

## The Literary Text Analysis Project

There are 8 passages below which have been taken from works by prominent English language writers from several different periods. The third passage is an English translation of a novel originally written in Spanish. You will select one of these passages for your analysis project.

Each of the passages is approximately 500 words long except for the second one. If you choose the second, you are free to select any 500-word fragment from the speech. You do not need to analyze the entire speech.

You may want to find a copy of the original text of your passage to check my transcription. Occasionally I make typing errors and it is possible that I have transcribed something incorrectly. If you find an error, I would appreciate it if you brought it to my attention.

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### Format of the Text Analysis Portfolio

Your final project should be in this format and should contain the following 10 sections. The length of your project should be from 5-8 pages (plus your word class draft). Cover all of the sections mentioned below. Write most sections in paragraph form. You do not need a separate page for each section. The bullet points below are guidelines to help you complete each section. You can skip any of the points that do not apply to your author or passage. Don't pad your paper just to obtain a high page count. Be concise. Be sure to include a References page. The project should be typed in 12 point font. The constituent structure tree does not need to be typed but should be drawn neatly.

#### Your Final Project should contain the following sections:

- A. Introduction
- B. Word Class Table
- C. Morphology and Etymology for 5 words from your passage
- D. Phrase Structure
- E. Clause Structure
- F. Constituent structure tree
- G. Style Variation discussion
- H. Conclusion
- I. References
- J. Your draft copy of the Word Class Table

#### A. Introduction: Selection criteria

- Which passage did you select? Describe it.
- Why did you choose it? You may have chosen it because it sounds nice to you, it is one of your favorite authors. You may have decided you wanted to figure out why you dislike this author so much. It might have reminded you of something in your

own experience. It may have been a topic you enjoy. It may have been a place you are familiar with, etc.

- Do you like the writing style? Do you dislike the writing style? Is this a familiar writer? Have you read this writer's work before? State your views about the author.
- Describe specific examples (words or phrases from the paragraph) that you especially like or dislike. This may be about the 'sound' of a phrase, the meaning of the phrase, the relationship among words or phrases.

## **B. Word Class Table FIRST DRAFT DUE WEEK 6**

Do a complete inventory of the Word Class of every word. You may need a good dictionary for this. You might find some words that do not fit neatly into the conventional word class categories. For those words, you may need to "invent" a logical category (some possible extra categories are: negation, WH-words, discourse words, etc.)

Create a typed, single-spaced table.

The table should be arranged either by sentence or alphabetized to make it easier for me to grade.

For example, by sentence:

sentence	nouns	verbs	adjectives	adverbs	prepositions	etc.(additional columns)
1						

or alphabetized:

noun	verb	adj	adverb	prep	aux verb	conjunctions	det	etc. (more columns)
						coord comp sub		
egg	gave	blue	actually	by	am	and for if	a	
gravel	shown	round	now	in	had	or that while	five	

Display the inventory in columns: nouns, verbs, auxiliary verbs, adjectives, adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, determiners. For the conjunctions, divide them into 3 separate columns, coordinating, complementizers, subordinating conjunctions.

\*nb: Most pronouns like *they*, *I* will be classified as nouns, some pronouns like possessives *my*, *his* will be classified as determiners.

\*\*You do not have to repeat words that appear many times in your passage, provided they function as the same word class every time. For example 'and' will probably always be a conjunction but 'that' could be a determiner or a complementizer (or even a noun).\*\*

## **C. Morphology and Etymology**

**Use complete sentences and narrative style for most of this section.**

- Select 5 words from your passage to do a more complete etymology upon. Explain why you chose those 5. Are they words that you had to look up to find the meaning? Are they words that are used in a different way in American English

today than they appear to be used in the passage? Are they words that you especially liked, possibly because of the phrase the writer put them in?

- What do each of your 5 words mean? What part of speech are they (Remember not to just use the dictionary for this because some words may be classified in more than one category. You should give the word class as it appears in your passage.)
- Inflectional morphology. If your word is a noun, how do you make the plural of the noun? If it is a verb, how do you make the past tense? If it is an adjective, how do you make the comparative and superlative?
- Write a short "biography" of your 5 words. The Oxford English Dictionary (OED) is very useful for this part. Tell what your words mean, use them in a sentence. Are they common words? When did the words first appear in English? Did they exist in Old English or Middle English? Were they spelled the same? Did their meaning change over time? What language do they come from?
- Discuss synonyms of your words. Why do you think your author chose that word instead of its synonym?

#### D. Phrase Structure

Find an example of each of the following phrase types in your passage:

- Noun Phrases [NP]
  - 1) Subject NP
  - 2) Object NP
- Verb Phrases [VP]
  - 1) Transitive Main Verb + Complement
  - 2) AuxV MV (+complement)

(nb: Put brackets around the complement and label its phrase type)
- Verb Phrase with a non-finite verb (+complement)
- Prepositional Phrase [PP]
- Adjective Phrase [AP]
- Adverbial Phrase (adverbs, intensified adverbs [AdvP] or a prepositional phrase of time, location or manner [PP] which functions as an adverb) Tell what kind of adverbial it is.

#### E. Clause Structure

**This section should be mostly written in paragraph form where you discuss how your writer uses clause structure in the text.**

- Look at all the 'sentences' in your passage (by this I mean the phrases that begin with a capital letter and end with a period). There may be some 'sentences' that are not clauses with a subject and predicate. What is the total number of 'sentences' in your passage?
- **Of** all the 'sentences' how many have an NP and a PredP?
- There are likely to be many compound and complex clauses too. Be sure to mention whether your author favors complex, compound or simple clauses.
- How many are compound or complex? Give an example of the following sentence types:
- Main clause with embedded complement clause [S1 (often, but not always begins with 'that' complementizer)]

- Main clause with embedded subordinate clause [S'] (often begins with subordinators like 'if, because, since, etc.)
- Main clause which contains an Adverbial Clause (usually a subordinate clause of time, location or manner)
- Compound sentence (2 clauses joined by a coordinating conjunction).
- Are there any sentences that do not fit the definition of 'clause' that we have used in class? How many do not fit the definition of clause? What causes you to say they are not clauses?
- Give one example of an "incomplete" clause from your passage.
- Try to rewrite one "incomplete" clause in your passage as a subject+predicate sentence. What effect does that have on the passage? Do you like it better that way?

#### **F. Constituent structure tree**

- Select one sentence from your passage and draw a constituent structure tree for that sentence. Be sure that the sentence you choose contains at least one clause.

#### **G. Stylistic variation**

**This section should be a paragraph, not a list.**

- Look at your part of speech table. Do any interesting patterns emerge concerning the category of words used by this author?
- Does the passage seem formal, informal.
- Is the story a conversation?, a lecture? etc.?, a combination of several styles?
- What effect does the style have on you as the reader?
- What evidence do you find in your passage of dialect differences?
- Can you tell by something in the text (the words that are used, the structure of the phrases, the spelling, the punctuation, etc.) that this story occurs in a different time or a different location? Explain how you know this.
- Can you tell the age of the participants or the author from the text? Explain this.
- Can you tell anything about the education or status of the author or the characters? Again, what evidence do you find to support your opinion?

#### **H. Conclusion**

What is your opinion of this project? Now that you have investigated the structure of the writing of this author, has your point of view about writing changed? Did performing the analyses change your opinion about that author? Do you think that analyzing the grammar of a text can improve your writing? What did you find most valuable about doing this project?

#### **I. References**

Include your text source, textbooks, dictionaries, on-line sources, thesaurus reference entries for the sources you used to prepare this portfolio. Be sure to cite to your sources within your project too. Use a standard citation format such as MLA or APA. Be consistent.

#### **J. Your draft copy of the Word Class Table**

## Passages

***Romeo and Juliet***, Act II Scene I by William Shakespeare, (1597)

JULIET *appears above at a window*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than

she: Be not her maid, since she *is*

envious; Her vestal livery is but sick

and green And none but fools do wear

it; cast it off. It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of

that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I

am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her

eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they

return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars, As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in

heaven Would through the airy region stream

so bright That birds would sing and think it

were not night. See, how she leans her cheek

upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon

that hand, That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my

head As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to <sup>e</sup>aze on him

When he bestrides the lazy-pacin<sup>g</sup> clouds And sails upon the bosom of the air.

**JULIET**

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

**ROMEO**

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm,  
nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? that which we call a-rose By any  
other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, Retain that  
dear perfection which he owes Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, And for that name  
which is no part of thee Take all myself.

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized; Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO**

By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because  
it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

**JULIET**

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound: Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

*The Portrait of a Lady* by Henry James, Penguin, Chapter 1 (1908) pp. 59-60.

Under certain circumstance there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not – some people of course never do, -- the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect fiddle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. From five o'clock to eight is on certain occasions a little eternity; but on such an occasion as this the interval could be only an eternity of pleasure. The persons concerned in it were taking their pleasure quietly, and they were not of the sex which is supposed to furnish the regular votaries of the ceremony I have mentioned. The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker-chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro, in desultory talk, in front of him. The old man had his cup in his hand; it was an unusually large cup, of a different pattern from the rest of the set and painted in brilliant colours. He disposed of its contents with much circumspection, holding it for a long time close to his chin, with his face turned to the house. His companions had either finished their tea or were indifferent to their privilege; they smoked cigarettes as they continued to stroll. One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his dwelling. The house that rose beyond the lawn was a structure to repay such consideration and was the most characteristic object in the peculiarly English picture I have attempted to sketch.

It stood upon a low hill, above the river – the river being the Thames at some forty miles from London. A long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sort of pictorial tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it presented to the lawn its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers.

**"I Have a Dream"** by Martin Luther King, Jr. Speech delivered on the steps at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D.C. on August 28, 1963

[nb: if you choose this speech, select a 500 word segment from it. (It may be a few words over 500. Use the nearest complete sentence.) You do not have to analyze the entire speech.]

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity. But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling condition. In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men would be guaranteed the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check -- a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism.

Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to open the doors of opportunity to all of God's children. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of the Negro. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges. But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and



hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone. And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream. I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at a table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state, sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose <sup>e</sup>governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation

into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring." And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania! Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous peaks of California! But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia! Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! Let freedom ring from every hill and every molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring. When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

*The Diamond Age* by Neal Stephenson, William Morrow, p. 214 (2000)

"It's a brisk morning," the Constable said. "Why don't you join me inside the gatehouse, where it's nice and cozy, and I'll get you some tea."

On either side of the main gate, the fence terminated in a small stone tower with narrow diamond-paned windows set deeply into its walls. The Constable entered one of these from his side of the fence and then opened a heavy wooden door with huge wrought-iron hinges, letting Nell and Harv in from their side. The tiny octagonal room was cluttered with fine furniture made of dark wood, a shelf of old books, and a small cast-iron stove with a red enamel kettle on top, pocked like an asteroid from ancient impacts, piping out a tenuous column of steam. The Constable directed them into a pair of wooden chairs. Trying to scoot them back from the table, they discovered that each was ten times the weight of any other chair they'd seen, being made of actual wood, and thick pieces of it too. They were not especially comfortable, but Nell liked sitting in hers nevertheless, as something about its size and weight gave her a feeling of security. The windows on the Dovetail side of the gatehouse were larger, and she could see the two corgi dogs outside, peering in through the lead latticework, flabbergasted that they had, through some enormous lacuna in procedure, been left on the outside, wagging their tails somewhat uncertainly, as if, in a world that allowed such mistakes, nothing could be counted on.

The Constable found a wooden tray and carried it about the room, cautiously assembling a collection of cups, saucers, spoons, tongs, and other tea-related armaments. When all the necessary tools were properly laid out, he manufactured the beverage, hewing closely to the ancient procedure, and set it before them.

Resting on a counter by the window was an outlandishly shaped black object that Nell recognized as a telephone, only because she had seen them on the old passives that her mother liked to watch—where they seemed to take on a talismanic significance out of proportion to what they actually did. The Constable picked up a piece of paper on which many names and strings and digits had been hand-written. He turned his back to the nearest window, then leaned backward over the counter so as to bring most of him closer to its illumination. He tilted the paper into the light and then adjusted the elevation of his own chin through a rather sweeping arc, converging on a position that placed the lenses of his reading spectacles between pupil and page. Having maneuvered all of these elements into the optimal geometry, he let out a little sigh, as though the arrangement suited him, and peered up over his glasses at Nell and Harv for a moment, as if to suggest that they could learn some valuable tricks by keeping a sharp eye on him. Nell watched him, fascinated not least because she rarely saw people in spectacles.

***For Whom the Bell Tolls*** by Ernest Hemingway, Chapter 26, pp. 302-3 (1940)

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the planes came. The snow had all been gone by noon and rocks were hot now in the sun. There were no clouds in the sky and Robert Jordan sat in the rocks with his shirt off browning his back in the sun and reading the letters that had been in the pockets of the dead cavalryman. From time to time he would stop reading to look across the open slope to the line of the timber, look over the high country above and then return to the letters. No more cavalry had appeared. At intervals there would be the sound of a shot from the direction of El Sordo's camp. But the firing was desultory.

From examining his military papers he knew the boy was from Tafalla in Navarra, twenty-one years old, unmarried, and the son of a blacksmith. His regiment was the Nth cavalry, which surprised Robert Jordan, for he had believed that regiment to be in the North. He was a Carlist, and he had been wounded at the fighting for Irun at the start of the war.

The first letters he read were very formal, very carefully written and dealt almost entirely with local happenings. They were from his sister and Robert Jordan learned that everything was all right in Tafalla, that father was well, that mother was the same as always but with certain complaints about her back, that she hoped he was well and not in too great danger and she was happy he was doing away with the reds to liberate Spain from the domination of the Marxist hordes. Then there was a list of those boys from Tafalla who had been killed or badly wounded since she wrote last. She mentioned ten who were killed. That is a great many for a town the size of Tafalla, Robert Jordan thought.

There was quite a lot of religion in the letter and she prayed to Saint Anthony, to the Blessed Virgin of Pilar, and to other Virgins to protect him and she wanted him never to forget that he was also protected by the Sacred Heart of Jesus that he wore still, she trusted, at all times over his own heart where it had been proven innumerable—this was underlined—times to have the power of stopping bullets. She was as always his loving sister Concha.

This letter was a little stained around the edges and Robert Jordan put it carefully back with the military papers and opened a letter with a less severe handwriting. It was from the boy's *novici* his fiancée, and it was quietly, formally, and completely hysterical with concern for his safety. Robert Jordan read it through and then put all the letters together with the papers into his hip pocket. He did not want to read the other letters.

I guess I've done my good deed for today, he said to himself. I guess you have all right, he repeated.

"What are those you were reading?" Primitivo asked him.

"The documentation and the letters of that *requete* we shot this morning. Do you want to see it?" "I can't read," Primitivo said. "Was there anything interesting?"

***One Hundred Years of Solitude*** by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (English translation)  
Harper Perennial 1991 New York. pp. 1-3.

Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendia was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice. At that time Macondo was a village of twenty adobe houses, built on the bank of a river of clear water that ran along a bed of polished stones, which were white and enormous, like prehistoric eggs. The world was so recent that many things lacked names, and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point. Every year during the month of March a family of ragged gypsies would set up their tents near the village, and with a great uproar of pipes and kettledrums they would display new inventions. First they brought the magnet. A heavy gypsy with an untamed beard and sparrow hands, who introduced himself as Melquiades, put on a bold public demonstration of what he himself called the eighth wonder of the learned alchemists of Macedonia. He went from house to house dragging two metal ingots and everybody was amazed to see pots, pans, tongs, and braziers tumble down from their places and beams creak from the desperation of nails and screws trying to emerge, and even objects that had been lost for a long time appeared from where they had been searched for most and went dragging along in turbulent confusion behind Melquiades' magical irons. "Things have a life of their own," the gypsy proclaimed with a harsh accent. "It's simply a matter of waking up their souls." Jose Arcadio Buendia, whose unbridled imagination always went beyond the genius of nature and even beyond miracles and magic, thought that it would be possible to make use of that useless invention to extract gold from the bowels of the earth. Melquiades, who was an honest man, warned him: "It won't work for that." But Jose Arcadio Buendia at that time did not believe in the honesty of gypsies, so he traded his mule and a pair of goats for the two magnetized ingots. Ursula Iguarán, his wife, who relied on those animals to increase their poor domestic holdings, was unable to dissuade him. "Very soon we'll have gold enough and more to pave the floors of the house," he husband replied. For several months he worked hard to demonstrate the truth of his idea. He explored every inch of the region, even the riverbed, dragging the two iron ingots along and reciting Melquiades' incantation aloud. The only thing he succeeded *in* doing was to unearth a suit of fifteenth-century armor which had all of its pieces soldered together with rust and inside of which there was the hollow resonance of an

enormous stone-filled <sup>g</sup>ourd. When Jose Arcadio Buendia and the four men of his expedition managed to take the armor apart, they found inside a calcified skeleton with a copper locket containing a woman's hair around its neck.

In March the gypsies returned. This time they brought a telescope and a magnifying glass the size of a drum, which they exhibited as the latest discovery of the Jews of Amsterdam. They placed a gypsy woman at one end of the village and set up the telescope at the entrance to the tent. For the price of five reales, people could look into the telescope and see the gypsy woman an arm's length away. "Science has eliminated distance," Melquiades proclaimed.

***The Great Gatsby*** by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Charles Scribners, New York (1925) pp.77-8.

In June she married Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. He came down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Muhlbach Hotel, and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I was a bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress—and as drunk as a monkey. She had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and a letter in the other.

"Gratulate me," she muttered. "Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it."

"What's the matter, Daisy?"

I was scared, I can tell you; I'd never seen a girl like that before.

"Here, dears'." She groped around in a waste-basket she had with her on the bed and pulled out the string of pearls. "take 'em downstairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!"

She began to cry—she cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. She wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her and squeezed it up into a wet ball, and only let me leave it in the soap-dish when she saw that it was comin<sup>g</sup> to pieces like snow.

But she didn't say another word. We gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead and hooked he back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over. Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver, and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. If he left the room for a minute she'd look around uneasily, and say: "Where's Tom gone?" and wear the most abstracted expression until she saw him coming in the door. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap by the hour, rubbing her fingers over his eyes and looking at him with unfathomable delight. It was touching to see them together—it made you laugh in a hushed, fascinated way. That was in August. A week after I left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken—she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.

The next April Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year.

*East of Eden* by John Steinbeck, Bantam Books, New York (1952) Ch. 25 pp. 275-6.

[1] It was a deluge of a winter in the Salinas Valley, wet and wonderful. The rains fell gently and soaked in and did not freshet. The feed was deep in January, and in February the hills were fat with grass and the coats of the cattle looked tight and sleek. In March the soft rains continued, and each storm waited courteously until its predecessor sank beneath the ground. Then warmth flooded the valley and the earth burst into bloom—yellow and blue and gold.

Tom was alone on the ranch, and even that dust heap was rich and lovely and flints were hidden in <sup>s</sup>grass and the Hamilton cows were fat and the Hamilton sheep sprouted grass from their damp backs. At noon on March 15 Tom sat on the bench outside the forge. The sunny morning was over, and gray water-bearing clouds sailed in over the mountains from the ocean, and their shadows slid under them on the bright earth.

Tom heard a horse's clattering hoofs and he saw a small boy, elbows flapping, urging a tired horse toward the house. He stood up and walked toward the road. The boy galloped up to the house, yanked off his hat, flung a yellow envelope on the ground, spun his horse around, and kicked up a <sup>s</sup>allop again.

Tom started to call after him, and then he leaned wearily down and picked up the telegram. He sat in the sun on the bench outside the forge, holding the telegram in his hand. And he looked at the hills and at the old house, as though to save something, before he tore open the envelope and read the inevitable four words, the person, the event and the time.

Tom slowly folded the telegram and folded it again and again until it was a square no larger than his thumb. He walked to the house, through the kitchen, through the little living room and into his bedroom. He took his dark suit out of the clothespress and laid it over the back of a chair and he put a white shirt and a black tie on the seat of the chair. And then he lay down on the bed and turned his face to the wall. I.

[2] The surreys and the buggies had driven out of the Salinas cemetery. The family and friends went back to Olive's house on Central Avenue to eat and to drink coffee, to see how each one was taking it. and to do and say the decent things.

George offered Adam Trask a lift in his rented surrey, but Adam refused. He wandered around the cemetery and sat down on the cement curb of the Williams family plot. The traditional dark cypresses wept around the edge of the cemetery, and white violets ran wild in the pathways. Someone had brought them in and they had become weeds.

The cold wind blew over the tombstones and cried in the cypresses. There were many cast-iron stars, marking the graves of Grand Army men, and on each star a small wind-bitten flag from a year ago Decoration Day.

Adam sat looking at the mountains to the east of Salinas with the noble point of Fremont's Peak dominating.