, even at the age of six, to that great clan which cannot keep this feeling separate from that, but must let future prospects, with their joys and sorrows, cloud what is actually at hand, since to such people even in earliest childhood any turn in the wheel of sensation has the power to crystallise and transfix the moment upon which its gloom or radiance rests, James Ramsay, sitting on the floor cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy stores, endowed the picture of a refrigerator, as his mother spoke, with heavenly bliss. It was fringed with joy. The wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rooks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling—all these were so coloured and distinguished in his mind that he had already his private code, his secret language, though he appeared the image of stark and uncompromising severity, with his high forehead and his fierce blue eyes, impeccably candid and pure, frowning slightly at the sight of human frailty, so that his mother, watching him guide his scissors neatly round the refrigerator, imagined him all red and ermine on the Bench or directing a stern and momentous enterprise in some crisis of public affairs.

“But,” said his father, stopping in front of the drawing-room window, “it won’t be fine.”

Had there been an axe handy, a poker, or any weapon that would have gashed a hole in his father’s breast and killed him, there and then, James would have seized it. Such were the extremes of emotion that Mr. Ramsay excited in his children’s breasts by his mere presence; standing, as now, lean as a knife, narrow as the blade of one, grinning sarcastically, not only with the pleasure of disillusioning his son and casting ridicule upon his wife, who was ten thousand times better in every way than he was (James thought), but also with some secret conceit at his own accuracy of judgement. What he said was true. It was always true. He was incapable of untruth; never tampered with a fact; never altered a disagreeable word to suit the pleasure or convenience of any mortal being, least of all of his own children, who, sprung from his loins, should be aware from childhood that life is difficult; facts uncompromising; and the passage to that fabled land where our brightest hopes are extinguished, our frail barks founder in darkness (here Mr. Ramsay would straighten his back and narrow his little blue eyes upon the horizon), one that needs, above all, courage, truth, and the power to endure.

“But it may be fine—I expect it will be fine,” said Mrs. Ramsay, making some little twist of the reddish brown stocking she was knitting, impatiently. If she finished it tonight, if they did go to the Lighthouse after all, it was to be given to the Lighthouse keeper for his little boy, who was threatened with a tuberculous hip; together with a pile of old magazines, and some tobacco, indeed, whatever she could find lying about, not really wanted, but only littering the room, to give those poor fellows, who must be bored to death sitting all day with nothing to do but polish the lamp and trim the wick and rake about on their scrap of garden, something to amuse them. For how would you like to be shut up for a whole month at a time, and possibly more in stormy weather, upon a rock the size of a tennis lawn? she would ask; and to have no letters or newspapers, and to see nobody; if you were married, not to see your wife, not to know how your children were—if they were ill, if they had fallen down and broken their legs or arms; to see the same dreary waves breaking week after week, and then a dreadful storm coming, and the windows covered with spray, and birds dashed against the lamp, and the whole place rocking, and not be able to put your nose out of doors for fear of being swept into the sea? How would you like that? she asked, addressing herself particularly to her daughters. So she added, rather differently, one must take them whatever comforts one can.

“It’s due west,” said the atheist Tansley, holding his bony fingers spread so that the wind blew through them, for he was sharing Mr. Ramsay’s evening walk up and down, up and down the terrace. That is to say, the wind blew from the worst possible direction for landing at the Lighthouse. Yes, he did say disagreeable things, Mrs. Ramsay admitted; it was odious of him to rub this in, and make James still more disappointed; but at the same time, she would not let them laugh at him. “The atheist,” they called him; “the little atheist.” Rose mocked him; Prue mocked him; Andrew, Jasper, Roger mocked him; even old Badger without a tooth in his head had bit him, for being (as Nancy put it) the hundred and tenth young man to chase them all the way up to the Hebrides when it was ever so much nicer to be alone.

“Nonsense,” said Mrs. Ramsay, with great severity. Apart from the habit of exaggeration which they had from her, and from the implication (which was true) that she asked too many people to stay, and had to lodge some in the town, she could not bear incivility to her guests, to young men in particular, who were poor as churchmice, “exceptionally able,” her husband said, his great admirers, and come there for a holiday. Indeed, she had the whole of the other sex under her protection; for reasons she could not explain, for their chivalry and valour, for the fact that they negotiated treaties, ruled India, controlled finance; finally for an attitude towards herself which no woman could fail to feel or to find agreeable, something trustful, childlike, reverential; which an old woman could take from a young man without loss of dignity, and woe betide the girl—pray Heaven it was none of her daughters!—who did not feel the worth of it, and all that it implied, to the marrow of her bones!

She turned with severity upon Nancy. He had not chased them, she said. He had been asked.

The Doll's House by Katherine Mansfield

WHEN dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house (' Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course ; most sweet and generous ! ')—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was...

There stood the Doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell. It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

" Open it quickly, someone ! "

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prized it open with his penknife, and the whole house front swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open ! Why don't all houses open like that ? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is—isn't it ?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at the dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel...

" O-oh! " The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous ; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen ; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully", was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, " I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well —to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, " because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased...

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the tarred palings of the boys' playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, " Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children of the neighbourhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the store-keeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey ? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in " bits " given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked ! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else,

wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile ; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went, our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge ; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered, Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in. " You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel, " and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. " Isabel's my friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten ; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, " Have you seen Burnells' doll's house ? Oh, ain't it lovely ! " " Haven't you seen it ? Oh, I say ! "

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of johnny cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs. " Mother," said Kezia, " can't I ask the Kelveys just once ? "

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not ? "

"Run away, Kezia ; you know quite well why not."

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O-oh, how awful! " said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions.

"It's true—it's true—it's true," she said.

Then Lena Logan's little eyes snapped. " Shall I ask her ? " she whispered.

"Bet you don't," said Jessie May.

"Pooh, I'm not frightened," said Lena. Suddenly she gave a little squeal and danced in front of the other girls. " Watch! Watch me ! Watch me now! " said Lena. And sliding, gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now ?

"Is it true you're going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey ? " shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her silly, shamefaced smile. She didn't seem to mind the question at all. What a sell for Lena ! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn't stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. " Yah, yer father's in prison ! " she hissed, spitefully.

This was such a marvellous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Someone found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores. But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming towards her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate ; she had made up her mind ; she swung out.

"Hullo," she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not ? " asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, " Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Oh, well," said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. " It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to ? " asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes ; she was frowning ; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt

again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

"There it is," said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted ; our Else was still as stone.

"I'll open it for you," said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

"There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's the—"

"Kezia ! "

Oh, what a start they gave !

"Kezia!"

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

"How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard ? " said her cold, furious voice. "You know as well as I do, you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again," said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

"Off you go immediately! " she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

"Wicked, disobedient little girl! " said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia, and she slammed the doll's house to.

The afternoon had been awful. A letter had come from Willie Brent, a terrifying, threatening letter, saying if she did not meet him that evening in Pulman's Bush, he'd come to the front door and ask the reason why! But now that she had frightened those little rats of Kelveys and given Kezia a good scolding, her heart felt lighter. That ghastly pressure was gone. She went back to the house humming.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells', they sat down to rest on a big red drainpipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning ; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks, past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts? Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's quill; she smiled her rare smile.

"I seen the little lamp," she said, softly.

Then both were silent once more.

Excerpt from ‘Brave new world’ a novel by Aldous Huxley

Read an Excerpt below from ‘BRAVE NEW WORLD’ by Aldous Huxley to get a sense of his writing

Chapter I

A squat grey building of only thirty-four stories. Over the main entrance the words, CENTRAL LONDON HATCHERY AND CONDITIONING CENTRE, and, in a shield, the World State's motto, COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY.

The enormous room on the ground-floor faced towards the north. Cold for all the summer beyond the panes, for all the tropical heat of the room itself, a harsh thin light glared through the windows, hungrily seeking some draped lay figure, some pallid shape of academic goose-flesh, but finding only the glass and nickel and bleakly shining porcelain of a laboratory. Wintriness responded to wintriness. The overalls of the workers were white, their hands gloved with a pale corpse-coloured rubber. The light was frozen, dead, a ghost. Only from the yellow barrels of the microscopes did it borrow a certain rich and living substance, lying along the polished tubes like butter, streak after luscious streak in long recession down the work-tables.

'And this,' said the Director opening the door, 'is the Fertilizing Room.'

Bent over their instruments, three hundred Fertilizers were plunged, as the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning entered the room, in the scarcely breathing silence, the absent-minded, soliloquizing hum or whistle, of absorbed concentration. A troop of newly arrived students, very young, pink and callow, followed nervously, rather abjectly, at the Director's heels. Each of them carried a note-book, in which, whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth. It was a rare privilege. The D.H.C. for Central London always made a point of personally conducting his new students round the various departments.

'Just to give you a general idea,' he would explain to them. For of course some sort of general idea they must have, if they were to do their work intelligently--though as little of one, if they were to be good and happy members of society, as possible. For particulars, as every one knows, make for virtue and happiness; generalities are intellectually necessary evils. Not philosophers, but fret-sawyers and stamp collectors compose the backbone of society.

'To-morrow,' he would add, smiling at them with a slightly menacing geniality, 'you'll be settling down to serious work. You won't have time for generalities. Meanwhile...'

Meanwhile, it was a privilege. Straight from the horse's mouth into the note-book. The boys scribbled like mad.

Tall and rather thin but upright, the Director advanced into the room. He had a long chin and big, rather prominent teeth, just covered, when he was not talking, by his full, floridly curved lips. Old, young? Thirty? fifty? fifty-five? It was hard to say. And anyhow the question didn't arise; in this year of stability, A.F. 632, it didn't occur to you to ask it.

'I shall begin at the beginning,' said the D.H.C., and the more zealous students recorded his intention in their note-books: Begin at the beginning. 'These,' he waved his hand, 'are the incubators.' And opening an insulated door he showed them racks upon racks of numbered test-tubes. 'The week's supply of ova. Kept,' he explained, 'at blood heat; whereas the male gametes,' and here he opened another door, 'they have to be kept at thirty-five instead of thirty-seven. Full blood heat sterilizes.' Rams wrapped in thermogene beget no lambs.

Still leaning against the incubators he gave them, while the pencils scurried illegibly across the pages, a brief description of the modern fertilizing process; spoke first, of course, of its surgical introduction--'the operation undergone voluntarily for the good of Society, not to mention the fact that it carries a bonus amounting to six months' salary'; continued with some account of the technique for preserving the excised ovary alive and actively developing; passed on to a consideration of optimum temperature, salinity, viscosity; referred to the liquor in which the detached and ripened eggs were kept; and, leading his charges to the work tables, actually showed them how this liquor was drawn off from the test-tubes; how it was let out drop by drop on to the specially warmed slides of the microscopes; how the eggs which it contained were inspected for abnormalities, counted and transferred to a porous receptacle; how (and he now took them to watch the operation) this receptacle was immersed in a warm bouillon containing free-swimming spermatozoa--at a minimum concentration of one hundred thousand per cubic centimetre, he insisted; and how, after ten minutes, the container was lifted out of the liquor and its contents re-examined; how, if any of the eggs remained unfertilized, it was again immersed, and, if necessary, yet again; how the fertilized ova went back to the incubators; where the Alphas and Betas remained until definitely bottled; while the Gammas, Deltas and Epsilons were brought out again, after only thirty-six hours, to undergo Bokanovsky's Process.

'Bokanovsky's Process,' repeated the Director, and the students underlined the words in their little note-books.

One egg, one embryo, one adult--normality. But a bokanovskified egg will bud, will proliferate, will divide. From eight to ninety-six buds, and every bud will grow into a perfectly formed embryo, and every embryo into a full-sized adult. Making ninety-six human beings grow where only one grew before. Progress.

'Essentially,' the D.H.C. concluded, 'bokanovskification consists of a series of arrests of development. We check the normal growth and, paradoxically enough, the egg responds by budding.'

Responds by budding. The pencils were busy.

He pointed. On a very slowly moving band a rack-full of test-tubes was entering a large metal box, another rack-full was emerging. Machinery faintly purred. It took eight minutes for the tubes to go through, he told them. Eight minutes of hard X-rays being about as much as an egg can stand. A few died; of the rest, the least susceptible divided into two; most put out four buds; some eight; all were returned to the incubators, where the buds began to develop; then, after two days, were suddenly chilled, chilled and checked. Two, four, eight, the buds in their turn budded; and having budded were dosed almost to death with alcohol; consequently burgeoned again and having budded--bud out of bud out of bud were thereafter--further arrest being

generally fatal--left to develop in peace. By which time the original egg was in a fair way to becoming anything from eight to ninety-six embryos--a prodigious improvement, you will agree, on nature. Identical twins--but not in piddling twos and threes as in the old viviparous days, when an egg would sometimes accidentally divide; actually by dozens, by scores at a time.

'Scores,' the Director repeated and flung out his arms, as though he were distributing largesse. 'Scores.'

But one of the students was fool enough to ask where the advantage lay.

'My good boy!' The Director wheeled sharply round on him. 'Can't you see? Can't you see?' He raised a hand; his expression was solemn. 'Bokanovsky's Process is one of the major instruments of social stability!'

Major instruments of social stability.

Standard men and women; in uniform batches. The whole of a small factory staffed with the products of a single bokanovskified egg.

'Ninety-six identical twins working ninety-six identical machines!' The voice was almost tremulous with enthusiasm. 'You really know where you are. For the first time in history.' He quoted the planetary motto. 'Community, Identity, Stability.' Grand words. 'If we could bokanovskify indefinitely the whole problem would be solved.'

Solved by standard Gammas, unvarying Deltas, uniform Epsilons. Millions of identical twins. The principle of mass production at last applied to biology.

'But, alas,' the Director shook his head, 'we can't bokanovskify indefinitely.'

Ninety-six seemed to be the limit; seventy-two a good average. From the same ovary and with gametes of the same male to manufacture as many batches of identical twins as possible--that was the best (sadly a second best) that they could do. And even that was difficult.

'For in nature it takes thirty years for two hundred eggs to reach maturity. But our business is to stabilize the population at this moment, here and now. Dribbling out twins over a quarter of a century--what would be the use of that?'

Obviously, no use at all. But Podsnap's Technique had immensely accelerated the process of ripening. They could make sure of at least a hundred and fifty mature eggs within two years. Fertilize and bokanovskify--in other words, multiply by seventy-two--and you get an average of nearly eleven thousand brothers and sisters in a hundred and fifty batches of identical twins, all within two years of the same age.

'And in exceptional cases we can make one ovary yield us over fifteen thousand adult individuals.'

Beckoning to a fair-haired, ruddy young man who happened to be passing at the moment, 'Mr. Foster,' he called. The ruddy young man approached. 'Can you tell us the record for a single ovary, Mr. Foster?'

'Sixteen thousand and twelve in this Centre,' Mr. Foster replied without hesitation. He spoke very quickly, had a vivacious blue eye, and took an evident pleasure in quoting figures. 'Sixteen thousand and twelve; in one hundred and eighty-nine batches of identicals. But of course they've done much better,' he rattled on, 'in some of the tropical Centres. Singapore has often produced over sixteen thousand five hundred; and Mombasa has actually touched the seventeen thousand mark. But then they have unfair advantages. You should see the way a negro ovary responds to

pituitary! It's quite astonishing, when you're used to working with European material. Still,' he added, with a laugh (but the light of combat was in his eyes and the lift of his chin was challenging), 'still, we mean to beat them if we can. I'm working on a wonderful Delta-Minus ovary at this moment. Only just eighteen months old. Over twelve thousand seven hundred children already, either decanted or in embryo. And still going strong. We'll beat them yet.'

'That's the spirit I like!' cried the Director, and clapped Mr. Foster on the shoulder. 'Come along with us and give these boys the benefit of your expert knowledge.'

Mr. Foster smiled modestly. 'With pleasure.' They went.

In the Bottling Room all was harmonious bustle and ordered activity. Flaps of fresh sow's peritoneum ready cut to the proper size came shooting up in little lifts from the Organ Store in the sub-basement. Whizz and then, click! the lift-hatches flew open; the Bottle-Liner had only to reach out a hand, take the flap, insert, smooth-down, and before the lined bottle had had time to travel out of reach along the endless band, whizz, click! another flap of peritoneum had shot up from the depths, ready to be slipped into yet another bottle, the next of that slow interminable procession on the band.

Next to the Liners stood the Matriculators. The procession advanced; one by one the eggs were transferred from their test-tubes to the larger containers; deftly the peritoneal lining was slit, the morula dropped into place, the saline solution poured in... and already the bottle had passed, and it was the turn of the labellers. Heredity, date of fertilization, membership of Bokanovsky Group--details were transferred from test-tube to bottle. No longer anonymous, but named, identified, the procession marched slowly on; on through an opening in the wall, slowly on into the Social Predestination Room.

'Eighty-eight cubic metres of card-index,' said Mr. Foster with relish, as they entered.

'Containing all the relevant information,' added the Director.

'Brought up to date every morning.'

'And co-ordinated every afternoon.'

'On the basis of which they make their calculations.'

'So many individuals, of such and such quality,' said Mr. Foster.

'Distributed in such and such quantities.'

'The optimum Decanting Rate at any given moment.'

'Unforeseen wastages promptly made good.'

'Promptly,' repeated Mr. Foster. 'If you knew the amount of overtime I had to put in after the last Japanese earthquake!' He laughed good-humouredly and shook his head.

'The Predestinators send in their figures to the Fertilizers.'

'Who give them the embryos they ask for.'

'And the bottles come in here to be predestinated in detail.'

'After which they are sent down to the Embryo Store.'

'Where we now proceed ourselves.'

And opening a door Mr. Foster led the way down a staircase into the basement.

The temperature was still tropical. They descended into a thickening twilight. Two doors and a passage with a double turn ensured the cellar against any possible infiltration of the day.

'Embryos are like photograph film,' said Mr. Foster waggishly, as he pushed open the second door. 'They can only stand red light.'

And in effect the sultry darkness into which the students now followed him was visible and crimson, like the darkness of closed eyes on a summer's afternoon. The bulging flanks of row on receding row and tier above tier of bottles glinted with innumerable rubies, and among the rubies moved the dim red spectres of men and women with purple eyes and all the symptoms of lupus. The hum and rattle of machinery faintly stirred the air.

'Give them a few figures, Mr. Foster,' said the Director, who was tired of talking.

Mr. Foster was only too happy to give them a few figures.

Two hundred and twenty metres long, two hundred wide, ten high. He pointed upwards. Like chickens drinking, the students lifted their eyes towards the distant ceiling.

Three tiers of racks: ground-floor level, first gallery, second gallery.

The spidery steelwork of gallery above gallery faded away in all directions into the dark. Near them three red ghosts were busily unloading demi-johns from a moving staircase.

The escalator from the Social Predestination Room.

Each bottle could be placed on one of fifteen racks, each rack, though you couldn't see it, was a conveyor travelling at the rate of thirty-three and a third centimetres an hour. Two hundred and sixty-seven days at eight metres a day. Two thousand one hundred and thirty-six metres in all. One circuit of the cellar at ground level, one on the first gallery, half on the second, and on the two hundred and sixty-seventh morning, daylight in the Decanting Room. Independent existence--so called.

'But in the interval,' Mr. Foster concluded, 'we've managed to do a lot to them. Oh, a very great deal.' His laugh was knowing and triumphant.

'That's the spirit I like,' said the Director once more. 'Let's walk round. You tell them everything, Mr. Foster.'

Mr. Foster duly told them.

Told them of the growing embryo on its bed of peritoneum. Made them taste the rich blood surrogate on which it fed. Explained why it had to be stimulated with placentin and thyroxin. Told them of the corpus luteum extract. Showed them the jets through which at every twelfth metre from zero to 2040 it was automatically injected. Spoke of those gradually increasing doses of pituitary administered during the final ninety-six metres of their course. Described the artificial maternal circulation installed on every bottle at metres 112; showed them the reservoir of blood-surrogate, the centrifugal pump that kept the liquid moving over the placenta and drove it through the synthetic lung and waste-product filter. Referred to the embryo's troublesome tendency to anæmia, to the massive doses of hog's stomach extract and foetal foal's liver with which, in consequence, it had to be supplied.

Showed them the simple mechanism by means of which, during the last two metres out of every eight, all the embryos were simultaneously shaken into familiarity

with movement. Hinted at the gravity of the so-called 'trauma of decanting,' and enumerated the precautions taken to minimize, by a suitable training of the bottled embryo, that dangerous shock. Told them of the tests for sex carried out in the neighbourhood of metre 200. Explained the system of labelling--a T for the males, a circle for the females and for those who were destined to become freemartins a question mark, black on a white ground.

'For of course,' said Mr. Foster, 'in the vast majority of cases, fertility is merely a nuisance. One fertile ovary in twelve hundred--that would really be quite sufficient for our purposes. But we want to have a good choice. And of course one must always leave an enormous margin of safety. So we allow as many as thirty per cent. of the female embryos to develop normally. The others get a dose of male sex-hormone every twenty-four metres for the rest of the course. Result: they're decanted as freemartins--structurally quite normal (except,' he had to admit, 'that they do have just the slightest tendency to grow beards), but sterile. Guaranteed sterile. Which brings us at last,' continued Mr. Foster, 'out of the realm of mere slavish imitation of nature into the much more interesting world of human invention.'

He rubbed his hands. For, of course, they didn't content themselves with merely hatching out embryos: any cow could do that.

'We also predestine and condition. We decant our babies as socialized human beings, as Alphas or Epsilons, as future sewage workers or future...' He was going to say 'future World Controllers,' but correcting himself, said 'future Directors of Hatcheries' instead.

The D.H.C. acknowledged the compliment with a smile.

They were passing metre 320 on rack eleven. A young Beta-Minus mechanic was busy with screw-driver and spanner on the blood-surrogate pump of a passing bottle. The hum of the electric motor deepened by fractions of a tone as he turned the nuts. Down, down... A final twist, a glance at the revolution-counter, and he was done. He moved two paces down the line and began the same process on the next pump.

'Reducing the number of revolutions per minute,' Mr. Foster explained. 'The surrogate goes round slower; therefore passes through the lung at longer intervals; therefore gives the embryo less oxygen. Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par.' Again he rubbed his hands.

'But why do you want to keep the embryo below par?' asked an ingenuous student.

'Ass!' said the Director, breaking a long silence. 'Hasn't it occurred to you that an Epsilon embryo must have an Epsilon environment as well as an Epsilon heredity?'

It evidently hadn't occurred to him. He was covered with confusion.

'The lower the caste,' said Mr. Foster, 'the shorter the oxygen.' The first organ affected was the brain. After that the skeleton. At seventy per cent. of normal oxygen you got dwarfs. At less than seventy, eyeless monsters.

'Who are no use at all,' concluded Mr. Foster.

Whereas (his voice became confidential and eager), if they could discover a technique for shortening the period of maturation what a triumph, what a benefaction to Society!

'Consider the horse.'

They considered it.

Mature at six; the elephant at ten. While at thirteen a man is not yet sexually mature; and is only full grown at twenty. Hence, of course, that fruit of delayed development, the human intelligence.

'But in Epsilons,' said Mr. Foster very justly, 'we don't need human intelligence.'

Didn't need and didn't get it. But though the Epsilon mind was mature at ten, the Epsilon body was not fit to work till eighteen. Long years of superfluous and wasted immaturity. If the physical development could be speeded up till it was as quick, say, as a cow's, what an enormous saving to the Community!

'Enormous!' murmured the students. Mr. Foster's enthusiasm was infectious.

He became rather technical; spoke of the abnormal endocrine co-ordination which made men grow so slowly; postulated a germinal mutation to account for it. Could the effects of this germinal mutation be undone? Could the individual Epsilon embryo be made to revert, by a suitable technique, to the normality of dogs and cows? That was the problem. And it was all but solved.

Pilkington, at Mombasa, had produced individuals who were sexually mature at four and full grown at six and a half. A scientific triumph. But socially useless. Six-year-old men and women were too stupid to do even Epsilon work. And the process was an all-or-nothing one; either you failed to modify at all, or else you modified the whole way. They were still trying to find the ideal compromise between adults of twenty and adults of six. So far without success. Mr. Foster sighed and shook his head.

Their wanderings through the crimson twilight had brought them to the neighbourhood of Metre 170 on Rack 9. From this point onwards Rack 9 was enclosed and the bottles performed the remainder of their journey in a kind of tunnel, interrupted here and there by openings two or three metres wide.

'Heat conditioning,' said Mr. Foster.

Hot tunnels alternated with cool tunnels. Coolness was wedded to discomfort in the form of hard X-rays. By the time they were decanted the embryos had a horror of cold. They were predestined to emigrate to the tropics, to be miners and acetate silk spinners and steel workers. Later on their minds would be made to endorse the judgment of their bodies. 'We condition them to thrive on heat,' concluded Mr. Foster. 'Our colleagues upstairs will teach them to love it.'

'And that,' put in the Director sententiously, 'that is the secret of happiness and virtue--liking what you've got to do. All conditioning aims at that: making people like their unescapable social destiny.'

In a gap between two tunnels, a nurse was delicately probing with a long fine syringe into the gelatinous contents of a passing bottle. The students and their guides stood watching her for a few moments in silence.

'Well, Lenina,' said Mr. Foster, when at last she withdrew the syringe and straightened herself up.

The girl turned with a start. One could see that, for all the lupus and the purple eyes, she was uncommonly pretty.

'Henry!' Her smile flashed redly at him--a row of coral teeth.

'Charming, charming,' murmured the Director and, giving her two or three little pats, received in exchange a rather deferential smile for himself.

'What are you giving them?' asked Mr. Foster, making his tone very professional.

'Oh, the usual typhoid and sleeping sickness.'

'Tropical workers start being inoculated at metre 150,' Mr. Foster explained to the students. 'The embryos still have gills. We immunize the fish against the future man's diseases.' Then, turning back to Lenina, 'Ten to five on the roof this afternoon,' he said, 'as usual.'

'Charming,' said the Director once more, and, with a final pat, moved away after the others.

On Rack 10 rows of next generation's chemical workers were being trained in the toleration of lead, caustic soda, tar, chlorine. The first of a batch of two hundred and fifty embryonic rocket-plane engineers was just passing the eleven hundredth metre mark on Rack 3. A special mechanism kept their containers in constant rotation. 'To improve their sense of balance,' Mr. Foster explained. 'Doing repairs on the outside of a rocket in mid air is a ticklish job. We slacken off the circulation when they're right way up, so that they're half starved, and double the flow of surrogate when they're upside down. They learn to associate topsy-turvydom with well-being; in fact, they're only truly happy when they're standing on their heads.'

'And now,' Mr. Foster went on, 'I'd like to show you some very interesting conditioning for Alpha-Plus Intellectuals. We have a big batch of them on Rack 5. First Gallery level,' he called to two boys who had started to go down to the ground floor.

'They're round about metre 900,' he explained. 'You can't really do any useful intellectual conditioning till the foetuses have lost their tails. Follow me.'

But the Director had looked at his watch. 'Ten to three,' he said. 'No time for the intellectual embryos, I'm afraid. We must go up to the Nurseries before the children have finished their afternoon sleep.'

Mr. Foster was disappointed. 'At least one glance at the Decanting Room,' he pleaded.

'Very well, then.' The Director smiled indulgently. 'Just one glance.'

Excerpt from ‘Men Like Gods' by H.G. Wells

Read an Excerpt below from ‘Men Like Gods' by H.G. Wells to get a sense of his writing

CHAPTER V. THE GOVERNANCE AND HISTORY OF UTOPIA

§ 1

Came a pause. The Earthlings looked at one another and their gaze seemed to converge upon Mr. Cecil Burleigh. That statesman feigned to be unaware of the general expectation. "Rupert," he said. "Won't you?"

"I reserve my comments," said Mr. Catskill. "Father Amerton, you are accustomed to treat of other worlds."

"Not in your presence, Mr. Cecil. No."

"But what am I to tell them?"

"What you think of it," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"Exactly," said Mr. Catskill. "Tell them what you think of it."

No one else appeared to be worthy of consideration. Mr. Burleigh rose slowly and walked thoughtfully to the centre of the semicircle. He grasped his coat lapels and remained for some moments with face downcast as if considering what he was about to say. "Mr. Serpentine," he began at last, raising a candid countenance and regarding the blue sky above the distant lake through his glasses. "Ladies and Gentlemen—"

He was going to make a speech!—as though he was at a Primrose League garden party—or Geneva. It was preposterous and yet, what else was there to be done?

"I must confess, Sir, that although I am by no means a novice at public speaking, I find myself on this occasion somewhat at a loss. Your admirable discourse, Sir, simple, direct, lucid, compact, and rising at times to passages of unaffected eloquence, has set me a pattern that I would fain follow—and before which, in all modesty, I quail. You ask me to tell you as plainly and clearly as possible the outline facts as we conceive them about this kindred world out of which with so little premeditation we have come to you. So far as my poor powers of understanding or discussing such recondite matters go, I do not think I can better or indeed supplement in any way your marvellous exposition of the mathematical aspects of the case. What you have told us embodies the latest, finest thoughts of terrestrial science and goes, indeed, far beyond our current ideas. On certain matters, in, for example, the relationship of time and gravitation, I feel bound to admit that I do not go with you, but that is rather a failure to understand your position than any positive dissent. Upon the broader aspects of the case there need be no difficulties between us. We accept your main proposition unreservedly; namely, that we conceive ourselves to be living in a parallel universe to yours, on a planet the very brother of your own, indeed quite amazingly like yours, having regard to all the possible contrasts we might have found here. We are attracted by and strongly disposed to accept your view that our system is, in all probability, a little less seasoned and mellowed by the touch of time than yours, short perhaps by some hundreds or some thousands of years of your experiences. Assuming this, it is inevitable, Sir, that a

certain humility should mingle in our attitude towards you. As your juniors it becomes us not to instruct but to learn. It is for us to ask: What have you done? To what have you reached? rather than to display to you with an artless arrogance all that still remains for us to learn and do..."

"No!" said Mr. Barnstaple to himself but half audibly. "This is a dream... If it were anyone else..."

He rubbed his knuckles into his eyes and opened them again, and there he was still, sitting next to Mr. Mush in the midst of these Olympian divinities. And Mr. Burleigh, that polished sceptic, who never believed, who was never astonished, was leaning forward on his toes and speaking, speaking, with the assurance of a man who has made ten thousand speeches. He could not have been more sure of himself and his audience in the Guildhall in London. And they were understanding him! Which was absurd!

There was nothing to do but to fall in with this stupendous absurdity —and sit and listen. Sometimes Mr. Barnstaple's mind wandered altogether from what Mr. Burleigh was saying. Then it returned and hung desperately to his discourse. In his halting, parliamentary way, his hands trifling with his glasses or clinging to the lapels of his coat, Mr. Burleigh was giving Utopia a brief account of the world of men, seeking to be elementary and lucid and reasonable, telling them of states and empires, of wars and the Great War, of economic organization and disorganization, of revolutions and Bolshevism, of the terrible Russian famine that was beginning, of the difficulties of finding honest statesmen and officials, and of the unhelpfulness of newspapers, of all the dark and troubled spectacle of human life. Serpentine had used the term "the Last Age of Confusion," and Mr. Burleigh had seized upon the phrase and was making much of it...

It was a great oratorical impromptu. It must have gone on for an hour, and the Utopians listened with keen, attentive faces, now and then nodding their acceptance and recognition of this statement or that. "Very like," would come tapping into Mr. Barnstaple's brain. "With us also—in the Age of Confusion."

At last Mr. Burleigh, with the steady deliberation of an old parliamentary hand, drew to his end. Compliments.

He bowed. He had done. Mr. Mush startled everyone by a vigorous hand-clapping in which no one else joined.

The tension in Mr. Barnstaple's mind had become intolerable. He leapt to his feet.

§ 2

He stood making those weak propitiatory gestures that come so naturally to the inexperienced speaker. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he said. "Utopians, Mr. Burleigh! I crave your pardon for a moment. There is a little matter. Urgent."

For a brief interval he was speechless.

Then he found attention and encouragement in the eye of Urthred.

"Something I don't understand. Something incredible—I mean, incompatible. The little rift. Turns everything into a fantastic phantasmagoria."

The intelligence in Urthred's eye was very encouraging. Mr. Barnstaple abandoned any attempt to address the company as a whole, and spoke directly to Urthred.

"You live in Utopia, hundreds of thousands of years in advance of us. How is it that you are able to talk contemporary English—to use exactly the same language that we do? I ask you, how is that? It is incredible. It jars. It makes a dream of you. And yet you are not a dream? It makes me feel—almost—insane."

Urthred smiled pleasantly. "We don't speak English," he said.

Mr. Barnstaple felt the ground slipping from under his feet. "But I hear you speaking English," he said.

"Nevertheless we do not speak it," said Urthred.

He smiled still more broadly. "We don't—for ordinary purposes —speak anything."

Mr. Barnstaple, with his brain resigning its functions, maintained his pose of deferential attention.

"Ages ago," Urthred continued, "we certainly used to speak languages. We made sounds and we heard sounds. People used to think, and then chose and arranged words and uttered them. The hearer heard, noted, and retranslated the sounds into ideas. Then, in some manner which we still do not understand perfectly, people began to get the idea before it was clothed in words and uttered in sounds. They began to hear in their minds, as soon as the speaker had arranged his ideas and before he put them into word symbols even in his own mind. They knew what he was going to say before he said it. This direct transmission presently became common; it was found out that with a little effort most people could get over to each other in this fashion to some extent, and the new mode of communication was developed systematically.

"That is what we do now habitually in this world. We think directly to each other. We determine to convey the thought and it is conveyed at once—provided the distance is not too great. We use sounds in this world now only for poetry and pleasure and in moments of emotion or to shout at a distance, or with animals, not for the transmission of ideas from human mind to kindred human mind any more. When I think to you, the thought, so far as it finds corresponding ideas and suitable words in your mind, is reflected in your mind. My thought clothes itself in words in your mind, which words you seem to hear—and naturally enough in your own language and your own habitual phrases. Very probably the members of your party are hearing what I am saying to you, each with his own individual difference of vocabulary and phrasing."

Mr. Barnstaple had been punctuating this discourse with sharp, intelligent nods, coming now and then to the verge of interruption. Now he broke out with: "And that is why occasionally—as for instance when Mr. Serpentine made his wonderful explanation just now—when you soar into ideas of which we haven't even a shadow in our minds, we just hear nothing at all."

"Are there such gaps?" asked Urthred.

"Many, I fear—for all of us," said Mr. Burleigh.

"It's like being deaf in spots," said Lady Stella. "Large spots."

Father Amerton nodded agreement.

"And that is why we cannot be clear whether you are called Urthred or Adam, and why I have found myself confusing Arden and Greentrees and Forest in my mind."

"I hope that now you are mentally more at your case?" said Urthred.

"Oh, quite," said Mr. Barnstaple. "Quite. And all things considered, it is really very convenient for us that there should be this method of transmission. For otherwise I do not see how we could have avoided weeks of linguistic bother, first principles of our respective grammars, logic, significs, and so forth, boring stuff for the most part, before we could have got to anything like our present understanding."

"A very good point indeed," said Mr. Burleigh, turning round to Mr. Barnstaple in a very friendly way. "A very good point indeed. I should never have noted it if you had not called my attention to it. It is quite extraordinary; I had not noted anything of this—this difference. I was occupied, I am bound to confess, by my own thoughts. I supposed they were speaking English. Took it for granted."

§ 3

It seemed to Mr. Barnstaple that this wonderful experience was now so complete that there remained nothing more to wonder at except its absolute credibility. He sat in this beautiful little building looking out upon dreamland flowers and the sunlit lake amidst this strange mingling of week-end English costumes and this more than Olympian nudity that had already ceased to startle him, he listened and occasionally participated in the long informal conversation that now ensued. It was a discussion that brought to light the most amazing and fundamental differences of moral and social outlook. Yet everything had now assumed a reality that made it altogether natural to suppose that he would presently go home to write about it in the Liberal and tell his wife, as much as might seem advisable at the time, about the manners and costumes of this hitherto undiscovered world. He had not even a sense of intervening distances. Sydenham might have been just round the corner.

Presently two pretty young girls made tea at an equipage among the rhododendra and brought it round to people. Tea! It was what we should call China tea, very delicate, and served in little cups without handles, Chinese fashion, but it was real and very refreshing tea.

The earlier curiosities of the Earthlings turned upon methods of government. This was perhaps natural in the presence of two such statesmen as Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Catskill.

"What form of government do you have?" asked Mr. Burleigh. "Is it a monarchy or an autocracy or a pure democracy? Do you separate the executive and the legislative? And is there one central government for all your planet, or are there several governing centres?"

It was conveyed to Mr. Burleigh and his companions with some difficulty that there was no central government in Utopia at all.

"But surely," said Mr. Burleigh, "there is someone or something, some council or bureau or what not, somewhere, with which the final decision rests in cases of collective action for the common welfare, Some ultimate seat and organ of sovereignty, it seems to me, there must be."...

No, the Utopians declared, there was no such concentration of authority in their world. In the past there had been, but it had long since diffused back into the general body of the community. Decisions in regard to any particular matter were made by the people who knew most about that matter.

"But suppose it is a decision that has to be generally observed? A rule affecting the public health, for example? Who would enforce it?"

"It would not need to be enforced. Why should it?"

"But suppose someone refused to obey your regulation?"

"We should inquire why he or she did not conform. There might be some exceptional reason."

"But failing that?"

"We should make an inquiry into his mental and moral health."

"The mind doctor takes the place of the policeman," said Mr. Burleigh.

"I should prefer the policeman," said Mr. Rupert Catskill.

"You would, Rupert," said Mr. Burleigh as who should say: "Got you that time."

"Then do you mean to say," he continued, addressing the Utopians with an expression of great intelligence, "that your affairs are all managed by special bodies or organizations—one scarcely knows what to call them—without any co-ordination of their activities?"

"The activities of our world," said Urthred, "are all co-ordinated to secure the general freedom. We have a number of intelligences directed to the general psychology of the race and to the interaction of one collective function upon another."

"Well, isn't that group of intelligences a governing class?" said Mr. Burleigh.

"Not in the sense that they exercise any arbitrary will," said Urthred. "They deal with general relations, that is all. But they rank no higher, they have no more precedence on that account than a philosopher has over a scientific specialist."

"This is a republic indeed!" said Mr. Burleigh. "But how it works and how it came about I cannot imagine. Your state is probably a highly socialistic one?"

"You live still in a world in which nearly everything except the air, the high roads, the high seas and the wilderness is privately owned?"

"We do," said Mr. Catskill. "Owned—and competed for."

"We have been through that stage. We found at last that private property in all but very personal things was an intolerable nuisance to mankind. We got rid of it. An artist or a scientific man has complete control of all the material he needs, we all own our tools and appliances and have rooms and places of our own, but there is no property for trade or speculation. All this militant property, this property of manoeuvre, has been quite got rid of. But how we got rid of it is a long story. It was not done in a few years. The exaggeration of private property was an entirely natural and necessary stage in the development of human nature. It led at last to monstrous results, but it was only through these monstrous and catastrophic results that men learnt the need and nature of the limitations of private property."

Mr. Burleigh had assumed an attitude which was obviously habitual to him. He sat very low in his chair with his long legs crossed in front of him and the thumb and fingers of one hand placed with meticulous exactness against those of the other.

"I must confess," he said, "that I am most interested in the peculiar form of Anarchism which seems to prevail here. Unless I misunderstand you completely every man attends to his own business as the servant of the state. I take it you have—you must correct me if I am wrong—a great number of people concerned in the production and distribution and preparation of food; they inquire, I assume, into the needs of the world, they satisfy them and they are a law unto themselves in their way of doing it. They conduct researches, they make experiments. Nobody compels, obliges, restrains or prevents them. ("People talk to them about it," said Urthred with a faint smile.) And again others produce and manufacture and study metals for all mankind and are also a law unto themselves. Others again see to the habitability of your world, plan and arrange these delightful habitations, say who shall use them and how they shall be used. Others pursue pure science. Others experiment with sensory and imaginative possibilities and are artists. Others again teach."

"They are very important," said Lychnis.

"And they all do it in harmony—and due proportion. Without either a central legislature or executive. I will admit that all this seems admirable —but impossible. Nothing of the sort has ever been even suggested yet in the world from which we come."

"Something of the sort was suggested long ago by the Guild Socialists," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Burleigh. "I know very little about the Guild Socialists. Who were they? Tell me."

Mr. Barnstaple tacitly declined that task. "The idea is quite familiar to our younger people," he said. "Laski calls it the pluralistic state, as distinguished from the monistic state in which sovereignty is concentrated. Even the Chinese have it. A Pekin professor, Mr. S. C. Chang, has written a pamphlet on what he calls 'Professionalism.' I read it only a few weeks ago. He sent it to the office of the Liberal. He points out how undesirable it is and how unnecessary for China to pass through a phase of democratic politics on the western model. He wants China to go right straight on to a collateral independence of functional classes, mandarins, industrials, agricultural workers and so forth, much as we seem to find it here. Though that of course involves an educational revolution. Decidedly the germ of what you call Anarchism here is also in the air we come from."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Burleigh, looking more intelligent and appreciative than ever. "And is that so? I had no idea—!"

§ 4

The conversation continued desultory in form and yet the exchange of ideas was rapid and effective. Quite soon, as it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple, an outline of the history of Utopia from the Last Age of Confusion onward shaped itself in his mind.

The more he learnt of that Last Age of Confusion the more it seemed to resemble the present time on earth. In those days the Utopians had worn abundant clothing and lived in towns quite after the earthly fashion. A fortunate conspiracy of accidents rather than any set design had opened for them some centuries of opportunity and expansion. Climatic phases and political chances had smiled upon the race after a long period of

recurrent shortage, pestilence and destructive warfare. For the first time the Utopians had been able to explore the whole planet on which they lived, and these explorations had brought great virgin areas under the axe, the spade and the plough. There had been an enormous increase in real wealth and in leisure and liberty. Many thousands of people were lifted out of the normal squalor of human life to positions in which they could, if they chose, think and act with unprecedented freedom. A few, a sufficient few, did. A vigorous development of scientific inquiry began and, trailing after it a multitude of ingenious inventions, produced a great enlargement of practical human power.

There had been previous outbreaks of the scientific intelligence in Utopia, but none before had ever occurred in such favourable circumstances or lasted long enough to come to abundant practical fruition. Now in a couple of brief centuries the Utopians, who had hitherto crawled about their planet like sluggish ants or travelled parasitically on larger and swifter animals, found themselves able to fly rapidly or speak instantaneously to any other point on the planet. They found themselves, too, in possession of mechanical power on a scale beyond all previous experience, and not simply of mechanical power; physiological and then psychological science followed in the wake of physics and chemistry, and extraordinary possibilities of control over his own body and over his social life dawned upon the Utopian. But these things came, when at last they did come, so rapidly and confusingly that it was only a small minority of people who realized the possibilities, as distinguished from the concrete achievements, of this tremendous expansion of knowledge. The rest took the novel inventions as they came, haphazard, with as little adjustment as possible of their thoughts and ways of living to the new necessities these novelties implied.

The first response of the general population of Utopia to the prospect of power, leisure and freedom thus opened out to it was proliferation. It behaved just as senselessly and mechanically as any other animal or vegetable species would have done. It bred until it had completely swamped the ampler opportunity that had opened before it. It spent the great gifts of science as rapidly as it got them in a mere insensate multiplication of the common life. At one time in the Last Age of Confusion the population of Utopia had mounted to over two thousand million...

"But what is it now?" asked Mr. Burleigh.

About two hundred and fifty million, the Utopians told him. That had been the maximum population that could live a fully developed life upon the surface of Utopia. But now with increasing resources the population was being increased.

A gasp of horror came from Father Amerton. He had been dreading this realization for some time. It struck at his moral foundations. "And you dare to regulate increase! You control it! Your women consent to bear children as they are needed—or refrain!"

"Of course," said Urthred. "Why not?"

"I feared as much," said Father Amerton, and leaning forward he covered his face with his hands, murmuring, "I felt this in the atmosphere! The human stud farm! Refusing to create souls! The wickedness of it! Oh, my God!"

Mr. Burleigh regarded the emotion of the reverend gentleman through his glasses with a slightly shocked expression. He detested catchwords. But Father

Amerton stood for very valuable conservative elements in the community. Mr. Burleigh turned to the Utopian again. "That is extremely interesting," he said. "Even at present our earth contrives to carry a population of at least five times that amount."

"But twenty millions or so will starve this winter, you told us a little while ago—in a place called Russia. And only a very small proportion of the rest are leading what even you would call full and spacious lives?"

"Nevertheless the contrast is very striking," said Mr. Burleigh.

"It is terrible!" said Father Amerton.

The overcrowding of the planet in the Last Age of Confusion was, these Utopians insisted, the fundamental evil out of which all the others that afflicted the race arose. An overwhelming flood of newcomers poured into the world and swamped every effort the intelligent minority could make to educate a sufficient proportion of them to meet the demands of the new and still rapidly changing conditions of life. And the intelligent minority was not itself in any position to control the racial destiny. These great masses of population that had been blundered into existence, swayed by damaged and decaying traditions and amenable to the crudest suggestions, were the natural prey and support of every adventurer with a mind blatant enough and a conception of success coarse enough to appeal to them. The economic system, clumsily and convulsively reconstructed to meet the new conditions of mechanical production and distribution, became more and more a cruel and impudent exploitation of the multitudinous congestion of the common man by the predatory and acquisitive few. That all too common common man was hustled through misery and subjection from his cradle to his grave; he was cajoled and lied to, he was bought, sold and dominated by an impudent minority, bolder and no doubt more energetic, but in all other respects no more intelligent than himself. It was difficult, Urthred said, for a Utopian nowadays to convey the monstrous stupidity, wastefulness and vulgarity to which these rich and powerful men of the Last Age of Confusion attained.

("We will not trouble you," said Mr. Burleigh. "Unhappily—we know... We know. Only too well do we know.")

Upon this festering, excessive mass of population disasters descended at last like wasps upon a heap of rotting fruit. It was its natural, inevitable destiny. A war that affected nearly the whole planet dislocated its flimsy financial system and most of its economic machinery beyond any possibility of repair. Civil wars and clumsily conceived attempts at social revolution continued the disorganization. A series of years of bad weather accentuated the general shortage. The exploiting adventurers, too stupid to realize what had happened, continued to cheat and hoodwink the commonalty and burke any rally of honest men, as wasps will continue to eat even after their bodies have been cut away. The effort to make passed out of Utopian life, triumphantly superseded by the effort to get. Production dwindled down towards the vanishing point. Accumulated wealth vanished. An overwhelming system of debt, a swarm of creditors, morally incapable of helpful renunciation, crushed out all fresh initiative.

The long diastole in Utopian affairs that had begun with the great discoveries, passed into a phase of rapid systole. What plenty and pleasure was still possible in the world was filched all the more greedily by the adventurers of finance and speculative business. Organized science had long since been commercialized, and was "applied"

now chiefly to a hunt for profitable patents and the forestalling of necessary supplies. The neglected lamp of pure science waned, flickered and seemed likely to go out again altogether, leaving Utopia in the beginning of a new series of Dark Ages like those before the age of discovery began...

"It is really very like a gloomy diagnosis of our own outlook," said Mr. Burleigh. "Extraordinarily like. How Dean Inge would have enjoyed all this!"

"To an infidel of his stamp, no doubt, it would seem most enjoyable," said Father Amerton a little incoherently.

These comments annoyed Mr. Barnstaple, who was urgent to hear more.

"And then," he said to Urthred, "what happened?"

§ 5

What happened, Mr. Barnstaple gathered, was a deliberate change in Utopian thought. A growing number of people were coming to understand that amidst the powerful and easily released forces that science and organization had brought within reach of man, the old conception of social life in the state, as a limited and legalized struggle of men and women to get the better of one another, was becoming too dangerous to endure, just as the increased dreadfulness of modern weapons was making the separate sovereignty of nations too dangerous to endure. There had to be new ideas and new conventions of human association if history was not to end in disaster and collapse.

All societies were based on the limitation by laws and taboos and treaties of the primordial fierce combativeness of the ancestral man-ape; that ancient spirit of self-assertion had now to undergo new restrictions commensurate with the new powers and dangers of the race. The idea of competition to possess, as the ruling idea of intercourse, was, like some ill-controlled furnace, threatening to consume the machine it had formerly driven. The idea of creative service had to replace it. To that idea the human mind and will had to be turned if social life was to be saved. Propositions that had seemed, in former ages, to be inspired and exalted idealism began now to be recognized not simply as sober psychological truth but as practical and urgently necessary truth. In explaining this Urthred expressed himself in a manner that recalled to Mr. Barnstaple's mind certain very familiar phrases; he seemed to be saying that whosoever would save his life should lose it, and that whosoever would give his life should thereby gain the whole world.

Father Amerton's thoughts, it seemed, were also responding in the same manner. For he suddenly interrupted with: "But what you are saying is a quotation!"

Urthred admitted that he had a quotation in mind, a passage from the teachings of a man of great poetic power who had lived long ago in the days of spoken words.

He would have proceeded, but Father Amerton was too excited to let him do so. "But who was this teacher?" he asked. "Where did he live? How was he born? How did he die?"

A picture was flashed upon Mr. Barnstaple's consciousness of a solitary- looking pale-faced figure, beaten and bleeding, surrounded by armoured guards, in the midst of a thrusting, jostling, sun-bit crowd which filled a narrow, high-walled street. Behind,

some huge ugly implement was borne along, dipping and swaying with the swaying of the multitude...

"Did he die upon the Cross in this world also?" cried Father Amerton. "Did he die upon the Cross?"

This prophet in Utopia they learnt had died very painfully, but not upon the Cross. He had been tortured in some way, but neither the Utopians nor these particular Earthlings had sufficient knowledge of the technicalities of torture to get any idea over about that, and then apparently he had been fastened upon a slowly turning wheel and exposed until he died. It was the abominable punishment of a cruel and conquering race, and it had been inflicted upon him because his doctrine of universal service had alarmed the rich and dominant who did not serve. Mr. Barnstaple had a momentary vision of a twisted figure upon that wheel of torture in the blazing sun. And, marvellous triumph over death! out of a world that could do such a deed had come this great peace and universal beauty about him!

But Father Amerton was pressing his questions. "But did you not realize who he was? Did not this world suspect?"

A great many people thought that this man was a God. But he had been accustomed to call himself merely a son of God or a son of Man.

Father Amerton stuck to his point. "But you worship him now?"

"We follow his teaching because it was wonderful and true," said Urthred.

"But worship?"

"No."

"But does nobody worship? There were those who worshipped him?"

There were those who worshipped him. There were those who quailed before the stern magnificence of his teaching and yet who had a tormenting sense that he was right in some profound way. So they played a trick upon their own uneasy consciences by treating him as a magical god instead of as a light to their souls. They interwove with his execution ancient traditions of sacrificial kings. Instead of receiving him frankly and clearly and making him a part of their understandings and wills they pretended to eat him mystically and make him a part of their bodies. They turned his wheel into a miraculous symbol, and they confused it with the equator and the sun and the ecliptic and indeed with anything else that was round. In cases of ill-luck, ill-health or bad weather it was believed to be very helpful for the believer to describe a circle in the air with the forefinger.

And since this teacher's memory was very dear to the ignorant multitude because of his gentleness and charity, it was seized upon by cunning and aggressive types who constituted themselves champions and exponents of the wheel, who grew rich and powerful in its name, led people into great wars for its sake and used it as a cover and justification for envy, hatred, tyranny and dark desires. Until at last men said that had that ancient prophet come again to Utopia, his own triumphant wheel would have crushed and destroyed him afresh...

Father Amerton seemed inattentive to this communication. He was seeing it from another angle. "But surely," he said, "there is a remnant of believers still! Despised perhaps—but a remnant?"

There was no remnant. The whole world followed that Teacher of Teachers, but no one worshipped him. On some old treasured buildings the wheel was still to be seen carved, often with the most fantastic decorative elaborations. And in museums and collections there were multitudes of pictures, images, charms and the like.

"I don't understand this," said Father Amerton. "It is too terrible. I am at a loss. I do not understand."

§ 6

A fair and rather slender man with a delicately beautiful face whose name, Mr. Barnstaple was to learn later, was Lion, presently took over from Urthred the burthen of explaining and answering the questions of the Earthlings.

He was one of the educational co-ordinators in Utopia. He made it clear that the change over in Utopian affairs had been no sudden revolution. No new system of laws and customs, no new method of economic co-operation based on the idea of universal service to the common good, had sprung abruptly into being complete and finished. Throughout a long period, before and during the Last Age of Confusion, the foundations of the new state were laid by a growing multitude of inquirers and workers, having no set plan or preconceived method, but brought into unconscious co-operation by a common impulse to service and a common lucidity and veracity of mind. It was only towards the climax of the Last Age of Confusion in Utopia that psychological science began to develop with any vigour, comparable to the vigour of the development of geographical and physical science during the preceding centuries. And the social and economic disorder which was checking experimental science and crippling the organized work of the universities was stimulating inquiry into the processes of human association and making it desperate and fearless.

The impression given Mr. Barnstaple was not of one of those violent changes which our world has learnt to call revolutions, but of an increase of light, a dawn of new ideas, in which the things of the old order went on for a time with diminishing vigour until people began as a matter of common sense to do the new things in the place of the old.

The beginnings of the new order were in discussions, books and psychological laboratories; the soil in which it grew was found in schools and colleges. The old order gave small rewards to the schoolmaster, but its dominant types were too busy with the struggle for wealth and power to take much heed of teaching: it was left to any man or woman who would give thought and labour without much hope of tangible rewards, to shape the world anew in the minds of the young. And they did so shape it. In a world ruled ostensibly by adventurer politicians, in a world where men came to power through floundering business enterprises and financial cunning, it was presently being taught and understood that extensive private property was socially a nuisance, and that the state could not do its work properly nor education produce its proper results, side by side with a class of irresponsible rich people. For, by their very nature, they assailed, they corrupted, they undermined every state undertaking; their flaunting existences distorted and disguised all the values of life. They had to go, for the good of the race.

"Didn't they fight?" asked Mr. Catskill pugnaciously.

They had fought irregularly but fiercely. The fight to delay or arrest the coming of the universal scientific state, the educational state, in Utopia, had gone on as a conscious struggle for nearly five centuries. The fight against it was the fight of greedy, passionate, prejudiced and self-seeking men against the crystallization into concrete realities of this new idea of association for service. It was fought wherever ideas were spread; it was fought with dismissals and threats and boycotts and storms of violence, with lies and false accusations, with prosecutions and imprisonments, with lynching-rope, tar and feathers, paraffin, bludgeon and rifle, bomb and gun.

But the service of the new idea that had been launched into the world never failed; it seized upon the men and women it needed with compelling power. Before the scientific state was established in Utopia more than a million martyrs had been killed for it, and those who had suffered lesser wrongs were beyond all reckoning. Point after point was won in education, in social laws, in economic method. No date could be fixed for the change. A time came when Utopia perceived that it was day and that a new order of things had replaced the old...

"So it must be," said Mr. Barnstaple, as though Utopia were not already present about him. "So it must be."

A question was being answered. Every Utopian child is taught to the full measure of its possibilities and directed to the work that is indicated by its desires and capacity. It is born well. It is born of perfectly healthy parents; its mother has chosen to bear it after due thought and preparation. It grows up under perfectly healthy conditions; its natural impulses to play and learn are gratified by the subtlest educational methods; hands, eyes and limbs are given every opportunity of training and growth; it learns to draw, write, express itself, use a great variety of symbols to assist and extend its thought. Kindness and civility become ingrained habits, for all about it are kind and civil. And in particular the growth of its imagination is watched and encouraged. It learns the wonderful history of its world and its race, how man has struggled and still struggles out of his earlier animal narrowness and egotism towards an empire over being that is still but faintly apprehended through dense veils of ignorance. All its desires are made fine; it learns from poetry, from example and the love of those about it to lose its solicitude for itself in love; its sexual passions are turned against its selfishness, its curiosity flowers into scientific passion, its combativeness is set to fight disorder, its inherent pride and ambition are directed towards an honourable share in the common achievement. It goes to the work that attracts it and chooses what it will do.

If the individual is indolent there is no great loss, there is plenty for all in Utopia, but then it will find no lovers, nor will it ever bear children, because no one in Utopia loves those who have neither energy nor distinction. There is much pride of the mate in Utopian love. And there is no idle rich "society" in Utopia, nor games and shows for the mere looker-on. There is nothing for the mere looker-on. It is a pleasant world indeed for holidays, but not for those who would continuously do nothing.

For centuries now Utopian science has been able to discriminate among births, and nearly every Utopian alive would have ranked as an energetic creative spirit in former days. There are few dull and no really defective people in Utopia; the idle strains, the people of lethargic dispositions or weak imaginations, have mostly died

out; the melancholic type has taken its dismissal and gone; spiteful and malignant characters are disappearing. The vast majority of Utopians are active, sanguine, inventive, receptive and good-tempered.

"And you have not even a parliament?" asked Mr. Burleigh, still incredulous.

Utopia has no parliament, no politics, no private wealth, no business competition, no police nor prisons, no lunatics, no defectives nor cripples, and it has none of these things because it has schools and teachers who are all that schools and teachers can be. Politics, trade and competition are the methods of adjustment of a crude society. Such methods of adjustment have been laid aside in Utopia for more than a thousand years. There is no rule nor government needed by adult Utopians because all the rule and government they need they have had in childhood and youth.

Said Lion: "Our education is our government."

Shooting an Elephant by George Orwell

In Moulmein, in lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people—the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically--and secretly, of course--I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lock-ups, the grey, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been Bogged with bamboos--all these oppressed me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in saecula saeculorum, upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

One day something happened which in a roundabout way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism--the real motives for which despotic governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful in terrorem. Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone

"must." It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with palmleaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalized cry of "Go away, child! Go away this instant!" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I

had no intention of shooting the elephant--I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary--and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metalled road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant--it is comparable to destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery--and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of "must" was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes-faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd--seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing--no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It

seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a large animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of "natives"; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do.

There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim. The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole, actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick--one never does when a shot goes home--but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frighfful impact of the bullet had paralysed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time--it might have been five seconds, I dare say--he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength

from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open--I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast Lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing dahs and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

THE END

Rescue Party by Arthur C. Clarke

Who was to blame? For three days Alveron's thoughts had come back to that question, and still he had found no answer. A creature of a less civilized or a less sensitive race would never have let it torture his mind, and would have satisfied himself with the assurance that no one could be responsible for the working of fate. But Alveron and his kind had been lords of the Universe since the dawn of history, since that far distant age when the Time Barrier had been folded round the cosmos by the unknown powers that lay beyond the Beginning. To them had been given all knowledge and with infinite knowledge went infinite responsibility. If there were mistakes and errors in the administration of the galaxy, the fault lay on the heads of Alveron and his people. And this was no mere mistake: it was one of the greatest tragedies in history.

The crew still knew nothing. Even Rugon, his closest friend and the ship's deputy captain, had been told only part of the truth. But now the doomed worlds lay less than a billion miles ahead. In a few hours, they would be landing on the third planet.

Once again Alveron read the message from Base; then, with a flick of a tentacle that no human eye could have followed, he pressed the "General Attention" button. Throughout the mile-long cylinder that was the Galactic Survey Ship S9000, creatures of many races laid down their work to listen to the words of their captain.

"I know you have all been wondering," began Alveron, "why we were ordered to abandon our survey and to proceed at such an acceleration to this region of space. Some of you may realize what this acceleration means. Our ship is on its last voyage: the generators have already been running for sixty hours at Ultimate Overload. We will be very lucky if we return to Base under our own power.

"We are approaching a sun which is about to become a Nova. Detonation will occur in seven hours, with an uncertainty of one hour, leaving us a maximum of only four hours for exploration. There are ten planets in the system about to be destroyed and there is a civilization on the third. That fact was discovered only a few days ago. It is our tragic mission to contact that doomed race and if possible to save some of its members. I know that there is little we can do in so short a time with this single ship. No other machine can possibly reach the system before detonation occurs."

There was a long pause during which there could have been no sound or movement in the whole of the mighty ship as it sped silently toward the worlds ahead. Alveron knew what his companions were thinking and he tried to answer their unspoken question.

"You will wonder how such a disaster, the greatest of which we have any record, has been allowed to occur. On one point I can reassure you. The fault does not lie with the Survey.

"As you know, with our present fleet of under twelve thousand ships, it is possible to re-examine each of the eight thousand million solar systems in the Galaxy at intervals of about a million years. Most worlds change very little in so short a time as that.

"Less than four hundred thousand years ago, the survey ship S5060 examined the planets of the system we are approaching. It found intelligence on none of them,

though the third planet was teeming with animal life and two other worlds had once been inhabited. The usual report was submitted and the system is due for its next examination in six hundred thousand years.

"It now appears that in the incredibly short period since the last survey, intelligent life has appeared in the system. The first intimation of this occurred when unknown radio signals were detected on the planet Kulath in the system X29.35, Y34.76, Z27.93. Bearings were taken on them; they were coming from the system ahead.

"Kulath is two hundred light-years from here, so those radio waves had been on their way for two centuries. Thus for at least that period of time a civilization has existed on one of these worlds a civilization that can generate electromagnetic waves and all that that implies.

"An immediate telescopic examination of the system was made and it was then found that the sun was in the unstable pre-nova stage. Detonation might occur at any moment, and indeed might have done so while the light waves were on their way to Kulath.

"There was a slight delay while the supervelocity scanners on Kulath II were focused on to the system. They showed that the explosion had not yet occurred but was only a few hours away. If Kulath had been a fraction of a light-year further from this sun, we should never have known of its civilization until it had ceased to exist.

"The Administrator of Kulath contacted the Sector Base immediately, and I was ordered to proceed to the system at once. Our object is to save what members we can of the doomed race, if indeed there are any left. But we have assumed that a civilization possessing radio could have protected itself against any rise of temperature that may have already occurred.

"This ship and the two tenders will each explore a section of the planet. Commander Torkalee will take Number One, Commander Orostron Number Two. They will have just under four hours in which to explore this world. At the end of that time, they must be back in the ship. It will be leaving then, with or without them. I will give the two commanders detailed instructions in the control room immediately.

"That is all. We enter atmosphere in two hours."

* * *

On the world once known as Earth the fires were dying out: there was nothing left to burn. The great forests that had swept across the planet like a tidal wave with the passing of the cities were now no more than glowing charcoal and the smoke of their funeral pyres still stained the sky. But the last hours were still to come, for the surface rocks had not yet begun to flow. The continents were dimly visible through the haze, but their outlines meant nothing to the watchers in the approaching ship. The charts they possessed were out of date by a dozen Ice Ages and more deluges than one.

The S9000 had driven past Jupiter and seen at once that no life could exist in those half-gaseous oceans of compressed hydrocarbons, now erupting furiously under the sun's abnormal heat. Mars and the outer planets they had missed, and Alveron realized that the worlds nearer the sun than Earth would be already melting. It was more than likely, he thought sadly, that the tragedy of this unknown race was already

finished. Deep in his heart, he thought it might be better so. The ship could only have carried a few hundred survivors, and the problem of selection had been haunting his mind.

Rugon, Chief of Communications and Deputy Captain, came into the control room. For the last hour he had been striving to detect radiation from Earth, but in vain.

"We're too late," he announced gloomily. "I've monitored the whole spectrum and the ether's dead except for our own stations and some two-hundred-year-old programs from Kulath. Nothing in this system is radiating any more."

He moved toward the giant vision screen with a graceful flowing motion that no mere biped could ever hope to imitate. Alveron said nothing; he had been expecting this news.

One entire wall of the control room was taken up by the screen, a great black rectangle that gave an impression of almost infinite depth. Three of Rugon's slender control tentacles, useless for heavy work but incredibly swift at all manipulation, flickered over the selector dials and the screen lit up with a thousand points of light. The star field flowed swiftly past as Rugon adjusted the controls, bringing the projector to bear upon the sun itself.

No man of Earth would have recognized the monstrous shape that filled the screen. The sun's light was white no longer: great violet-blue clouds covered half its surface and from them long streamers of flame were erupting into space. At one point an enormous prominence had reared itself out of the photosphere, far out even into the flickering veils of the corona. It was as though a tree of fire had taken root in the surface of the sun a tree that stood half a million miles high and whose branches were rivers of flame sweeping through space at hundreds of miles a second.

"I suppose," said Rugon presently, "that you are quite satisfied about the astronomers' calculations. After all"

"Oh, we're perfectly safe," said Alveron confidently. "I've spoken to Kulath Observatory and they have been making some additional checks through our own instruments. That uncertainty of an hour includes a private safety margin which they won't tell me in case I feel tempted to stay any longer."

He glanced at the instrument board.

"The pilot should have brought us to the atmosphere now. Switch the screen back to the planet, please. Ah, there they go!"

There was a sudden tremor underfoot and a raucous clanging of alarms, instantly stilled. Across the vision screen two slim projectiles dived toward the looming mass of Earth. For a few miles they traveled together, then they separated, one vanishing abruptly as it entered the shadow of the planet.

Slowly the huge mother ship, with its thousand times greater mass, descended after them into the raging storms that already were tearing down the deserted cities of Man.

* * *

It was night in the hemisphere over which Orostron drove his tiny command. Like Torkalee, his mission was to photograph and record, and to report progress to the mother ship. The little scout had no room for specimens or passengers. If contact was

made with the inhabitants of this world, the S9000 would come at once. There would be no time for parleying. If there was any trouble the rescue would be by force and the explanations could come later.

The ruined land beneath was bathed with an eerie, flickering light, for a great auroral display was raging over half the world. But the image on the vision screen was independent of external light, and it showed clearly a waste of barren rock that seemed never to have known any form of life. Presumably this desert land must come to an end somewhere. Orostron increased his speed to the highest value he dared risk in so dense an atmosphere.

The machine fled on through the storm, and presently the desert of rock began to climb toward the sky. A great mountain range lay ahead, its peaks lost in the smoke-laden clouds. Orostron directed the scanners toward the horizon, and on the vision screen the line of mountains seemed suddenly very close and menacing. He started to climb rapidly. It was difficult to imagine a more unpromising land in which to find civilization and he wondered if it would be wise to change course. He decided against it. Five minutes later, he had his reward.

Miles below lay a decapitated mountain, the whole of its summit sheared away by some tremendous feat of engineering. Rising out of the rock and straddling the artificial plateau was an intricate structure of metal girders, supporting masses of machinery. Orostron brought his ship to a halt and spiraled down toward the mountain.

The slight Doppler blur had now vanished, and the picture on the screen was clear-cut. The latticework was supporting some scores of great metal mirrors, pointing skyward at an angle of forty-five degrees to the horizontal. They were slightly concave, and each had some complicated mechanism at its focus. There seemed something impressive and purposeful about the great array; every mirror was aimed at precisely the same spot in the sky or beyond.

Orostron turned to his colleagues.

"It looks like some kind of observatory to me," he said. "Have you ever seen anything like it before?"

Klarten, a multitentacled, tripedal creature from a globular cluster at the edge of the Milky Way, had a different theory.

"That's communication equipment. Those reflectors are for focusing electromagnetic beams. I've seen the same kind of installation on a hundred worlds before. It may even be the station that Kulath picked up though that's rather unlikely, for the beams would be very narrow from mirrors that size."

"That would explain why Rugon could detect no radiation before we landed," added Hansur II, one of the twin beings from the planet Thargon.

Orostron did not agree at all.

"If that is a radio station, it must be built for interplanetary communication. Look at the way the mirrors are pointed. I don't believe that a race which has only had radio for two centuries can have crossed space. It took my people six thousand years to do it."

"We managed it in three," said Hansur II mildly, speaking a few seconds ahead of his twin. Before the inevitable argument could develop, Klarten began to wave his

tentacles with excitement. While the others had been talking, he had started the automatic monitor.

"Here it is! Listen!"

He threw a switch, and the little room was filled with a raucous whining sound, continually changing in pitch but nevertheless retaining certain characteristics that were difficult to define.

The four explorers listened intently for a minute; then Orostron said, "Surely that can't be any form of speech! No creature could produce sounds as quickly as that!"

Hansur I had come to the same conclusion. "That's a television program. Don't you think so, Klarten?"

The other agreed.

"Yes, and each of those mirrors seems to be radiating a different program. I wonder where they're going? If I'm correct, one of the other planets in the system must lie along those beams. We can soon check that."

Orostron called the S9000 and reported the discovery. Both Rugon and Alveron were greatly excited, and made a quick check of the astronomical records.

The result was surprising and disappointing. None of the other nine planets lay anywhere near the line of transmission. The great mirrors appeared to be pointing blindly into space.

There seemed only one conclusion to be drawn, and Klarten was the first to voice it.

"They had interplanetary communication," he said. "But the station must be deserted now, and the transmitters no longer controlled. They haven't been switched off, and are just pointing where they were left."

"Well, we'll soon find out," said Orostron. "I'm going to land."

He brought the machine slowly down to the level of the great metal mirrors, and past them until it came to rest on the mountain rock. A hundred yards away, a white stone building crouched beneath the maze of steel girders. It was windowless, but there were several doors in the wall facing them.

Orostron watched his companions climb into their protective suits and wished he could follow. But someone had to stay in the machine to keep in touch with the mother ship. Those were Alveron's instructions, and they were very wise. One never knew what would happen on a world that was being explored for the first time, especially under conditions such as these.

Very cautiously, the three explorers stepped out of the airlock and adjusted the antigravity field of their suits. Then, each with the mode of locomotion peculiar to his race, the little party went toward the building, the Hansur twins leading and Klarten following close behind. His gravity control was apparently giving trouble, for he suddenly fell to the ground, rather to the amusement of his colleagues. Orostron saw them pause for a moment at the nearest door then it opened slowly and they disappeared from sight.

So Orostron waited, with what patience he could, while the storm rose around him and the light of the aurora grew even brighter in the sky. At the agreed times he called the mother ship and received brief acknowledgments from Rugon. He wondered

how Torkalee was faring, halfway round the planet, but he could not contact him through the crash and thunder of solar interference.

It did not take Klarten and the Hansurs long to discover that their theories were largely correct. The building was a radio station, and it was utterly deserted. It consisted of one tremendous room with a few small offices leading from it. In the main chamber, row after row of electrical equipment stretched into the distance; lights flickered and winked on hundreds of control panels, and a dull glow came from the elements in a great avenue of vacuum tubes.

But Klarten was not impressed. The first radio sets his race had built were now fossilized in strata a thousand million years old. Man, who had possessed electrical machines for only a few centuries, could not compete with those who had known them for half the lifetime of the Earth.

Nevertheless, the party kept their recorders running as they explored the building. There was still one problem to be solved. The deserted station was broadcasting programs, but where were they coming from? The central switchboard had been quickly located. It was designed to handle scores of programs simultaneously, but the source of those programs was lost in a maze of cables that vanished underground. Back in the S9000, Rugon was trying to analyze the broadcasts and perhaps his researches would reveal their origin. It was impossible to trace cables that might lead across continents.

The party wasted little time at the deserted station. There was nothing they could learn from it, and they were seeking life rather than scientific information. A few minutes later the little ship rose swiftly from the plateau and headed toward the plains that must lie beyond the mountains. Less than three hours were still left to them.

As the array of enigmatic mirrors dropped out of sight, Orostron was struck by a sudden thought. Was it imagination, or had they all moved through a small angle while he had been waiting, as if they were still compensating for the rotation of the Earth? He could not be sure, and he dismissed the matter as unimportant. It would only mean that the directing mechanism was still working, after a fashion.

They discovered the city fifteen minutes later. It was a great, sprawling metropolis, built around a river that had disappeared leaving an ugly scar winding its way among the great buildings and beneath bridges that looked very incongruous now.

Even from the air, the city looked deserted. But only two and a half hours were left there was no time for further exploration. Orostron made his decision, and landed near the largest structure he could see. It seemed reasonable to suppose that some creatures would have sought shelter in the strongest buildings, where they would be safe until the very end.

The deepest caves the heart of the planet itself would give no protection when the final cataclysm came. Even if this race had reached the outer planets, its doom would only be delayed by the few hours it would take for the ravening wavefronts to cross the Solar System.

Orostron could not know that the city had been deserted not for a few days or weeks, but for over a century. For the culture of cities, which had outlasted so many civilizations had been doomed at last when the helicopter brought universal transportation. Within a few generations the great masses of mankind, knowing that

they could reach any part of the globe in a matter of hours, had gone back to the fields and forests for which they had always longed. The new civilization had machines and resources of which earlier ages had never dreamed, but it was essentially rural and no longer bound to the steel and concrete warrens that had dominated the centuries before. Such cities as still remained were specialized centers of research, administration or entertainment; the others had been allowed to decay, where it was too much trouble to destroy them. The dozen or so greatest of all cities, and the ancient university towns, had scarcely changed and would have lasted for many generations to come. But the cities that had been founded on steam and iron and surface transportation had passed with the industries that had nourished them.

And so while Orostron waited in the tender, his colleagues raced through endless empty corridors and deserted halls, taking -innumerable photographs but learning nothing of the creatures who had used these buildings. There were libraries, meeting places, council rooms, thousands of offices all were empty and deep with dust. If they had not seen the radio station on its mountain eyrie, the explorers could well have believed that this world had known no life for centuries.

Through the long minutes of waiting, Orostron tried to imagine where this race could have vanished. Perhaps they had killed themselves knowing that escape was impossible; perhaps they had built great shelters in the bowels of the planet, and even now were cowering in their millions beneath his feet, waiting for the end. He began to fear that he would never know.

It was almost a relief when at last he had to give the order for the return. Soon he would know if Torkalee's party had been more fortunate. And he was anxious to get back to the mother ship, for as the minutes passed the suspense had become more and more acute. There had always been the thought in his mind: What if the astronomers of Kulath have made a mistake? He would begin to feel happy when the walls of the S9000 were around him. He would be happier still when they were out in space and this ominous sun was shrinking far astern.

As soon as his colleagues had entered the airlock, Orostron hurled his tiny machine into the sky and set the controls to home on the S9000. Then he turned to his friends.

"Well, what have you found?" he asked.

Klarten produced a large roll of canvas and spread it out on the floor.

"This is what they were like," he said quietly. "Bipeds, with only two arms. They seem to have managed well, in spite of that handicap. Only two eyes as well, unless there are others in the back. We were lucky to find this; it's about the only thing they left behind."

The ancient oil painting stared stonily back at the three creatures regarding it so intently. By the irony of fate, its complete worthlessness had saved it from oblivion. When the city had been evacuated, no one had bothered to move Alderman John Richards, 1909-1974. For a century and a half he had been gathering dust while far away from the old cities the new civilization had been rising to heights no earlier culture had ever known.

"That was almost all we found," said Klarten. "The city must have been deserted for years. I'm afraid our expedition has been a failure. If there are any living beings on this world, they've hidden themselves too well for us to find them."

His commander was forced to agree.

"It was an almost impossible task," he said. "If we'd had weeks instead of hours we might have succeeded. For all we know, they may even have built shelters under the sea. No one seems to have thought of that."

He glanced quickly at the indicators and corrected the course.

"We'll be there in five minutes. Alveron seems to be moving rather quickly. I wonder if Torkalee has found anything."

The S9000 was hanging a few miles above the seaboard of a blazing continent when Orostron homed upon it. The danger line was thirty minutes away and there was no time to lose. Skillfully, he maneuvered the little ship into its launching tube and the party stepped out of the airlock.

There was a small crowd waiting for them. That was to be expected, but Orostron could see at once that something more than curiosity had brought his friends here. Even before a word was spoken, he knew that something was wrong.

"Torkalee hasn't returned. He's lost his party and we're going to the rescue. Come along to the control room at once."

* * *

From the beginning, Torkalee had been luckier than Orostron. He had followed the zone of twilight, keeping away from the intolerable glare of the sun, until he came to the shores of an inland sea. It was a very recent sea, one of the latest of Man's works, for the land it covered had been desert less than a century before. In a few hours it would be desert again, for the water was boiling and clouds of steam were rising to the skies. But they could not veil the loveliness of the great white city that overlooked the tideless sea.

Flying machines were still parked neatly round the square in which Torkalee landed. They were disappointingly primitive, though beautifully finished, and depended on rotating airfoils for support. Nowhere was there any sign of life, but the place gave the impression that its inhabitants were not very far away. Lights were still shining from some of the windows.

Torkalee's three companions lost no time in leaving the machine. Leader of the party, by seniority of rank and race was T'sinadree, who like Alveron himself had been born on one of the ancient planets of the Central Suns. Next came Alarkane, from a race which was one of the youngest in the Universe and took a perverse pride in the fact. Last came one of the strange beings from the system of Palador. It was nameless, like all its kind, for it possessed no identity of its own, being merely a mobile but still dependent cell in the consciousness of its race. Though it and its fellows had long been scattered over the galaxy in the exploration of countless worlds, some unknown link still bound them together as inexorably as the living cells in a human body.

When a creature of Palador spoke, the pronoun it used was always "We." There was not, nor could there ever be, any first person singular in the language of Palador.

The great doors of the splendid building baffled the explorers, though any human child would have known their secret. T'sinadree wasted no time on them but called Torkalee on his personal transmitter. Then the three hurried aside while their commander maneuvered his machine into the best position. There was a brief burst of intolerable flame; the massive steelwork flickered once at the edge of the visible spectrum and was gone. The stones were still glowing when the eager party hurried into the building, the beams of their light projectors fanning before them.

The torches were not needed. Before them lay a great hall, glowing with light from lines of tubes along the ceiling. On either side, the hall opened out into long corridors, while straight ahead a massive stairway swept majestically toward the upper floors.

For a moment T'sinadree hesitated. Then, since one way was as good as another, he led his companions down the first corridor.

The feeling that life was near had now become very strong. At any moment, it seemed, they might be confronted by the creatures of this world. If they showed hostility and they could scarcely be blamed if they did the paralyzers would be used at once.

The tension was very great as the party entered the first room, and only relaxed when they saw that it held nothing but machines row after row of them, now stilled and silent. Lining the enormous room were thousands of metal filing cabinets, forming a continuous wall as far as the eye could reach. And that was all; there was no furniture, nothing but the cabinets and the mysterious machines.

Alarkane, always the quickest of the three, was already examining the cabinets. Each held many thousand sheets of tough, thin material, perforated with innumerable holes and slots. The Paladorian appropriated one of the cards and Alarkane recorded the scene together with some close-ups of the machines. Then they left. The great room, which had been one of the marvels of the world, meant nothing to them. No living eye would ever again see that wonderful battery of almost human Hollerith analyzers and the five thousand million punched cards holding all that could be recorded on each man, woman and child on the planet.

It was clear that this building had been used very recently. With growing excitement, the explorers hurried on to the next room. This they found to be an enormous library, for millions of books lay all around them on miles and miles of shelving. Here, though the explorers could not know it, were the records of all the laws that Man had ever passed, and all the speeches that had ever been made in his council chambers.

T'sinadree was deciding his plan of action, when Alarkane drew his attention to one of the racks a hundred yards away. It was half empty, unlike all the others. Around it books lay in a tumbled heap on the floor, as if knocked down by someone in frantic haste. The signs were unmistakable. Not long ago, other creatures had been this way. Faint wheel marks were clearly visible on the floor to the acute sense of Alarkane, though the others could see nothing. Alarkane could even detect footprints, but knowing nothing of the creatures that had formed them he could not say which way they led.

The sense of nearness was stronger than ever now, but it was nearness in time, not in space. Alarkane voiced the thoughts of the party.

"Those books must have been valuable, and someone has come to rescue them rather as an afterthought, I should say. That means there must be a place of refuge, possibly not very far away. Perhaps we may be able to find some other clues that will lead us to it."

T'sinadree agreed; the Paladorian wasn't enthusiastic.

"That may be so," it said, "but the refuge may be anywhere on the planet, and we have just two hours left. Let us waste no more time if we hope to rescue these people."

The party hurried forward once more, pausing only to collect a few books that might be useful to the scientists at Base though it was doubtful if they could ever be translated. They soon found that the great building was composed largely of small rooms, all showing signs of recent occupation. Most of them were in a neat and tidy condition, but one or two were very much the reverse. The explorers were particularly puzzled by one room clearly an office of some kind that appeared to have been completely wrecked. The floor was littered with papers, the furniture had been smashed, and smoke was pouring through the broken windows from the fires outside.

T'sinadree was rather alarmed.

"Surely no dangerous animal could have got into a place like this!" he exclaimed, fingering his paralyzer nervously.

Alarkane did not answer. He began to make that annoying sound which his race called "laughter." It was several minutes before he would explain what had amused him.

"I don't think any animal has done it," he said. "In fact, the explanation is very simple. Suppose you had been working all your life in this room, dealing with endless papers, year after year. And suddenly, you are told that you will never see it again, that your work is finished, and that you can leave it forever. More than that no one will come after you. Everything is finished. How would you make your exit, T'sinadree?"

The other thought for a moment.

"Well, I suppose I'd just tidy things up and leave. That's what seems to have happened in all the other rooms."

Alarkane laughed again.

"I'm quite sure you would. But some individuals have a different psychology. I think I should have liked the creature that used this room."

He did not explain himself further, and his two colleagues puzzled over his words for quite a while before they gave it up.

It came as something of a shock when Torkalee gave the order to return. They had gathered a great deal of information, but had found no clue that might lead them to the missing inhabitants of this world. That problem was as baffling as ever, and now it seemed that it would never be solved. There were only forty minutes left before the S9000 would be departing.

They were halfway back to the tender when they saw the semicircular passage leading down into the depths of the building. Its architectural style was quite different from that used elsewhere, and the gently sloping floor was an irresistible attraction to

creatures whose many legs had grown weary of the marble staircases which only bipeds could have built in such profusion. T'sinadree had been the worst sufferer, for he normally employed twelve legs and could use twenty when he was in a hurry, though no one had ever seen him perform this feat.

The party stopped dead and looked down the passageway with a single thought. A tunnel, leading down into the depths of Earth! At its end, they might yet find the people of this world and rescue some of them from their fate. For there was still time to call the mother ship if the need arose.

T'sinadree signaled to his commander and Torkalee brought the little machine immediately overhead. There might not be time for the party to retrace its footsteps through the maze of passages, so meticulously recorded in the Paladorian mind that there was no possibility of going astray. If speed was necessary, Torkalee could blast his way through the dozen floors above their head. In any case, it should not take long to find what lay at the end of the passage.

It took only thirty seconds. The tunnel ended quite abruptly in a very curious cylindrical room with magnificently padded seats along the walls. There was no way out save that by which they had come and it was several seconds before the purpose of the chamber dawned on Alarkane's mind. It was a pity, he thought, that they would never have time to use this. The thought was suddenly interrupted by a cry from T'sinadree. Alarkane wheeled around, and saw that the entrance had closed silently behind them.

Even in that first moment of panic, Alarkane found himself thinking with some admiration: Whoever they were, they knew how to build automatic machinery!

The Paladorian was the first to speak. It waved one of its tentacles toward the seats.

"We think it would be best to be seated," it said. The multiplex mind of Palador had already analyzed the situation and knew what was coming.

They did not have long to wait before a low-pitched hum came from a grill overhead, and for the very last time in history a human, even if lifeless, voice was heard on Earth. The words were meaningless, though the trapped explorers could guess their message clearly enough.

"Choose your stations, please, and be seated."

Simultaneously, a wall panel at one end of the compartment glowed with light. On it was a simple map, consisting of a series of a dozen circles connected by a line. Each of the circles had writing alongside it, and beside the writing were two buttons of different colors.

Alarkane looked questioningly at his leader.

"Don't touch them," said T'sinadree. "If we leave the controls alone, the doors may open again."

He was wrong. The engineers who had designed the automatic subway had assumed that anyone who entered it would naturally wish to go somewhere. If they selected no intermediate station, their destination could only be the end of the line.

There was another pause while the relays and thyratrons waited for their orders. In those thirty seconds, if they had known what to do, the party could have opened the

doors and left the subway. But they did not know, and the machines geared to a human psychology acted for them.

The surge of acceleration was not very great; the lavish upholstery was a luxury, not a necessity. Only an almost imperceptible vibration told of the speed at which they were traveling through the bowels of the earth, on a journey the duration of which they could not even guess. And in thirty minutes, the S9000 would be leaving the Solar System.

There was a long silence in the speeding machine. T'sinadree and Alarkane were thinking rapidly. So was the Paladorian, though in a different fashion. The conception of personal death was meaningless to it, for the destruction of a single unit meant no more to the group mind than the loss of a nail-paring to a man. But it could, though with great difficulty, appreciate the plight of individual intelligences such as Alarkane and T'sinadree, and it was anxious to help them if it could.

Alarkane had managed to contact Torkalee with his personal transmitter, though the signal was very weak and seemed to be fading quickly. Rapidly he explained the situation, and almost at once the signals became clearer. Torkalee was following the path of the machine, flying above the ground under which they were speeding to their unknown destination. That was the first indication they had of the fact that they were traveling at nearly a thousand miles an hour, and very soon after that Torkalee was able to give the still more disturbing news that they were rapidly approaching the sea. While they were beneath the land, there was a hope, though a slender one, that they might stop the machine and escape. But under the ocean not all the brains and the machinery in the great mother ship could save them. No one could have devised a more perfect trap.

T'sinadree had been examining the wall map with great attention. Its meaning was obvious, and along the line connecting the circles a tiny spot of light was crawling. It was already halfway to the first of the stations marked.

"I'm going to press one of those buttons," said T'sinadree at last. "It won't do any harm, and we may learn something."

"I agree. Which will you try first?"

"There are only two kinds, and it won't matter if we try the wrong one first. I suppose one is to start the machine and the other is to stop it."

Alarkane was not very hopeful.

"It started without any button pressing," he said. "I think it's completely automatic and we can't control it from here at all."

T'sinadree could not agree.

"These buttons are clearly associated with the stations, and there's no point in having them unless you can use them to stop yourself. The only question is, which is the right one?"

His analysis was perfectly correct. The machine could be stopped at any intermediate station. They had only been on their way ten minutes, and if they could leave now, no harm would have been done. It was just bad luck that T'sinadree's first choice was the wrong button.

The little light on the map crawled slowly through the illuminated circle without checking its speed. And at the same time Torkalee called from the ship overhead.

"You have just passed underneath a city and are heading out to sea. There cannot be another stop for nearly a thousand miles."

* * *

Alveron had given up all hope of finding life on this world. The S9000 had roamed over half the planet, never staying long in one place, descending ever and again in an effort to attract attention. There had been no response; Earth seemed utterly dead. If any of its inhabitants were still alive, thought Alveron, they must have hidden themselves in its depths where no help could reach them, though their doom would be nonetheless certain.

Rugon brought news of the disaster. The great ship ceased its fruitless searching and fled back through the storm to the ocean above which Torkalee's little tender was still following the track of the buried machine.

The scene was truly terrifying. Not since the days when Earth was born had there been such seas as this. Mountains of water were racing before the storm which had now reached velocities of many hundred miles an hour. Even at this distance from the mainland the air was full of flying debris trees, fragments of houses, sheets of metal, anything that had not been anchored to the ground. No airborne machine could have lived for a moment in such a gale. And ever and again even the roar of the wind was drowned as the vast water-mountains met head-on with a crash that seemed to shake the sky.

Fortunately, there had been no serious earthquakes yet. Far beneath the bed of the ocean, the wonderful piece of engineering which had been the World President's private vacuum-subway was still working perfectly, unaffected by the tumult and destruction above. It would continue to work until the last minute of the Earth's existence, which, if the astronomers were right, was not much more than fifteen minutes away though precisely how much more Alveron would have given a great deal to know. It would be nearly an hour before the trapped party could reach land and even the slightest hope of rescue.

Alveron's instructions had been precise, though even without them he would never have dreamed of taking any risks with the great machine that had been entrusted to his care. Had he been human, the decision to abandon the trapped members of his crew would have been desperately hard to make. But he came of a race far more sensitive than Man, a race that so loved the things of the spirit that long ago, and with infinite reluctance, it had taken over control of the Universe since only thus could it be sure that justice was being done. Alveron would need all his superhuman gifts to carry him through the next few hours.

Meanwhile, a mile below the bed of the ocean Alarkane and T'sinadree were very busy indeed with their private communicators. Fifteen minutes is not a long time in which to wind up the affairs of a lifetime. It is indeed, scarcely long enough to dictate more than a few of those farewell messages which at such moments are so much more important than all other matters.

All the while the Paladorian had remained silent and motionless, saying not a word. The other two, resigned to their fate and engrossed in their personal affairs, had

given it no thought. They were startled when suddenly it began to address them in its peculiarly passionless voice.

"We perceive that you are making certain arrangements concerning your anticipated destruction. That will probably be unnecessary. Captain Alveron hopes to rescue us if we can stop this machine when we reach land again."

Both T'sinadree and Alarkane were too surprised to say anything for a moment. Then the latter gasped, "How do you know?"

It was a foolish question, for he remembered at once that there were several Paladorians if one could use the phrase in the S9000, and consequently their companion knew everything that was happening in the mother ship. So he did not wait for an answer but continued, "Alveron can't do that! He daren't take such a risk!"

"There will be no risk," said the Paladorian. "We have told him what to do. It is really very simple."

Alarkane and T'sinadree looked at their companion with something approaching awe, realizing now what must have happened. In moments of crisis, the single units comprising the Paladorian mind could link together in an organization no less close than that of any physical brain. At such moments they formed an intellect more powerful than any other in the Universe. All ordinary problems could be solved by a few hundred or thousand units. Very rarely, millions would be needed, and on two historic occasions the billions of cells of the entire Paladorian consciousness had been welded together to deal with emergencies that threatened the race. The mind of Palador was one of the greatest mental resources of the Universe; its full force was seldom required, but the knowledge that it was available was supremely comforting to other races. Alarkane wondered how many cells had coordinated to deal with this particular emergency. He also wondered how so trivial an incident had ever come to its attention.

To that question he was never to know the answer, though he might have guessed it had he known that the chillingly remote Paladorian mind possessed an almost human streak of vanity. Long ago, Alarkane had written a book trying to prove that eventually all intelligent races would sacrifice individual consciousness and that one day only group-minds would remain in the Universe. Palador, he had said, was the first of those ultimate intellects, and the vast, dispersed mind had not been displeased.

They had no time to ask any further questions before Alveron himself began to speak through their communicators.

"Alveron calling! We're staying on this planet until the detonation waves reach it, so we may be able to rescue you. You're heading toward a city on the coast which you'll reach in forty minutes at your present speed. If you cannot stop yourselves then, we're going to blast the tunnel behind and ahead of you to cut off your power. Then we'll sink a shaft to get you out the chief engineer says he can do it in five minutes with the main projectors. So you should be safe within an hour, unless the sun blows up before."

"And if that happens, you'll be destroyed as well! You mustn't take such a risk!"

"Don't let that worry you; we're perfectly safe. When the sun detonates, the explosion wave will take several minutes to rise to its maximum. But apart from that, we're on the night side of the planet, behind an eight-thousand-mile screen of rock. When the first warning of the explosion comes, we will accelerate out of the Solar

System, keeping in the shadow of the planet. Under our maximum drive, we will reach the velocity of light before leaving the cone of shadow, and the sun cannot harm us then."

T'sinadree was still afraid to hope. Another objection came at once into his mind.

"Yes, but how will you get any warning, here on the night side of the planet?"

"Very easily," replied Alveron. "This world has a moon which is now visible from this hemisphere. We have telescopes trained on it. If it shows any sudden increase in brilliance, our main drive goes on automatically and we'll be thrown out of the system."

The logic was flawless. Alveron, cautious as ever, was taking no chances. It would be many minutes before the eight-thousand-mile shield of rock and metal could be destroyed by the fires of the exploding sun. In that time, the S9000 could have reached the safety of the velocity of light.

Alarkane pressed the second button when they were still several miles from the coast. He did not expect anything to happen then, assuming that the machine could not stop between stations. It seemed too good to be true when, a few minutes later, the machine's slight vibration died away and they came to a halt.

The doors slid silently apart. Even before they were fully open, the three had left the compartment. They were taking no more chances. Before them a long tunnel stretched into the distance, rising slowly out of sight. They were starting along it when suddenly Alveron's voice called from the communicators.

"Stay where you are! We're going to blast!"

The ground shuddered once, and far ahead there came the rumble of falling rock. Again the earth shook and a hundred yards ahead the passageway vanished abruptly. A tremendous vertical shaft had been cut clean through it.

The party hurried forward again until they came to the end of the corridor and stood waiting on its lip. The shaft in which it ended was a full thousand feet across and descended into the earth as far as the torches could throw their beams. Overhead, the storm clouds fled beneath a moon that no man would have recognized, so luridly brilliant was its disk. And, most glorious of all sights, the S9000 floated high above, the great projectors that had drilled this enormous pit still glowing cherry red.

A dark shape detached itself from the mother ship and dropped swiftly toward the ground. Torkalee was returning to collect his friends. A little later, Alveron greeted them in the control room. He waved to the great vision screen and said quietly, "See, we were barely in time."

The continent below them was slowly settling beneath the mile-high waves that were attacking its coasts. The last that anyone was ever to see of Earth was a great plain, bathed with the silver light of the abnormally brilliant moon. Across its face the waters were pouring in a glittering flood toward a distant range of mountains. The sea had won its final victory, but its triumph would be short-lived for soon sea and land would be no more. Even as the silent party in the control room watched the destruction below, the infinitely greater catastrophe to which this was only the prelude came swiftly upon them.

It was as though dawn had broken suddenly over this moonlit landscape. But it was not dawn: it was only the moon, shining with the brilliance of a second sun. For

perhaps thirty seconds that awesome, unnatural light burnt fiercely on the doomed land beneath. Then there came a sudden flashing of indicator lights across the control board. The main drive was on. For a second Alveron glanced at the indicators and checked their information. When he looked again at the screen, Earth was gone.

The magnificent, desperately overstrained generators quietly died when the S9000 was passing the orbit of Persephone. It did not matter, the sun could never harm them now, and although the ship was speeding helplessly out into the lonely night of interstellar space, it would only be a matter of days before rescue came.

There was irony in that. A day ago, they had been the rescuers, going to the aid of a race that now no longer existed. Not for the first time Alveron wondered about the world that had just perished. He tried, in vain, to picture it as it had been in its glory, the streets of its cities thronged with life. Primitive though its people had been, they might have offered much to the Universe. If only they could have made contact! Regret was useless; long before their coming, the people of this world must have buried themselves in its iron heart. And now they and their civilization would remain a mystery for the rest of time.

Alveron was glad when his thoughts were interrupted by Rugon's entrance. The chief of communications had been very busy ever since the take-off, trying to analyze the programs radiated by the transmitter Orostron had discovered. The problem was not a difficult one, but it demanded the construction of special equipment, and that had taken time.

"Well, what have you found?" asked Alveron.

"Quite a lot," replied his friend. "There's something mysterious here, and I don't understand it.

"It didn't take long to find how the vision transmissions were built up, and we've been able to convert them to suit our own equipment. It seems that there were cameras all over the planet, surveying points of interest. Some of them were apparently in cities, on the tops of very high buildings. The cameras were rotating continuously to give panoramic views. In the programs we've recorded there are about twenty different scenes.

"In addition, there are a number of transmissions of a different kind, neither sound nor vision. They seem to be purely scientific possibly instrument readings or something of that sort. All these programs were going out simultaneously on different frequency bands.

"Now there must be a reason for all this. Orostron still thinks that the station simply wasn't switched off when it was deserted. But these aren't the sort of programs such a station would normally radiate at all. It was certainly used for interplanetary – relaying Klarten was quite right there. So these people must have crossed space, since none of the other planets had any life at the time of the last survey. Don't you agree?"

Alveron was following intently.

"Yes, that seems reasonable enough. But it's also certain that the beam was pointing to none of the other planets. I checked that myself."

"I know," said Rugon. "What I want to discover is why a giant interplanetary relay station is busily transmitting pictures of a world about to be destroyed pictures that would be of immense interest to scientists and astronomers. Someone had gone to

a lot of trouble to arrange all those panoramic cameras. I am convinced that those beams were going somewhere."

Alveron started up.

"Do you imagine that there might be an outer planet that hasn't been reported?" he asked. "If so, your theory's certainly wrong. The beam wasn't even pointing in the plane of the Solar System. And even if it were just look at this."

He switched on the vision screen and adjusted the controls. Against the velvet curtain of space was hanging a blue-white sphere, apparently composed of many concentric shells of incandescent gas. Even though its immense distance made all movement invisible, it was clearly expanding at an enormous rate. At its center was a blinding point of light the white dwarf star that the sun had now become.

"You probably don't realize just how big that sphere is," said Alveron. "Look at this."

He increased the magnification until only the center portion of the nova was visible. Close to its heart were two minute condensations, one on either side of the nucleus.

"Those are the two giant planets of the system. They have still managed to retain their existence after a fashion. And they were several hundred million miles from the sun. The nova is still expanding but it's already twice the size of the Solar System."

Rugon was silent for a moment.

"Perhaps you're right," he said, rather grudgingly. "You've disposed of my first theory. But you still haven't satisfied me."

He made several swift circuits of the room before speaking again. Alveron waited patiently. He knew the almost intuitive powers of his friend, who could often solve a problem when mere logic seemed insufficient.

Then, rather slowly, Rugon began to speak again.

"What do you think of this?" he said. "Suppose we've completely underestimated this people? Orostron did it once he thought they could never have crossed space, since they'd only known radio for two centuries. Hansur II told me that. Well, Orostron was quite wrong. Perhaps we're all wrong. I've had a look at the material that Klarten brought back from the transmitter. He wasn't impressed by what he found, but it's a marvelous achievement for so short a time. There were devices in that station that belonged to civilizations thousands of years older. Alveron, can we follow that beam to see where it leads?"

Alveron said nothing for a full minute. He had been more than half expecting the question, but it was not an easy one to answer. The main generators had gone completely. There was no point in trying to repair them. But there was still power available, and while there was power, anything could be done in time. It would mean a lot of improvisation, and some difficult maneuvers, for the ship still had its enormous initial velocity. Yes, it could be done, and the activity would keep the crew from becoming further depressed, now that the reaction caused by the mission's failure had started to set in. The news that the nearest heavy repair ship could not reach them for three weeks had also caused a slump in morale.

The engineers, as usual, made a tremendous fuss. Again as usual, they did the job in half the time they had dismissed as being absolutely impossible. Very slowly,

over many hours, the great ship began to discard the speed its main drive had given it in as many minutes. In a tremendous curve, millions of miles in radius, the S9000 changed its course and the star fields shifted round it.

The maneuver took three days, but at the end of that time the ship was limping along a course parallel to the beam that had once come from Earth. They were heading out into emptiness, the blazing sphere that had been the sun dwindling slowly behind them. By the standards of interstellar flight, they were almost stationary.

For hours Rugon strained over his instruments, driving his detector beams far ahead into space. There were certainly no planets within many light-years; there was no doubt of that. From time to time Alveron came to see him and always he had to give the same reply: "Nothing to report." About a fifth of the time Rugon's intuition let him down badly; he began to wonder if this was such an occasion.

Not until a week later did the needles of the mass-detectors quiver feebly at the ends of their scales. But Rugon said nothing, not even to his captain. He waited until he was sure, and he went on waiting until even the short-range scanners began to react, and to build up the first faint pictures on the vision screen. Still he waited patiently until he could interpret the images. Then, when he knew that his wildest fancy was even less than the truth, he called his colleagues into the control room.

The picture on the vision screen was the familiar one of endless star fields, sun beyond sun to the very limits of the Universe. Near the center of the screen a distant nebula made a patch of haze that was difficult for the eye to grasp.

Rugon increased the magnification. The stars flowed out of the field; the little nebula expanded until it filled the screen and then it was a nebula no longer. A simultaneous gasp of amazement came from all the company at the sight that lay before them.

Lying across league after league of space, ranged in a vast three-dimensional array of rows and columns with the precision of a marching army, were thousands of tiny pencils of light. They were moving swiftly; the whole immense lattice holding its shape as a single unit. Even as Alveron and his comrades watched, the formation began to drift off the screen and Rugon had to recenter the controls.

After a long pause, Rugon started to speak.

"This is the race," he said softly, "that has known radio for only two centuries the race that we believed had crept to die in the heart of its planet. I have examined those images under the highest possible magnification.

"That is the greatest fleet of which there has ever been a record. Each of those points of light represents a ship larger than our own. Of course, they are very primitive what you see on the screen are the jets of their rockets. Yes, they dared to use rockets to bridge interstellar space! You realize what that means. It would take them centuries to reach the nearest star. The whole race must have embarked on this journey in the hope that its descendants would complete it, generations later.

"To measure the extent of their accomplishment, think of the ages it took us to conquer space, and the longer ages still before we attempted to reach the stars. Even if we were threatened with annihilation, could we have done so much in so short a time? Remember, this is the youngest civilization in the Universe. Four hundred thousand years ago it did not even exist. What will it be a million years from now?"

An hour later, Orostron left the crippled mother ship to make contact with the great fleet ahead. As the little torpedo disappeared among the stars, Alveron turned to his friend and made a remark that Rugon was often to remember in the years ahead.

"I wonder what they'll be like?" he mused. "Will they be nothing but wonderful engineers, with no art or philosophy? They're going to have such a surprise when Orostron reaches them I expect it will be rather a blow to their pride. It's funny how all isolated races think they're the only people in the Universe. But they should be grateful to us; we're going to save them a good many hundred years of travel."

Alveron glanced at the Milky Way, lying like a veil of silver mist across the vision screen. He waved toward it with a sweep of a tentacle that embraced the whole circle of the galaxy, from the Central Planets to the lonely suns of the Rim.

"You know," he said to Rugon, "I feel rather afraid of these people. Suppose they don't like our little Federation?" He waved once more toward the star-clouds that lay massed across the screen, glowing with the light of their countless suns.

"Something tells me they'll be very determined people," he added. "We had better be polite to them. After all, we only outnumber them about a thousand million to one."

Rugon laughed at his captain's little joke.

Twenty years afterward, the remark didn't seem funny.

RECOMMENDED READING LIST

1. Sir William Gerald Golding “Lord of the Flies”
2. Dame Jean Iris Murdoch “The Sandcastle”
3. James Joyce “Ulysses”
4. Aldous Huxley “Brave New World”
5. Ray Bradbury “Fahrenheit 451”
6. George Orwell “1984”
7. Isaac Asimov “I, Robot”
8. J.R.R. Tolkien “The Lord of the Rings”, “The Hobbit”
9. J.K. Rowling “Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone”
10. John Fowles “The French Lieutenant's Woman”
11. Kazuo Ishiguro “Never Let Me Go”
12. Virginia Woolf “Mrs. Dalloway”
13. Herbert Wells “The Stolen Bacillus”
14. Ian Banks “The Wasp Factory”
15. Roald Dahl "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory", short stories
16. Catherine Woodfine "The Mystery of the Clockwork Sparrow"

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СУЧАСНА ЛІТЕРАТУРА АНГЛОМОВНИХ КРАЇН

Навчальний посібник
для здобувачів вищої освіти другого (магістерського) рівня