Колесова Татьяна Борисовна, Полякова Ирина Михайловна
Учебно-методическое пособие по английскому языку на тему: «Дом», Вып 2.

Данное учебно-методическое пособие предназначено для студентов 2 курса отделения романо-германской филологии. Целью пособия является развитие у студентов навыков устной речи на английском языке по теме «Дом». Пособие создано на основе оригинальных источников английской и американской литературы и содержит упражнения, способствующие усвоению и закреплению нового лексического материала по теме, а также использованию его в процессе общения на английском языке.

Редактор – доцент кафедры английского языка гуманитарных факультетов Числова А.С.

English Home

Study the underlined words and expressions below. Get ready to discuss your home makeing use of the vocabulary.

1. They began climbing many flights of dusty stairs…

   He opened a door and they began climbing many flights of dusty stairs. At the end of the climb they entered a good-sized room, square, with windows on all four sides. There was a bed, a table and two chairs, lamps, a rug. Four very large brass bells hung in the exact center of the room. …If you don’t want an upper apartment, I have a basement over at Antral Presbyterian. You’d have to share it. There are two women in there now. (“The New Yorker” by Donald Barthelme)

   When I got to the top of the stairs – the house was only a story high above the ground floor – Traddles was on the landing to meet me. He was delighted to see me, and gave me welcome, with great heartiness, to his little room. It was in the front of the house, and extremely neat, though sparely furnished. (Ch.Dickens)

   • The foyer was blackness, an airless velvet blackness like the inside of a jeweler's box. Four drum-shaped lamps of golden silk suspended from the ceiling gave it light (a very little) and formed the jewels: gold signets, those, or cufflinks for a giant. At the far end of the foyer there were black stairs, faintly dusty, rippling upward toward an amber radiance.

   (Katharine Brush "Night Club")

   Near the elevators he stopped to use a house phone, inquiring from Reception what accommodation had been reserved for Mr. Curtis O’Keefe’s party. There were
two adjoining suites on the twelfth floor, a room clerk informed him, and Peter used the service stairway to descend the two flights. Like all sizable hotels, the St. Gregory pretended not to have a thirteenth floor, naming it the fourteenth instead. (A. Haily)

The stone stairway smelled badly of cooked food. The Great Profundo was on the landing, waiting barefoot, when I reached the fourth floor. (K. Hewitt)

2. The door stood open

...The door from the kitchen to the living room stood open, and he could see the little room crowded with furniture. (H. E. Bates)

Rose lived with her retired husband, Cecil, in the topmost of the two cottages in the lane leading up to Ester’s house – a large, thatched manor farm with its own cobbled court. The cobbles extended under the stout, nail-studded oak door into the dark hall between the kitchen and skulldry. The oak door was the back door; everybody but the random stranger used it. The front door, yellow-painted and flanked by two pungent bushes of box, faced across an acre of stinging nettles to where the church indicated a gray heaven above its scallop of surrounding headstone. (Sylvia Plath)

Notes:
Box – самшит
Nettle – крапива
Scallop – зубцы

While speaking they had moved from the corridor into the hallway of the suite, a tastefully appointed rectangle with deep broadloom, two upholstered chairs, and a telephone side table beneath a Morris Henry Hobbs engraving of old New Orleans. The double doorway to the corridor formed one end of the rectangle. At the other end, the door to the large living room was partially open. On the right and left were two other doorways, one to the self-contained kitchen and another to an office-cum-bed-sitting room, at present used by the Croydons’ secretary. The two main, connecting bedrooms of the suite were accessible both through the kitchen and living room, an arrangement contrived so that a surreptitious bedroom visitor could be spirited in and out by the ketchen if need arose. (Arthur Haily)

• The whole thing is balanced so perfectly on the hinges that it moves like a feather.

Plain solid wood, four inches thick, fitted flush into the frame so that it’s almost airtight. It’s a beautiful piece of carpentry, too, the kind they practiced two hundred years ago. And no locks or bolts. Just a ring set into each side to use as a handle...

• We stopped at the very end of the chamber before what I can best describe as stone closet built from floor to ceiling in the farthest angle of the walls. It was about four feet wide and not quite twice that in length and its open doorway showed impenetrable blackness inside. (Stanley Ellin "The Moment of Decision")
All four doors to the two reserved suites were open and, from within, the whine of a vacuum cleaner was audible as he approached. Inside two maids were working industriously. (Arthur Haily)

Anna reached the landing, tiptoed past a door marked staff cloakroom and approached a distant one bearing a neat label encased in a brass frame. It said: ‘Headmistress’. (Miss F.R. Enderby)

It was unnaturally quiet in the empty corridor. Anna was conscious of the clean smell of furniture polish and carbolic soap mixed together, an ineffable smell from the woodwork and stone of the great building, which she was to recognize all through her life as the very essence of the first-day-of-term in any school throughout the land.

She knocked timidly upon the polished wood of the door and stood back to wait. Silence engulfed her again. She read the directions on a bright red fire extinguisher with an intentness born of extreme nervous tension and wiped her damp palms with a crumpled handkerchief.

A faint measured clicking sound reached her straining ears and she realized that it was the ticking of the electric clock. Somewhere, far below, a door banged and a child squealed, breaking the spell of near-panic which bound the girl. She moved away from the cold radiator against which she had been pressing herself and approached the door again, swallowing painfully to relieve the constriction in her throat.

This time she knocked more loudly, and before the noise had died away, she had her answer. { … }

Fabian pushed the bell again and the door finally creaked open. { … }

The solid comfort of the Essex farmhouse was bliss to Anna after the box-like frailty and pokiness of her lodgings. Here was companionship, warmth and laughter. Besides the voices of her parents and the two young brothers home from school the house itself whispered to her in a dozen different ways. The fire crackled, the kettle sizzled, the old doors squeaked on their ancient hinges, and a loose flagstone in the hall gave a cheerful and familiar thump to the hurrying feet. It was all exactly as it should be, and Anna felt her old self again. (Miss Reeds)

The old lady opened a heavy oak door and we went into a dining room lit by a heavy crystal chandelier over the table. … Behind him, unframed, it by the chandelier, hung a dark painting pinned by artist’s tacks to the plain, yellowish wall. (I. Shaw)

3. A shabby apartment

She picks up the basket and trudges up the alley with it to her lodging: a small room with very old wall paper hanging loose in the damp places. A broken pane in the window is mended with paper. A portrait of a popular actor and a fashion plate of lady’s dresses, all wildly beyond poor Elizer’s means, both torn
from newspapers, are pinned up on the wall. A bird-cage hangs in the window, but its tenant died long ago: it remains as a memorial only.

These are the only visible luxuries: the rest is the irreducible minimum of poverty’s needs: a wretched bed heaped with all sorts of coverings that have any warmth in them, a draped packing case with a basin and jug on it and a little looking glass over it, a chair and the table, the refuse of some suburban kitchen, and an American alarm clock on the shelf above the unused fireplace. (B. Shaw)

You should have seen the mess! There was no floor covering whatsoever. And so dusty everywhere. There were shelves all round the room, with old box files on them. The box files were falling to pieces, and all the old papers inside them were crumpled. The worst shock of all was the tea cups. It was my duty to make tea, mornings and afternoons. Miss Beedlray showed me where everything was kept. It was kept in an old orange box, and the cups were all cracked. (M. Spark)

• But the room looked different now, with gaps in the bookcase where the leather-bound sets had been and the paintings gone from the walls. (Helen Hudson "The Tenant"

In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, a short distance after you have passed through the open space fronting the Town Hall, stands an inn known far and wide by the appellation of The Great White Horse, rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighbourhood in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pig—for its enormous size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, ill-lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of The Great White Horse at Ipswich…

This was a room of specially dirty appearance, with a very low ceiling and old panelled walls, and so badly lighted that although it was broad day outside, great tallow candles were burning on the desks. At one end was a door leading to the judge’s private apartment, round which were congregated a crowd of attorneys and managing clerks, who were called in, in the order in which their respective appointments stood upon the file. Every time this door was opened to let a party out, the next party made a violent rush to get in; and as in addition to the numerous dialogues which passed between the gentlemen who were waiting to see the judge a variety of personal squabbles ensued between the greater part of those who had seen him, there was as much noise as could well be raised in an apartment of such confined dimensions.

The girl looked timidly at Mr. Bob Sawyer, who was expressing his admiration of her personal charms by a variety of wonderful grimaces, and casting an eye at the hats and great-coats which hung in the passage, called another girl to
mind the door while she went upstairs. The sentinel was speedily relieved; for the
girl returned immediately and begging pardon of the gentlemen for leaving them in
the street, ushered them into a floor-clothed back parlour, half office and half
dressing-room, in which the principal useful and ornamental articles of furniture
were a desk, a wash-band stand and shaving-glass, a boot-rack and boot-jack, a high
stool, four chairs, a table, and an old eight-day clock. Over the mantelpiece were
the sunken doors of an iron safe, while a couple of hanging shelves for books, an
almanac, and several files of dusty papers decorated the walls. (Ch.Dickens)

Grimshaw went out of the bedroom and along the dark landing and
downstairs between the rows of pictures and furniture and the many pieces of china
suspended by wires from the frieze rail. He went through the living-room, fireless
too and crowded like the bedroom and the passages with many pieces of furniture,
and so through to the kitchen. The kitchen was dirty, with a day's unwashed
crockery in the sink, and in the range a small acrid fire of leather-bits that

Grimshaw cadged twice a week from the shoemaker round the corner. In the
middle of the floor stood a pembroke-table, not a good specimen, that Grimshaw
had once got for two shillings and had repaired in the workshop up the yard. On the
table were spread sheets of newspaper, for a table-cloth, and on the newspaper stood
a dirty cup and plate and a broken eggshell, the remains of Grimshaw's breakfast. A
brown teapot was stewing on the hob, the kettle simmering on the trivet beside it.
(H.E. Bates «The beauty of the dead»)

The weather continued to be bitterly cold. The muddy rutted roads were as
hard as concrete and the wire netting which divided the new garden was rimmed
throughout each leaden day with whiskers of frost.

It was now that the flimsy shabbiness of Mrs Flynn’s house was exposed.
Wicked draughts blew under ill-fitting doors and the tiled bathroom was like a
refrigerator. Condensed steam ran steadily to the floor from the chilly walls and
the ventilator, already rusting high in the wall, emitted a thin scream as the wind
whistled across the surrounding marshland and forced its way through the aperture.

Anna, despite a hot water bottle and a meagre smelly oil heater provided
grudgingly by Mrs Flynn, could not get warm in her bedroom. The mattress was
thin, and the blankets heavy but largely of cotton and smelling dismally of dog-
biscuits. A lumpy eiderdown, which Mrs Flynn unearthed at Anna’s timid request,
added its quota of moth-ball perfume to the general unsavouriness. The weekend, at
home with two-feet thick walls, massive fires, and a snug bed grew doubly precious
at this time of year. (Miss Reeds) pp. 74-75

The Markhams lived in the attic where the rooms were private as pockets,
with low ceilings and sloping walls. (Helen Hudson “The Tenant”)

The dreary dining-room itself, with its heavy mahogany furniture, looked as
if it were waiting to be done away with. (D. Lawrence ‘The horse dealer’s daughter’)
The room was a small, poor one, with a single window facing the street. It contained a narrow cot, a low table and several stacks of books poled haphazardly around on the floor along the wall. (B. Malamad “The first years”)

4. It was a large room...

• It was a large room with a Madonna over the **fireplace and** rows upon rows of books in covers of light gold and dark gold and shiny red. All the chairs had little lace squares where one's head should rest, the **couch was just comfortable**, the books looked as if they had been read - some - and Sally Carol had an instantaneous vision of the battered old library at home, with her father's medical books, and the **oil-paintings** of her three great-uncles, and the **old couch** that had been mended up for forty-five years and was still luxurious to dream in. This room struck her as being neither attractive nor particularly otherwise. It was simply a room with a lot of fairly expensive **things in it** that all looked about fifteen years old. (F. Scott Fitzgerald "The Ice Palace"

…Her drawing-room, in a flat on Chelsey Embankment, has three windows looking on the river, and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to balcony with flowers in pots. If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows. (B. Shaw)

Plate – иллюстрация

When he went to his supper he found cheering food and drink with pleasant garniture of silver and mahogany. There were no other visitors, he was to be alone; **blinds were drawn**, **lamps lit**, and the **fire at his back** was comforting. So he sat long about his meal until a white-faced maid came to clear the table, discoursing to him about country things as she busied about the room. It was a long, narrow room, with a **sideboard** and the door at one end and the **fireplace** at the other. A book-shelf, almost devoid of books, contained a number of plates; the long wall that faced the **windows** was almost destitute of pictures, but there were hung upon it, for some inscrutable but doubtless sufficient reason, many dish-covers, solidly shaped, of the kind held in such mysterious regard and known as ‘willow pattern’, one was even hung upon the face of the map. Two musty prints were mixed with them, presentments of horses having a stilted extravagant physique and best ridden by images of inhuman and incommunicable dignity, clothed in whiskers, coloured jackets, and tight white breeches. (Alfred E. Coppard “Dusky Ruth”)

The joy of home-coming was ever fresh. The smell of the old farmhouse compounded of years of wood smoke, stone floors, and the linseed oil which was used to polish the ancient oak staircase, was like a benison to Anna, after the bleak gas-tainted air which greeted her as Mrs Flynn’ front door yielded grudgingly to her pressure. The feet of the old flagstones in the farmhouse hall, worn and uneven from generations of sturdy boots, gave Anna a lift of the heart which Mrs Flynn’s
impersonal, ever linoleum could never do: and the sight of the great fireplace flinging a wide welcome of cheerful warmth, made Anna realize how thoroughly she loathed Mrs Flynn’s meagre gas fire. {...}

5. The room looked spotless

• The women backed into a room, which had been thoroughly straightened, and swept. An empty canebottomed chair had been placed by the bed. In the middle of the room a hanging light bulb was turned on, and a kerosene lamp on the dresser had been lit. Clean, starched cloths, made of bleached feed sacks edged in coarse lace, covered the tops of the dresser, trunk, and one small table. A low fire burned in the fireplace, its hearth freshly brushed with Ella's sedge broom. (Mary Ward Brown "The Cure")

A kerosene lamp set on the table and the room, although almost bare of furniture, was scrupulously clean. (Sherwood Anderson “Loneliness.)

• The Weeds' Dutch Colonial house was larger than it appeared to be from the driveway. The living room was spacious and divided like Gaul into three parts. < …> The largest part of the living room centered around a fireplace. On the right were some bookshelves and a piano. The room was polished and tranquil, and from the windows that opened to the west there was some late-summer sunlight, brilliant and as clear as water. Nothing here was neglected; nothing had not been burnished. It was not the kind of household where, after prying open a stuck cigarette box you would find an old shirt button and a tarnished nickel. The hearth was swept, the roses on the piano were reflected in the polish of the broad top, and there was an album of Schubert waltzes on the rack. (John Cheever "The Country Husband")

The apartment was spotless and frighteningly neat like a motel in the afternoon. In the kitchen the floor was still damp and the dinner table was bare and smelled of furniture polish. She found him at last in the tiny unfinished room at the end of the hall. (Helen Hudson "The Tenant")

• The room was a spotless, white-tiled place, halfbeauty shop, half dressing-room. Along one wall stood washstands, sturdy triplets in a row, with pale-green liquid soap in glass balloons afloat above them. Against the opposite wall there was a couch. A third wall backed an elongated glass-topped dressing table; and over the dressing table and over the washtands long rectangular sheets of mirror reflected lights' doors, glossy tiles' lights multiplied... Katharine Brush "Night Club"

Every evening her parents sat in their clean, neat sitting-room watching television. Her mother made tea at nine o’clock because it was nice to have a cup with the News. She always called upstairs to Jenny, but Jenny never wanted to have tea or see the News. She did her homework in her bedroom, a small room that was clean and neat also, with a pebbly cream wallpaper expertly hung by her father. (K.Hewitt)
6. The Building was freshly painted

• The children's wing was in the oldest part of the hospital, one of those gloomy gray stone buildings put up at the turn of the century. There was a marble rotunda on the ground floor. When you took the elevator up, there was no more marble, just dim green corridors and unending linoleum and muffled fake laughter from all the television sets.

  Joyce Johnson "The Children's Wing"

  There was a terrace running along two sides of the taverna, covered with wooden chairs and tables and shaded by a green awning. […]

  The sun reflected off the small, whitewashed houses as Mrs Richardson and her sons arm in arm, slowly climbed the slope. Occasionally an old Greek woman, shrouded in black, would peer from the shadowy interior of a house and wave.

  Halfway up the mountain, facing the harbor, a green metal gate gave way to a series of stone steps that led down to the main floor of their house. A red-and-white tile terrace stretched along the front. Below the terrace were two levels of garden, then a wall. The view was of the sea, a few brave islands in the distance.

  Mrs. Richardson crossed the terrace and walked into the front room. The shutters were drawn, and the room was shady and cool.

  … For ten days they had been working on the house – painting the kitchen, cleaning the garden, covering the outside wall with a fresh coat of whitewash.

  (“The New Yorker” by Henry Bromell)

  awning – навес, тент, укрытие

At the turn of the century, someone decided that St. Boltoiphs might have a future as a resort and five mansions complete with follies were built at the end of Shore Road. The Cabots lived in one of these. All the mansions had towers. These were round with conical roofs, rising a story or so above the rest of the frame buildings. The towers were strikingly unmilitary and so I suppose they were meant to express romance. What did they contain? Dens, I guess, maids' rooms, broken furniture, trunks, and they must have been the favourite of hornets.

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I work in an appartment house called the Prestwick. It is seven stories high and dates, I guess, from the late twenties. It is of a Tudor persuasion. The bricks are irregular, there is a parapet on the roof, and the sign advertising valancies, is literally a shingle that hangs from iron chains and creaks romantically in the wind. On the right of the door, there is a list of perhaps twenty-five doctors’ names…

  Follies - причудливо украшенные беседки, искусственные руины
  Hornet – шершень
  Shingle - вывеска

(John Cheever “The Jewels of the Cabots”)
The Pottery House was a square, ugly, brick house girt in by the wall that enclosed the whole grounds of the pottery itself. To be sure, a privet partly masked the house and its ground from the pottery-yard and works: but only partly. Through the hedge could be seen the desolate yard, and the many windowed, factory-like pottery, over the hedge could be seen the chimneys and the outhouses. But inside the hedge, a pleasant garden and lawn sloped down to a willow pool, which had once supplied works.

The Pottery itself was now closed, the great doors of the yard permanently shut. (D.Lawrence “You Touched Me”)

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 (K.Mansfield “The Doll’s House.”)

… The houses of the central village were quite unlike the usual and higgledy-piggledy agglomeration of the mountain villages he knew; they stood in a continuous row on either side of a central street of astonishing cleanness; here and there their parti-coloured facade was pierced by a door, and not a solitary window broke their even frontage. They were parti-coloured with extraordinary irregularity; sometimes drab, sometimes slate-coloured of dark brown; and it was the sight of this wild plastering first brought the word “blind” into the thoughts of the explorer. “The good man who did that,” he thought,”must have been as blind as a bat.” (p.38)

The old market-square was not very large, a mere bare patch of granite sets, usually with a few fruit-stalls under a wall. It was in a poor quarter of the town. Meagre houses stood down one side, there was a hosiery factory, a great blank with myriad oblong windows at the end, a street of little shops with flagstone… (H.G.Wells “The Country of the Blind”)

This primary school had two floors, the infants, aged five to seven, were housed on the ground floor, and the junior children, of seven to eleven, on the first. The building was a hollow square round a quadrangle, which was attractive with mown grass and bright flowerbeds. The east and south sides were given over to classrooms, five below for infants and five above for the older children. On the north side lay the cloakrooms and the cleaners’ cupboard and store –rooms on the ground floor, and above them the staff rooms and capacious stock rooms holding books, stationery and all the paraphernalia of school life; while the west side of the square was entirely taken up by a lofty hall, with a stage at one end, and a green room beyond it.{…}
Joan’s flat was one of three in a comfortable red brick house set back from a quiet road. A little lantern with amber glass shed a warm glow over the deep perch as Anna walted, stamping her feet to keep them from freezing. (Miss Reeds)

The towns we passed through were clean and orderly, the fields geometrically precise, the buildings, with their great barns and sweeping, slanted eaves, witnesses to a solid, substantial, peaceful life, firmly rooted in a prosperous past. (I. Shaw “Nightwork”)

It was a squat, two-storey house built of stone, perched high on an unlit, narrow road overlooking the lake. No lights could be seen through the closed shutters of the windows. (I. Shaw “Nightwork”)

The neighbourhood was a transient, shabby one, with terraces of bedsits and Irish lodging houses. The parade of shops, Hamid calculated, was far enough from the Holloway Road for people to rely upon it for their local needs, which he had all intention of supplying. The shops were as follows: a wholesale dressmaking business with a curtained window behind which the sewing machines hummed – these Greek ladies knew the meaning of hard work; a dentist’s surgery with frosted glass… (Hewitt)

With the profits, and another bank loan, that summer he bought a large detached house for his family, a real family home in that sought-after suburb, Potters Bar.

‘I have worked twenty years for this moment,’ he said, standing in the lounge. There was even a bar in panelled walnut, built by the previous owners who had amassed large debts both by drinking and gambling, hence the sale of this house {…}

‘This is the proudest moment of my life,’ he repeated, his words loud in the empty room. Through its french windows there was a view of the garden, a series of low terraces separated by balustrades. Two small figures in orange anoraks stood on the lawn: his daughters. (K. Hewitt)

Hamid stood in the garden. The long, blond grass blew in the wind. It was dusk and he looked up at his home, the fortress where he kept his family safe. A light shone from Arif’s attic bedroom – he had insisted on this tiny room, no more than a cupboard up in the roof. Down below were the bedrooms; then, below them, the curtained french wondows, glowing bluish from the TV. How solid his house, solid and secure. (K. Hewitt, p.140)

Grandfather’s shed was more than just a shed. Built of brick in one corner of the high walls surrounding the garden, it was large enough to accommodate a stove, a sink, an old armchair, as well as Grandfather’s work-benches and apparatus, and to serve – as it was serving Grandfather more and more – as a miniature home. (K. Hewitt, p.152)

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1 Bedsits: one-room accommodation for rent, with a communal bathrom/lavatory and kitchen. Perhaps there would be seven or eight bedsits in one terrace house, with several of the rooms shared by two people.

2 Irish lodging house: the Irish in London, like other national groups, tend to stay together. Usually they rent individual rooms, and pass them on to other Irish workers if they return to Ireland.
The night butler admitted him to the low Georgian house and led him to the library, where Sir James Macrae was standing before the fire. A table was laid with supper. (T. Waugh ‘Excursion in Reality’)

7. The bedroom was done in red and gold

Within it was a bedroom reaching far back into the house. It was imperially magnificent. It was done in red and gold. I saw a canopied bed, built high, splendidly covered with a scarlet quilt. The pillows were piled up at the head – about four of them, very white. The bed head was deep dark wood, touched with gilt. A golden fringe hung from the canopy. In some ways this bed reminded me of the glowing bed by which Van Eyck ennobled the portrait of Ian Arnolfini and his wife. All the rest of the Lublonitsch establishment was scrubbed and polished local wood, but this was a very poetic bed.

The floor of the bedroom was covered with a carpet of red which was probably crimson but which, against the scarlet of the bed, looked purple. On the walls on either side of the bed hung Turkish carpets whose background was an opulently dull, more ancient red – almost black where the canopy cast its shade <..>

I caught sight of a tiled stove constructed of mosaic tiles that were not a local type; they were lustrous-ochre and green – resembling the tiles on the floors of Byzantine ruins. The stove looked like a temple. I saw a black lacquered cabinet inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and just before Gertha closed the door I noticed, standing upon the cabinet, a large ornamental clock, its case enamelled rosily with miniature inset pastel paintings; each curve and twirl in the case of this clock overlaid with that gilded braze alloy which is known as ormalu. The clock twinkled in the early sunlight which slanted between the window hangings. (M. Spark)

The Ormalu clock (часы из золоченой бронзы)

He examined his room. It was not very high, just high enough to take the bed which stood under an enormous baldaquin – like canopy from which fell heavy curtains at foot and head; a bed certainly worthy of an archbishop. There was a heavy table carved all round the edges, some arm-chairs of enormous weight like the spoils of a grandee’s palace; a tall shallow wardrobe placed against the wall and with double doors. He tried them. Locked. A suspicion came into his mind, and he snatched the lamp to make a closer examination. No, it was not a disguised entrance. That heavy, tall piece of furniture stood clear of the wall by quite an inch. He glanced at the bolts of his room door. No! No one could get at him treacherously while he slept.<…>

He landed with one leap in the middle of the floor, gasped once, then looked all around the room. The window was shuttered and barred with an iron bar. Again he ran his eyes slowly all round the bare walls, and even looked up at the ceiling, which was rather high. Afterwards he went to the door to examine the fastenings.
They consisted of two enormous iron bolts sliding into holes made in the wall; and as the corridor outside was too narrow to admit of any battering arrangement or even to permit an axe to be swung, nothing could burst the door open – unless gunpowder. (Joseph Conrad “The Inn of the Two Witches”)

8. A sitting room

It is evening. Supper is over. We have left the small, cold dining-room, we have come back to the sitting-room where there is a fire. All is as usual. I am sitting at my writing-table which is placed across a corner so that I am behind it, as it were, and facing the room. The lamp with the green shade is alight; I have before me two large books of reference, both open, a pile of papers. My wife, with her little boy on her lap, is in a low chair before the fire. (K. Mansfield “A Married Man’s Story”)

Straightening up, he cast a glance around the living room, with its comfortable mixture of furnishings and color in white, blue, and green; a pair of Hepplewhite chairs near a marble-topped chest, and the inlaid mahogany sideboard on which he was mixing drinks. The walls held some Louisiana French prints and a modern impressionist oil. The effect was of warmth and cheerfulness, much like Christine herself, he thought. Only a cumbrous mantel clock on the sideboard beside him provided an incongruous note. The clock, ticking softly, was unmistakably Victorian, with brass curlicues and a moisture-stained, timeworn face. Peter looked at it curiously. (Arthur Haily)

From the living room, Warren Trent heard the outer door close behind Peter McDermott, and Aloysius Royce’s footsteps returning to the small book-lined sitting room which was the young Negro’s private domain. In a few minutes Royce would leave, as he usually did around this time of day, for a law-school class.

It was quiet in the big living room, with only a whisper from the air conditioning, and occasional stray sounds from the city below, which penetrated the thick walls and insulated windows. Fingers of morning sunshine inched their way across the broadloomed floor and, watching them, Warren Trent could feel his heart pounding heavily – an effect of the anger which for several minutes had consumed him. (Arthur Haily)

In his private six-room suite on the hotel’s fifteenth floor, Warren Trent stepped down from the barber’s chair in which Aloysius Royce had shaved him. A twinge of sciatica jabbed savagely in his left thigh like hot lancets – a warning that this would be another day during which his mercurial temper might need curbing.

The private barber parlor was in an annex adjoining a capacious bathroom, the latter complete with steam cabinet, sunken Japanese-style tub and built-in aquarium from which tropical fish watched, broody-eyed, through laminated glass. Warren Trent walked stiffly into the bathroom now, pausing before a wall-width mirror to inspect the shave (A. Haily “Hotel.”)
9. It was rather a wedge-shaped piece of ground

Our room was on the first floor, looking out on to the garden – or terrace, it was rather a wedge-shaped block of ground covered with roses and vines, and intersected with little asphalt paths. It was bounded on the small side by the house; round the two long sides ran a wall, only three feet above the terrace level, but with a good twenty feet drop over it into the olive yards, for the ground fell very precipitously away. (E.M. Foster «The story of a panic»

Grimshaw cleared the table of the dirty crocks. He put the crocks in the sink and the egg shell in the fire and then, in the pantry cupboard, found the remains of rice pudding, a chunk of solid brown-skinned substance in an enamal dish scorched at the rim. He put this on the kettle after taking off the kettle lid, swinging the trivet across the fire...

He sat for some time and gazed at the furniture. The tops of the tables, the chair-seats, the face of the bureau seemed, like the bed upstairs, to give out an indefinable air of warmth. They seemed very beautiful. (H.E. Bates ‘The Beauty of the Dead’)

And the houses of the poor were the same, too, the way they leaned against each other and gardens that were not commodious but that were cultivated, you could see, with gentleness and love. (J. Cheever “The Country Husband”) 

The Dersinghams occupied a lower maisonette in that region, eminently respectable but a trifle dreary, between Gloucester Road and Earl’s Court Road: 34 A, Barkfield Gardens, S.W.5. Nearly all the people who live in that part of London have the privilege, as the estate agents point out in all their advertisements, of ‘overlooking gardens’ which means that their windows stare down at iron railings, sooty privet and laurel hedges, and lawns and flower-beds that look as if they are only too willing to give up the unequal struggle. Some of these gardens are better than others, but Barkfield Gardens is not one of them. It is one of the smallest and dreariest of the squares, and is rapidly losing caste, its houses slipping through the maisonette and large flat era too quickly and already coming within sight of the small flats, the nursing homes, the boarding houses, the girls clubs. The Deisinghams didn’t like Barkfield Gardens. They did not like their maisonette, all the rooms of which seemed higher than they where long or broad and were singularly cheerless. Mr. Deisingham never did anything about it, because he was waiting – as he always said - until he knew where he stood financially … Now, and again, however, Mrs. Deisingham would read all the advertisement columns devoted to desirable residences, rush round to some agents, and even inspect a few houses, but as she had never really decided what it was she wanted, and her husband never succeeded in knowing where he stood financially, they remained in 34 A, in the rooms that made them seem like insects at the bottom of a test-tube, grumbling, while a stream of cooks and house maids, endlessly diverted from 4 local registries, flowed through the dark basement, leaving as sediment innumerable
memories of glum looks, impertinent answers, lying references, missing silk stockings, broken crockery and ruined meals. (J.B.Priestley‘Angel Pavement’)

Privet – (бот.) бирючина
To lose caste – терять привилегированное положение в обществе

11. I rode up in the elevator…

It was a very big and rich and richly gloomy hotel and I rode up in the elevator to what I knew was my big and rich gloomy and lonely room … (E. Hemingway “Islands in the Stream”)
Instead of using the elevator, I walked slowly downstairs. (Ray Bradbury)
The three of us went down in the elevator and took a taxi ride down Broadway — or up Broadway — I wasn't sure. (John Updike)
The elevator— oak-paneled, with a shining brass handrail all around — was run by a uniformed Negro boy with a locked-in-place smile. (Ira Levin)
But I remained standing there, watching the indicator as it marked the slow downward count of the floors. (Moss Hart)
The elevators in Bellevue were the worst I've ever seen. Half of them were inoperable at any given time, and the other half should have been. It was actually dangerous to ride most of them. The operators were supposed to keep the loads limited to a certain weight but it was pure guess-work on their part. I never felt safe in them, and even our attendings, some of whom were well into their sixties, would walk four flights to avoid riding in them. (William A. Noten)
I looked at the indicator above his head and the floors were racing by so fast that the numbers ran into each other. (Maude Hutchins)
The elevator man landed the elevator so expertly that we came down without the least jolt. (Maude Hutchins)
He had forgotten the style of American elevator men, but now it came back to him. The elevator man, without a surly word, slammed the elevator gates shut and drove the car upward. (James Baldwin)
The lift didn't come when Freda pressed the button. She tried the other one next to it. No response. That means someone had propped the doors open, for they closed automatically. "The lifts are out of order."
"The engineers are working on them in the basement." Biggs said. "Didn't you see the notice?"
He pointed, and Freda saw that a notice clear enough for anyone to see hung by the lifts: "From 6 p. m. these lifts will be out of service."
12. The window swung outward on a hinge

The room in the bell tower of the church, where on Sunday mornings the minister prayed for an increase in him of the power of God, had but one window. It was long and narrow and swung outward on a hinge like a door. (Sherwood Anderson ‘The Strength of God’)

The rooms were badly heated, and yellow fingers of winter fog felt for cracks in the many windows. (G. Greene “Proof Positive”)

Houses and gardens

Read the text and highlight the topical words and word combinations. Look them up if you are not sure what they mean. Make up a plan and get ready to retell the text according to your plan.

English see themselves essentially as a nation of home owners, and this is largely true: two thirds own their own property. Even the socialists no longer contemplate building masses of new council estates. This is hardly surprising when we see how many of these estates have deteriorated into ugly, scruffy areas where, unemployment and petty crime are a way of life. The Conservatives would like even more people to own their own homes. They believe that a home owner is more likely to vote Conservative than a rent payer. During the 1980's this was probably true, but the next two decades may well tell a different story. What kind of houses do the English live in, then? Some of them, as we have seen, live in council houses and flats. These dwellings are not all as bad as those round Liverpool, for example. Nevertheless, tower blocks of council flats deservedly have a bad reputation. They are often damp from the day they were built, the lifts are liable to break down, and the communal areas are usually smelly, dirty, and covered in graffiti. I am afraid that most English people would regard the way rota system for looking after communal areas works in Germany as nothing short of miraculous.

But this is only one side of the story. In country areas one often passes a little crescent of what are obviously council houses because you can see they were built to a rather basic specification, but in the course of time they have become part of the landscape. There will be some fairly old cars outside, one or two of them up on blocks for major surgery. At
the time these houses were built, no one dreamed that the day would come when council house tenants owned cars, so there are no garages. English people see the housing market as a *ladder* (see overleaf), so they worry about where they live a great deal. At the bottom are starter homes, flats or tiny houses built as cheaply as possible to enable the first-time buyer to get his foot on that vital first rung of the ladder. If the market is functioning normally and the owners are doing reasonably well at work, it will only be a couple of years before they start looking round for something a little larger and a little more attractive. They may genuinely need more room because a baby is on the way, but this will hardly ever be the only reason for a move. Above (most) flats on the housing ladder, and also above terraced houses, comes the archetypal British "semi". These are the houses built in mirror-image pairs which you can see on the approach roads to nearly every town or city. They vary in size and status depending on when and where they were built. A big, old semi in a quiet and leafy suburb will enjoy much higher status than a small, boxy detached house nearly touching its neighbour on a new housing estate. Of course, a large detached house (or des. res. = desirable residence in estate-agent-speak) at the nob (wealthy) end of town is better still. A picturesque country cottage in a nice village is also a prized possession, unless you happen to be a villager yourself. It should really be your weekend cottage rather than your actual home.

In the past the larger the mortgage, the more help house buyers received from the government, but these advantages have been severely trimmed in recent years. Other tax advantages for the wealthy and their clever tax accountants remain, of course, but this is not just a British problem. In the 1990's the first rung of the ladder is too high for many people. There are long waiting lists for council accommodation. Private rented property is, as it always has been, in short supply, over-priced and often of poor quality. It ranges from bed-sitters, usually in subdivided, crumbling, too-large but still inconvenient houses left over from the days of Victorian prosperity, to penthouse flats at the top of expensive blocks, complete with porters and security systems. In the 1990's the housing market is in the doldrums. Houses have fallen in price as a result of the recession, and consequently people cannot afford to sell and move up because they will get less for their houses than they paid for them. They are trapped in a "negative equity" situation. This means *that their house is worth less than the amount of money they borrowed to buy it* - a very worrying situation for any house owner. The market will gradually return to normal, but the days when the price of a house might go up several thousand pounds between agreeing to buy it and signing the contract will probably not return. People would like them
to, of course. A runaway boom is exciting, and, as we have seen, the economy in Britain seems to be more volatile than in other countries. So the housing roller coaster may take off again - and crash again in due course. We will survive. It's something we're rather good at.

Most houses have a garden. We expect to be able to enter and leave our dwellings at ground level via a path and a bit of grass. The feeling that this is the way things ought to be is probably the reason why flats have never really caught on in England.

The Housing Ladder
This gives you a good idea of the main kinds of homes people aspire to owning. Of course size, personal needs, and especially location are all-important, and can easily swop the position of two rungs on the ladder: a small, picturesque cottage in a quiet, unspoilt village is frequently regarded as higher up the ladder than a large detached house in a noisy town centre.

6. MANSION\ VILLA\ CASTLE
5. DETACHED HOUSE
4. COTTAGE
3. SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE
2. TERRACED HOUSE
COUNCIL FLAT

Different people do different things with this bit of grass. In that little crescent of council houses one small front garden may be a loving replica of the traditional cottage garden, with hollyhocks and roses round the trellised porch, whereas another may simply be the last resting place of an old washing machine and an abandoned bathtub, surrounded by long grass and clumps of nettles. Yet another garden may have a wishing well, a fountain, and a gnome fishing in a washbasin-sized pond. Round the back there may be a patio, suitably furnished, neat rows of vegetables, or a continuation of the long grass and rubbish. There is no such thing as a Sperrmull (bulky waste) collection in England. You have to take it down to the dump yourself, and sometimes it's just too much bother.

As gardens get larger, the scope increases, up to the point where a miniature version of the park surrounding a stately home becomes possible - or even a miniature golf course. A colleague of mine once laid out a nine-hole putting green on his immaculate lawn.

Doing little jobs around the house and garden competes with television as the main leisure activity in England. No newspaper is complete without its gardening column, in cartoon form in some of the tabloids. Millions of pounds are spent at gardening centres (which are often like plant hypermarkets) and DIY supermarkets. Leading politicians and captains of industry like to be photographed at home, pruning their roses. It's
supposed to show that they are not so different from the rest of us at heart.

Radio and TV programmes for gardeners have an audience of millions, as a result of which the main presenters acquire a guru status which is difficult to match in other walks of life. The late Percy Thrower was at least as famous as any of our top sportsmen, and his main successor in the 90's, Geoff Hamilton, has achieved a similar standing. Viewers take the advice and tips given by such gurus very seriously, and are keen - sometimes over-keen - to try out some of the more exotic recommendations, occasionally with regrettable results. On the DIY front I think there is a real difference between English and German attitudes. Germans also spend a great deal of money down at the Do-it-Yourself superstore, and it is seen as a good thing for a man to have a "hobby cellar", equipped with the very latest power tools, it goes without saying. But when it comes to actually doing those jobs around the house, Germans tend to call in the experts. This is very sensible - if you can afford it. The experts do a better job.

Ordinary English people have less disposable income, but that isn't the whole story. They also have a feeling that they ought to be able to do things for themselves. I have stayed in a guesthouse in England where the bedroom furniture: was made from roughly-hewn pieces of veneered chipboard, screwed together with large, unhidden screws in a fairly haphazard manner. The proprietor proudly pointed out that he had made it himself, perhaps fearing that I might otherwise not have noticed. Even if he had not done it all himself, “DIY cowboys” from cheap building and decorating firms operating on the edge of legality could have made an equally bad job of it for him.

In some areas of England life amateurism, once such an important characteristic of the English gentleman, has been replaced by thoroughly professional attitudes, and not before time. But around the house and garden, amateurism is still rife.

We fit carpets which then come up in humps, we paint window-frames just before a shower and the paint comes up in bubbles, we lay a concrete path, and part of the concrete turns back into sand as it dries. We build rickety walls from genuine imitation stone. But it keeps us happy and occupied at the weekend if we can't afford one of those special offer trips to a posh hotel or the continent which are always being advertised in the Sunday papers. And, as we shall see, we work on our cars in much the same spirit.

The country house syndrome

A friend who was an up-and-coring lawyer once told me what his long-term aim in life was: a large, if possible sixteenth-century, house in its own extensive grounds landscaped by Capability Brown, flagstones on
the kitchen floor and four or five large dogs of impeccable breeding lolling around the place as large dogs do.

This is the English dream in a nutshell. You notice that he didn't talk about what he would be doing in his profession when his dream came true. By then it would only be necessary to drop in at the office a couple of times a week. He would spend the rest of the time running his estate, and glorying in the automatic promotion to squire which would have been accorded him by the village when he bought the house. This dream has retained its seductiveness although class barriers, even in England, are not as high as they once were.

A wealthy businessman with a large motor yacht (often referred to as a "gin palace") may own a weekend cottage in the village and send his sons - even his daughters - to leading public schools. But in terms of status he can't compete with the Big House. If my friend has succeeded in buying one in the meantime he can happily drive around in old Wellington boots (green ones, of course) and an ancient Land Rover. He doesn't need to try any more. The house says it all for him.

The German Chancellor has something called the Kanzlerbungalow, which was no doubt fairly expensive to build, but essentially it's an ordinary house. Plenty of his citizens build themselves very similar houses on a smaller scale. When the British Prime Minister meets important visitors, he does it in Chequers, a typical country house. And the Foreign Secretary has one too, in a village called Dorney. A survey of leading Conservative politicians would reveal that many of them actually own stately homes. As long as the house isn't a recent purchase it confers "Tory grandee" status on the present incumbent. So attractive are country houses that most rich people, from whatever walk of life, simply have to have one. At the time of writing Mick Jagger, for example, was on the point of getting some satisfaction at last by buying Chilham Castle near Canterbury for about 3.5 million, and Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber had just bought Kiltinan Castle in Ireland. George Harrison bought his 10-million, 120-room castle near Henley-on-Thames some time ago.

A prosperous German citizen who has built himself a nice house on the edge of town will be most unwilling to move anywhere else. He probably won't have been able to afford to build until his mid-forties, and he will have had plenty of time with the help of his wife, to decide exactly how he wants everything to be. After all the trouble and strife of building, a process which may take a year or more and always costs more than it was supposed to, he is a psychological wreck. His finances are at a low from which they may never fully recover. No wonder he wants to stay put.

Building a house in Germany is like climbing onto a single, very high step. In England, remember, it's a ladder. That ladder goes up from
the starter home to the semi to the nice house in stockbroker country, and perhaps, as the final glittering prize into the clouds at the top, where the stately homes are. The satisfaction felt by many Germans on moving into their own homes is far greater than that felt by English people doing the same thing: the English know that they are not yet at the top of the ladder. And because English society is still class-ridden, it matters.

Cars

You may be wondering why cars are in the At Home chapter. The answer, is, of course, that cars spend most of their time at home, either in the garage, if it isn't full of junk, or in the drive or the road outside, for neighbours to admire or not, as the case may be. The first letter on an English number plate tells the neighbours how old your car is, unless you have done what many people do, and bought a so-called personal number plate which bears your initials, your age when you bought the car, or some other combination of letters and/or numbers which has special significance for you. These numbers go back to the days before the date letter, so they don't give away the age of your car. The really nice ones, two or three letters plus a single digit, are worth thousands of pounds. Lists of interesting numbers appear regularly in the motoring press.

Who drives around in what kind of car? The yuppies of the 1980's simply had to have a Porsche or two. Their modern successors have gone in for a less flashy image. Senior managers like Jaguars, and big Mercedes or BMW's. The biggest Fords, Vauxhalls and Rovers are for people in the next slot down. Few of "these cars are actually bought by their owners. These are company cars, until recently an important perk for many English workers. The tax advantages are at present in the process of being dismantled. Humbler reps and the like tend to get smaller Fords and Vauxhalls, good cars, but lacking that certain something which the prestige makes undoubtedly have. People who have to buy their own cars are very likely to go for small Vauxhalls, Fords and Rovers, the venerable mini, or one of the excellent small continental or Japanese hatchbacks.

Plenty of people have to make do with a second-hand car. The car population of Germany is on average a size larger and a generation newer. An English newsagent's such as W.H. Smith's sells large numbers of magazines like Practical Mechanics or Popular Classics which are dedicated to the oily-handed. The owners of these old cars would not be able to afford garage charges for servicing and repairs, but even people who can afford to have their cars looked after by the professionals often do their own maintenance. I confess to enjoying this kind of work myself. I remember once not long after we moved to Germany looking out of the window on a very cold morning and seeing that a neighbour was unable to start his Audi. Before I could get my shoes and coat on and go out to offer help, he had gone back into the house to phone the ADAC without
even opening the bonnet. This. struck me at the time and still does strike
me, as a very unEnglish thing to do. In England, even someone who is
fairly hopeless mechanically would at least have a look at the engine first,
however fruitless that look might turn out to be.

I think the way in which ordinary English people often manage
with things which are not the latest or the best, and which they come to
terms with and make the best of (even if they moan rather a lot), is an
endearing characteristic on the whole.
I believe that tinkering with things and trying to get them going again is
good for the soul, an excellent antidote to the office or the factory.
Gardening is in the same category for those who enjoy it.

The resources of our planet are not inexhaustible. Perhaps other,
richer countries will also have to start repairing things instead of throwing
them away in the not-too-distant future. Some commentators have even
claimed that Britain is showing the way ahead towards the first post-
industrial society. Having started the process of industrialisation before
anyone else, we should by rights be the first to come out on the other
side.

**Points for Discussion**

1. Describe some typical English houses, and their likely occupants. How
does the picture compare with housing in your country?
2. Why is it harder to buy - or sell - a house nowadays than it used to be?
3. Write a short paragraph about English gardens.
4. How do English people feel about DIY? Is the situation similar in your
country?
5. Can you explain the attractions of a country house for successful
English people? Would you like to live in a country house one day? Give
reasons or your answer.
6. Why does building a house tend to be a "once-in-a-lifetime" thing for
Germans?

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**Looking for a flat**

Read the text and say:

a) what kind of a landlady does Mrs Flynn seem to be?
b) what indicates that Anna is not going to be comfortably settled in
the flat?
c) how are pieces of furniture described?
d)

“And baths, of course,” said Mrs Flynn. She crossed the small landing in four steps and hurled herself against the bathroom door. It creaked, as if in protest, but remained closed.

“All our doors,” said Mrs Flynn, getting her shoulder to it, “are well-fitting.” At the third shove the door groaned open into a white-tiled cube of a room which reminded her of the small recess in the dairy at her farmhouse.

“It looks very nice,” said Ann politely. One of the frosted glass windows, studded with perpetual raindrops, was open, and through the chink she caught a glimpse of half-finished houses in another road on the new estate.

Mrs Flynn flicked a speck of dust from the green plastic towel rail and adjusted a mauve bath-mat, which hung over the edge of the bath.

“And now I’ll take you to the bedroom,” said Mrs Flynn, taking another four steps across the landing to an open door. Anna was used to the big shabby farmhouse on the Suffolk-Esse border which belonged to her father and the toy-like dimensions of Mrs Flynn’s house both fascinated and depressed her.

“This would be all yours,” Mrs Flynn announced, waving her hand, with a spacious gesture, at a strip of a room which was roughly the size of the broom-cupboard at Ann’s home. The girl looked at it in wonder.

A narrow bed, covered with a fawn bedspread lay close against the wall behind the door. There was one small window placed high, and under this stood a cane bottomed chair. The only other piece of furniture was a small chest of drawers round which Mrs Flynn edged towards a cretonne curtain hanging across the corner of the room.

“And here’s your wardrobe,” she said proudly. She twitched the curtain aside to show a rail containing three yellow wooden hangers. “You’ve probably got hangers of your own,” added Mrs Flynn, looking suddenly anxious.

“Oh yes, indeed,” said Anna hastily. “I could bring my own hangers.”

Despite the July sunshine the room seemed cold and dark, but the red patterned lino was well polished and the thin rug was clean. With a few of my things about, thought Anna, it might not look so bleak.

She pressed back against the wall to allow Mrs Flynn to pass, and followed her downstairs. The sitting-room door was as stubborn as the bathroom one, the new wood protested as Mrs Flynn forced it to give way.

She motioned Anna towards a small couch and seated herself in a chair which matched it. The room was sparsely furnished. Four pale pictures of
pink and blue birds in flowery branches hung, one on each cream wall, very high up near the picture rail.
Anna switched her gaze to the tiled mantelpiece where a young man’s photograph stood. Mrs Flynn turned to Anna and spoke in a business-like manner.
“Three pounds a week is my charge,” she said, “and as I said, baths extra."
“I should be going home at the weekend …” began Anna shyly.
“I’m afraid I couldn’t make any reduction for that,” Mrs Flynn said with a wintry smile.
“You’d have your main meal at school, I’ve no doubt,” went on Mrs Flynn, “and we usually have high tea when Mr Flynn gets in at seven. You probably get a cup of tea at school during the afternoon?”
“I’m not sure about that …” Anna began.
Anna, who was fond of her food and had the healthy appetite of one just twenty, wryly watched her meals being whitled away by Mrs Flynn’s sharp business methods. She felt that she was no match for this woman but knew that the headmistress’s words to her an hour ago were true.
“Digs in this neighbourhood are few. If Mrs Flynn can’t take you you will have to face a bus journey each day. I’d try her for a bit,’ she had said, and Anna had recognized the soundness of her advice.
“I should need somewhere to work in the evenings. There will be books to mark and handwork to prepare, you know.”
“There’s the bedroom, Mrs Flynn pointed out. She sounded slightly irritated. But Anna determined not to give way.
“But I shall need a table.”
“Then I suppose you might have the use of this room occasionally,” said Mrs Flynn somewhat grudgingly. “It would be a little more of course. I hadn’t bargained for letting two rooms. In fact I shall have to speak to Mr Flynn before deciding about that.”
What a useful thing a husband must be, thought Anna! She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was an impressive object made of black marble in the form of a Greek temple. It began whirring before striking three o’clock.
The girl remembered her long journey back to north Essex, collected her gloves and bag, and rose to her feet.
“I’m sure we shall be able to come to some arrangement about using this room,” Mrs Flynn said hastily, in a slightly more conciliatory tone. “But you see, I must have somewhere to bring friends, and when Ray’s here, Ray’s my nephew, he likes somewhere to play his guitar.”
“Perhaps just one or two evenings a week it might be possible for me to use it,” suggested Anna. “In any case, I’ll think it over and let you know before the end of the week.”
Mrs Flynn jerked open the door and led the way to the front door.
“Holiday times, she said, as she opened it, “there would be a retention fee of ten shillings.”
“Ten shillings for each holiday?” asked Anna a little bewildered.
“Ten shillings a week!” Mrs Flynn answered with a hint of triumph. “It’s quite usual.”
“I’ll remember,” said Anna.
Mrs Flynn accompanied her down the tiny tiled path to the gate. Under the hot July sun six young golden privet bushes were struggling for existence in the dusty newfront garden.
“We should have a really nice hedge this time next year,” observed Mrs Flynn looking fondly at the privet.
“I’m sure you will,” agreed Anna bravely. And on this note of hope they parted. (“Free from the country» by Miss Reed)

Imagine that you are Ann. Tell your friend about your visit of Mrs Flynn’s flat

Decorative Arts and Furnishings: INTERIOR DESIGN: Historical development...:

England

The breakup of the feudal system during the Wars of the Roses and under Henry VII in the late 15th century had far-reaching effects on the social structure of the time and consequently on domestic buildings and their decoration. The new conditions necessitated a larger number of rooms, and a great hall, though still an important apartment, was no longer the focus of indoor life. Wider distribution of wealth gave rise to numerous country houses, and for the next 400 years the English excelled in their building and decoration.

The Italian style reached England in the early 16th century; the earliest example is the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, designed by Pietro Torrigiani of Florence at the command of Henry VIII and completed in 1518. For the next 40 years or so, English craftsmen borrowed from the repertoire of Italian ornament, at first inspired by and imitating the Italian artists and craftsmen employed on royal works at Hampton Court Palace, Middlesex, and the Palace of Westminster, London, who used arabesque decoration, medallion heads, and amorini on panelling and plasterwork, often mingling them with the traditional Gothic motifs. The great hall at Hampton Court (1515-30) shows a combination of Renaissance carved and gilded detail with the traditional type of open timber roof, known as the hammerbeam roof, and windows divided into sections by vertical posts (mullions). In spite of Henry VIII's example, however, the Gothic style died hard in England, lingering in the remoter districts well into the 17th century, (see also Index: Tudor style)
During the second half of the 16th century, as a result of the break with Rome, the Italian style was largely replaced by the distinctive Renaissance style of the Low Countries and Germany, fostered by the close religious, political, and economic relations between England and the Low Countries, the influx of immigrant workmen, and the circulation of Flemish and German pattern books. This new manner became the dominant influence in the decoration of panelling and plasterwork, characteristic features being intrinsic strapwork patterns, pyramid finials (sculptured ornaments used to terminate roof gables), raised faceted ornament, masks and caryatid figures, scrolls, and pilasters. Both the Italian and Flemish styles were adapted and naturalized to some extent by the English craftsmen, producing a new style that is peculiarly English.

At this time, also, the internal porch was introduced into many houses; this device excluded drafts from the room and also in some cases made it possible to reach a second room without passing through the first.

The frescoing of walls continued; of the few remaining examples, some show scenes from biblical and classical sources and incidents from local folklore. A good Elizabethan example depicting scenes from the story of Tobit was found at the White Swan inn at Stratford-on-Avon. Embossed, painted, and gilt leather was less used in England than on the Continent, but tapestries and such woven fabrics as velvet and damask for the wealthy and "says" (fabrics resembling serge) and "bayes" (baize) for people of more modest means were widely used as wall coverings. The inventories of Henry VIII's palaces show the vast number of tapestries and various hangings possessed by kings and great men. Hangings of painted cloth were widely used as a cheaper substitute for tapestry; these, too, depicted incidents from biblical and classical sources and employed decorative motifs ranging from Gothic to Renaissance subjects. Nearly all of this "counterfeit arras" has perished. The plaited rush matting continued to be used as a floor covering in Elizabethan interiors.

Great chambers and long galleries, usually on the upper floors, are distinctively Elizabethan or Tudor and were used in many cases for work and recreation in bad weather. Barrel-vaulted ceilings occupying the roof space often increased the height of the rooms, as at Chastleton House, Oxfordshire (c. 1603). The plaster ceilings were treated elaborately; narrow interlaced bands formed geometrical patterns, with semistylized floral, arabesque, or heraldic motifs in the panels between, (see also Index: Jacobean age)

The sleep medieval winding newel stair (stair with central pillar from which steps radiate) in wood or, more often, stone was abandoned for the more spacious staircase with straight flights of stairs, easier in gradient and planned round an open well. This was most frequently constructed of oak, with carved newel posts (the upright terminating a flight of stairs) and balusters (individual columns in a balustrade) making the most of the opportunity offered for decoration and enrichment.

Toward the middle of the 16th century, a feeling for classic reserve was spreading and the late Renaissance period might have flowered under Charles I had not political upheaval checked the zest for fine building. The architect and stage designer Inigo Jones twice visited Italy and was one of the
few north European architects completely to absorb the spirit and decorative repertoire of Italian Renaissance classicism. He introduced the new style in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, the Queen's House at Greenwich; and with his associate and kinsman, John Webb, built Wilton House, Wiltshire.

At Wilton the Double Cube Room (c. 1649) shows the nobility of effect Jones was able to achieve in a small compass, for the dimensions of the room—60 by 30 by 30 feet (18 by 9 by 9 metres)—are not large, comparatively speaking. The basic influence is Italian, but the final result—with wide oak-boarded floor, and white- and gold-plastered and panelled walls designed to accommodate portraits by Van Dyke, the white marble fireplace, and the Corinthian doorcases—is truly English. The coved and painted ceiling, executed by Edward Pierce and Emanuel de Critz, plays a vital part in balancing the proportions of the room. Though Renaissance principles are demonstrated in design such as this, they were not fully developed in the country at large until the 18th century and the advent of the Palladian school of architecture and decoration (influenced by the 16th-century Italian architect Andrea Palladio).

After the unsettled period of the Commonwealth, the Restoration introduced new Baroque influences from the Continent. These were fused with the restraining classicism (which was still considered to be a new style) to produce a successful balance of contrast. The designs of the great architect Sir Christopher Wren, though mainly for church and monumental buildings, relied for a great deal of their embellishment on the work of the fine artist-craftsmen such as Grinling Gibbons, sculptor and wood-carver, and Jean Tijou, ironworker, whose work can be seen in close association in St. Paul's Cathedral. In the many country houses, large plain-surfaced oak wall panels provided the perfect foil to the grace and liveliness of Gibbons' carved limewood swags (festoons), garlands, and picture borders, which incorporated flowers, fruit, musical instruments, cherubs, and monograms. In the words of the 18th-century writer Horace Walpole, Gibbons "gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements, with the free disorder natural to each species." At Petworth house, Sussex, Gibbons' genius may best be seen in the series of perfectly executed picture borders, which date from about 1690. Chimney pieces and doorcases were also decorated in Gibbons' manner, and similar floral motifs can be seen on the plaster ceilings at Ham house, Wiltshire. This house, relatively modest in size, represents without ostentation or extravagance the height of luxurious interior decoration in the late 17th century and incorporates many of the decorative innovations of that time. Among these are the practice of painting wood panelling in imitation of marble or wood graining and of gilding the moldings. Wall hangings include tapestry, gilt and painted leather, and silk damask; there is elaborate parquetry (floors inlaid with woods in contrasting colours).

Paintings of allegorical subjects by Sir James Thornhill and Antonio Verrio ornament some of the more important buildings of the age, including the Painted Hall at the Royal Hospital in Greenwich, Wren's additions to Hampton Court, and the great chamber at Chatsworth House, Derbyshire. The intricate work of Daniel Marot, a French Huguenot architect who had worked for William III in Holland (see above Northern Europe), had a modest influence on the design of many small fittings and shelved cabinets to display china—the collecting of which was a favourite pastime.
of Queen Mary II. Imported lacquer panels were sometimes used for the panelling of rooms, in accordance with the Chinese taste of the period. In the last years of the 17th century and in the early 18th century the woodworker found his domain contracting. Through the influence of the grand tour and under the patronage of Lord Burlington, Italian influence predominated, the work of Inigo Jones was studied, and stone and stucco became more widely used, particularly in larger houses. The influence of the architect spread from the outside of the house to the interior decoration and even to the design of the furniture itself. Where wooden panelling was used, it was set in a simple framework. Pine largely replaced oak, and it was painted green, blue, brown, and other colours, walnut and mahogany were occasionally used for panelling. The increased use of stone and marble began with Sir John Vanbrugh, playwright turned architect, who, in his first commission at Castle Howard, Yorkshire (1699), showed an individual and masterly interpretation of Baroque, sculptural and yet with a certain grim epic quality. Applied decoration was kept to a minimum, a practice that he followed later at Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire, where the severe and spacious entrance hall, with marble-paved floor, ashlar-faced (i.e., faced with thin slabs of hewn stone) walls and columns, wrought-iron gallery railing, and frescoed dome, is the most impressive apartment in the building.

Stone staircases with wrought-iron balustrading came into common use, and by the latter part of the 18th century had almost entirely replaced the earlier, heavier timber stairs such as those at Wolseley Hall, Staffordshire, or Eitham Lodge, Kent, which had carved openwork balustrades or heavy timber balusters. In the smaller houses of the early 18th century, woodwork continued to provide the main decorative features. Wall panelling, moldings, window shutters, and many chimney pieces in simple painted pine echoed the comfortable elegance of the tall sash windows and well-proportioned rooms. Wealthier classes still employed Italian craftsmen, particularly for stuccowork, and the now familiar repertory of garlands, masks, and pulli (cupids) was applied not only to the designs of Nicholas Hawksmoor, James Gibbs, and other architects of the quasi-Baroque group but also to the interiors of William Kent and the Palladian architects, whose influence became dominant toward the middle of the century. In such houses as Holkham Hall, Norfolk, designed in strictly classical manner by Kent in 1734, can be seen: the results of extensive travel by both architect and owner. The magnificent entrance hall is again one of the most important rooms, designed on the general lines of a Roman basilica with apse (recess) and side colonnades. At Houghton hall, also in acanthus scrolls, consoles, consoles, heads, and sphinxes, with feet and legs scrolled or of ball and claw type: and with upholstery in velvet or silk. The plaster ceilings are by Italian craftsmen, with gilded and painted ornament; the walls are dressed with classical plinth, pilasters, and frieze; and pedimented marble chimneypieces contain bas-relief panels above the mantelshelf, (see also Index: United Kingdom)

Wall hangings were of tapestry, cut velvet, or watered silk and damask. Elsewhere, hand-coloured, wood-block-printed papers and papers with flocking (pulverized cloth) were coming into use as an economical substitute.

Although the Rococo style never fully established itself in England, many interiors were influenced by the asymmetrical motifs (rocaille) found in the designs of such French decorators as Nicholas Pineau and J.A. Meissonier. The stucco and carved decoration became lighter, more
fanciful, and more tortuous in design. Though many Baroque motifs were still used, they were more delicately modelled, and the Rococo style was characterized by elaborate patterns of interlacing C scrolls combined with such naturalistic ornaments as flowers, foliage, shells, and rocks, arranged subtly in asymmetrical yet balanced patterns. The plasterwork and carved panelling were often painted in light colours and the detail picked out in gold. (see also Index: stuccowork)

Closely allied to the introduction of the French rocaille was the revival of the Chinese taste, or chinoiserie, for architects and designers, in search of further novelty, turned again to China for inspiration. Books on travel and topography, notably Jean-Baptiste du Halde's General History of China, published in Paris in 1735 and translated into English in 1736, gave added stimulus. Pagodas, mandarin figures, icicles and dripping water, and exotic foliage and birds reached the height of Rococo invention. Chinoiserie was particularly popular for bedrooms, where elaborate chimneypieces and decreases were set against the background of imported or imitation Chinese wallpapers, and the beds and windows were hung with Eastern textiles. Window hangings, with carved and gilded pelmets (valances), were becoming increasingly important, and at Harwood House, Yorkshire, the furniture designer Thomas Chippendale executed a series of pelmets with mock draperies also carved in wood and coloured to deceive the eye completely.

The Gothick taste, a farther variation of the Rococo, was peculiar to England at this time. The Gothic Revival, engendered by antiquarian scholarship at the turn of the 17th century, later spread to literature and during the 1740s appeared in the more concrete forms of architecture and interior decoration. By the middle of the century the fashion was widely popular, and many houses, large and small, were in part Gothicized, both inside and out. As with chinoiserie, the products of this 18th-century vogue bore little resemblance to the original medieval models. Gothic details, originally worked in stone, were borrowed, adapted, often mingled with rocaille and Chinese motifs, and were executed in wood and plaster. At Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, Middlesex, Horace Walpole, leader of the "true Goths," borrowed the designs of medieval tombs and turned them to designs for fireplaces and bookcases. Though this vogue fell out of general fashion in the 1760s, a few enthusiasts remained who earned the Gothick taste through until it was vigorously revived again in the 19th century.

About 1760 the Rococo style, with all its vagaries of taste, began to give way before the Neoclassical style, largely inspired and introduced by the architect Robert Adam, whose work reflected the newly awakened interest in classical remains. Adam returned from Italy in 1758, and, strongly influenced by both Roman architecture and interior decoration, he evolved a new style based on classical precedent, using as ornament a medley of paterae (plate-shaped motifs), husk chains, the ram's head, the formalized honeysuckle, and other elements. His style of interior decoration was deeply influenced by the gay and delicate patterns of arabesques and grotesque ornament that he had seen in various classical remains in Rome and that had already been copied during the Renaissance by Raphael and others. Adam strongly criticized Burlington (Palladian) school for using heavy architectural features in their interiors and replaced them with delicate ornament in plaster, wood, marble, and painting, against which, in its turn, criticism was levelled. Much of his work, it may be said, is applied decoration-pretty but without basic architectural quality.
With Adam, the despotism of the architect over the craftsman was complete. No detail of decoration or furnishing escaped him; his rapid and precise draftsmanship covered the whole scheme, from the overall treatment of the walls and ceiling to the decorative details of the pelmets and grates. Even carpets were made to order, and often they repeated or echoed the design of the ceiling, bringing the whole room into harmony, as in the green drawing room in the manor house of Osterley Park in Middlesex or in the dining room at Saltram House in Devonshire (Figure 5). Wood was not often left unpainted, and, although the joinery was still admirable, the enrichment was frequently in composition or metal inlay. There were especially designed templefronted bookcases, and the plasterwork was often made a frame for the decorative paintings of such artists as Antonio Zucchi or Angelica Kaufmann.

At this time, cheaper and quicker methods of decoration began to be introduced, a considerable amount of the plaster decoration was cast from molds, and a composite imitation marble called scagliola was sometimes used for floors and columns, while cheaper woods were disguised by marbling and graining.

At the close of the century the Neoclassical style was further refined, the plaster relief decoration being simplified and lightened. The best of this style, strongly influenced by French decoration, can be seen in the work of the architect Henry Holland, who enlarged Cariton House, London, for the Prince Regent and built Southill in Bedfordshire. Holland, like Adam, was inspired by the classical monuments in Italy, where for some time he maintained a draftsman whose drawings of classical detail Holland incorporated in his plasterwork.

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Translate the following texts into Russian:

Голсуорси Джон. Собрание сочинений. Том 1, 2: М. – Художественная литература, 1983.

Собственник. Часть 1. Глава 5, стр. 87 – 89.

Как и вся просвещенная верхушка лондонцев одного с ним класса и поколения, уже утратившая веру в красную плюшевую мебель и понимавшая, что итальянские мраморные группы современной работы — просто vieux jeu, Сомс Форсайт жил в таком доме, который мог сам постоять за себя. На входной его двери висел медный молоток, выполненный по специальному заказу, оконные
рамы были переделаны и открывались наружу, в подвесных цветочных ящиках росла фуксия, а за домом (немаловажная деталь) был маленький дворик, вымощенный зелеными плитами и уставленный по краям розовыми гортензиями в ярко-синих горшках. Здесь, под японским тентом цвета пергамента, закрывавшим часть двора, обитатели дома и гости, защищенные от любопытных взоров, пили чай и разглядывали на досуге последние новинки из коллекции табакерок Сомса.

Внутреннее убранство комнат отдавало дань стилю ампир и Уильяму Моррису. Дом был хоть и небольшой, но довольно поместительный, с множеством уютных уголков, напоминавших птичьи гнездышки, и множеством серебряных безделушек, которые лежали в этих гнездышках, как яйчики.

На общем фоне этого совершенства вели борьбу два различных вида изысканности. Здесь жила хозяйка, которая могла бы окружить себя изяществом даже на необитаемом острове, и хозяин, утонченность которого была, в сущности говоря, капиталом, одним из средств для достижения жизненных успехов в полном соответствии с законами конкуренции. Эта утонченность, продиктованная законами конкуренции, вынуждала Сомса еще в школе в Мольере первым надевать зимой вельветовый жилет, а летом — белый, не позволяла появляться в обществе с криво сидящим галстуком и однажды заставила его смахнуть пыль с лакированных ботинок на виду у всей публики, собравшейся в день акта слушать, как он будет декламировать Мольера.

**Сдается внаем. Часть 1. Глава 4, стр. 39 – 45.**

Бывают дома, чьи души отошли в сумрак времени, оставив тела в сумраке Лондона. Не совсем так обстояло дело с домом Тимоти па Байсютер-роед, ибо душа Тимоти одной ногой еще пребывала в теле Тимоти Форсайта, и Смизер поддерживала атмосферу неизменной — атмосферу камфры, и портвейна, и дома, где окна только два раза в сутки открываются для проветривания.

Для Форсайтов этот дом был теперь чем-то вроде китайской коробочки для пиллюль — клеточки, одна в другой, и в последнюю заключен Тимоти. До него не добраться, или так, по крайней мере, утверждали те из родни, кто по старинной привычке или по рассеянности нет-нет, а заходили сюда проводить свое последнего дядю: Фрэнсис теперь уже совсем эмансипированная от бога (она открыто исповедовала атеизм), Юфимия, эмансипированная от старого Николаса, и Уинифрид Дарти, тоже эмансипированная от своего «светского человека». Но в конце концов нынче все стали эмансипированными или говорят, что стали, а это, пожалуй, не совсем одно и то же.

Поэтому, когда Соме на другой день после знаменательной встречи зашел в этот дом по дороге на Пэддингтонский вокзал, вряд ли он рассчитывал увидеть Тимоти во плоти. Сердце его екнуло, когда он остановился на ярком солнце у свежевыбеленного крыльца маленького дома, где жили некогда четверо Форсайтов, а теперь доживал только один, точно зимняя муха; дом, куда Соме
захаживал несчетное число раз скинуть или принять балласт семейных сплетен, дом «стариков», людей другого века, другой эпохи.

Вид Смизер, по-прежнему затянутой в высокий, до подмышек, корсет, потому что тетя Джули и тетя Эстер не одобряли новой моды, появившейся в 1903 году, когда они сами сошли со сцены, вызвал бледную дружескую улыбку на губах Сомса; Смизер, во всем последних мелочей верная старой моде, неоценимая служанка — такие теперь переведись,— улыбнулась ему в ответ со словами:
— Ах, господи! Мистер Сомс! Сколько лет! Как же вы поживаете, сэр? Мистер Тимоти будет очень рад узнать, что вы заходили. — Как он поживает?
— О сэр, он для своих лет совсем молодцом; но он, конечно, необыкновенный человек. Я так и сказала миссис Дарти, когда она была у нас последний раз: вот порадовались бы на него мисс Форсайт, и миссис Джули, и мисс Эстер, если бы могли видеть, как он отлично управляется с печеным яблочком. Он, правда, совсем оглох, но это я считаю только к лучшему: иначе я просто ума не приложу, что бы мы делали с ним во время налетов.
— А-а,— сказал Сомс.— Что же все-таки вы делали? — Просто оставляли его в кровати, а звонок отвяти в погреб, так что мы с кухаркой услышали бы, если б он позвонил. Не могли же мы сказать ему, что идет война. Я еще говорила тогда кухарке: «Если мистер Тимоти позвонит, будь что будет, а я пойду наверх. С моими дорогими хозяйками сделался бы удар, если бы они узнали, что он звонил, и никто не пришел к нему на звонок». Но он прекрасно проспал все налеты. А в тот раз, когда цеппелины появились днем, он принимал ванну. Это вышло очень удачно, а то он мог бы заметить, что все люди на улице смотрят на небо: он часто глядит в окно.
— Так, так,— пробормотал Сомс. Смизер становилась чересчур болтлива.— Я обойду дом, посмотрю, не надо ли что-нибудь сделать.
— Пожалуйста, сэр. Но мне думается, у нас все в порядке, только вот в столовой пахнет мышами, и мы никак не можем избавиться от запаха. Странно, что они завелись, хоть там не бывает никогда ни крошки: мистер Тимоти как раз перед войной перестал спускать вниз. Но с ними никогда не знаешь, где они заведутся,— противные создания. — Он встал с постели?
— О да, сэр. Утром он прогуливается для моции от кровати до окна, хотя выводить его в другую комнату мы не рискуем. И он очень доволен: каждый день аккуратно пересматривает свое завещание. Это для него лучшая утеша.
— Вот что, Смизер; я хотел бы, если можно, повидать его; может быть, ему надо что-нибудь мне сказать.
Смизер зарделась от планшетки корсета до корней волос.
— Вот будет событие - сказала она.— Если угодно, я провожу вас по дому, а кухарку пошлю тем временем доложить о вас мистеру Тимоти.
— Нет, вы ступайте к нему,— ответил Сомс.— Я сам осмотрю дом.
Нельзя при посторонних предаваться сентиментам, а Сомс чувствовал, что может впасть в сентиментальность, вдыхая воздух этих комнат, насвабать пропитанный прошлым. Когда Смизер, скрипя от волнения корсетом, оставила его,
Соме прошел в столовую и потянул носом. По его мнению, пахло не мышами, а гниющим деревом, и он внимательно осмотрел обшивку стен. Сомнительно, стоит ли перекрашивать их, принимая во внимание возраст Тимоти. Эта комната всегда была самой современной в доме. Только слабая улыбка покрывала губы и ноздри Сомса. Стены над дубовой панелью были окрашены в сочный зеленый тон; тяжелая люстра свешивалась на цепи с потолка, разделенного на квадраты имитацией балок. На стенах картины, которые Тимоти купил как-то по дешевке у Джобсона шестьдесят лет назад: три снайдеровских натюрморта, два рисунка, слегка подвеченые акварелью — мальчик и девочка — очаровательные, помеченные инициалами «Дж. Р.». Тимоти тешился мыслью, что за этими буквами может скрываться Джошуа Рейнольдс, но Сомс, которому рисунки эти очень правились, выяснил, что они сделаны неким Джоном Робинсоном; да сомнительный Морленд — кузнец набивает подкову белой лошади. Вишневые плюшевые портьеры, десять темных стульев красного дерева, тяжелых, с высокими спинками, с вишневым плюшем на сиденьях; турецкий ковер, красного дерева обеденный стол, настолько же большой, насколько комната была маленькой,— вот столовая, которую он помнил с четырехлетнего возраста и которая с тех пор не изменилась ни душой, ни телом. Соме задержался взглядом на рисунках и подумал: «На распродаже я их куплю».

Из столовой он прошел в кабинет Тимоти. Он, насколько помнил, никогда не бывал в этой комнате. От пола до потолка тянулись полки с книгами, и Сомс с любопытством стал их рассматривать. Одна стена была, по-видимому, посвящена книгам для юношества, изданием которых Тимоти занимался два поколения назад; иногда попадалось по двадцать экземпляров одной и той же книги. Соме читал их названия и трепетал. Средняя стена уставлена была в точности теми же книгами, какие стояли в библиотеке его отца на Парк-лейн, и отсюда он вывел заключение, что Джемс и его младший брат в один прекрасный день пошли вдвоем и купили по библиотеке. С большим интересом подошел он к третьей стене. Она, очевидно, отображала вкусы самого Тимоти. Так и оказалось. Вместо книг — полки с фальшивыми корешками. Четвертая стена была сплошь занята окном с тяжелыми гардинами. Против него, обращенного к свет, стояло глубокое кресло с приложенным к нему пюпитром красного дерева, на котором, словно в ожидании хозяина, лежал пожелтелевший сложенный номер «Таймс» от шестого июля 1914 года—день, когда Тимоти впервые не сошел вниз, как бы в предчувствии войны. В углу стоял большой глобус — изображение тех стран земных, которых Тимоти никогда не посещал, глубоко убежденный в нереальности всего, кроме Англии, и навсегда сохранивший ужас перед морем с того злополучного воскресенья 1836 года, когда он с Джули, Эстер, Суизином и Хэtti Чесмен поехал в Брайтоне кататься на лодке и испытал сильную тошноту; а все из-за Суизина, который вечно что-нибудь затевал и которого, слава богу, тоже изрядно тошило. Случай этот был Сомсу детально известен. Он слышал о нем раз пятьдесят, не меньше, от всех участников поочередно. Он подошел к глобусу и легонько толкнул его; раздался
скрип, шар повернулся на дюйм, и Сомс узрел длинного комара, издохшего под сторону четвертой параллелью.

— Мавзелей,— подумал он,— Джордж прав. И он вышел и поднялся по лестнице. На первой площадке он остановился перед стеклянным шкафчиком с чучелами колибри, которые восхищали его в детстве. Они, казалось, не постарели ни на день, вися на своих проволоках над травой пампасов. Если открыть шкаф, птицы не защебетут, нет, но все сооружение, пожалуй, рассыплется в прах. Не стоит выносить его на аукцион. И внезапно возникло воспоминание, как тетя Энн, милая старая тетя Энн, подвезла его за руку к шкафу и сказала: «Смотри, Соми, какие они яркие и красивые, эти крошки-колибри. Милье пташки-щебетуньи». Припомнился Сомсу и его ответ: «Они не щебечут, тетя». Ему было, верно, лет шесть, и был на нем черный бархатный костюмчик с голубым воротничком — он отлично помнит этот костюмчик. Тетя Энн — бутики, добрые, тонкие, точно из паутины, руки, важная старческая улыбка, орлиный нос — красивая старая леди. Сомс поднялся выше и остановился у входа в гостиную. По обе стороны двери висели миниатюры. Вот их он непременно купит. Портреты его четырех теток, дядя Суизин в юности, дядя Николас ребенком. Все они были исполнены одной молодой дамой, другом их семьи, в 1830 году, когда миниатюры написаны были на слоновой кости. Сомс неоднократно слышал рассказ об этой молодой даме: «Очень талантливая, дорогой мой; она была неравнодушна к Суизину, заболела вскоре чахоткой и умерла; совсем как Китс — мы всегда это говорили».

Вот они все! Энн, Джули, Эстер, Сьюзен совсем еще маленькой девочкой, Суизин с небесно-голубыми глазами, розовыми щеками, жемчужными локонами, в белом жилете — как живой, и Николас, купидон, закативший к небу глаза. И если подумать, дядя Ник был всегда такой — удивительный был человек до конца своих дней. Да, несомненно, талантливая художница. И в миниатюрах всегда есть своя особая прелесть — cachet; это тихая заводь, которую не затрагивают бурные течения изменчивой эстетической моды. Сомс отворил дверь в гостиную. В комнате было прикрыто, мебель стояла без чехлов, гардины были раздвинуты, точно его тетки еще проживали здесь в терпеливом ожидании. И у него явилась мысль: когда Тимоти умрет, можно было бы и не только можно, а почти что должно — сохранить этот дом, как сохраняется дом Карлейля, вывесить досчечку и показывать желающим. «Типичное жилище средневикторианского периода — один шиллинг за вход, каталог бесплатно». В конце концов этот дом — самая совершенная и едва ли не самая мертвая вещь в Лондоне наших дней. В своем роде это законченный памятник культуры. Стиль выдержан безупречно, нужно только — и он это сделает — убрать отсюда и перенести в его личную коллекцию эти четыре картины барбизонской школы, которые он сам подарил когда-то своим теткам. Еще не выветрившие небесно-голубые стены: зеленые портьеры, затканые красными цветами и папоротниками; вышитый гарусом экран перед камином; наполненный безделушками шкафчик красного дерева со стеклянными дверцами; расшитые бисером скамейчки для ног; на книжных полках — Ките, Шелли, Саути,
Каупер, Колридж, байроновский «Корсар» (только «Корсар», а больше ничего) и викторианские поэты; горка маркетри с семейными реликвиями, обитая изнутри блеклым красным плюшем; первый веер тети Эстер; пряжи от башмаков их деда с материнской стороны; три застывтых в бутылочке скорпиона; очень желтый словенский бивень, который прислал домой из Индии двоюродный дядя Эдгар Форсайт, торговавший джутом; пришибленный к стене желтый ключ бумаги, покрытый паутинным письменами, увековечившими бог весть какие события. И картины, теснящиеся на стенах,— все акварели, за исключением тех четырех барбизонцев, которые кажутся в этой обстановке иностранцами (они и есть иностранцы), яркие, чисто жанровые картины: «На пчельнике», «Эй, паромщик!» и две в манере Фрита: игра в кости, кринолины — подарок Суизина. Да! Много, много картин, на которые Сомс засматривался тысячу раз, высокомерный и зачарованный; чудесная коллекция блестящих гладких золоченных рам.

И рояль, великолепно протертый и, как всегда, герметически закрытый; и на рояле альбом засушенных водорослей — утка тети Джули. И кресла на золоченных ножках, которые в действительности крепче, чем на вид. И сбоку у камни пуансонная шелковая кушетка, на которой тетя Энн, а после нее тетя Джули сидели, бывало, не сгибая спины, лицом к окну. А по другую сторону камни, спинкой к окну, единственное действительно удобное кресло для тети Эстер. Сомс протер глаза — ему чудилось, точно они и сейчас еще здесь сидят. Ах, и запах, сохранившийся поньне,— запах чрезмерного обилия материй, стираемых кружевных занавесей, пачули в пакетиках, засохших пчелиных крылышек. «Да,— думал он,— теперь ничего подобного не найти. Это следует сохранить». Пусть смеются сколько угодно, по перед этой приличной жизнью с ее твердыми устоями — для разборчивого глаза, и носа, и вкуса — каким жалким кажется наше время с подземкой и автомобилями, с непрерывным курением, задыханием ноги на ногу, с голоплечими девицами, которых видно от пят до колен, а при желании от головы до пояса (что, может быть, приятно для сатира, сидящего в каждом Форсайте, но плохо отвечает его представлениям о настоящей леди), девицами, которые, когда едят, цепляются носками туфель за ножки своих стульев, и громко хохочут, и щеголяют такими выражениями, как «старикан» и «пока»,— ужас охватывал Сомса при мысли, что Флер общается с подобными девицами; и не меньший ужас внушал ему женщины постарше, очень самостоятельные, энергичные и бойкие. Нет! У старых его теток, если они и не открывали никогда ни широких горизонтов, ни собственных глаз, ни даже окон, были хотя бы хорошие манеры, устои и уважение к прошлому и будущему.

С чувством искреннего волнения Сомс затворил дверь и на цыпочках стал подыматься выше. По пути он заглянул в одно местечко: гм! полнейший беспорядок, тот же, что и в восьмидесятых годах, стены обиты желтой kleenкой.
1. **Find the English equivalents for:**

- штукатурка, штукатурная работа (2 variants)
- переплетающийся орнамент
- завиток
- пилистр
- выпуклый
- сводчатый потолок
- фон, контраст
- фестон из цветов, зелени и плодов

2. **List all the types of**
   
a) wood mentioned in the text
b) interior decorations
c) exterior elements

3. **Find the words and phrases which mean the same as:**

the fall of the feudal system
combined in such a way that they form pattern
closely connected
a feeling of enthusiasm enabling one to create
to develop over a period of time
to make something necessary
to become very influential
to stop from spreading or continuing
feeling of enthusiasm for something
to improve, to make something more sophisticated

*Use the phrases you have found in the sentences of your own.*

4. **Translate into English:**

- войти в употребление
- обеспечить прекрасный фон
- утвердиться, закрепиться
- выложенный разными породами дерева, контрастирующих цветов
- в поисках новизны
- уступить чему-то
A. Read the text about apartment houses and get ready to speak on the following items:

- the origin of the apartment house;
- reasons for its popularity;
- apartment house in Roman Republic;
- a typical New York apartment;
- the 20-th century apartment house;
- recent changes in housing construction.

**Apartment house**

(abridged from Encyclopedia Britannica, copyright 1994-1999)

Apartment house, also called apartment block, or block of flats, building containing more than one dwelling unit, most of which are designed for domestic use, but sometimes including shops and other nonresidential features.

Apartment buildings have existed for centuries. In the great cities of the Roman Empire, because of urban congestion, the individual house, or domus, had given way in early imperial times to the communal dwelling, except for the residences of the very wealthy. Four stories were common, and six-, seven-, or eight-story buildings were occasionally constructed. Another type of apartment existed in Europe in the Middle Ages, consisting of a great house or mansion, part of which was subdivided into smaller sets of rooms in order to house the servants and
other retainers of an important person. In contrast to these "apartments," which were simply personal suites within great houses, the apartment house as it is known today first appeared in Paris and other large European cities in the 18th century, when tall blocks of flats for middle-class tenants began appearing. In the typical Parisian apartment building, the size of the apartments (and the financial means of the tenants) decreased with each successive story in a four- or five-story building.

By the mid-19th century, large numbers of inexpensive apartment houses were under construction to house swelling numbers of industrial labourers in cities and towns across Europe and in the United States. These buildings were often incredibly shabby, poorly designed, unsanitary, and cramped. The typical New York City apartment, or tenement, a type first constructed in the 1830s, consisted of apartments popularly known as railroad flats because the narrow rooms were arranged end-to-end in a row like boxcars. Indeed, few low-cost apartment buildings erected in Europe or America before 1918 were designed for either comfort or style. In many European cities, however, particularly in Paris and Vienna, the second half of the 19th century witnessed great progress in the design of apartments for the upper-middle class and the rich.

The modern large apartment building emerged in the early 20th century with the incorporation of elevators, central heating, and other conveniences that could be shared in common by a building's tenants. Apartments for the well-to-do began to offer other amenities such as leisure facilities, delivery and laundry services, and communal dining rooms and gardens. The multistory apartment house continued to grow in importance as crowding and rising land values in cities made one-family homes less and less practicable in parts of many cities. Much government-subsidized, or public, housing has taken the form of apartment buildings, particularly for the urban elderly and working classes or those living in poverty. Apartment-block towers also were erected in large numbers in the Soviet Union and other countries where housing construction was the responsibility of the state.

Since World War II the demand for apartment housing has continued to grow as a result of continued urbanization. The mid- or high-rise apartment complex has become a fixture of the skylines of most of the world's cities, and the two- or three-story "walk-up" apartment also remains popular in somewhat less built-up urban areas.

B. Find words in the text with similar meanings to these words and phrases:

• relating to a town or city (urban), a set of rooms belonging to someone (a personal suite), a person who pays rent for a flat or a
house (a tenant), in the process of building (under construction), rapidly increasing in number or size (swelling), crowded (cramped), installment (incorporation), easy to carry out (practicable), huge blocks of flats (apartment-block towers), a permanent feature (fixture).

- **Speak on the apartment house in which you or your friends live:** say in what part of the town it is located; when it was built and in what style; if it has been well maintained; if it has any amenities.

**HOME**

THE HOUSE in South Square, Westminster, to which the young Monts had come after their Spanish honeymoon two years before, might have been called "emancipated." It was the work of an architect whose dream was a new house perfectly old, and an old house perfectly new. It followed, therefore, no I recognised style or tradition, and was devoid of structural r prejudice; but it soaked up the smuts of the metropolis with such special rapidity that its stone already respectably resembled that of Wren. Its windows and doors had gently rounded I tops. The high-sloping roof, of a fine sooty pink, was almost Danish, and two "ducks little windows" looked out of it, giving an impression that very tall servants lived up there. There were i rooms on each side of the front door, which was wide and set off by bay trees in black and gold bindings. The house was thick through, and the staircase, of a broad chastity, began at the far end of a hall which had room for quite a number of hats and coats and cards. There were four bathrooms; and not even a cellar underneath. The Forsyte instinct for a house had co-operated in its acquisition. Soames had picked it up for his daughter, undecorated, at that psychological moment when the bubble of inflation was pricked, and the air escaping from the balloon of the world's trade. Fleur, however, had established immediate contact with the architect—an element which Soames himself had never quite got over—and decided not to have more than three styles in her house: Chinese, Spanish, and her own. The room to the left of the front door, running the breadth of the house, was Chinese, with ivory panels, a copper floor, central heating, and cut glass lustres. It contained four pictures — all Chinese — the only school in which her father had not yet dabbled. The fireplace, wide and open, had Chinese dogs with Chinese tiles for them to stand on. The silk was chiefly of jade green. There were two wonderful old black tea chests, picked up with Soames' money at Jobson's—not a bargain. There was no piano, partly because pianos were too uncompromisingly occidental, and partly because it would have taken up
much room. Fleur aimed at space—collecting people rather than furniture or bibelots. The light, admitted by windows at both ends, was unfortunately not Chinese. She would stand sometimes in the centre of this room, thinking—how to "bunch" her guests, how to make her room more Chinese without making it uncomfortable; how to seem to know all about literature and politics; how to accept everything her father gave her, without making him aware that his taste had no sense of the future; how to keep hold of Sibley Swan, the new literary star, and to get hold of Gurdon Minho, the old; of how Wilfrid Desert was getting too fond of her; of what was really her style in dress; of why Michael had such funny ears and sometimes she stood not thinking at all—just aching a little.

Full in the light of the stars, an exquisite chateau rose from the borders of the lake, climbed in marble radiance half the height of an adjoining mountain, then melted in grace, in perfect symmetry, in translucent feminine languor, into the massed darkness of a forest of pine. The many towers, the slender tracery of the sloping parapets, the chiselled wonder of a thousand yellow windows with their oblongs and heptagons and triangles of golden light, the shattered softness of the intersecting planes of star-shine and blue shade, all trembled on John's spirit like a chord of music. On one of the towers, the tallest, the blackest at its base, an arrangement of exterior lights at the top made a sort of floating fairyland - and as John gazed up in warm enchantment the faint acciaccare sound of violins drifted down in a rococo harmony that was like nothing he had ever heard before. Then in a moment the car stopped before wide, high marble steps around which the night air was fragrant with a host of flowers. At the top of the steps two great doors swung silently open and amber light flooded out upon the darkness, silhouetting the figure of an exquisite lady with black, high-piled hair, who held out her arms towards them. 'Mother,' Percy was saying, 'this is my friend, John Unger, from Hades.' Afterwards John remembered that first night as a daze of many colours, of quick sensory impressions, of music soft as a voice in love, and of the beauty of things, lights and shadows, and motions and faces. There was a white-haired man who stood drinking a many-hued cordial from a crystal thimble set on a golden stem. There was a girl with a flowery face, dressed like Titania with braided sapphires in her hair. There was a room where the solid, soft gold of the walls yielded to the pressure of his hand, and a room that was like a platonic conception of the ultimate prison - ceiling, floor, and all, it was lined with an unbroken mass of diamonds, diamonds of every size and shape, until, lit with tall violet lamps in the corners, it dazzled the eyes with a whiteness
that could be compared only with itself, beyond human wish or dream. Through a maze of these rooms the two boys wandered. Sometimes the floor under their feet would flame in brilliant patterns from lighting below, patterns of barbaric clashing colours, of pastel delicacy, of sheer whiteness, or of subtle and intricate mosaic, surely from some mosque I on the Adriatic Sea. Sometimes beneath layers of thick crystal he would see blue or green water swirling, inhabited by vivid fish and growths of rainbow foliage. Then they would be treading on furs of every texture and colour or along corridors of palest ivory, unbroken as though carved complete from the gigantic tusks of dinosaurs extinct before the age of man . . . Then a hazily remembered transition, and they were at dinner - where each plate was of two almost imperceptible layers of solid diamond between which was curiously worked a filigree of emerald design, a shaving sliced from green air. Music, plangent and unobtrusive, drifted down through far corridors - his chair, feathered and curved insidiously to his back, seemed to engulf and overpower him as he drank his first glass of port. He tried drowsily to answer a question that had been asked him, but the honeyed luxury that clasped his body added to the illusion of sleep - jewels, fabrics, wines, and metals blurred before his eyes into a sweet mist . . 'Yes,' he replied with a polite effort, 'it certainly is hot enough for me down there.' He managed to add a ghostly laugh; then, without movement, without resistance, he seemed to float off and away, leaving an iced dessert that was pink as a dream . . He fell asleep. When he awoke he knew that several hours had passed. He was in a great quiet room with ebony walls and a dull illumination that was too faint, too subtle, to be called a light. His young host was standing over him. 'You fell asleep at dinner,' Percy was saying. 'I nearly did, too - it was such a treat to be comfortable again after this year of school. Servants undressed and bathed you while you were sleeping.' "Is this a bed or a cloud?" sighed John. 'Percy, Percy - before you go, I want to apologize. 'For what?" 'For doubting you when you said you had a diamond as big as the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.' Percy smiled. 'I thought you didn't believe me. It's that mountain, you know,' 'What mountain ?' 'The mountain the chateau rests on. It's not very big for a mountain. But except about fifty feet of sod and gravel on top it's solid diamond. One diamond, one cubic mile without a flaw. Aren't you listening? Say -' But John T. Unger had again fallen asleep. Morning. As he awoke he perceived drowsily that the room had at the same moment become dense with sunlight. The ebony panels of one wall had slid aside on a sort of track, leaving his chamber half open to the day. A large Negro in a white uniform stood beside his bed. 'Good evening,' muttered John, summoning his brains from the wild places. 'Good morning, sir. Are you ready for your bath, sir? Oh, don't get up - I'll put you in, if you'll just unbutton your pyjamas - there. Thank you,
John lay quietly as his pyjamas were removed — he was amused and delighted; he expected to be lifted like a child by this black Gargantua who was tending him, but nothing of the sort happened; instead he felt the bed tilt up slowly on its side — he began to roll, startled at first, in the direction of the wall, but when he reached the wall its drapery gave way, and sliding two yards farther down a fleecy incline he plumped gently into water the same temperature as his body. He looked about him. The runway or rollway on which he had arrived had folded gently back into place. He had been projected into another chamber and was sitting in a sunken bath with his head just above the level of the floor. All about him, lining the walls of the room and the sides and bottom of the bath itself, was a blue aquarium, and gazing through the crystal surface on which he sat, he could see fish swimming among amber lights and even gliding without curiosity past his outstretched toes, which were separated from them only by the thickness of the crystal. From overhead, sunlight came down through sea-green glass. 'I suppose, sir, that you'd like hot rosewater and soap-suds this morning, sir - and perhaps cold salt water to finish.' The Negro was standing beside him. 'Yes,' agreed John, smiling inanely, 'as you please.' Any idea of ordering this bath according to his own meagre standards of living would have been priggish and not a little wicked. The Negro pressed a button and a warm rain began to fall, apparently from overhead, but really, so John discovered after a moment, from a fountain arrangement near by. The water turned to a pale rose colour and jets of liquid soap spurted into it from four miniature walrus heads at the corners of the bath. In a moment a dozen little paddle-wheels, fixed to the sides, had churned the mixture into a radiant rainbow of pink foam which enveloped him softly with its delicious lightness, and burst in shining, rosy bubbles here and there about him. 'Shall I turn on the moving-picture machine, sir?' suggested the Negro deferentially. 'There's a good one-reel comedy in this machine today, or I can put in a serious piece in a moment, if you prefer it.' 'No, thanks,' answered John, politely but firmly. He was enjoying his bath too much to desire any distraction. But distraction came. In a moment he was listening intently to the sound of flutes from just outside, flute dripping a melody that was like a waterfall, cool and green as the room itself, accompanying a frothy piccolo in play more fragile than the lace of suds that covered an charmed him. After a cold salt-water bracer and a cold fresh finish, he stepped out and into a fleecy robe, and upon a couch covered with the same material he was rubbed with oil alcohol, and spice. Later he sat in a voluptuous chair while he was shaved and his hair was trimmed. 'Mr Percy is waiting in your sitting-room,' said the Negro, when these operations were finished. 'My name is Gygosum, Mr Unger, sir. I am to see Mr Unger every morning.' John walked out into the brisk sunshine
of his living-room, where he found breakfast waiting for him and Percy, gorgeous in white-kid knickerbockers, smoking in an easy chair.

I Match the following words with their explanations:

1) foam 2) mosque 3) treat 4) fragrant 5) sunken 6) braid
7) barbaric 8) piccolo 9) jet 10) filigree 11) gravel 12) enchantment

a) a musical instrument that looks like a small flute
b) cruel and violent
c) the curving and crossing lines of stone in the upper parts of some church windows
d) a feeling of mystery that strongly interests or attracts you
e) small stones, used to make a surface for paths, roads etc
f) a narrow stream of liquid or gas that comes quickly out of a small hole, or the hole itself
g) delicate work made of gold or silver wire, used to decorate things
h) to weave or twist together three pieces of hair or cloth to form one length
i) built or placed at a lower level than the surrounding floor, ground etc
j) an unexpected event that gives you a lot of pleasure
k) having a pleasant smell having a pleasant smell
l) a building in which Muslims worship

II Fill the gaps with suitable verbs taken from the list below.

spurt  blur  churn  braid  drowse  melt  climb  flood  dazzle
carve  engulf  clasp

A baby monkey … its mother's fur tightly.
The sunset … the canyon with rose-colored light.

The ships on the horizon seemed to… .

My stomach was …on the day of the exam before my eyes.

Water began to … from a hole in the pipe.

Anyone who makes such serious allegations is … a very dangerous path

I was … in front of the television when you called.

The sound of the trumpet … into the strains of the orchestra.

The original estimate of $500 million has now … to a staggering $1300 million.

I … to think what will happen when she finds out.

As children, we were … by my uncle's good looks and charm.

Michelangelo … this figure from a single block of marble.

I knew I was very near death, and a terrifying panic … me.

III Fill the gaps with suitable nouns taken from the list below.

enchantment harmony motion texture daze shadow lightning

The forest had an air of …

The choir was singing in perfect…

The rocking … of the boat made Sylvia feel sick.

It was a soil with a loose sandy …

I've been wandering around in a … all day.

The house cast long … on the lawn.

Better street … might help to reduce crime
IV Mark the following words in the text and translate them into Russian. Supply each of the words with four synonyms taken from the list below.

words:

translucent slender shattered exterior subtle gigantic plangent unobtrusive fragrant exquisite intricate priggish radiant sloping adjoining perfect sheer

synonyms:

transparent slight crushed outside lucid involved willowy slim gargantuan effulgent loud consummate frugal unqualified aromatic fine lucent trim flawless shining devastated ideal tangled pedantic external bright massive delicate neighboring modest balmy mazy flavored graceful resplendent lingering punctilious absolute faultfinding utter huge enormous drawing shy supreme refined unassuming labyrinthine elegant next clear lean hypercritical bordering traumatized outdoor faint peripheral restrained newt-door shocked noisy perfumed blaring pure

V Mark the following words in the text and translate them into Russian. Supply each of the words with three antonyms taken from the list below.

words:

perfect pale quiet gigantic

antonyms

deficient rutty loud blemished miniature flushed gloving noisy microscopic flawed boisterous clamorous infinitesimal

VI Think of all possible attributes to the following words:

filigree chateau soap waterfall foam diamond jets
VII Find in the text English equivalents for the following and use them in sentences of your own:

tусклый свет
замок (дворец)
изумление
ослеплять
быть за пределами человеческих желаний или мечтаний
водоворот
лабиринт комнат
негармонирующие цвета
замысловатая мозаика
мечеть
незаметный
сладкая роскошь
наполняться солнечным светом
стеклянная поверхность
сияющая радуга

VIII Mark in the text the following word combinations and translate them into Russian:
solid diamond
filigree of emerald design
iced dessert
wild places
fountain arrangement
voluptuous chair

brisk sunshine

growths of rainbow foliage

IX The author uses a big range of colors in the text (which plays an important role in creating a specific atmosphere of the chateau). Prove it by the examples taken from the text. What are the author's fundamental colors?

Make the following exercises.

1) Distribute the names of colors given below in accordance with their position in a spectrum (1 red 2 orange 3 yellow 4 green 5 blue 6 indigo 7 violet)

   sapphire
   golden
   amber
   peacock blue
   purple
   turquoise
   damask
   aqua
   lilac
   crimson

2) Explain the meaning of the following word combinations and translate them into Russian.
blue flame  true blue  blue magnetism  blue in the face  blue notes  look blue  blue study  blue fear  blue funk  be blue intricate

golden fleece  golden ball  golden gates  golden age  golden age  golden hours  olden opportunity  golden deeds  the Golden State  the golden rule  golden mean  golden section  golden rectangle  golden handcuffs  golden hello  golden boy  golden earth

purple patch  purple phosphorus  purple magenta  purple patch  crimson crime

amber glass  amber oil  amber varnish  amber lamp  sapphire stylus

3) Match the following colors and their patterns with explanations given below.

1) khaki  2) mauve  3) navy blue  4) polka dot  5) purple  6) spotted  7) emerald  8) peacock blue  9) ebony

a) a dark color that is a mixture of red and blue
b) a deep greenish-blue colour
c) having small round marks or dots on the surface
d) bright green
e) black
f) very dark blue
g) a number of spots that form a pattern, especially on material for clothing
h) a dull green-brown or yellow-brown color
i) a pale purple color

4) Explain the meaning of the following word combinations and translate them into Russian:

primary colors
simple colors
fundamental colors
color blind
color defective
color discrimination
color screen

5) Discuss the difference between shade and shadow and fill the gaps with necessary words.

The colour was a wonderful … of pink
The artist was using light and … to mould figures
This is a plant that likes a lot of…
It's 35°C in the …
We were sitting in the … of a large oak tree
There were various … of opinion in the party
Ken was just a … too honest about his feelings.
… of my poorer days.
Well Arthur, your choir puts our little town chorus in the …
After that a … was cast over his reputation.
Without a … of a doubt he's the most talented player we've ever had.
Kate grew up in the … her film star sister.

6) Explain the meaning of the following words and word combinations

five o'clock shadow window shade
shadow boxing shades
X Discuss the interior décor of the chateau and use as many names of rooms, colors, fabrics, and pieces of furniture as possible.

Make the following exercises.

1) Make sure that you know the meanings of the following word combinations. Do the matching.

a) Combinations with chamber.

1) chamber music 2) chamber of commerce 3) chamber orchestra 4) chamber pot 5) decompression chamber 6) gas chamber 7) star chamber

a) classical music written for a small group of instruments

b) a group of business people in a particular town or area, working together to improve trade

c) a small group of musicians who play classical music together

d) a round container for urine used in a bedroom and kept under the bed in the past

e) a special room where people go after they have been deep under the sea, in order to slowly return to normal air pressure

f) a large room in which people or animals are killed with poisonous gas

g) a group of people that meets secretly and makes decisions that are important or judgements that are severe

b) Translate the following:

chamber of dais

chamber boy
chamber man
chamber work
chamber work
chamber story

c) Types of chairs. Do the matching.
1) easy chair 2) electric chair 3) rocking chair 4) sedan chair 5) swivel chair 6) wing chair

a) a large comfortable chair
b) a chair in which criminals are killed using electricity, in order to punish them for crimes such as murder; used in the US etc
c) a chair that has two curved pieces of wood fixed under it, so that it moves backwards and forwards
d) a seat on two poles with a cover around it on which an important person was carried in former times
e) a chair that turns around on a swivel
f) a comfortable chair that has a high back and pieces pointing forward on each side

d) Types of rooms.
1) baggage room 2) box room 3) changing room 4) common room 5) consulting room 6) control room 7) cutting room 8) drawing room 9) dressing room 10) fitting room 11) family room 12) powder room 13) morning room 14) recovery room

a) a room that a process, service, large machine, factory etc is controlled from
b) a room where people change their clothes when they play sports

c) a small room in a house where you can store things

d) a room in a school or college that a group of teachers or students use when they are not teaching or studying

e) a place, usually in a station, where you can leave your bags and collect them later

f) a room in a hospital where people first wake up after their operation

g) a room where a doctor sees patients

h) a room where an actor or performer can get ready, before going on stage, appearing on television etc. also a small room next to a bedroom

i) a room in a house where the family can play games, watch television etc also a room in a pub in Britain where children are allowed to sit

j) a comfortable room that is used in the morning, usually in a large house

k) an area in a shop where you can put on clothes to see how they look

l) a toilet for women in a theatre, hotel, restaurant etc, used to avoid saying this directly

m) a room where the final form of a film is prepared by cutting and putting the different parts into the correct order

n) a room, especially in a large house, where you can entertain guests or relax

e) Types of fabrics.

Translate the following names of fabrics and think of various clothes which could be made of them.

batik
corduroy
Then they would be treading on furs of every texture... and finishing with the words: He fell asleep.

XII Discuss the style of the author and find as many stylistic devices (lexical and syntactic) as possible.
I Give your own English equivalents for the following:

узорчатая кованая дверь
изящные резные колонки
граненые стекла
газовые рожки
мраморный постамент
лакированной серебристо-серой поверхности
выдержанное в благородно строгом вкусе
вестибюль
заурядные особняки
застекленные фонари
низенький парапет
кирпич, специально обожженный в тон граниту
облицованный поверху белым мрамором
обставлять комнаты в стиле разных эпох
применение орнаментов
правильное использование занавесей и портьер
художественный вкус
зимний сад
рояли самых изысканных форм
черепаховые инкрустации
коробиться от жары и сырости
гобеленовые панно
легкая мебель из резного ореха

II Translate the following passage into English and compare it with the original text.:

С этого времени в нем пробудился живой интерес к произведениям искусства и к художественным изделиям — картинам, бронзе, резным безделушкам и статуэткам, которыми он заполнял шкафчики, тумбы, столики и этажерки своего нового дома. В Филадельфии вообще трудно было достать подлинно изящные вещи такого рода, а в магазинах они и вовсе
отсутствовали. Правда, многие частные дома изобиловали очаровательными безделушками, привезенными из дальних путешествий, но у Каупервуда пока что было мало связей с «лучшими семьями» города. В те времена славились два американских скульптора: Пауэрс и Хосмер,— у Фрэнка имелись их произведения,— но, по словам Элсуорта, это было далеко не последнее слово в искусстве, и он советовал приобрести копию какой-нибудь античной статуи. В конце концов Каупервуду удалось купить голову Давида работы Торвалдсена, которая приводила его в восторг, и несколько пейзажей Хэнта, Сюлли и Харта, в какой-то мере передавших дух современности.

Такой дом, несомненно, налагает отпечаток на своих обитателей. Мы помним себя индивидуумами, стоящими вне и даже выше влияния наших жилищ и вещей; но между нами и нами существует едва уловимая связь, в силу которой вещи в такой же степени отражают нас, в какой мы отражаем их. Люди и вещи взаимно сообщают друг другу свое достоинство, свою утонченность и силу: красота или ее противоположность, словно челнок на ткацком станке, снуют от одних к другим. Попробуйте перерезать нить, отделить человека от того, что по праву принадлежит ему, что уже стало для него характерным, и перед вами возникает нелепая фигура то ли счастливца, то ли неудачника— паук без паутины, который уже не станет самим собою до тех пор, пока нем не будут возвращены его права и привилегии.

III Render the text in English.

IV Topics for discussion:

Characterize Theodore Dreiser’s style of writing.

What do you think about the way in which Dreiser’s heroes furnished their houses?

The work of an interior decorator. Advantages and disadvantages.

In what way would you arrange your house in case you had a million dollars?

The problems of living in high-rise apartment buildings.