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КАФЕДРА ЕВРОПЕЙСКИХ ЯЗЫКОВ

**Вводный курс практического перевода с первого иностранного  
языка**  
РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

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здоровья и инвалидов

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**Вводный курс практического перевода с первого иностранного языка**  
Рабочая программа дисциплины

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## 1. 1. Пояснительная записка

### 1.1.1 Цели и задачи дисциплины

Цель дисциплины: дать студенту первоначальные знания, умения и навыки, необходимые ему для осуществления его профессиональной деятельности в области письменного перевода текстов разных регистров и стилей.

Задачи:

- научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;
- научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;
- научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;
- научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;
- дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

Содержание дисциплины охватывает круг теоретических вопросов и практических проблем, связанных с переводом несложных художественных и научных текстов.

### 1.1.2 Формируемые компетенции, соотнесённые с планируемыми результатами обучения по дисциплине

Компетенция (код и наименование)	Индикаторы компетенций (код и наименование)	Результаты обучения
УК-4. Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)	УК-4.2. Свободно воспринимает, анализирует и критически оценивает устную и письменную общепрофессиональную информацию на русском и иностранном(-ых) языке(-ах); демонстрирует навыки перевода с иностранного(-ых) на государственный язык, а также с государственного на иностранный(-ые) язык(-и);	знать способы достижения эквивалентности в переводе,  уметь анализировать текст для определения его жанровых и иных характеристик, уметь осуществлять письменный перевод с соблюдением норм лексической эквивалентности, соблюдением грамматических, синтаксических и стилистических норм уметь применять основные приемы перевода, свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации, умеет использовать этикетные формулы в устной и

		<p>письменной коммуникации умеет редактировать текст своего перевода, умеет оформлять текст перевода в компьютерном текстовом редакторе, работать с электронными словарями и другими электронными ресурсами</p> <p>владеть основными дискурсивными способами реализации коммуникативных целей высказывания применительно к особенностям текущего коммуникативного контекста, основными способами выражения семантической, коммуникативной и структурной преемственности между частями высказывания, основными особенностями официального, нейтрального и неофициального регистров общения, владеет методикой предпереводческого анализа текста, способствующей точному восприятию исходного высказывания владеет методикой подготовки к выполнению перевода, включая поиск информации в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях,</p>
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### 1.1.3 Место дисциплины в структуре образовательной программы

Дисциплина относится к части, формируемой участниками образовательных отношений блока дисциплин учебного плана.

Для освоения дисциплины необходимы знания, умения и владения, сформированные в ходе изучения следующих дисциплин и прохождения практик: Вводный курс первого иностранного языка.

В результате освоения дисциплины формируются знания, умения и владения, необходимые для изучения следующих дисциплин и прохождения практик: Преддипломная практика, ГИА.

## 2. Структура дисциплины

### 3. Структура дисциплины

Общая трудоёмкость дисциплины составляет 4 з.е., 144 академических часа (ов).

Объем дисциплины в форме контактной работы обучающихся с педагогическими работниками и (или) лицами, привлекаемыми к реализации образовательной программы на иных условиях, при проведении учебных занятий:

Семестр	Тип учебных занятий	Количество часов
3	Практические занятия	40
4	Практические занятия	40
Всего:		80

Объем дисциплины (модуля) в форме самостоятельной работы обучающихся составляет 64 академических часа(ов).

## 4. Содержание дисциплины

### РАЗДЕЛ I. Перевод художественных текстов: начальный уровень.

Стилевые особенности художественного текста – стилистическая неоднородность. Регистры. Безэквивалентная лексика. Ошибки в переводе и причины их возникновения. Переводчик как толкователь. Отражение личности переводчика в тексте перевода. Границы переводческой свободы. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к разным стилям, регистрам, жанрам и родам литературы. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

### РАЗДЕЛ II. Перевод научных текстов.

Особенности научного текста. Различия в характере и организации научного текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях. Нейтральность научного текста. Терминологическая насыщенность научного текста. Безэквивалентная лексика. Клише научного языка. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам научного дискурса. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

## 5. Образовательные технологии

Для проведения занятий применяются различные образовательные технологии. В период временного приостановления посещения обучающимися помещений и территории РГГУ для организации учебного процесса с применением электронного обучения и дистанционных образовательных технологий могут быть использованы следующие образовательные технологии:

- видео-лекции;
- онлайн-лекции в режиме реального времени;
- электронные учебники, учебные пособия, научные издания в электронном виде и доступ к иным электронным образовательным ресурсам;
- системы для электронного тестирования;
- консультации с использованием телекоммуникационных средств.

## 5. Оценка планируемых результатов обучения

### Система оценивания

Форма контроля	Макс. количество баллов
В течение семестра: устные ответы на занятиях	20 баллов
выполнение домашних заданий	20 баллов
контрольные работы	20 баллов
Промежуточная аттестация	40 баллов
Итого за семестр	100 баллов

Полученный совокупный результат конвертируется в традиционную шкалу оценок и в шкалу оценок Европейской системы переноса и накопления кредитов (European Credit Transfer System; далее – ECTS) в соответствии с таблицей:

100-балльная шкала	Традиционная шкала		Шкала ECTS
95 – 100	отлично	зачтено	A
83 – 94			B
68 – 82	хорошо		C
56 – 67	удовлетворительно		D
50 – 55			E
20 – 49	неудовлетворительно	не зачтено	FX
0 – 19			F

#### Критерии выставления оценки по дисциплине

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	Оценка по дисциплине	Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине
100-83/ A,B	отлично/ зачтено	<p>Выставляется обучающемуся, если он глубоко и прочно усвоил теоретический и практический материал, может продемонстрировать это на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации.</p> <p>Обучающийся исчерпывающе и логически стройно излагает учебный материал, умеет увязывать теорию с практикой, справляется с решением задач профессиональной направленности высокого уровня сложности, правильно обосновывает принятые решения.</p> <p>Свободно ориентируется в учебной и профессиональной литературе.</p> <p>Оценка по дисциплине выставляется обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «высокий».</p>
82-68/ C	хорошо/ зачтено	<p>Выставляется обучающемуся, если он знает теоретический и практический материал, грамотно и по существу излагает его на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации, не допуская существенных неточностей.</p> <p>Обучающийся правильно применяет теоретические положения при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности разного уровня</p>

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	Оценка по дисциплин е	Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине
		<p>сложности, владеет необходимыми для этого навыками и приёмами. Достаточно хорошо ориентируется в учебной и профессиональной литературе. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «хороший».</p>
67-50/ D,E	удовлетво- рительно/ зачтено	<p>Выставляется обучающемуся, если он знает на базовом уровне теоретический и практический материал, допускает отдельные ошибки при его изложении на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся испытывает определённые затруднения в применении теоретических положений при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности стандартного уровня сложности, владеет необходимыми для этого базовыми навыками и приёмами. Демонстрирует достаточный уровень знания учебной литературы по дисциплине. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «достаточный».</p>
49-0/ F,FX	неудовлет- ворительно / не зачтено	<p>Выставляется обучающемуся, если он не знает на базовом уровне теоретический и практический материал, допускает грубые ошибки при его изложении на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся испытывает серьёзные затруднения в применении теоретических положений при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности стандартного уровня сложности, не владеет необходимыми для этого навыками и приёмами. Демонстрирует фрагментарные знания учебной литературы по дисциплине. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции на уровне «достаточный», закреплённые за дисциплиной, не сформированы.</p>

### 5.1.1 5.3 Оценочные средства (материалы) для текущего контроля успеваемости, промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине

#### 5.1.2 Типовые тексты для практического перевода на русский язык

6.

A nation of wimps: parents are going to ludicrous lengths to take the lumps and bumps and bumps out of life for their children. However well-intentioned, parental hyperconcern and microscrunity have the net effect of making kids more fragile. That may be why the young are breaking down in record numbers

Hara Estroff Marano

MAYBE IT'S THE CYCLIST IN THE PARK, TRIM UNDER HIS SLEEK METALLIC BLUE helmet, cruising along the dirt path ... at three miles an hour. On his tricycle. Or perhaps it's today's playground, all-rubber-cushioned surface where kids used to skin their knees. And ... wait a minute ... those aren't little kids playing. Their mommies--and especially their daddies--are in there with them, coplaying or play-by-play coaching. Few take it half-easy on the perimeter benches, as parents used to do, letting the kids figure things out for themselves.

Then there are the sanitizing gels, with which over a third of parents now send their kids to school, according to a recent survey. Presumably, parents now worry that school bathrooms are not good enough for their children.

Consider the teacher new to an upscale suburban town. Shuffling through the sheaf of reports certifying the educational "accommodations" he was required to make for many of his history students, he was struck by the exhaustive, well-written-and obviously costly--one on behalf of a girl who was already proving among the most competent of his ninth-graders. "She's somewhat neurotic," he confides, "but she is bright, organized and conscientious--the type who'd get to school to turn in a paper on time, even if she were dying of stomach flu." He finally found the disability he was to make allowances for: difficulty with Gestalt thinking. The 13-year-old "couldn't see the big picture." That cleverly devised defect (what 13-year-old can construct the big picture?) would allow her to take all her tests untimed, especially the big one at the end of the rainbow, the college-worthy SAT.

Behold the wholly sanitized childhood, without skinned knees or the occasional C in history. "Kids need to feel badly sometimes," says child psychologist David Elkind, professor at Tufts University. "We learn through experience and we learn through bad experiences. Through failure we learn how to cope."

Messing up, however, even in the playground, is wildly out of style. Although error and experimentation are the true mothers of success, parents are taking pains to remove failure from the equation.

"Life is planned out for us," says Elise Kramer, a Cornell University junior. "But we don't know what to want." As Elkind puts it, "Parents and schools are no longer geared toward child development, they're geared to academic achievement."

No one doubts that there are significant economic forces pushing parents to invest so heavily in their children's outcome from an early age. But taking all the discomfort, disappointment and even the play out of development, especially while increasing pressure for success, turns out to be misguided by just about 180 degrees. With few challenges all their own, kids are unable to forge their creative adaptations to the normal vicissitudes of life. That not only makes them risk-averse, it makes them psychologically fragile, riddled with anxiety. In the process they're robbed of identity, meaning and a sense of accomplishment, to say nothing of a shot at real happiness. Forget, too, about perseverance, not simply a moral virtue but a necessary life skill. These turn out to be the spreading psychic fault lines of 21st-century youth. Whether we want to or not, we're on our way to creating a nation of wimps.

#### THE FRAGILITY FACTOR

College, it seems, is where the fragility factor is now making its greatest mark. It's where intellectual and developmental tracks converge as the emotional training wheels come off. By all accounts, psychological distress is rampant on college campuses. It takes a variety of forms, including anxiety and depression--which are increasingly regarded as two faces of the same coin--binge drinking and substance abuse, self-mutilation and

other forms of disconnection. The mental state of students is now so precarious for so many that, says Steven Hyman, provost of Harvard University and former director of the National Institute of Mental Health, "it is interfering with the core mission of the university."

The severity of student mental health problems has been rising since 1988, according to an annual survey of counseling center directors. Through 1996, the most common problems raised by students were relationship issues. That is developmentally appropriate, reports Sherry Benton, assistant director of counseling at Kansas State University. But in 1996, anxiety overtook relationship concerns and has remained the major problem. The University of Michigan Depression Center, the nation's first, estimates that 15 percent of college students nationwide are suffering from that disorder alone.

Relationship problems haven't gone away; their nature has dramatically shifted and the severity escalated. Colleges report ever more cases of obsessive pursuit, otherwise known as stalking, leading to violence, even death. Anorexia or bulimia in florid or subclinical form now afflicts 40 percent of women at some time in their college career. Eleven weeks into a semester, reports psychologist Russ Federman, head of counseling at the University of Virginia, "all appointment slots are filled. But the students don't stop coming."

Drinking, too, has changed. Once a means of social lubrication, it has acquired a darker, more desperate nature. Campuses nationwide are reporting record increases in binge drinking over the past decade, with students often stuporous in class, if they get there at all. Psychologist Paul E. Joffe, chair of the suicide prevention team at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, contends that at bottom binge-drinking is a quest for authenticity and intensity of experience. It gives young people something all their own to talk about, and sharing stories about the path to passing out is a primary purpose. It's an inverted world in which drinking to oblivion is the way to feel connected and alive.

"There is a ritual every university administrator has come to fear," reports John Portmann, professor of religious studies at the University of Virginia. "Every fall, parents drop off their well-groomed freshmen and within two or three days many have consumed a dangerous amount of alcohol and placed themselves in harm's way. These kids have been controlled for so long, they just go crazy."

Heavy drinking has also become the quickest and easiest way to gain acceptance, says psychologist Bernardo J. Carducci, professor at Indiana University Southeast and founder of its Shyness Research Institute. "Much of collegiate social activity is centered on alcohol consumption because it's an anxiety reducer and demands no social skills," he says. "Plus it provides an instant identity; it lets people know that you are willing to belong."

#### WELCOME TO THE HOTHOUSE

Talk to a college president or administrator and you're almost certainly bound to hear tales of the parents who call at 2 a.m. to protest Branden's C in economics because it's going to damage his shot at grad school.

Shortly after psychologist Robert Epstein announced to his university students that he expected them to work hard and would hold them to high standards, he heard from a parent--on official judicial stationery--asking how he could dare mistreat the young. Epstein, former editor in chief of *Psychology Today*, eventually filed a complaint with the California commission on judicial misconduct, and the judge was censured for abusing his office--but not before he created havoc in the psychology department at the University of California San Diego.

Enter: grade inflation. When he took over as president of Harvard in July 2001, Lawrence Summers publicly ridiculed the value of honors after discovering that 94 percent of the college's seniors were graduating with them. Safer to lower the bar than

raise the discomfort level. Grade inflation is the institutional response to parental anxiety about school demands on children, contends social historian Peter Stearns of George Mason University. As such, it is a pure index of emotional over-investment in a child's success. And it rests on a notion of juvenile frailty--"the assumption that children are easily bruised and need explicit uplift," Stearns argues in his book, *Anxious Parenting: A History of Modern Childrearing in America*.

Parental protectionism may reach its most comic excesses in college, but it doesn't begin there. Primary schools and high schools are arguably just as guilty of grade inflation. But if you're searching for someone to blame, consider Dr. Seuss. "Parents have told their kids from day one that there's no end to what they are capable of doing," says Virginia's Portmann. "They read them the Dr. Seuss book *Oh, the Places You'll Go!* and create bumper stickers telling the world their child is an honor student. American parents today expect their children to be perfect--the smartest, fastest, most charming people in the universe. And if they can't get the children to prove it on their own, they'll turn to doctors to make their kids into the people that parents want to believe their kids are."

What they're really doing, he stresses, is "showing kids how to work the system for their own benefit."

And subjecting them to intense scrutiny. "I wish my parents had some hobby other than me," one young patient told David Anderegg, a child psychologist in Lenox, Massachusetts, and professor of psychology at Bennington College. Anderegg finds that anxious parents are hyperattentive to their kids, reactive to every blip of their child's day, eager to solve every problem for their child--and believe that's good parenting. "If you have an infant and the baby has gas, burping the baby is being a good parent. But when you have a 10-year-old who has metaphoric gas, you don't have to burp him. You have to let him sit with it, try to figure out what to do about it. He then learns to tolerate moderate amounts of difficulty, and it's not the end of the world."

#### ARRIVEDERCI, PLAYTIME

In the hothouse that child raising has become, play is all but dead. Over 40,000 U.S. schools no longer have recess. And what play there is has been corrupted. The organized sports many kids participate in are managed by adults; difficulties that arise are not worked out by kids but adjudicated by adult referees.

"So many toys now are designed by and for adults," says Tufts' Elkind. When kids do engage in their own kind of play, parents become alarmed. Anderegg points to kids exercising time-honored curiosity by playing doctor. "It's normal for children to have curiosity about other children's genitals," he says. "But when they do, most parents I know are totally freaked out. They wonder what's wrong."

Kids are having a hard time even playing neighborhood pickup games because they've never done it, observes Barbara Carlson, president and cofounder of *Putting Families First*. "They've been told by their coaches where on the field to stand, told by their parents what color socks to wear, told by the referees who's won and what's fair. Kids are losing leadership skills."

A lot has been written about the commercialization of children's play, but not the side effects, says Elkind. "Children aren't getting any benefits out of play as they once did." From the beginning play helps children learn how to control themselves, how to interact with others. Contrary to the widely held belief that only intellectual activities build a sharp brain, it's in play that cognitive agility really develops. Studies of children and adults around the world demonstrate that social engagement actually improves intellectual skills. It fosters decision-making, memory and thinking, speed of mental processing. This shouldn't come as a surprise. After all, the human mind is believed to have evolved to deal with social problems.

#### THE ETERNAL UMBILICUS

It's bad enough that today's children are raised in a psychological hothouse where they are overmonitored and oversheltered. But that hothouse no longer has geographical or temporal boundaries. For that you can thank the cell phone. Even in college--or perhaps especially at college--students are typically in contact with their parents several times a day, reporting every flicker of experience. One long-distance call overheard on a recent cross-campus walk: "Hi, Morn. I just got an ice-cream cone; can you believe they put sprinkles on the bottom as well as on top?"

"Kids are constantly talking to parents," laments Cornell student Kramer, which makes them perpetually homesick. Of course, they're not telling the folks everything, notes Portmann. "They're not calling their parents to say, 'I really went wild last Friday at the flat house and now I might have chlamydia. Should I go to the student health center?'" The perpetual access to parents infantilizes the young, keeping them in a permanent state of dependency. Whenever the slightest difficulty arises, "they're constantly referring to their parents for guidance," reports Kramer. They're not learning how to manage for themselves.

Think of the cell phone as the eternal umbilicus. One of the ways we grow up is by internalizing an image of Mom and Dad and the values and advice they imparted over the early years. Then, whenever we find ourselves faced with uncertainty or difficulty, we call on that internalized image. We become, in a way, all the wise adults we've had the privilege to know. "But cell phones keep kids from figuring out what to do," says Anderegg. "They've never internalized any images; all they've internalized is 'call Morn or Dad.'"

Some psychologists think we have yet to recognize the full impact of the cell phone on child development, because its use is so new. Although there are far too many variables to establish clear causes and effects, Indiana's Carducci believes that reliance on cell phones undermines the young by destroying the ability to plan ahead. "The first thing students do when they walk out the door of my classroom is flip open the cell phone. Ninety-five percent of the conversations go like this: 'I just got out of class; I'll see you in the library in five minutes.' Absent the phone, you'd have to make arrangements ahead of time; you'd have to think ahead."

Herein lies another possible pathway to depression. The ability to plan resides in the prefrontal cortex (PFC), the executive branch of the brain. The PFC is a critical part of the self-regulation system, and it's deeply implicated in depression, a disorder increasingly seen as caused or maintained by unregulated thought patterns--lack of intellectual rigor, if you will. Cognitive therapy owes its very effectiveness to the systematic application of critical thinking to emotional reactions. Further, it's in the setting of goals and progress in working toward them, however mundane they are, that positive feelings are generated. From such everyday activity, resistance to depression is born.

What's more, cell phones--along with the instant availability of cash and almost any consumer good your heart desires--promote fragility by weakening self-regulation. "You get used to things happening right away," says Carducci. You not only want the pizza now, you generalize that expectation to other domains, like friendship and intimate relationships. You become frustrated and impatient easily. You become unwilling to work out problems. And so relationships fail--perhaps the single most powerful experience leading to depression.

#### FROM SCRUTINY TO ANXIETY ... AND BEYOND

The 1990s witnessed a landmark reversal in the traditional patterns of psychopathology. While rates of depression rise with advancing age among people over 40, they're now increasing fastest among children, striking more children at younger and younger ages. In his now-famous studies of how children's temperaments play out, Harvard psychologist Jerome Kagan has shown unequivocally that what creates anxious children is parents hovering and protecting them from stressful experiences. About 20

percent of babies are born with a high-strung temperament. They can be spotted even in the womb; they have fast heartbeats. Their nervous systems are innately programmed to be overexcitable in response to stimulation, constantly sending out false alarms about what is dangerous.

As infants and children this group experiences stress in situations most kids find unthreatening, and they may go through childhood and even adulthood fearful of unfamiliar people and events, withdrawn and shy. At school age they become cautious, quiet and introverted. Left to their own devices they grow up shrinking from social encounters. They lack confidence around others. They're easily influenced by others. They are sitting ducks for bullies. And they are on the path to depression.

While their innate reactivity seems to destine all these children for later anxiety disorders, things didn't turn out that way. Between a touchy temperament in infancy and persistence of anxiety stand two highly significant things: parents. Kagan found to his surprise that the development of anxiety was scarcely inevitable despite apparent genetic programming. At age 2, none of the overexcitable infants wound up fearful if their parents backed off from hovering and allowed the children to find some comfortable level of accommodation to the world on their own. Those parents who overprotected their children--directly observed by conducting interviews in the home--brought out the worst in them.

A small percentage of children seem almost invulnerable to anxiety from the start. But the overwhelming majority of kids are somewhere in between. For them, overparenting can program the nervous system to create lifelong vulnerability to anxiety and depression.

There is in these studies a lesson for all parents. Those who allow their kids to find a way to deal with life's day-to-day stresses by themselves are helping them develop resilience and coping strategies. "Children need to be gently encouraged to take risks and learn that nothing terrible happens," says Michael Liebowitz, clinical professor of psychiatry at Columbia University and head of the Anxiety Disorders Clinic at New York State Psychiatric Institute. "They need gradual exposure to find that the world is not dangerous. Having overprotective parents is a risk factor for anxiety disorders because children do not have opportunities to master their innate shyness and become more comfortable in the world." They never learn to dampen the pathways from perception to alarm reaction.

Hothouse parenting undermines children in other ways, too, says Anderegg. Being examined all the time makes children extremely self-conscious. As a result they get less communicative; scrutiny teaches them to bury their real feelings deeply. And most of all, self-consciousness removes the safety to be experimental and playful. "If every drawing is going to end up on your parents' refrigerator, you're not free to fool around, to goof up or make mistakes," says Anderegg.

Parental hovering is why so many teenagers are so ironic, he notes. It's a kind of detachment, "a way of hiding in plain sight. They just don't want to be exposed to any more scrutiny."

Parents are always so concerned about children having high self-esteem, he adds. "But when you cheat on their behalf to get them ahead of other children"--by pursuing accommodations and recommendations--"you just completely corrode their sense of self. They feel 'I couldn't do this on my own.' It robs them of their own sense of efficacy." A child comes to think, "if I need every advantage I can get, then perhaps there is really something wrong with me." A slam dunk for depression.

Virginia's Portmann feels the effects are even more pernicious; they weaken the whole fabric of society. He sees young people becoming weaker right before his eyes, more responsive to the herd, too eager to fit in--less assertive in the classroom, unwilling to disagree with their peers, afraid to question authority, more willing to conform to the expectations of those on the next rung of power above them.

## ENDLESS ADOLESCENCE

The end result of cheating childhood is to extend it forever. Despite all the parental pressure, and probably because of it, kids are pushing back--in their own way. They're taking longer to grow up.

Adulthood no longer begins when adolescence ends, according to a recent report by University of Pennsylvania sociologist Frank E. Furstenberg and colleagues. There is, instead, a growing no-man's-land of postadolescence from 20 to 30, which they dub "early adulthood." Those in it look like adults but "haven't become fully adult yet--traditionally defined as finishing school, landing a job with benefits, marrying and parenting--because they are not ready or perhaps not permitted to do so."

Using the classic benchmarks of adulthood, 65 percent of males had reached adulthood by the age of 30 in 1960. By contrast, in 2000, only 31 percent had. Among women, 77 percent met the benchmarks of adulthood by age 30 in 1960. By 2000, the number had fallen to 46 percent.

## BOOM BOOM BOOMERANG

Take away play from the front end of development and it finds a way onto the back end. A steady march of success through regimented childhood arranged and monitored by parents creates young adults who need time to explore themselves. "They often need a period in college or afterward to legitimately experiment--to be children," says historian Stearns. "There's decent historical evidence to suggest that societies that allow kids a few years of latitude and even moderate [rebellion] end up with healthier kids than societies that pretend such impulses don't exist."

Marriage is one benchmark of adulthood, but its antecedents extend well into childhood. "The precursor to marriage is dating, and the precursor to dating is playing," says Carducci. The less time children spend in free play, the less socially competent they'll be as adults. It's in play that we learn give and take, the fundamental rhythm of all relationships. We learn how to read the feelings of others and how to negotiate conflicts. Taking the play out of childhood, he says, is bound to create a developmental lag, and he sees it clearly in the social patterns of today's adolescents and young adults, who hang around in groups that are more typical of childhood. Not to be forgotten: The backdrop of continued high levels of divorce confuses kids already too fragile to take the huge risk of commitment.

## JUST WHOSE SHARK TANK IS IT ANYWAY?

The stressful world of cutthroat competition that parents see their kids facing may not even exist. Or it exists, but more in their mind than in reality--not quite a fiction, more like a distorting mirror. "Parents perceive the world as a terribly competitive place," observes Anderegg. "And many of them project that onto their children when they're the ones who live or work in a competitive environment. They then imagine that their children must be swimming in a big shark tank, too."

"It's hard to know what the world is going to look like 10 years from now," says Elkind. "How best do you prepare kids for that? Parents think that earlier is better. That's a natural intuition, but it happens to be wrong."

What if parents have micromanaged their kids' lives because they've hitched their measurement of success to a single event whose value to life and paycheck they have frantically overestimated? No one denies the Ivy League offers excellent learning experiences, but most educators know that some of the best programs exist at schools that don't top the U.S. News and World Report list, and that with the right attitude--a willingness to be engaged by new ideas--it's possible to get a meaningful education almost anywhere. Further, argues historian Stearns, there are ample openings for students at an array of colleges. "We have a competitive frenzy that frankly involves parents more than it involves kids themselves," he observes, both as a father of eight and teacher of many. "Kids are more ambivalent about the college race than are parents ."

Yet the very process of application to select colleges undermines both the goal of education and the inherent strengths of young people. "It makes kids sneaky," says Anderegg. Bending rules and calling in favors to give one's kid a competitive edge is morally corrosive.

Like Stearns, he is alarmed that parents, pursuing disability diagnoses so that children can take untimed SATs, actually encourage kids to think of themselves as sickly and fragile. Colleges no longer know when SATs are untimed--but the kids know. "The kids know when you're cheating on their behalf," says Anderegg, "and it makes them feel terribly guilty. Sometimes they arrange to fail to right the scales. And when you cheat on their behalf, you completely undermine their sense of self-esteem. They feel they didn't earn it on their own."

In buying their children accommodations to assuage their own anxiety, parents are actually locking their kids into fragility. Says the suburban teacher: "Exams are a fact of life. They are anxiety-producing. The kids never learn how to cope with anxiety."

#### PUTTING WORRY IN ITS PLACE

Children, however, are not the only ones who are harmed by hyperconcern. Vigilance is enormously taxing--and it's taken all the fun out of parenting. "Parenting has in some measurable ways become less enjoyable than it used to be," says Stearns. "I find parents less willing to indulge their children's sense of time. So they either force-feed them or do things for them."

Parents need to abandon the idea of perfection and give up some of the invasive control they've maintained over their children. The goal of parenting, Portmann reminds, is to raise an independent human being. Sooner or later, he says, most kids will be forced to confront their own mediocrity. Parents may find it easier to give up some control if they recognize they have exaggerated many of the dangers of childhood--although they have steadfastly ignored others, namely the removal of recess from schools and the ubiquity of video games that encourage aggression.

The childhood we've introduced to our children is very different from that in past eras, Epstein stresses. Children no longer work at young ages. They stay in school for longer periods of time and spend more time exclusively in the company of peers. Children are far less integrated into adult society than they used to be at every step of the way. We've introduced laws that give children many rights and protections--although we have allowed media and marketers to have free access.

In changing the nature of childhood, Stearns argues, we've introduced a tendency to assume that children can't handle difficult situations. "Middle-class parents especially assume that if kids start getting into difficulty they need to rush in and do it for them, rather than let them flounder a bit and learn from it. I don't mean we should abandon them," he says, "but give them more credit for figuring things out." And recognize that parents themselves have created many of the stresses and anxieties children are suffering from, without giving them tools to manage them.

While the adults are at it, they need to remember that one of the goals of higher education is to help young people develop the capacity to think for themselves. Although we're well on our way to making kids more fragile, no one thinks that kids and young adults are fundamentally more flawed than in previous generations. Maybe many will "recover" from diagnoses too liberally slapped on to them. In his own studies of 14 skills he has identified as essential for adulthood in American culture, from love to leadership, Epstein has found that "although teens don't necessarily behave in a competent way, they have the potential to be every bit as competent and as incompetent as adults."

Parental anxiety has its place. But the way things now stand, it's not being applied wisely. We're paying too much attention to too few kids--and in the end, the wrong kids. As with the girl whose parents bought her the Gestalt-defect diagnosis, resources are being expended for kids who don't need them.

There are kids who are worth worrying about--kids in poverty, stresses Anderegg. "We focus so much on our own children," says Elkind, "It's time to begin caring about all children."

RELATED ARTICLE: A dangerous new remedy for anxiety.

Of all the disorders now afflicting young people, perhaps most puzzling is self-injury--deliberate cutting, cigarette-burning or other repetitive mutilation of body tissue. No one knows whether it's a sudden epidemic or has been rising gradually, but there appears to be an absolute increase in occurrence: "It has now reached critical mass and is on all our radar screens," says Russ Federman, director of counseling at the University of Virginia.

It's highly disturbing for a student to walk into a dorm room and find her roommate meticulously slicing her thighs with a shard of glass or a razor. But it may be the emblematic activity of the psychically shielded and overly fragile. People "do it to feel better. It's an impulsive act done to regulate mood," observes Armando Favazza, author of *Bodies Under Siege: Self Mutilation in Psychiatry and Culture*.

It's basically a very effective "home remedy" for anxiety, states Chicago psychiatrist Arthur Neilsen, who teaches at Northwestern University. People who deliberately hurt themselves--twice as many women as men--report "it's like popping a balloon." There's an immediate release of tension. It also serves an important defense--distraction--stresses Federman. "In the midst of emotional turmoil, physical pain helps people disconnect from the turmoil." But the effect is very short-lived.

Self-harm reflects young people's inability to find something that makes them feel fully alive. Earlier generations sought meaning in movements of social change or intellectual engagement inside and outside the classroom. "But young people are not speaking up or asking questions in the classroom," reports John Portmann, professor of religious studies at the University of Virginia and author of *Bad for Us: The Lure of Self-Harm*. It may be that cutting is their form of protest. So constrained and stressed by expectations, so invaded by parental control, they have no room to turn--except against themselves.--HEM

RELATED ARTICLE: Un-advice for parents: Chill out! If you're not having fun, you may be pushing your kids too hard.

\* Never invest more in an outcome than your child does.

\* Allow children of all ages time for free play. It's a natural way to learn regulation, social skills and cognitive skills.

\* Be reasonable about what is dangerous and what is not. Some risk-taking is healthy.

\* Don't overreact to every bad grade or negative encounter your child has. Sometimes discomfort is the appropriate response to a situation--and a stimulus to self-improvement.

\* Don't be too willing to slap a disease label on your child at the first sign of a problem; instead, spend some time helping your child learn how to deal with the problem.

\* Peers are important, but young people also need to spend time socializing with adults in order to know how to be adults.

\* Modify your expectations about child-raising in light of your child's temperament; the same actions don't work with everyone.

\* Recognize that there are many paths to success. Allow your children latitude--even to take a year off before starting college.

\* Don't manipulate the academic system on behalf of your child; it makes kids guilty and doubtful of their own ability.

\* Remember that the goal of child-rearing is to raise an independent adult. Encourage your children to think for themselves, to disagree (respectfully) with authority, even to incur the critical gaze of their peers.

**Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone**

By Joanne Kathleen Rowling

## CHAPTER ONE THE BOY WHO LIVED

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large moustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbours. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbours would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

When Mr. and Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, grey Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work, and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair.

None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good-bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls. "Little tyke," chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar -- a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr. Dursley didn't realise what he had seen -- then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. It was now reading the sign that said Privet Drive -- no, looking at the sign; cats couldn't read maps or signs. Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove toward town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks. Mr. Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes -- the getups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Mr. Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! The nerve of him! But then it struck Mr. Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt -- these people were obviously collecting for something... yes, that would be it. The traffic

moved on and a few minutes later, Mr. Dursley arrived in the Grunnings car park, his mind back on drills.

Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. He didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Mr. Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy himself a bun from the baker's opposite.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy. This lot were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard, yes, their son, Harry--"

Mr. Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking... no, he was being stupid. Potter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Potter who had a son called Harry. Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry. He'd never even seen the boy. It might have been Harvey. Or Harold. There was no point in worrying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her -- if he'd had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in cloaks...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"Sorry," he grunted, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realised that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even Muggles like yourself should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off.

Mr. Dursley stood rooted to the spot. He had been hugged by a complete stranger. He also thought he had been called a Muggle, whatever that was. He was rattled. He hurried to his car and set off for home, hoping he was imagining things, which he had never hoped before, because he didn't approve of imagination.

As he pulled into the driveway of number four, the first thing he saw -- and it didn't improve his mood -- was the tabby cat he'd spotted that morning. It was now sitting on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same one; it had the same markings around its eyes.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Dursley loudly. The cat didn't move. It just gave him a stern look. Was this normal cat behavior? Mr. Dursley wondered. Trying to pull himself together, he let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention anything to his wife.

Mrs. Dursley had had a nice, normal day. She told him over dinner all about Mrs. Next Door's problems with her daughter and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Shan't!").

Mr. Dursley tried to act normally. When Dudley had been put to bed, he went into the living room in time to catch the last report on the evening news:

"And finally, bird-watchers everywhere have reported that the nation's owls have been behaving very unusually today. Although owls normally hunt at night and are hardly ever seen in daylight, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since sunrise. Experts are unable to explain why the owls have suddenly changed their sleeping pattern." The newscaster allowed himself a grin. "Most mysterious. And now, over to Jim McGuffin with the weather. Going to be any more showers of owls tonight, Jim?"

"Well, Ted," said the weatherman, "I don't know about that, but it's not only the owls that have been acting oddly today. Viewers as far apart as Kent, Yorkshire, and Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I promised yesterday, they've had a downpour of shooting stars! Perhaps people have been celebrating Bonfire Night early -- it's not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight."

Mr. Dursley sat frozen in his armchair. Shooting stars all over Britain? Owls flying by daylight? Mysterious people in cloaks all over the place? And a whisper, a whisper about the Potters...

Mrs. Dursley came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. It was no good. He'd have to say something to her. He cleared his throat nervously. "Er -- Petunia, dear -- you haven't heard from your sister lately, have you?"

As he had expected, Mrs. Dursley looked shocked and angry. After all, they normally pretended she didn't have a sister.

"No," she said sharply. "Why?"

"Funny stuff on the news," Mr. Dursley mumbled. "Owls... shooting stars... and there were a lot of funny-looking people in town today..."

"So?" snapped Mrs. Dursley.

"Well, I just thought... maybe... it was something to do with... you know... her lot."

Mrs. Dursley sipped her tea through pursed lips. Mr. Dursley wondered whether he dared tell her he'd heard the name "Potter." He decided he didn't dare. Instead he said, as casually as he could, "Their son -- he'd be about Dudley's age now, wouldn't he?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Dursley stiffly.

"What's his name again? Howard, isn't it?"

"Harry. Nasty, common name, if you ask me."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Dursley, his heart sinking horribly. "Yes, I quite agree."

He didn't say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to bed. While Mrs. Dursley was in the bathroom, Mr. Dursley crept to the bedroom window and peered down into the front garden. The cat was still there. It was staring down Privet Drive as though it were waiting for something.

Was he imagining things? Could all this have anything to do with the Potters? If it did... if it got out that they were related to a pair of -- well, he didn't think he could bear it.

The Dursleys got into bed. Mrs. Dursley fell asleep quickly but Mr. Dursley lay awake, turning it all over in his mind. His last, comforting thought before he fell asleep was that even if the Potters were involved, there was no reason for them to come near him and Mrs. Dursley. The Potters knew very well what he and Petunia thought about them and their kind.... He couldn't see how he and Petunia could get mixed up in anything that might be going on -- he yawned and turned over -- it couldn't affect them....

How very wrong he was.

Mr. Dursley might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far corner of Privet Drive. It didn't so much as quiver when a car door slammed on the next street, nor when two owls swooped overhead. In fact, it was nearly midnight before the cat moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching, appeared so suddenly and silently you'd have thought he'd just popped out of the ground. The cat's tail twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. He was tall, thin, and very old, judging by the silver of his hair and beard, which were both long enough to tuck into his belt. He was wearing long robes, a purple cloak that swept the ground, and high-heeled, buckled boots. His blue eyes were light, bright, and sparkling behind half-moon spectacles and his nose was very long and crooked, as though it had been broken at least twice. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

Albus Dumbledore didn't seem to realise that he had just arrived in a street where everything from his name to his boots was unwelcome. He was busy rummaging in his cloak, looking for something. But he did seem to realise he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known."

He found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop. He clicked it again -- the next lamp flickered into darkness. Twelve times he clicked the Put-Outer, until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him. If anyone looked out of their window now, even beady-eyed Mrs. Dursley, they wouldn't be able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the Put-Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He didn't look at it, but after a moment he spoke to it.

"Fancy seeing you here, Professor McGonagall."

He turned to smile at the tabby, but it had gone. Instead he was smiling at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes. She, too, was wearing a cloak, an emerald one. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun. She looked distinctly ruffled.

"How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, I've never seen a cat sit so stiffly."

"You'd be stiff if you'd been sitting on a brick wall all day," said Professor McGonagall.

"All day? When you could have been celebrating? I must have passed a dozen feasts and parties on my way here."

Professor McGonagall sniffed angrily.

"Oh yes, everyone's celebrating, all right," she said impatiently. "You'd think they'd be a bit more careful, but no -- even the Muggles have noticed something's going on. It was on their news." She jerked her head back at the Dursleys' dark living-room window. "I heard it. Flocks of owls... shooting stars.... Well, they're not completely stupid. They were bound to notice something. Shooting stars down in Kent -- I'll bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense."

"You can't blame them," said Dumbledore gently. "We've had precious little to celebrate for eleven years."

"I know that," said Professor McGonagall irritably. "But that's no reason to lose our heads. People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumors."

She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn't, so she went on. "A fine thing it would be if, on the very day You-Know-Who seems to have disappeared at last, the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really has gone, Dumbledore?"

"It certainly seems so," said Dumbledore. "We have much to be thankful for. Would you care for a sherbet lemon?"

"A what?"

"A sherbet lemon. They're a kind of Muggle sweet I'm rather fond of."

"No, thank you," said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn't think this was the moment for sherbet lemons. "As I say, even if You-Know-Who has gone -"

"My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this 'You-Know-Who' nonsense -- for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name: Voldemort." Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two sherbet lemons, seemed not to notice. "It all gets so confusing if we keep saying 'You-Know-Who.' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying Voldemort's name."

"I know you haven't, said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. "But you're different. Everyone knows you're the only one You-Know- oh, all right, Voldemort, was frightened of."

"You flatter me," said Dumbledore calmly. "Voldemort had powers I will never have."

"Only because you're too -- well -- noble to use them."

"It's lucky it's dark. I haven't blushed so much since Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs."

Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, "The owls are nothing next to the rumors that are flying around. You know what everyone's saying? About why he's disappeared? About what finally stopped him?"

It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever "everyone" was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another sherbet lemon and did not answer.

"What they're saying," she pressed on, "is that last night Voldemort turned up in Godric's Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumor is that Lily and James Potter are -- are -- that they're -- dead. "

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped.

"Lily and James... I can't believe it... I didn't want to believe it... Oh, Albus..."

Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "I know... I know..." he said heavily.

Professor McGonagall's voice trembled as she went on. "That's not all. They're saying he tried to kill the Potters' son, Harry. But -- he couldn't. He couldn't kill that little boy. No one knows why, or how, but they're saying that when he couldn't kill Harry Potter, Voldemort's power somehow broke -- and that's why he's gone."

Dumbledore nodded glumly.

"It's -- it's true?" faltered Professor McGonagall. "After all he's done... all the people he's killed... he couldn't kill a little boy? It's just astounding... of all the things to stop him... but how in the name of heaven did Harry survive?"

"We can only guess," said Dumbledore. "We may never know."

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said, "Hagrid's late. I suppose it was he who told you I'd be here, by the way?"

"Yes," said Professor McGonagall. "And I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you're here, of all places?"

"I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now."

"You don't mean -- you can't mean the people who live here?" cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four. "Dumbledore -- you can't. I've been watching them all day. You couldn't find two people who are less like us. And

they've got this son -- I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!"

"It's the best place for him," said Dumbledore firmly. "His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter."

"A letter?" repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting back down on the wall. "Really, Dumbledore, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He'll be famous -- a legend -- I wouldn't be surprised if today was known as Harry Potter day in the future -- there will be books written about Harry -- every child in our world will know his name!"

"Exactly," said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. "It would be enough to turn any boy's head. Famous before he can walk and talk! Famous for something he won't even remember! Can't you see how much better off he'll be, growing up away from all that until he's ready to take it?"

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed, and then said, "Yes -- yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?" She eyed his cloak suddenly as though she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it. "Hagrid's bringing him."

"You think it -- wise -- to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?"

"I would trust Hagrid with my life," said Dumbledore.

"I'm not saying his heart isn't in the right place," said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, "but you can't pretend he's not careless. He does tend to -- what was that?"

A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky -- and a huge motorbike fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

If the motorbike was huge, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost twice as tall as a normal man and at least five times as wide. He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so wild - long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of dustbin lids, and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins. In his vast, muscular arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

"Hagrid," said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. "At last. And where did you get that motorbike?"

"Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir," said the giant, climbing carefully off the motorbike as he spoke. "Young Sirius Black lent it to me. I've got him, sir."

"No problems, were there?"

"No, sir -- house was almost destroyed, but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin' around. He fell asleep as we was flyin' over Bristol."

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets.

Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

"Is that where --?" whispered Professor McGonagall.

"Yes," said Dumbledore. "He'll have that scar forever."

"Couldn't you do something about it, Dumbledore?"

"Even if I could, I wouldn't. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well -- give him here, Hagrid -- we'd better get this over with."

Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned toward the Dursleys' house.

"Could I -- could I say good-bye to him, sir?" asked Hagrid. He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss.

Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog.

"Shhh!" hissed Professor McGonagall, "you'll wake the Muggles!"

"S-s-sorry," sobbed Hagrid, taking out a large, spotted handkerchief and burying his face in it. "But I c-c-can't stand it -- Lily an' James dead -- an' poor little Harry off ter live with Muggles -"

"Yes, yes, it's all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we'll be found," Professor McGonagall whispered, patting Hagrid gingerly on the arm as Dumbledore stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry's blankets, and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid's shoulders shook, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously, and the twinkling light that usually shone from Dumbledore's eyes seemed to have gone out. "Well," said Dumbledore finally, "that's that. We've no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations."

"Yeah," said Hagrid in a very muffled voice, "I'll be takin' Sirius his bike back. G'night, Professor McGonagall -- Professor Dumbledore, sir."

Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid swung himself onto the motorbike and kicked the engine into life; with a roar it rose into the air and off into the night.

"I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall," said Dumbledore, nodding to her. Professor McGonagall blew her nose in reply.

Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver Put-Outer. He clicked it once, and twelve balls of light sped back to their street lamps so that Privet Drive glowed suddenly orange and he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

"Good luck, Harry," he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak, he was gone.

A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privet Drive, which lay silent and tidy under the inky sky, the very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen. Harry Potter rolled over inside his blankets without waking up. One small hand closed on the letter beside him and he slept on, not knowing he was special, not knowing he was famous, not knowing he would be woken in a few hours' time by Mrs. Dursley's scream as she opened the front door to put out the milk bottles, nor that he would spend the next few weeks being prodded and pinched by his cousin Dudley... He couldn't know that at this very moment, people meeting in secret all over the country were holding up their glasses and saying in hushed voices: "To Harry Potter -- the boy who lived!"

## CHAPTER TWO THE VANISHING GLASS

Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all. The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and lit up the brass number four on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living room, which was almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr. Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls. Only the photographs on the mantelpiece really showed how much time had passed. Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different-coloured bobble hats -- but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a roundabout at the fair, playing a computer game with his father, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice that made the first noise of the day.

"Up! Get up! Now!"

Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again.

"Up!" she screeched. Harry heard her walking toward the kitchen and then the sound of the frying pan being put on the cooker. He rolled onto his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorbike in it. He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before.

His aunt was back outside the door.

"Are you up yet?" she demanded.

"Nearly," said Harry.

"Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy's birthday."

Harry groaned.

"What did you say?" his aunt snapped through the door.

"Nothing, nothing..."

Dudley's birthday -- how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them, put them on. Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had got the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise -- unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley's favourite punch-bag was Harry, but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast.

Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair, and bright green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Sellotape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had got it.

"In the car crash when your parents died," she had said. "And don't ask questions."

Don't ask questions -- that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.

"Comb your hair!" he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way -- all over the place.

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel -- Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.

"Thirty-six," he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year."

"Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mummy and Daddy."

"All right, thirty-seven then," said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.

Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger, too, because she said quickly, "And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that all right?"

Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty ... thirty..."

"Thirty-nine, sweetums," said Aunt Petunia.

"Oh." Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then."

Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. 'Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair.

At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a cine-camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a video recorder. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried.

"Bad news, Vernon," she said. "Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take him." She jerked her head in Harry's direction.

Dudley's mouth fell open in horror, but Harry's heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger bars, or the cinema. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs. Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she'd ever owned. "Now what?" said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he'd planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn't easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr. Paws, and Tufty again.

"We could phone Marge," Uncle Vernon suggested.

"Don't be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy."

The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn't there -- or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn't understand them, like a slug.

"What about what's-her-name, your friend -- Yvonne?"

"On vacation in Majorca," snapped Aunt Petunia.

"You could just leave me here," Harry put in hopefully (he'd be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley's computer). Aunt Petunia looked as though she'd just swallowed a lemon.

"And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled.

"I won't blow up the house," said Harry, but they weren't listening.

"I suppose we could take him to the zoo," said Aunt Petunia slowly, "... and leave him in the car...."

"That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone...."

Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying -- it had been years since he'd really cried -- but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.

"Dinky Duddydums, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him.

"I... don't... want... him... t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp- spoils everything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

Just then, the doorbell rang -- "Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically -- and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held

people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

"I'm warning you," he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's, "I'm warning you now, boy -- any funny business, anything at all -- and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas."

"I'm not going to do anything," said Harry, "honestly."

But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. No one ever did.

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen.

Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barber's looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his fringe, which she left "to hide that horrible scar." Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and sellotaped glasses.

Next morning, however, he had got up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly. Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old jumper of Dudley's (brown with orange bobbles) -- The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a glove puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

On the other hand, he'd got into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens. Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney. The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard) was jump behind the big dustbins outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump. But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage-smelling living room.

While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry, the bank, and Harry were just a few of his favourite subjects. This morning, it was motorbikes.

"... roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums," he said, as a motorbike overtook them.

"I had a dream about a motorbike," said Harry, remembering suddenly. "It was flying."

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beetroot with a mustache: "MOTORBIKES DON'T FLY!"

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

"I know they don't," said Harry. "It was only a dream."

But he wished he hadn't said anything. If there was one thing the Dursleys hated even more than his asking questions, it was his talking about anything acting in a way it shouldn't, no matter if it was in a dream or even a cartoon -- they seemed to think he might get dangerous ideas.

It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded with families. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice creams at the entrance and then, because

the smiling lady in the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice lolly. It wasn't bad, either, Harry thought, licking it as they watched a gorilla scratching its head who looked remarkably like Dudley, except that it wasn't blond.

Harry had the best morning he'd had in a long time. He was careful to walk a little way apart from the Dursleys so that Dudley and Piers, who were starting to get bored with the animals by lunchtime, wouldn't fall back on their favourite hobby of hitting him. They ate in the zoo restaurant, and when Dudley had a tantrum because his knickerbocker glory didn't have enough ice cream on top, Uncle Vernon bought him another one and Harry was allowed to finish the first.

Harry felt, afterward, that he should have known it was all too good to last.

After lunch they went to the reptile house. It was cool and dark in there, with lit windows all along the walls. Behind the glass, all sorts of lizards and snakes were crawling and slithering over bits of wood and stone. Dudley and Piers wanted to see huge, poisonous cobras and thick, man-crushing pythons. Dudley quickly found the largest snake in the place. It could have wrapped its body twice around Uncle Vernon's car and crushed it into a dustbin -- but at the moment it didn't look in the mood. In fact, it was fast asleep. Dudley stood with his nose pressed against the glass, staring at the glistening brown coils.

"Make it move," he whined at his father. Uncle Vernon tapped on the glass, but the snake didn't budge.

"Do it again," Dudley ordered. Uncle Vernon rapped the glass smartly with his knuckles, but the snake just snoozed on.

"This is boring," Dudley moaned. He shuffled away.

Harry moved in front of the tank and looked intently at the snake. He wouldn't have been surprised if it had died of boredom itself -- no company except stupid people drumming their fingers on the glass trying to disturb it all day long. It was worse than having a cupboard as a bedroom, where the only visitor was Aunt Petunia hammering on the door to wake you up; at least he got to visit the rest of the house.

The snake suddenly opened its beady eyes. Slowly, very slowly, it raised its head until its eyes were on a level with Harry's.

It winked.

Harry stared. Then he looked quickly around to see if anyone was watching. They weren't. He looked back at the snake and winked, too.

The snake jerked its head toward Uncle Vernon and Dudley, then raised its eyes to the ceiling. It gave Harry a look that said quite plainly:

"I get that all the time."

"I know," Harry murmured through the glass, though he wasn't sure the snake could hear him. "It must be really annoying."

The snake nodded vigorously.

"Where do you come from, anyway?" Harry asked.

The snake jabbed its tail at a little sign next to the glass. Harry peered at it.

Boa Constrictor, Brazil.

"Was it nice there?"

The boa constrictor jabbed its tail at the sign again and Harry read on: "This specimen was bred in the zoo. "Oh, I see -- so you've never been to Brazil?"

As the snake shook its head, a deafening shout behind Harry made both of them jump.

"DUDLEY! MR. DURSLEY! COME AND LOOK AT THIS SNAKE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT'S DOING!"

Dudley came waddling toward them as fast as he could.

"Out of the way, you," he said, punching Harry in the ribs. Caught by surprise, Harry fell hard on the concrete floor. What came next happened so fast no one saw how it

happened -- one second, Piers and Dudley were leaning right up close to the glass, the next, they had leapt back with howls of horror.

Harry sat up and gasped; the glass front of the boa constrictor's tank had vanished. The great snake was uncoiling itself rapidly, slithering out onto the floor. People throughout the reptile house screamed and started running for the exits.

As the snake slid swiftly past him, Harry could have sworn a low, hissing voice said, "Brazil, here I come.... Thanksss, amigo."

The keeper of the reptile house was in shock.

"But the glass," he kept saying, "where did the glass go?"

The zoo director himself made Aunt Petunia a cup of strong, sweet tea while he apologised over and over again. Piers and Dudley could only gibber. As far as Harry had seen, the snake hadn't done anything except snap playfully at their heels as it passed, but by the time they were all back in Uncle Vernon's car, Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg, while Piers was swearing it had tried to squeeze him to death. But worst of all, for Harry at least, was Piers calming down enough to say, "Harry was talking to it, weren't you, Harry?"

Uncle Vernon waited until Piers was safely out of the house before starting on Harry. He was so angry he could hardly speak. He managed to say, "Go -- cupboard -- stay -- no meals," before he collapsed into a chair, and Aunt Petunia had to run and get him a large brandy.

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn't risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food.

He'd lived with the Dursleys almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember, ever since he'd been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash. He couldn't remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision: a blinding flash of green light and a burning pain on his forehead. This, he supposed, was the crash, though he couldn't imagine where all the green light came from. He couldn't remember his parents at all. His aunt and uncle never spoke about them, and of course he was forbidden to ask questions. There were no photographs of them in the house.

When he had been younger, Harry had dreamed and dreamed of some unknown relation coming to take him away, but it had never happened; the Dursleys were his only family. Yet sometimes he thought (or maybe hoped) that strangers in the street seemed to know him. Very strange strangers they were, too. A tiny man in a violet top hat had bowed to him once while out shopping with Aunt Petunia and Dudley. After asking Harry furiously if he knew the man, Aunt Petunia had rushed them out of the shop without buying anything. A wild-looking old woman dressed all in green had waved merrily at him once on a bus. A bald man in a very long purple coat had actually shaken his hand in the street the other day and then walked away without a word. The weirdest thing about all these people was the way they seemed to vanish the second Harry tried to get a closer look.

At school, Harry had no one. Everybody knew that Dudley's gang hated that odd Harry Potter in his baggy old clothes and broken glasses, and nobody liked to disagree with Dudley's gang.

Ray Bradbury

The Veldt

George, I wish you'd look at the nursery.

What's wrong with it?

I don't know.

Well, then.

I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it.

What would a psychologist want with a nursery?

You know very well what he'd want. His wife paused in the middle of the kitchen and watched the stove busy humming to itself, making supper for four.

It's just that the nursery is different now than it was.

All right, let's have a look.

They walked down the hall of their soundproofed HappyLife Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars installed, this house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them. Their approach sensitized a switch somewhere and the nursery light flicked on when they came within ten feet of it.

Similarly, behind them, in the halls, lights went on and off as they left them behind, with a soft automaticity.

Well, said George Hadley.

They stood on the thatched floor of the nursery. It was forty feet across by forty feet long and thirty feet high; it had cost half again as much as the rest of the house. But nothing's too good for our children, George had said.

The nursery was silent. It was empty as a jungle glade at hot high noon. The walls were blank and two dimensional. Now, as George and Lydia Hadley stood in the center of the room, the walls began to purr and recede into crystalline distance, it seemed, and presently an African veldt appeared, in three dimensions, on all sides, in color reproduced to the final pebble and bit of straw. The ceiling above them became a deep sky with a hot yellow sun.

George Hadley felt the perspiration start on his brow.

Let's get out of this sun, he said. This is a little too real. But I don't see anything wrong. Wait a moment, you'll see, said his wife.

Now the hidden odorophonics were beginning to blow a wind of odor at the two people in the middle of the baked veldtland. The hot straw smell of lion grass, the cool green smell of the hidden water hole, the great rusty smell of animals, the smell of dust like a red paprika in the hot air. And now the sounds: the thump of distant antelope feet on grassy sod, the papery rustling of vultures. A shadow passed through the sky. The shadow flickered on George Hadley's upturned, sweating face.

Filthy creatures, he heard his wife say.

The vultures.

You see, there are the lions, far over, that way. Now they're on their way to the water hole. They've just been eating, said Lydia. I don't know what.

Some animal. George Hadley put his hand up to shield off the burning light from his squinted eyes. A zebra or a baby giraffe, maybe.

Are you sure? His wife sounded peculiarly tense.

No, it's a little late to be sure, he said, amused. Nothing over there I can see but cleaned bone, and the vultures dropping for what's left.

Did you bear that scream? she asked.

'No.

About a minute ago?

Sorry, no.

The lions were coming. And again George Hadley was filled with admiration for the mechanical genius who had conceived this room. A miracle of efficiency selling for an absurdly low price. Every home should have one. Oh, occasionally they frightened you with their clinical accuracy, they startled you, gave you a twinge, but most of the time what fun for everyone, not only your own son and daughter, but for yourself when you felt like a quick jaunt to a foreign land, a quick change of scenery. Well, here it was! And here were the lions now, fifteen feet away, so real, so feverishly and startlingly real that you could feel the prickling fur on your hand, and your mouth was stuffed with the

dusty upholstery smell of their heated pelts, and the yellow of them was in your eyes like the yellow of an exquisite French tapestry, the yellows of lions and summer grass, and the sound of the matted lion lungs exhaling on the silent noontide, and the smell of meat from the panting, dripping mouths.

The lions stood looking at George and Lydia Hadley with terrible green-yellow eyes. Watch out! screamed Lydia.

The lions came running at them.

Lydia bolted and ran. Instinctively, George sprang after her. Outside, in the hall, with the door slammed he was laughing and she was crying, and they both stood appalled at the other's reaction.

George!

Lydia! Oh, my dear poor sweet Lydia!

They almost got us!

Walls, Lydia, remember; crystal walls, that's all they are. Oh, they look real, I must admit – Africa in your parlor – but it's all dimensional, superreactionary, supersensitive color film and mental tape film behind glass screens. It's all odorophonics and sonics, Lydia. Here's my handkerchief.

I'm afraid. She came to him and put her body against him and cried steadily. Did you see? Did you *feel*? It's too real.

Now, Lydia...

You've got to tell Wendy and Peter not to read any more on Africa.

Of course – of course. He patted her.

Promise?

Sure.

And lock the nursery for a few days until I get my nerves settled.

You know how difficult Peter is about that. When I punished him a month ago by locking the nursery for even a few hours – the tantrum he threw! And Wendy too. They *live* for the nursery.

It's got to be locked, that's all there is to it.

All right. Reluctantly he locked the huge door. You've been working too hard. You need a rest.

I don't know – I don't know, she said, blowing her nose, sitting down in a chair that immediately began to rock and comfort her. Maybe I don't have enough to do. Maybe I have time to think too much. Why don't we shut the whole house off for a few days and take a vacation?

You mean you want to fry my eggs for me?

Yes. She nodded.

And dam my socks?

Yes. A frantic, watery-eyed nodding.

And sweep the house?

Yes, yes – oh, yes!"

But I thought that's why we bought this house, so we wouldn't have to do anything?

That's just it. I feel like I don't belong here. The house is wife and mother now, and nursemaid. Can I compete with an African veldt? Can I give a bath and scrub the children as efficiently or quickly as the automatic scrub bath can? I cannot. And it isn't just me. It's you. You've been awfully nervous lately.

I suppose I have been smoking too much.

You look as if you didn't know what to do with yourself in this house, either. You smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon and need a little more sedative every night. You're beginning to feel unnecessary too.

Am I? He paused and tried to feel into himself to see what was really there.

Oh, George! She looked beyond him, at the nursery door. Those lions can't get out of there, can they?

He looked at the door and saw it tremble as if something had jumped against it from the other side.

Of course not, he said.

At dinner they ate alone, for Wendy and Peter were at a special plastic carnival across town and had televised home to say they'd be late, to go ahead eating. So George Hadley, bemused, sat watching the dining-room table produce warm dishes of food from its mechanical interior.

We forgot the ketchup, he said.

Sorry, said a small voice within the table, and ketchup appeared.

As for the nursery, thought George Hadley, it won't hurt for the children to be locked out of it awhile. Too much of anything isn't good for anyone. And it was clearly indicated that the children had been spending a little too much time on Africa. That *sun*. He could feel it on his neck, still, like a hot paw. And the *lions*. And the smell of blood.

Remarkable how the nursery caught the telepathic emanations of the children's minds and created life to fill their every desire. The children thought lions, and there were lions. The children thought zebras, and there were zebras. Sun – sun. Giraffes – giraffes. Death and death.

That *last*. He chewed tastelessly on the meat that the table had cut for him. Death thoughts. They were awfully young, Wendy and Peter, for death thoughts. Or, no, you were never too young, really. Long before you knew what death was you were wishing it on someone else. When you were two years old you were shooting people with cap pistols.

But this – the long, hot African veldt-the awful death in the jaws of a lion. And repeated again and again.

Where are you going?

He didn't answer Lydia. Preoccupied, he let the lights glow softly on ahead of him, extinguish behind him as he padded to the nursery door. He listened against it. Far away, a lion roared.

He unlocked the door and opened it. Just before he stepped inside, he heard a faraway scream. And then another roar from the lions, which subsided quickly.

He stepped into Africa. How many times in the last year had he opened this door and found Wonderland, Alice, the Mock Turtle, or Aladdin and his Magical Lamp, or Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz, or Dr. Doolittle, or the cow jumping over a very real-appearing moon-all the delightful contraptions of a make-believe world. How often had he seen Pegasus flying in the sky ceiling, or seen fountains of red fireworks, or heard angel voices singing. But now, is yellow hot Africa, this bake oven with murder in the heat. Perhaps Lydia was right. Perhaps they needed a little vacation from the fantasy which was growing a bit too real for ten-year-old children. It was all right to exercise one's mind with gymnastic fantasies, but when the lively child mind settled on *one* pattern...? It seemed that, at a distance, for the past month, he had heard lions roaring, and smelled their strong odor seeping as far away as his study door. But, being busy, he had paid it no attention.

George Hadley stood on the African grassland alone. The lions looked up from their feeding, watching him. The only flaw to the illusion was the open door through which he could see his wife, far down the dark hall, like a framed picture, eating her dinner abstractedly.

Go away, he said to the lions.

They did not go.

He knew the principle of the room exactly. You sent out your thoughts. Whatever you thought would appear. Let's have Aladdin and his lamp, he snapped. The veldtland remained; the lions remained.

Come on, room! I demand Aladin! he said.

Nothing happened. The lions mumbled in their baked pelts.

Aladin!

He went back to dinner. The fool room's out of order, he said. It won't respond.

Or-

Or what?

Or it *can't* respond, said Lydia, because the children have thought about Africa and lions and killing so many days that the room's in a rut.

Could be.

Or Peter's set it to remain that way.

Set it?

He may have got into the machinery and fixed something.

Peter doesn't know machinery.

He's a wise one for ten. That I.Q. of his -

Nevertheless -

Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad.

The Hadleys turned. Wendy and Peter were coming in the front door, cheeks like peppermint candy, eyes like bright blue agate marbles, a smell of ozone on their jumpers from their trip in the helicopter.

You're just in time for supper, said both parents.

We're full of strawberry ice cream and hot dogs, said the children, holding hands. But we'll sit and watch.

Yes, come tell us about the nursery, said George Hadley.

The brother and sister blinked at him and then at each other. Nursery?

All about Africa and everything, said the father with false joviality.

I don't understand, said Peter.

Your mother and I were just traveling through Africa with rod and reel; Tom Swift and his Electric Lion, said George Hadley.

There's no Africa in the nursery, said Peter simply.

Oh, come now, Peter. We know better.

I don't remember any Africa, said Peter to Wendy. Do you?

No.

Run see and come tell.

She obeyed

Wendy, come back here! said George Hadley, but she was gone. The house lights followed her like a flock of fireflies. Too late, he realized he had forgotten to lock the nursery door after his last inspection.

Wendy'll look and come tell us, said Peter.

She doesn't have to tell *me*. I've seen it.

I'm sure you're mistaken, Father.

I'm not, Peter. Come along now.

But Wendy was back. It's not Africa, she said breathlessly.

We'll see about this, said George Hadley, and they all walked down the hall together and opened the nursery door.

There was a green, lovely forest, a lovely river, a purple mountain, high voices singing, and Rima, lovely and mysterious, lurking in the trees with colorful flights of butterflies, like animated bouquets, lingering in her long hair. The African veldtland was gone. The lions were gone. Only Rima was here now, singing a song so beautiful that it brought tears to your eyes.

George Hadley looked in at the changed scene. Go to bed, he said to the children.

They opened their mouths.

You heard me, he said.

They went off to the air closet, where a wind sucked them like brown leaves up the flue to their slumber rooms.

George Hadley walked through the singing glade and picked up something that lay in the corner near where the lions had been. He walked slowly back to his wife.

What is that? she asked.

An old wallet of mine, he said.

He showed it to her. The smell of hot grass was on it and the smell of a lion. There were drops of saliva on it, it had been chewed, and there were blood smears on both sides.

He closed the nursery door and locked it, tight.

In the middle of the night he was still awake and he knew his wife was awake. Do you think Wendy changed it? she said at last, in the dark room.

Of course.

Made it from a veldt into a forest and put Rima there instead of lions?

Yes.

Why?

I don't know. But it's staying locked until I find out.

How did your wallet get there?

I don't know anything, he said, except that I'm beginning to be sorry we bought that room for the children. If children are neurotic at all, a room like that -

It's supposed to help them work off their neuroses in a healthful way.

I'm starting to wonder. He stared at the ceiling.

We've given the children everything they ever wanted. Is this our reward-secrecy, disobedience?

Who was it said, 'Children are carpets, they should be stepped on occasionally'? We've never lifted a hand. They're insufferable – let's admit it. They come and go when they like; they treat us as if we were offspring. They're spoiled and we're spoiled.

They've been acting funny ever since you forbade them to take the rocket to New York a few months ago.

They're not old enough to do that alone, I explained.

Nevertheless, I've noticed they've been decidedly cool toward us since.

I think I'll have David McClean come tomorrow morning to have a look at Africa.

But it's not Africa now, it's *Green Mansions* country and Rima.

I have a feeling it'll be Africa again before then.

A moment later they heard the screams.

Two screams. Two people screaming from downstairs. And then a roar of lions.

Wendy and Peter aren't in their rooms, said his wife.

He lay in his bed with his beating heart. No, he said. They've broken into the nursery.

Those screams – they sound familiar.

Do they?

Yes, awfully.

And although their beds tried very hard, the two adults couldn't be rocked to sleep for another hour. A smell of cats was in the night air.

Father? said Peter.

Yes.

Peter looked at his shoes. He never looked at his father any more, nor at his mother.

You aren't going to lock up the nursery for good, are you?

That all depends.

On what? snapped Peter.

On you and your sister. If you intersperse this Africa with a little variety – oh, Sweden perhaps, or Denmark or China -

I thought we were free to play as we wished.

You are, within reasonable bounds.

What's wrong with Africa, Father?

Oh, so now you admit you have been conjuring up Africa, do you?

I wouldn't want the nursery locked up, said Peter coldly. Ever.

Matter of fact, we're thinking of turning the whole house off for about a month. Live sort of a carefree one-for-all existence.

That sounds dreadful! Would I have to tie my own shoes instead of letting the shoe tier do it? And brush my own teeth and comb my hair and give myself a bath?

It would be fun for a change, don't you think?

No, it would be horrid. I didn't like it when you took out the picture painter last month.

That's because I wanted you to learn to paint all by yourself, son.

I don't want to do anything but look and listen and smell; what else is there to do?

All right, go play in Africa.

Will you shut off the house sometime soon?

We're considering it.

I don't think you'd better consider it any more, Father.

I won't have any threats from my son!

Very well. And Peter strolled off to the nursery.

Am I on time? said David McClean.

Breakfast? asked George Hadley.

Thanks, had some. What's the trouble?

David, you're a psychologist.

I should hope so.

Well, then, have a look at our nursery. You saw it a year ago when you dropped by; did you notice anything peculiar about it then?

Can't say I did; the usual violences, a tendency toward a slight paranoia here or there, usual in children because they feel persecuted by parents constantly, but, oh, really nothing.

They walked down the hall. I locked the nursery up, explained the father, and the children broke back into it during the night. I let them stay so they could form the patterns for you to see.

There was a terrible screaming from the nursery.

There it is, said George Hadley. See what you make of it.

They walked in on the children without rapping.

The screams had faded. The lions were feeding.

Run outside a moment, children, said George Hadley. No, don't change the mental combination. Leave the walls as they are. Get!

With the children gone, the two men stood studying the lions clustered at a distance, eating with great relish whatever it was they had caught.

I wish I knew what it was, said George Hadley. Sometimes I can almost see. Do you think if I brought high-powered binoculars here and -

David McClean laughed dryly. Hardly. He turned to study all four walls. How long has this been going on?

A little over a month.

It certainly doesn't *feel* good.

I want facts, not feelings.

My dear George, a psychologist never saw a fact in his life. He only hears about feelings; vague things. This doesn't feel good, I tell you. Trust my hunches and my instincts. I have a nose for something bad. This is very bad. My advice to you is to have the whole damn room torn down and your children brought to me every day during the next year for treatment.

Is it that bad?

I'm afraid so. One of the original uses of these nurseries was so that we could study the patterns left on the walls by the child's mind, study at our leisure, and help the child. In this case, however, the room has become a channel toward-destructive thoughts, instead of a release away from them.

Didn't you sense this before?

I sensed only that you had spoiled your children more than most. And now you're letting them down in some way. What way?

I wouldn't let them go to New York.

What else?

I've taken a few machines from the house and threatened them, a month ago, with closing up the nursery unless they did their homework. I did close it for a few days to show I meant business.

Ah, ha!

Does that mean anything?

Everything. Where before they had a Santa Claus now they have a Scrooge. Children prefer Santas. You've let this room and this house replace you and your wife in your children's affections. This room is their mother and father, far more important in their lives than their real parents. And now you come along and want to shut it off. No wonder there's hatred here. You can feel it coming out of the sky. Feel that sun. George, you'll have to change your life. Like too many others, you've built it around creature comforts. Why, you'd starve tomorrow if something went wrong in your kitchen. You wouldn't know how to tap an egg. Nevertheless, turn everything off. Start new. It'll take time. But we'll make good children out of bad in a year, wait and see.

But won't the shock be too much for the children, shutting the room up abruptly, for good?

I don't want them going any deeper into this, that's all.

The lions were finished with their red feast.

The lions were standing on the edge of the clearing watching the two men.

Now *I'm* feeling persecuted, said McClean. Let's get out of here. I never have cared for these damned rooms. Make me nervous.

The lions look real, don't they? said George Hadley. I don't suppose there's any way - What?

– that they could *become* real?

Not that I know.

Some flaw in the machinery, a tampering or something?

No.

They went to the door.

I don't imagine the room will like being turned off, said the father.

Nothing ever likes to die – even a room.

I wonder if it hates me for wanting to switch it off?

Paranoia is thick around here today, said David McClean. You can follow it like a spoor.

Hello. He bent and picked up a bloody scarf. This yours?

No. George Hadley's face was rigid. It belongs to Lydia.

They went to the fuse box together and threw the switch that killed the nursery.

The two children were in hysterics. They screamed and pranced and threw things. They yelled and sobbed and swore and jumped at the furniture.

You can't do that to the nursery, you can't!"

Now, children.

The children flung themselves onto a couch, weeping.

George, said Lydia Hadley, turn on the nursery, just for a few moments. You can't be so abrupt.

No.

You can't be so cruel...

Lydia, it's off, and it stays off. And the whole damn house dies as of here and now. The more I see of the mess we've put ourselves in, the more it sickens me. We've been contemplating our mechanical, electronic navels for too long. My God, how we need a breath of honest air!

And he marched about the house turning off the voice clocks, the stoves, the heaters, the shoe shiners, the shoe lacers, the body scrubbers and swabbers and massagers, and every other machine he could put his hand to.

The house was full of dead bodies, it seemed. It felt like a mechanical cemetery. So silent. None of the humming hidden energy of machines waiting to function at the tap of a button.

Don't let them do it! wailed Peter at the ceiling, as if he was talking to the house, the nursery. Don't let Father kill everything. He turned to his father. Oh, I hate you! Insults won't get you anywhere.

I wish you were dead!

We were, for a long while. Now we're going to really start living. Instead of being handled and massaged, we're going to *live*.

Wendy was still crying and Peter joined her again. Just a moment, just one moment, just another moment of nursery, they wailed.

Oh, George, said the wife, it can't hurt.

All right – all right, if they'll just shut up. One minute, mind you, and then off forever.

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! sang the children, smiling with wet faces.

And then we're going on a vacation. David McClean is coming back in half an hour to help us move out and get to the airport. I'm going to dress. You turn the nursery on for a minute, Lydia, just a minute, mind you.

And the three of them went babbling off while he let himself be vacuumed upstairs through the air flue and set about dressing himself. A minute later Lydia appeared.

I'll be glad when we get away, she sighed.

Did you leave them in the nursery?

I wanted to dress too. Oh, that horrid Africa. What can they see in it?

Well, in five minutes we'll be on our way to Iowa. Lord, how did we ever get in this house? What prompted us to buy a nightmare?

Pride, money, foolishness.

I think we'd better get downstairs before those kids get engrossed with those damned beasts again.

Just then they heard the children calling, Daddy, Mommy, come quick – quick!

They went downstairs in the air flue and ran down the hall. The children were nowhere in sight. Wendy? Peter!

They ran into the nursery. The veldtland was empty save for the lions waiting, looking at them. Peter, Wendy?

The door slammed.

Wendy, Peter!

George Hadley and his wife whirled and ran back to the door.

Open the door! cried George Hadley, trying the knob. Why, they've locked it from the outside! Peter! He beat at the door. Open up!

He heard Peter's voice outside, against the door.

Don't let them switch off the nursery and the house, he was saying.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hadley beat at the door. Now, don't be ridiculous, children. It's time to go. Mr. McClean'll be here in a minute and...

And then they heard the sounds.

The lions on three sides of them, in the yellow veldt grass, padding through the dry straw, rumbling and roaring in their throats.

The lions.

Mr. Hadley looked at his wife and they turned and looked back at the beasts edging slowly forward crouching, tails stiff.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley screamed.

And suddenly they realized why those other screams had sounded familiar.

Well, here I am, said David McClean in the nursery doorway, Oh, hello. He stared at the two children seated in the center of the open glade eating a little picnic lunch. Beyond them was the water hole and the yellow veldtland; above was the hot sun. He began to perspire. Where are your father and mother?

The children looked up and smiled. Oh, they'll be here directly.

Good, we must get going. At a distance Mr. McClean saw the lions fighting and clawing and then quieting down to feed in silence under the shady trees.

He squinted at the lions with his hand tip to his eyes.

Now the lions were done feeding. They moved to the water hole to drink.

A shadow flickered over Mr. McClean's hot face. Many shadows flickered. The vultures were dropping down the blazing sky.

A cup of tea? asked Wendy in the silence.

## THE INDO-EUROPEANS AND HISTORICAL LINGUISTICS

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### ***Introduction: The Archaeology of Language***

The discovery of the Indo-Europeans is one of the most fascinating stories in modern scholarship. The tale begins with linguists in the late 1700's, in particular, William Jones, a British judge who lived in India and in 1786 was the first person to suggest the possibility of Indo-European civilization. Jones' hypothesis opened a new door to the past and sparked the modern science of historical linguistics.

Indo-European theory rests on the fact that various languages from all across Eurasia, in lands as far apart as India and Iceland, show many essential similarities, enough that they must have originated as a single tongue at some point long ago. Once Jones' successors began exploring the full linguistic record from this perspective, corroborating evidence started pouring in from all quarters. Parallels in vocabulary and grammar quickly emerged among foreign languages, particularly in what were then the oldest preserved tongues: Latin, Greek and Sanskrit. The last is the language of The Vedas, an ancient body of writings from India, and close analysis of its text showed that Sanskrit has a strong affinity with Latin and Greek. For instance, the Sanskrit word for "three" is *trayas*, clearly cognate with (i.e. from the same linguistic origin as) Latin *tres* and Greek *treis*, also words for "three." Likewise, the Sanskrit *sarpa*, "snake," obviously shares a common ancestor with the Latin *serpens*, the forebear of the English word *serpent*.

Jones' simple and elegant remarks concluding the paper he wrote for the 1786 Meeting of "the Asiatick Society of Calcutta" sum up the situation neatly:

*. . . no philologer could examine all three languages [Sanskrit, Latin and Greek] without believing them to have sprung from some common source which, perhaps, no longer exists.*

"Which perhaps no longer exists," this priceless piece of understatement was the overture to many important, indeed revolutionary insights into the history of Western Civilization.

First and foremost was that there must once have been a "mother" tongue which, as the peoples who spoke it spread across the globe, evolved into a family of "daughter" languages all of which, though they look different on the surface, are fundamentally related. Since these languages can be found all over Europe and Asia, scholars ultimately settled on the term Indo-European for this culture, and Proto-Indo-European as the designation for the mother tongue itself. While it would be better to call the

language by the name its original speakers gave it, that isn't possible since no one has as yet been able to figure out what that name was, or for that matter what the Indo-Europeans as a people called themselves. Despite that, however, scholars were able to deduce much else about them.

For instance, as the study of linguistics advanced, it quickly became clear that quite a few languages belonged to the Indo-European family. "Threes," again, demonstrate the point well. Besides Latin (*tres*), Greek (*treis*) and Sanskrit (*trayas*), there are Spanish (*tres*), Danish, Italian and Swedish (*tre*), French (*trois*), German (*drei*), Dutch (*drie*), Russian (*tri*), English (*three*) and several other permutations all based on Indo-European \**trejes*. That these words are cognate is self-evident, especially when they're compared to "three" in non-Indo-European languages, such as Turkish (*uc*), Hebrew (*shelosh*), Malay (*tiga*) and Chinese (*san*). And adding in other basic Indo-European words like *mother/moeder/mater* and *father/pater/patir* makes the case overwhelming. All these languages which exhibit so many cognates must once have had a common source.

The ramifications of Indo-European theory were explosive, especially to Europeans in the nineteenth century. The presence of a long-lost common language presupposes, by definition, the historical existence of a common culture—anthropologists have shown that unity of culture nearly always accompanies unity of language—and, as the Indo-Europeans spread both widely and successfully across the globe, that culture must have traveled with them. Given that, scholars began looking at the fundamental similarities in native Indo-European civilizations and found remarkable parallels, the implication being that, for all their seeming differences in religion, government and family structure, peoples of Indo-European heritage share a cultural framework consistent with a shared origin. That is, the fundamental similarities in their cultures overshadow their superficial differences. It was a notion that was not well-received in all circles, especially the Eurocentric, white-supremacist factions which dominated the West in the nineteenth century.

Finally, linguistic research showed how extraordinarily successful these Indo-Europeans were in their near-global usurpation of the planet. To list ancient Indo-European civilizations is virtually to catalogue conquerors across Europe and western Asia: Indo-Aryans, Persians, Hittites, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Vikings, Medes and Philistines, to name just a few. And their modern counterparts are no less numerous, among them, Spanish conquistadors, Christian crusaders and all the major European colonial powers. Though there are also many ancient peoples who are not Indo-European—Sumerians, Egyptians, Elamites, Hurrians, Hebrews, Pelasgians, Etruscans, Assyrians, and Minoans—their Indo-European counterparts ultimately came to dominate Europe and, henceforth, much of world culture. Indeed, the triumphs of the ancient Indo-Europeans have carried over into the modern age, in which now more than half the people of the world speaks a language descended from Proto-Indo-European.

### ***Indo-European Linguistics***

To understand how Indo-European culture rose to such prominence, one must look far back in time. In late prehistory, waves of Indo-Europeans began migrating in several directions across the Eurasian continent, displacing natives and even other Indo-European settlers who had entered an area earlier. Scholars debate when exactly these massive migrations began—some say as early as 8000-5000 BCE, while others put it fairly late, after 3000 BCE—but it's clear that by the third millennium (3000-2000 BCE) the Indo-Europeans were on the move.

As they settled different areas of the world, they uprooted and overwhelmed indigenous peoples, which spelled in more than one instance the extermination of entire cultures. Indo-European groups moved into India, for instance, where they conquered the local population and established the caste system, with themselves at the top, of course. Likewise, a different Indo-European group invaded Italy and settled there as the

Romans. Others became the Slavs in central Europe and the Philistines in the Near East. In every case, they caused upheaval and violent social change.

The Greeks provide a good example of the behavior typical of these conquerors. No fewer than three major waves of Indo-Europeans swept over Greece in the second millennium BCE, the last of which was the ferocious Dorian invasion that pushed aside at least two previous groups of Indo-European invaders and precipitated so much chaos that a centuries-long dark age ensued (1100-800 BCE). It's little wonder, then, that the native Pelasgians, an indigenous people in Greece, are now a historical mystery. When brutal invaders set about obliterating each other, native cultures have virtually no chance of survival, either in their own age or the historical record.

### ***Germanic Languages***

One of the major regions the Indo-Europeans settled was northern Europe, where there evolved an offshoot of the Proto-Indo-European language, a linguistic variant now called Common Germanic. Once established there, the speakers of this tongue drifted apart into various groups, as they continued to expand their domain, and this separation underlies the divisions still visible in the political and cultural landscape of northern Europe and in the different languages spoken there: the Celtic group including Welsh, Scots Gaelic, etc.; the Germanic group including German, English, Dutch, Yiddish, etc.; and the various Scandinavian tongues (Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, etc.). Each of these derives from a distinct sub-population of Germanic speakers. With the data presently available, it's not possible to be precise about when these languages started separating, but it seems safe to say that by the first century BCE (i.e. after 100 BCE), there's good evidence Common Germanic had begun to break up.

The natural topography of the area clearly contributed to these linguistic divisions. The Scandinavian languages evolved north of the Baltic Sea and in Denmark. West German arose west of the Oder River. On the other side of this river in modern Poland, East German developed. The last (East German) is extinct now, because all of its "daughter languages" were wiped out of existence by the subsequent oppression of its peoples. Polish, the primary language of modern Poland, is instead an offshoot of Old Slavic, a different branch of Indo-European.

In politics and military affairs, speakers of West German were in general more successful than their Eastern counterparts, and the languages which arose out of West German culture (English, German, Dutch, etc.) all share an interesting feature. To grasp it, however, it is first necessary to understand some fundamental aspects of language, in particular, how sounds are produced in the mouth. In doing so, we gain insight into an important chapter in the history of the West German people, and an even more fascinating transition in the linguistic history of Europe.

### ***Grimm's Law***

After William Jones suggested that Latin, Greek and Sanskrit shared a common origin, the pace of linguistic study began to accelerate rapidly in the West. In part, this was due to the appearance of eager young scholars who were interested in exploring the world around them and making a name for themselves in academia. The most famous of these was Jacob Grimm (1785-1863), one of the famous Brothers Grimm. As a student of language, Jacob Grimm studied early German literature, seeking rare words unchanged over time, archaic vocabulary which might elucidate the history of the German language.

What he ended up with, however, was a fascinating body of folklore which he and his brother Wilhelm published as Grimms' Fairy Tales. The often macabre and sinister nature of these tales involving enslavement, poverty, starvation, abduction and even cannibalism reflects the dark view of those living where there's little protection from the vagaries of man and nature. It's one of the few glimpses history affords of non-urban life in Western Civilization, and it's not a pretty picture.

Grimm also got what he wanted word-wise. After some study he noticed a pattern in the evolution of Common Germanic as it was developing out of Proto-Indo-European, a change that he deduced had to have taken place long ago. This change came to be called the Great Consonant Shift. Grimm demonstrated that, even if a Germanic word and one from a different branch of Indo-European didn't look alike on the surface, in many cases they could be shown to be cognate with each other if one assumed that certain consonants had followed a predictable course of change. This linguistic rule was later dubbed Grimm's Law.

Here's what happened. At some point in the evolution of West German, some of its consonants began to shift dramatically. To understand how and why this shift occurred, one must look at the nature of consonants themselves, which are formed by briefly stopping the flow of air through the mouth (p, t, k, b, d, g) or by restricting it somehow (f, v, th, ch, j). The Great Consonant Shift in Germanic languages appears to have begun when a certain type of consonant called unvoiced (p, t, k) transformed into its aspirate equivalents (ph, th, kh).

Once that change took place, it put pressure on the original aspirates to sound different from the new ones in order to maintain enough distinction among words that sense wasn't lost. That is, if your tongs suddenly are thongs and your pans become fans, there's considerable potential for confusion. Consequently, what had originally been aspirates in Common Germanic (ph, th, kh) moved to their voiced equivalents (b, d, g). And soon thereafter, the original voiced consonants (b, d, g) did likewise and changed into their unvoiced counterparts (p, t, k), thus taking Common Germanic consonants in a full circle: from unvoiced to aspirate to voiced.

*Grimm's Law: The Great Consonant Shift (Indo-European > Germanic)*

LABIALS:	P	>	PH (Latin F)	>	B	>	P
DENTALS:	T	>	TH (Latin F)	>	D	>	T
GUTTURALS:	K/C	>	KH/CH (Latin H)	>	G	>	K/C

Bearing in mind that vowels are fluid and change unpredictably and that liquids (l, r) and nasals (m, n) are not as a rule affected by processes like those underlying Grimm's Law, we can deduce the Germanic—in this case, English—word which is cognate with its Indo-European form before it underwent the Great Consonant Shift. Since Latin and Greek are Indo-European tongues which stand outside Germanic and therefore were not influenced by Grimm's Law, words from these languages show the Indo-European root which Germanic inherited and changed. And because English contains many derivatives from Latin and Greek, we find within our own language words which do not look much alike but have similar meanings and are, in fact, cognate. For instance, the Indo-European root \*pater which gives us words like paternal and paternity changed into father in English because the inherited p became f and t became th. The same thing happened to the th in mother which comes from an Indo-European base \*mater, but the m was not changed because nasal consonants like m were not affected by Grimm's Law.

In the table below, use the Latin and Greek words and their English derivatives (in the left and center columns) to determine the changes which took place in Germanic words as outlined in the table of Grimm's Law cited above. By doing this, you should be able to decipher an English word which has the same basic meaning and Indo-European root but looks different because the Indo-European root word has undergone the Great Consonant Shift.

### GRIMM'S LAW

In order to figure out the Germanic cognates, you may have to change, move or omit some of the letters in the Latin or Greek words—especially vowels and liquids (l/r) .

LATIN/GREEK WORD	ENGLISH DERIVATIVE(S)	GERMANIC COGNATE
GEN(US): “race, family”	genus, genesis, genetic	[ANSWER: kin (G > K)]
GEL(I)D(US): “frozen”	gelid, gel, congeal, Jell-O	
CHOL(OS): “bile”	cholera, melancholy	
HOST(IS): “stranger”	host, hostile, hotel/hostel	
DA(CTYLOS): “digit, extremity”	dactylic, pterodactyl	
DUO: “pair, both”	dual, duo, duplicate	
THE(MA): “act”	theme, synthesis, antithesis	
POL(Y-): “many, much”	polygon, polygamy	
FER(O): “carry”	fertile, transfer, refer	
FRAG(ILIS): “crush, destroy”	fragile, fragment, fracture	
PISC(IS): “sea creature”	Pisces, piscary	
DOM(US): “house”	domestic, domicile, dome	
FER(VO): “become hot”	fervid, effervescent	
GRAN(US): “grain”	granary, granola	
CORN(U): “antler”	unicorn, cornet	
DE(N)T(ES): “molar, incisor”	dentist, dentition, indent	
AG(E)R: “field”	agriculture, agronomy	
TON(ITUS): “loud noise”	intone, astonish, detonate	
FLO(RA): “flower”	florid, florist, fluorescent	
AP(O)-: “away from”	apostate, apostrophe, apostle	
PR(O)-: “in place of, on behalf of”	progress, proceed, pro	

### ***The Indo-Europeans: History and Culture***

But language is not all there was to the Indo-Europeans. Anthropologists have long pointed out, as noted above, that language and culture go hand in hand. So, while shedding new and important light on the evolution of language, historical linguists have also discovered much about the Indo-Europeans' lives and livelihoods. Nevertheless, much remains uncertain, even such a basic question as where the Indo-Europeans lived before they embarked on their world-wide journeys and conquest.

### ***What We Don't Know About the Indo-Europeans***

Let's begin by looking at what is today unknown about the Indo-Europeans. Simply put, there is still no unequivocal evidence from either historical or archaeological sources for exactly where, when or how the original speakers of Proto-Indo-European lived. No site, no technology, no extant historical text, no particular past event has as yet been definitively associated with the people whose descendants would later spread Indo-European culture and language across the entire globe. The Indo-Europeans are at present in strictest terms a linguistic phenomenon, which is not to say their culture never existed—there is overwhelming evidence it must have at some point in history and, without doubt, somewhere in Eurasia—but that's not very precise.

Indeed, we cannot speak about Indo-European history and geography with certainty, which has not stopped scholars, however, from trying various means to determine the time and location of the original Indo-Europeans. For instance, based on calculations of the general rate at which languages change, attempts have been made to reason out how long ago Proto-Indo-European began to break apart. That is, by looking at how different its daughter languages are from one another, it may be possible to get a sense of the extent of time it took to create that number of variations in grammar and vocabulary evidenced in Indo-European languages.

This is called *glossochronology* and, though some linguists endorse this method of measuring language change, it has not found widespread favor among scholars. In actuality, the rate of language change can vary widely according to circumstances—languages sometimes evolve quickly and other times slowly—and none of it is predictable. All in all, the original Indo-European culture almost certainly existed at some time between 5000-2000 BCE, but such a wide range is not very helpful to those trying to assess the Indo-Europeans' role in history or tie them to particular developments in a certain age.

Where they lived is no less difficult to assess. Called the *homeland problem* and a matter of great debate among scholars, this question may ultimately also be unanswerable, inasmuch as the Indo-Europeans were in all likelihood a nomadic people and, while they may have had a home range, it's possible they had no specific homeland as such. And because nomads leave behind few traces archaeologically, at least compared to settled folk, historians are left grasping at straws in the wind here. Tantalizing hints, however, emerge from the data, too. For example, the patterns of dispersion among Indo-European languages should after all furnish some sort of indication as to the migrational paths followed by the Indo-Europeans. Tracing those backwards ought, then, to provide at least a general indication of their place of origin. Moreover, similarities and differences in the daughter languages should also help point to how this dispersion proceeded, or at least where groups were at different times. But unfortunately, just as with *glossochronology*, there are too many variables at work, and no consensus has emerged among scholars about anything but the most basic solutions to the *homeland problem*. In sum, it seems safe to say only that the Indo-Europeans probably lived in or around the steppes of southern Russia at some point, simply because that area is central in the vast territory their descendants would later come to occupy. Little more can be said with certainty.

### ***What We Do Know About the Indo-Europeans***

In spite of not being able to answer some of the most basic questions about the Indo-Europeans, the body of data about them that we do have is very great, too. Of the original Indo-European civilization, many features can be reconstructed by comparing similar elements found widely among its daughter civilizations. For example, the Indo-Europeans must have been polytheistic, since all Indo-European cultures are—or at least were originally—that way. Their chief god was probably an entity whom they called "Sky-Father," because a name of this sort is seen in quite a few daughter cultures, for instance, the Romans whose principal deity was known as *Ju-piter* ("Day-father") and the Greeks whose god *Zeus* ("Day") headed up their pantheon.

The Indo-Europeans must also have favored tripartition (“division into threes”) the tendency to envision and express the world in groups of three, which was a familiar habit of ancient Indo-European culture. For example, it’s likely Indo-European society was separated into three basic strata: priests, warrior-rulers, and farmer-workers. Similarly, three fundamental elements constituted their universe: sky, sea, and earth. Indeed, our fondness for threes today surely derives from the Indo-Europeans’ love of tripartition, such that many today envision God as a trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and a good argument as having a beginning, middle, and end. We also start a race by saying, “Ready, Set, Go!”—why isn’t it just “Ready? Go!”—our nursery rhymes feature “Winken, Blinken and Nod,” we love waltzes set in three-quarters time and, as most lawyers will confirm, three examples are usually enough to make a convincing case. There is strong evidence from a wide range of data that these characteristics of life in the West today have their origin in Indo-European culture.

But the linguistic evidence affords an even closer view of the original Indo-European civilization. Words which derive from Proto-Indo-European and appear in several of its daughter languages suggest the existence of certain things within a shared experience, such as aspects of family life. One linguist writes:

*. . . many family words (such as ‘mother’, ‘husband’, ‘brother’) can be reconstructed for Proto-Indo-European. These include several words for ‘in-laws’, which seem to have been used solely with reference to the bride. Evidence of this kind suggests that it was the wife who was given a position within the husband’s family, rather than the other way round, and that the society must therefore have been patriarchal in character.*

That is, in Proto-Indo-European society there were special words for the bride’s parents because the “family” was presumed to mean the groom’s family, the core social unit as it often is in patriarchal societies. Furthermore, that some Indo-European languages share a base that means “king” (\*reg-, literally “straightener”; cf. English regal) suggests the Indo-Europeans had or knew about “kings” of some sort. They probably also had cows (\*gwous), as well as sheep, pigs, and dogs. They lived in villages (\*weik-, cf. English vicinity), knew about silver and copper, had ships (\*nau-, cf. nautical) as well as bows and arrows and rode horses (\*ekwo-, from which we get equestrian).

That common words for other things do not show up in Indo-European daughter languages suggests the Indo-Europeans did not know about or have contact with these things. Among them are “ocean,” “bronze,” and “gold.” One scholar puts it this way:

*There are no anciently common Indo-European words for elephant, rhinoceros, camel, lion, tiger, monkey, crocodile, parrot, rice, banyan, bamboo, palm, but there are common words, more or less widely spread over Indo-European territory, for snow and freezing cold, for oak, beech, pine, birch, willow, bear, wolf, otter, beaver, polecat, marten, weasel, deer, rabbit, mouse, horse, ox, sheep, goat, pig, dog, eagle, hawk, owl, jay, wild goose, wild duck, partridge or pheasant, snake, tortoise, crab, ant, bee, etc.*

With no common word for “ocean,” it seem unlikely the Indo-Europeans were originally a coastal people. No shared word for “vine” makes a Mediterranean origin improbable, too. But even with such compelling and specific linguistic data, scholars still cannot agree as to the exact whereabouts of the aboriginal Indo-Europeans. Thus, the homeland problem remains just that, a problem.

### **Conclusion: Who Were the Indo-Europeans?**

In conclusion, who were the Indo-Europeans? The truth is, we do not know who they were, but we do know who they are: virtually everyone of us, at least in some way. Seen genetically, Indo-European heritage encompasses all peoples of Germanic or Scandinavian or southern Mediterranean or Persian or Russian or northern Indian descent, any of a wide range of national groups stemming from India to Iceland. Viewed culturally—that is, as part of a common civilization—everyone who speaks an Indo-

European language, or has an innate cultural predilection for threes, is the heir of Indo-European might and main. From that perspective, it's hard not to see Indo-Europeans everywhere!

And thanks to these ancestors' invasion of every continent on earth and usurpation of much of its natural wealth, the descendants of the Indo-Europeans represent one of the most populous and pervasive cultural forces on the planet. But the price of that success has been quite steep, in almost all cases, the extinction of native cultures. Seen this way, the colonization of the Americas is just one more Indo-European invasion in which the modern descendants of these most efficient conquerors overran and imposed their way of life on yet two more continents of natives, just another set of hapless victims. It should come as no surprise either, then, that the first men to walk on the moon were of immaculate Indo-European pedigree. "One small step for a man" are all Indo-European words. And the Indo-European nature of our adventures in space may explain another feature of these explorations: the reason we show so little eagerness to return there. Perhaps that's because we've found no lunar natives to displace as yet.

History and diffusion of alphabets

The **first alphabet** that has been recovered was developed in central Egypt around 2000 BC. Until 1999 it was generally accepted that the first alphabet originated some 300-500 years later. Alphabetic material was uncovered at Serabit el-Khadem in Sinai in 1905 and at Uqarit in Syria in 1929. Dating was disputed but put in the period of 1800 to 1500 BCE, the archaeologist Alan Gardiner in "The Egyptian Origins of the Semitic Alphabet" (1916) set the tone for much of the future debate. However, in the 1990s studies by John Darnell of rock carvings at Wadi el-Holi, have pushed the creation of the alphabet back to 2000 BC and placed its origin with Semitic workers within Egyptian society.

The inventors took Egyptian hieroglyphs and applied new names and phonetic sounds to the images, initially to represent the consonant sounds of a Semitic language. It was inherited by the Canaanites and Phoenicians, and nearly all subsequent alphabets are derived from it or inspired by it, directly or indirectly. These early Semitic alphabets, as well as their descendant Semitic alphabets, including the modern Hebrew and Arabic alphabets, are strictly speaking abjads, lacking symbols for vowel sounds. The Aramaic alphabet, which evolved in the seventh century BCE, is the ancestor to most of the alphabets of Asia. The Arabic alphabet is descended from the Aramaic via the Nabatean alphabet of what is now southern Jordan. The Pahlavi alphabet was adapted for writing middle Persian, and is the ancestor of the Armenian alphabet, which is also influenced by the Greek alphabet. The Syriac alphabet was used by Syrian Christians after the third century CE, and was adapted to create the alphabets of northern Asia, including the Sogdian, Manichean, Uighur, Mongolian and Manchu alphabets.

The Aramaic alphabet, was probably also the ancestor of the Brahmic alphabets of India, which spread to Southeast Asia and Indonesia with the spread of Buddhism and Hinduism. Japan and China absorbed Buddhism, but kept their logographic scripts. The Brahmic alphabets are abugidas, where each letter represents a consonant and vowel combination; the vowel sound is modified using diacritic marks above the letters.

The Greek alphabet was derived from the Phoenician alphabet with the innovation of separate symbols for vowels (Semitic didn't need them). Most subsequent alphabets with vowels are derived from the early Greek alphabets. The alphabets of Europe, including the Roman alphabet and its descendants and the Cyrillic alphabet, developed for the eastern Slavic languages, and the runic alphabets are all themselves descended from the Greek alphabet. In modern usage, the term *Latin alphabet* is often used for any modern derivation from the alphabet used by the Romans (i.e. the Roman alphabet), especially when contrasted with an alphabet or writing system not descended from the Roman alphabet. These Latin alphabets generally drop some of the letters of the classical Latin alphabet or add additional letters.

The most popular Latin alphabet in use today is the 26-letter alphabet normally used for English, French, and German which is also employed for codes devised for international standards. The ligatures **Ж**, **Ъ** and **Я**, when used in English, French, or German are normally not counted as separate alphabetic letters but as variants of **AE**, **OE** and **ss** respectively. Letters bearing diacritics are also not counted as separate letters in these languages.

The revival of the Hebrew language took place in Europe and Palestine toward the end of the 19th century and into the 20th century, through which the language's usage changed from the sacred language of Judaism to a spoken and written language used for daily life in Israel.

The process began as Jews from diverse regions started arriving and establishing themselves alongside the pre-existing Jewish community in the region of Palestine in the first half of the twentieth century, when veteran Jews in Palestine (largely Arabic-speaking by that time) and the linguistically diverse newly arrived Jews all switched to use Hebrew as a lingua franca, the historical linguistic common denominator of all the Jewish groups. At the same time, a parallel development in Europe changed Hebrew from primarily a sacred liturgical language into a literary language, which played a key role in the development of nationalist educational programs. Modern Hebrew was, after the Israeli Declaration of Independence in 1948, one of two official languages of Israel, along with Modern Arabic. In July 2018, a new law made Hebrew the sole official language of the state of Israel, giving Arabic a "special status".

More than purely a linguistic process, the revival of Hebrew was utilized by Jewish modernization and political movements, led many people to change their names and became a tenet of the ideology associated with settlement and renaming of the land, Zionism and Israeli policy.

The process of Hebrew's return to regular usage is unique; there are no other examples of a natural language without any native speakers subsequently acquiring several million native speakers, and no other examples of a sacred language becoming a national language with millions of "first language" speakers.

The language's revival eventually brought linguistic additions with it. While the initial leaders of the process insisted they were only continuing "from the place where Hebrew's vitality was ended", what was created represented a broader basis of language acceptance; it includes characteristics derived from all periods of Hebrew language, as well as from the non-Hebrew languages used by the long-established European, North African, and Middle Eastern Jewish communities, with Yiddish being predominant.

With the rise of Jewish nationalism in 19th-century Europe, Eliezer Ben-Yehuda was captivated by the innovative ideas of Zionism. At that time, it was believed that one of the criteria needed to define a nation worthy of national rights was its use of a common language spoken by both the society and the individual. On 13 October 1881, while in Paris, Ben-Yehuda began speaking Hebrew with friends in what is believed to be the first modern conversation using the language. Later that year, he came to live in Jerusalem.

### **On Supporting Threatened Languages.**

By Trond Trosterud

The bottom line is that only the speakers themselves can save their language. But as linguists, there are a lot of things we can and should do. The following points are collected on the basis of personal experience, focusing on topics at least I haven't seen that often in the discussion.

#### Exact information on the state-of-the-art.

A bilingual society can change into a monolingual assimilated one very fast, without fluent speakers realising what is going on until it is too late. Thus, in unclear and critical cases, age pyramids should be set up that show the fluency of (each speaker of) each age group. Panu Hallamaa, Helsinki, has done some nice work on both Aleut and Skolt Saami, and he also discusses general methodological questions involved.

#### Active use of intervening majority language borders.

Languages always die via a bilingual stage (except genocide cases). With all speakers fluent in the same majority language, "there is no use in speaking the minority language". Contact across majority language borders should thus be encouraged. In cases where the minority language spoken on the other side of the majority language border is a different, but related language, both passive (speak own lg. — understand other lg.) and active bilingualism (speak-understand both) should be encouraged. A "useless" minority language can be turned into an important device for international communication if it is used as a basis for learning a related language in a neighbouring country. Minority language speakers may end up as much-needed interpreters, and multilingualism within the ethnic macrogroup will also strengthen own ethnic identity. Thus, both active and passive bilingualism should be taught.

#### The right to positive identification with own ethnic identity

School education in and on one's mother tongue is more and more seen as a part of linguistic human rights. In addition to that, I will emphasise the right to learn the language of one's ethnic group, also when it is no longer the mother tongue for the pupil. This is of central importance for the self-identification of the pupil.

#### Dictionary FROM the majority language.

Every minority language should have a dictionary from the majority to the minority language, a dictionary giving the speakers back words in exchange for all the words that are stolen as a part of assimilatory language policy. Such dictionaries will provide a (common) vocabulary for phenomena outside the domestic and traditional sphere, and they will function as guidelines when borrowing new concept from the majority language. Today, minority language dictionaries are all too often made by linguists in order to understand collected text material, thus, they are FROM the minority language, they contain only words found in the text collections (hence no neologisms), and they are typically not written in any official orthography.

<...>

#### Internet and the number of graphemes in the character set standards

Internet and interactive Text-TV will soon become wide-spread. Radio has proven useful for minorities, it is cheap and does not require literacy. Internet poses some additional problems, that must be addressed by us linguists at once, especially since we are the ones to blame in the first place: often, we were the ones that invented good, phonemic or syllabic writing systems, utilising a large number of graphemes not contained in the A-Z English (or in the A-JA Russian) alphabet. I prefer the Czech solution (one-phoneme graphemes) to the Hungarian and English one (digraphs) myself, but having invented these graphemes we must now make them available on the net. To do this we need code table standards and information on how to use them. Cf.,

"Work on the Sami languages", and especially "Funny characters on the Net. What information technology can (and cannot) do to support minority languages", by Trond Trosterud.

<...>

#### Minority language road signs.

Road signs and public other public sign in the minority language is a very important measure, as seen by the strong reactions of the majority population against them wherever they are introduced. Sometimes minority group members that have lost their language are among the strongest opponents to introducing minority language signs, perhaps because they in a way feel betrayed by the country administration to whom they gave their language loyalty. Making minority languages visible is the most important effect of these signs, but they also teach how to write local place names, and they show the official name of public institutions in the minority language.

#### Heritage.

As a result of the work of philologists and comparativists, huge bodies of fairy tales, mythological texts, legends on the creation of the world, etc., are compiled and published, often with a parallel translation. These text should be translated from the phonetic transcription they probably are written in, and into the official orthography that hopefully exists for the language today, and then published. Simultaneously, the syntacticians among us get searchable, machine readable corpora to work with. Thus, such work can be financed by university grants. The publications will tell about traditions before the cultural suppression set in, and it give the peoples in question back their own cultural heritage. Linguists visited the peoples and got their stories, now is the time to give them back.

#### Passive bilingualism in families.

Many parents that otherwise are motivated to pass their language to the next generation will eventually give up speaking their mother tongue to their children when the children (always/often/more and more) answer them in the majority language. But why should they? As long as both participants in the conversation understand each other, they can talk like that for the rest of their life. The child will learn the majority language anyway, and by knowing the minority language well passively, it later on will have a chance to activate it.

I recently heard about a case like this, where the child in question mixed the two lgs. (as they, of course, do), but were teased and hit in kindergarten, and with no support from the staff there. These problems (not relevant for bilinguals with high-status 2nd. lg.) should be anticipated and addressed in advance.

#### Anecdote.

Attending a meeting of Sami and Norwegian officials, one of the Sami participants was asked, "Do you need an interpreter?" "No", she answered, "I don't. But I will give my talk in Sami, so it might be that you will need one".

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*From the Larousse Encyclopaedia of Mythology*

Celtic Mythology

**INTRODUCTION**

The mythology of the Celts which has been preserved in written form since the early Middle Ages contains evidence of their beliefs in pre-Christian times. During the period of Rome's expansion into north-west references to Celtic beliefs were made in the writings of classical authors. Similarly, in those parts of the Empire which had been predominantly Celtic in the time of their independence native deities continued to be worshipped alongside the gods of the Roman pantheon. A considerable body of evidence exists in the form of inscriptions of Celtic deities in France, southern Britain and, to a lesser extent, in Spain and other parts of the Roman Empire in which Celtic influence had existed. It might be assumed that it would be possible to correlate closely to literary and epigraphic evidence of the pre-Roman and Roman period with the myths themselves, but with few exceptions, this is not possible. This apparent dichotomy, however may be resolved after an examination of both the mythology proper and the evidence, literary and archaeological. From a study of any of the main sources alone it would be possible to be misled as to the nature of Celtic mythology. By considering evidence other than the purely mythological the chance of error is minimised, although complete certainty of interpretation is not possible in the study of any mythology remote in time.

### **THE CELTIC TRADITION**

The Celtic tradition is preserved in a large number of texts both of prose and of poetry, the earliest of which in its present form dates to the eighth century A.D., although most belong to the centuries following. Most important and valuable are those from Ireland, for example the Books of Leinster, of the Dun Cow, of Ballymote, and the Yellow Book of Lecan. Of less value in the present context, although important in its own right, is the literature of the Welsh tradition, for example the Mabinogion preserved in the White Book of Rhydderch and the Red Book of Hergest dating from the fourteenth second century A.D. It may be seen that their compilation dates to the Christian period but much of their contents, Irish and Welsh alike, dates from internal evidence to a much earlier period. In using this Celtic literature as a source for mythology it has always to be remembered that even the earliest extant texts date to the Christian period and that in all probability they were written by monks. For this reason one must expect Christian accretions and the possibility that certain important evidence may have been suppressed so as to conform with the Christian ethic. Any such suppressions have, of course, been irretrievably lost and could never be reconstructed. In the Irish literature the native gods are hardly, if at all, disguised and are therefore immediately recognisable. The Welsh literature tends to disguise deities as kings or knights, or even clerics, but they are, nevertheless, of some value when used in conjunction with Irish evidence.

### **THE MYTHOLOGICAL CYCLE IN IRELAND**

Modern scholars have classified much of the mythology of the Celts into Cycles. The Mythological Cycle is important in that it gives something of the early history of Ireland in the form of myths or, as has been said with some justification, it treats some of the native myths as history, even fixing definite dates to what must surely have been mythical events. The *Lebor Gabála*, the 'Book of Conquests', tells of successive invaders of Ireland, an account slightly modified by suitable obeisances to orthodox Christianity but retaining much of the flavour of the pre-Christian times. The first race which inhabited Ireland perished in the biblical Flood. It was followed two-hundred and sixty-eight years later, on the first of May, by a group of twenty-four males and twenty-four females led by Partholón. At that time there were in Ireland only one treeless and grassless plain, three lakes and nine rivers, but during Partholón's time four plains were cleared and seven new lakes were formed. Before his time there had been no tilling of the soil. After three

centuries the population had grown to five thousand but on the tercentenary of Partholón's landing his people were wiped out by an epidemic, gathering together to die on the original plain in Ireland. Although there were no survivors the knowledge brought and augmented by Partholón's people did not perish, the knowledge and working of gold, the first brewing of beer, the first cauldron and the introduction of domesticated cattle. To this period are also attributed some of the less tangible assets of civilization, law-giving and ritual practices. As did their successors, so did the people of Partholón fight against and defeat the Fomorians. These latter were a race of demons, generally monstrous and hideous, who fought against Partholón with supernatural powers.

After an interval of thirty years the people of Nemed came into Ireland and in their time the face of the countryside was again changed by the clearance of twelve new plans and the formation of four new lakes. Decimated by the same epidemic which had annihilated Partholón they were unable to defend themselves adequately against the Fomorians and became their vassals. Part of their tribute was the delivery on the first of November of two-thirds of the children born to them each year, two-thirds of their corn and their milk. After a battle with the Fomorians in which Conann and many Fomorian followers were killed, the remnants of the people of Nemed fled from the country.

Next followed on the first of August the Fir Bolg together with the Fir Gaileoin and Fir Domnann. The similarity of these names to those of the Belgae, the Dumnonii and Gauls, has suggested that this 'invasion' refers to the arrival of certain tribes of the protohistoric period. Whether or not these are to be in any way connected with the Celtic people is uncertain, but their mythical contribution to the cumulative wealth of the country lies in the warlike sphere of their armament and the aristocratic notion of monarchy. Their rule did not remain undisputed for long although they were not attacked by the Fomorians, but they were soon dispossessed by the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, the People of the Goddess Danu.

The *Tuatha Dé Danann* landed on the first of May and after some unsuccessful negotiations with the Fir Bolg battle was joined at *Mag Tuireadh*. The *Tuatha* were victorious and allowed the conquered to retain the Province of Connacht while they took possession of the remainder of the island, building their capital at Tara. Still unconquered the Fomorians disputed the ownership of the land of Ireland but the *Tuatha*, perhaps recognising the strength of their ancient powers, attempted an alliance. During the battle of *Mag Tuireadh* Nuada, king of the *Tuatha*, had lost his right hand and, as a king had to be without physical blemish, he was obliged to abdicate. In his place Bres, the son of a Fomorian father and a mother from the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, was elected and the alliance further strengthened by dynastic marriages including that of Bres to Brigit, the daughter of the Dagda, one of the chieftains of the *Tuatha*. Despite this precautions the alliance was uneasy, aggravated by the lack in Bres of the generosity demanded of a king of the *Tuatha* and his imposition of excessive taxes. Eventually Bres in his turn lost his eligibility for the kingship having been satirized so successfully by Cairbre, the principal bard of the *Tuatha*, that boils appeared on his face. His enforced abdication resulted in formal war between the *Tuatha* and the Fomorians, a war fought after seven years of preparation with the help of magical weapons. The Fomorians were defeated at the second battle of *Mag Tuireadh*, or Moytura the Northern, used to distinguish it from the earlier battle of the same name.

The *Tuatha* themselves, however, were destined in turn to be dispossessed by the last race to take possession of Ireland, the Sons of Mil, the Milesians. The latter's arrival on May the first and the subsequent battle for supremacy of the island was attended by formal and ritual observances, similar to those noticed in the conflict between the *Tuatha* and the Fomorians. Similarly, magical powers were used by both sides but in two successive battles the *Tuatha* were defeated and, according to popular tradition, made terms with their conquerors. The *Lebor Gabála* states that they were expelled from the island but this is in contradiction to the remainder of Irish tradition. The *Tuatha* became

the gods of the Celts and the majority retired to the *síde*, the prehistoric burial mounds of the country.

This, then, is the mythological history of Ireland and a somewhat similar history may be found in the Welsh literature for the island of Britain although this is far less clearly defined than that of the neighbouring island. It is obvious that this sequence of invasions cannot be accepted as an entirely factual account of the arrival of successive peoples into Ireland. The reference to the Fir Bolg, however, may suggest that the later invasions refer to the arrival of peoples who are historically attested. The arrival of the Sons of Mil may have been added in Christian times to provide the ruling families with a genealogy respectable in the eyes of the Church. It would have been inappropriate for them to have claimed descent from the superhuman *Tuatha Dé Danann*. There seems little doubt that the Tuatha were the gods of the Celts in pre-Christian Ireland and the myth of their dispossession refers to the eventual conversion of the human Milesians to Christianity. Of the other invasions it may be suggested that these refer to the struggles of successive colonists to give their cult-practices pre-eminence over those of the previous inhabitants. It would be unwise to attempt a correlation of such events with known prehistoric migrations, but the internal evidence of some of the myths suggests that they may refer to a period as early as the Bronze Age. The complete annihilation of Partholón and his followers may refer to the complete eclipse of one cult by its successor, whereas the attempts at a *modus vivendi* discernible in the relations between the Fir Bolg and the *Tuatha*.

## THE CELTIC HERO-FIGURE

Distinct from the full-scale gods who were divine were the heroes of the Celts who, although basically human, possessed superhuman powers which they used for the benefit of their people. Foremost in the extant literature is the life and death of Cú Chulainn whose exploits figure so largely and in great detail in the Ulster Cycle. Cú Chulainn is the epitome of the Celtic hero who was the defender of his tribe, a mortal endowed with superhuman faculties which he exercised solely for the good of his people. From his birth to his early death the epics centred on Cú Chulainn are probably representative of similar stories woven around the heroes of lesser tribes and which have been lost. In the story of Culhwch and Olwen some of Culhwch's exploits resemble Cú Chulainn's and the former suggests the existence of similar hero-figures among the British Celts.

In the story of Cú Chulainn's birth there is an element of mystery and doubt. In one version it appears that he was the son of at least one divine being, Lug, and in another version that he was born three times, a further instance of Celtic triplication. His original name was Sétanta and this is connected with the British tribe, the Setanti, whose tribal hero he may originally have been. His name, Cú Chulainn, 'the Hound of Culann', was given him at the age of seven after he had been forced to kill the watch-dog of Culann, the smith. In recompense Cú Chulainn undertook to guard the kingdom of Ulster and thus became the champion of his people. In his childhood he is pictured as bearing typically human attributes and was brought up in circumstances appropriate to those of the son of any high-born Celt. Following custom he was sent away to foster-parents, although his education from Sencha, Fergus and Cathbad who taught him wisdom, warfare and magic, in addition to the more normal fosterage given by Amairgin the poet, was to fit him for his special role in society. He later received further tuition from the sorceress, Scáthach, who taught him much of the art of magic. This over-emphasis of human attributes and needs was typical of all things surrounding the person of the hero but essential humanity in was never obscured. Similarly, Cú Chulainn came to full manhood at an earlier age than his contemporaries and won his position by force.

Violence to gain his objective is typical of the hero. Cú Chulainn's entry into the court of Conchobor was violent and his disturbance of the king's chessboard was as ill-mannered as the Welsh hero Culhwch's entry on horseback into Arthur's court. Later on he was similarly required to win his bride by force after undergoing violent and dangerous ordeals in foreign lands.

After undergoing his ritual ordeals, one of which was to fight the hound of Culann, Cú Chulainn received his warrior's armour, again by a form of trickery. Now he was a full warrior but before he could become the full protector of his people he had to prove himself in further exploits. Once completed he was able to take his place at courts as the full champion of his people, fully equipped and skilled in the arts of war and culture. He was the exaggerated ideal of Celtic nobility, proud, brave and skilled in magic and the arts. The Celtic warrior was no uncouth soldier but was able to converse on equal terms with poets and druids.

In his normal state Cú Chulainn is pictured as a young man with well-defined physical attributes. He had seven pupils in each eye, seven fingers on each hand and seven toes on each foot. His cheeks were multi-coloured, yellow, blue, green and red. His long dark hair was of three tints, dark close to the roots, red in the middle and lighter in colour towards the tips, suggestive of the practice of the Celts of smearing their hair with a thick wash of lime. Rich and gorgeous jewellery adorned him, a hundred strings of jewels on his head, a hundred golden breast ornaments. Far different was Cú Chulainn in his battle-frenzy when his body was seized by contortions. He turned round in his skin so that his feet and knees were to the rear and his calves and buttocks to the front. His long hair stood on end and on the tip of each hair was a spot of blood or a spark of fire. From his open mouth spurted fire and from the top of his head a jet of black blood rose mast high. One eye receded far back into his skull while the other protruded onto his cheek. Finally, on his forehead appeared the 'hero's moon', a strange inexplicable sign. When in this state Cú Chulainn's fury was uncontrollable and he needed to be plunged into three vats of cold water before he could be pacified.

Thus endowed he was well-nigh invincible in battle and was able to defend Ulster single-handed against the four provinces of Ireland during the time when the men of Ulster were laid prostrate with the the curse of Macha. This is the great central action in the story of Cú Chulainn, the Cattle Raid of Cualnge, which in itself is full of significance. Although invincible he was not invulnerable and his body was sorely wounded on a number of occasions. To the Celts their hero had to suffer as a mortal else he would have been lessened in their eyes. Similarly, he had to die without descendants yet die unconquered, and this was brought about by supernatural means against which he was powerless.

During his life-time Cú Chulainn had made enemies who, if he spared them, plotted for revenge. Among them was Queen Medb who had initiated the Cattle Raid of Cualnge in her attempt to steal the brown bull of Cualnge. She had trained sorcerers from childhood as part of her plan to bring about Cú Chulainn's downfall. Again Ulster was invaded by the four provinces and again Cú Chulainn hastened to its defence. This time he realised that he was fighting against supernatural powers which had been carefully organised against him. In Irish mythology there is the frequent occurrence of the *geis* which was a ritual injunction to avoid certain actions in some circumstances and to perform others in the appropriate circumstances. Cú Chulainn was burdened with several *geasa* and in his last battle, the 'Great Carnage of Mag Muirthemne', he realised that he had been 'overtaken' by his *geasa*.

Before the actual battle Cú Chulainn was thus overtaken by his *geasa*. Three of the sorceresses of Medb were roasting a dog at a hearth as he passed. It was one of his *geasa* not to pass a hearth without tasting the food being prepared but it was also another *geis* for him to eat dog. By taking the dog's shoulder offered to him his powers were diminished. Another series of demands were made on him by a poet who

threatened to satirise him if he refused. This succeeded in disarming and mortally wounding him. Washing himself in a lake he killed an otter which came to drink the bloodstained water. He realised that his end was near as it had been foretold that his first and last exploits would be the killing of a dog - the first was the Hound of Culann and the last a water-dog, the otter. In his death agony he bound himself to a pillar-stone and defied his enemies until the end. And so he died with his honour unimpaired.

All the features which distinguish the Celtic hero are discernible in the Cú Chulainn story and all tribal heroes must have followed this pattern to a greater or lesser extent. Cú Chulainn, however, was a hero within the tribe, fighting for his people. Beyond the minutely ordered social life of the tribe existed another hero-figure best typified by Finn. Finn shared the more important of the personal qualities of Cú Chulainn but he and his peers were conceived of as extra-tribal heroes. The exact meaning of the myths centred on the *fianna*, the bands of young warriors in the Ossianic Cycle, has brought forth a number of interpretations. The background of this cycle differs in external from that of the Ulster Cycle in that it clearly relates to a later period. It would be a mistake to regard the *fianna* as groups of deities, for Finn and his band were not gods but heroes, mortal yet endowed with superhuman attributes. They were frequently in close contact with the otherworld.

The *fianna* of mythology, such as that of Finn mac Cumal and his band, apparently had purely human prototypes in Celtic society. They were groups of young warriors who, for a variety of reasons were unable to fit comfortably within the precisely defined pattern of tribal life. As such they were free of the normal obligations due to their respective tribes. A great part of their activities was devoted to hunting and mercenary warfare. They were, in fact, a form of mobile army whose allegiance could be granted temporarily to any ruler who had immediate need of their services. In this way they have sometimes been conceived of as defenders of Ireland against Norse attacks, but this is clearly a later interpolation. The human *fianna* may very well have taken part in the historically attested Irish raids on Roman Britain.

As the hero of the tribe was basically human but was a magnified ideal so were the mythological *fianna* bands of human warriors whose exploits were similarly magnified. Many of their hunting and fighting expeditions were set in magical environments, frequently they ventured into the Celtic otherworld, into the sid of one of the gods and across the sea to the Isles of the Blessed. They fought on the side of the gods, particularly as allies of the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, against their enemies. Their genealogy often included ancestors among the gods, Finn, for example, having ancestors among both the *Tuatha Dé Danann* and the Fir Bolg. In their persons they possessed the attributes expected of the tribal hero, bravery and loyalty, skill in fighting and the more cultured arts, particularly poetry. Ossian, the son of Finn, after whom the Ossianic Cycle is named, was perhaps the greatest poet of them all.

The hero, therefore, was human. He had superhuman powers but not enough to prevent his being wounded in his encounters with enemies. Being mortal the hero had to die although, as in the case of Finn who lived to be two hundred and thirty, his lifespan was sometimes superhuman. In sum, the hero was the magnified ideal of the Celtic warrior aristocracy.

## ANCIENT AMERICAN PAINTING

The Spaniards were greatly astonished by what they found at the end of their long voyage across the Atlantic, when at last they reached land and realised that this was not the India of their hopes. For the further they penetrated into the interior of Mexico, the richer and better cultivated the country appeared. And Francisco Pizarro, who had landed on the coast of North Peru, after a gruelling voyage across the uncharted "South Sea", was amazed to find a dazzling city at the end of his perilous trek over the high mountains.

For more than two thousand years a series of small princedoms and city-states had been growing up in the Americas; they were quite separate from each other and their origins are still mysterious. Many of them disappeared; others expanded and formed leagues of states, and in one case, in South America, they even grew into an empire — that of the Incas.

Nearly all the peoples had reached a high level of artistic development. Their steep pyramids faced with cut stone blocks and crowned with temples, their platform-buildings of stone or sun-dried brick, their towers, palaces and temples constructed of huge blocks of stone assembled so accurately that there were no gaps between — all these impressed even the Spaniards so much that they left behind detailed descriptions of them.

But the really outstanding art of the ancient American civilizations was undoubtedly sculpture. In their sculptures in the round, steles, and plaques with reliefs, plain and painted plaster works, pottery sculptures and vessels there is a diversity which sprang from the rich imaginations — stimulated by mysticism — of these very different peoples. Henry Moore has said of the Mexican forms that they are among the most imposing and perfect in the world.

These peoples also left behind paintings, although these — less powerful and permanent, and considerably less striking, than the sculptures — were at first difficult to find.

There can be no doubt that many temple walls were once decorated with paintings, many (now plain) steles were once painted, and many reliefs and plaster friezes were also covered with colour. But colours are more perishable than stone or baked clay. So, with a few exceptions, all our knowledge of the forms and types of painting of the various ancient American peoples comes from the designs painted on vases before firing.

There is no single, continuous line of artistic development, going back to a single root, in either Mexico or Central or South America. On the contrary, the works that survive were produced by a number of different peoples with different feelings for style. The following historical account, though necessarily brief, will make the various forms easier to understand.

In the second millennium B. C., Mexico possessed an archaic civilization known to us from various styles of pottery; its most interesting pieces are small, usually female, pottery figures. The first advanced culture must have centred round the coast of the gulf; it is known as Olmec, or, after one of its most important sites, LaVenta. Huge, very realistic stone heads in the round and particularly beautiful jade sculptures are characteristic of this epoch.

At the beginning of the first millennium B. C. the Teotihuacan Culture developed in the highlands of Mexico. We know it only from its archaeological remains: an impressive ruined city with several pyramids and temples, and numerous small objects. Clearly Teotihuacan was a city- state ruled by priest-kings, and the art of this epoch has, correspondingly, a religio-mystical bias. During the course of the centuries the city went through several architectural periods. The earliest produced the “Sun” and “Moon” pyramids, while the third and latest is of particular interest to us because it saw the creation of wall-paintings of which parts still survive. Like the characteristic three-footed, lavishly painted pottery dishes (Plate 3), they reveal that in the Teotihuacan of this period the rain-god (later called Tlaloc by the Aztecs) took the form of a monster and was the most important of all the gods. He was connected with the death cult and his kingdom was the abode of the dead.

In Teotihuacan we also find the first examples of the plumed serpent (Quetzalcoatl), who probably represented the waters. In the dry uplands the main concern of religion was always to call down the fertilizing rain. Feathers from the quetzal bird and jade seem to have been the most important of the sacrifices offered up.

The art produced in Teotihuacan, and particularly the painting, is hieratically severe. The figures of the gods and priests, reduced to a number of symbol-laden details, give

an impression of great solemnity. Every piece of ornamentation has its special significance; there was little room for the artist to exercise his own imagination. The few surviving murals are not true frescoes applied on to the wet surface. They were painted in tempera-style on to a fine layer of plaster and can at best be called *fresco secco*. Even the vase-paintings in Teotihuacan are on a fine base of plaster. The colours most frequently found in surviving paintings are a dull pinkish-red, light green, mid-blue, white and yellow.

Often the main figures are accompanied by “shorthand” representations of the rain-god and other figures as subsidiary subjects; no doubt they were intended to intensify the effect of the picture. The paintings themselves must nearly always have been of a magical character. They do not contain any real picture-writing (hieroglyphs), but these symbolic, abbreviated figures, in which a part stands for the whole, are halfway along the road to a picture-script. Apparently single glyphs, or word-pictures, were already used in Teotihuacan, although we cannot interpret them with any certainty.

The people of Teotihuacan were in contact with the Zapotecs, who lived further south (in present-day Oaxaca); and the early period of the Zapotecs was clearly influenced by the Olmecs. Their capital was at Monte Alban until at a later date their neighbours the Mixtecs conquered them and transferred the seat of power to Mitla. The Zapotec art-style is very individual. The best-known works are the figure-urns, which are severe and constrained in effect, despite all their diversity of coiffure and decoration. The later Mixtecs, who spread as far as Puebla and Cholula, were particularly skilled goldsmiths and gem-engravers. They also evolved a ceramic art which is technically outstanding, with interesting, sometimes very realistic paintings; these too are often applied over a fine base of plaster (Plates 8 and 15).

A few of the Mixtecs' picture-manuscripts still survive; their figures, carefully painted in various colours, show strong formal restraint. Sometimes they are painted on bark paper, but often, as in Plate 21, on doeskin covered with a fine layer of chalk mixed with a little egg-white and starch.

In the first centuries A. d. the Totonacs created a small state to the north of the gulf; it too was a theocracy (a state ruled by priests). This people was gifted with quite exceptional powers of expression. The pyramid of Tajin, with its 360 niches, is one of the most individual buildings in Mexico; but the Totonacs' stone reliefs are also of peculiar beauty and individuality. The paintings on the ceramics sometimes contain surprisingly free forms, and are brushed on with light and assured strokes, without the black outlines so common in most paintings. There are even a few animal paintings whose style is, to a certain extent, reminiscent of similar works by the Chimu of North Peru.

In the seventh and eighth centuries, savage, warlike peoples who spoke Nahua swept down from the North. First came the Toltecs, later to be followed by the Chichimecs and Aztecs. They conquered the peoples of the theocracies and from then onwards the regimes were secular. War and the warlike virtues increased in importance; new, more savage gods demanded bloody human sacrifice as their tribute (although they did not completely oust the old gods). The style of art changed too. With regard to architecture, the Toltecs used columns in their buildings, while the roofs of their temples and plinths of their altars were supported by caryatids of rough stone, often painted in bright colours. Even the pottery vessels have relief decorations.

But further south, in Chiapas, Campeche, Yucatan, Guatemala and parts of Honduras and San Salvador, the theocracies of the ancient Mayas had been developing since the first centuries A. D. There was a series of cities, although these were admittedly cult-centres and centres of government rather than towns to be lived in. The people themselves lived in the country and by agriculture. Tikal and Uaxactun are thought to be the oldest towns; shortly afterwards Palenque, Yaxchilan, Piedras Negras, Bonampak

(discovered in 1946 and now renowned for its murals) and others grew up in the basin of the Usumacinta river.

During the eighth and ninth centuries all these towns were abandoned. It is impossible to tell whether this was due to the collapse of the priestly ruling class, as a result of political abuses, perhaps combined with catastrophic weather and bad harvests, or whether invasions from outside were to blame. The magnificent relief plaques, stucco and stone sculptures, and jade carvings bear witness to the splendours of the preceding centuries. All the stone carvings, and even most of the vase-paintings are covered with glyphs; but apart from the dates of the calendar and an excessively small number of other signs (noted by the Franciscan monk De Landa in his *Historia de las cosas de Yucatan*) there is as yet little that we can decipher.

Towns were also founded at an early date on the peninsula of Yucatan, but they too were abandoned for a time and then reoccupied and partially rebuilt in the ninth and tenth centuries. However, it was no longer the Mayas alone who accomplished this, but a Toltec or Nahua people which had come down to Yucatan from the highlands of Mexico, the region of ancient Teotihuacan, and now joined forces with the Maya tribe of the Itza. The town best known to the archaeologists is Chichen Itza, which at the beginning of the eleventh century joined up with the town of Mayapan, founded by the Cocom, Uxmal, etc., to form the Maya League in which the Maya culture flourished anew. Its forms differ markedly from those of the ancient, classical period in many respects. The differences were due not only to the new surroundings but also to the change from a theocracy to a more secular type of government dominated by a Toltec aristocracy. The art of the later Maya empire also underwent a change. As far as architecture is concerned, the figures in the stone friezes have a stronger geometrical emphasis; the reliefs and mural paintings that have been found in, for example, Chichen Itza, are more realistic and rougher, and subjects from everyday life are used.

It was not until 1946 that the finest paintings of the earlier Maya culture were discovered in the ruins of Bonampak, overgrown by primeval forest, near the river Lacanha. In one palace there were three rooms whose walls were completely covered with paintings; Antonio Tejeda and Agustin Villagra, who copied the works, believed that these could have been real frescoes. They may possibly depict a continuous historical sequence of events: a council of the tribal or military chiefs, an attack made by the troops, judgment being passed on the prisoners taken, and a temple feast which clearly has something to do with the preceding scenes.

Apart from their historical interest, these paintings are all remarkably interesting from an artistic point of view. They support all the conclusions that had already been deduced — or at any rate inferred — from the vase-paintings. The Mayas did not use perspective in our sense of the word. They depicted all the human figures of the same rank in the same size and in one line; more distant or unimportant people or objects were placed a little higher up on the painting area. They also painted the figures in the foreground over the more distant figures, either partly or wholly. And they tried to indicate depth by using various levels.

The outlines are usually painted in black, dark brown or red; the bodies are coloured reddish brown or an apricot shade. All the lines are drawn with great assurance. Since the Mayas did not know how to indicate perspective by means of colour-gradations the artist sometimes attempted to produce an effect of depth by means of broken lines. In general, colour was only used to fill in outlines that had already been drawn. Line is still completely dominant, and in Maya art it is more flexible and powerful than in the art of any other ancient American people, except that of Mochica in North Peru.

Towards the end of the classical period there is a noticeable coarsening in the style of Maya painting. Subjects grow more conventional and symbolic figures become more prominent. Apart from these chronological variations, there are of course also marked differences between the vase-paintings of different areas.

The boundary between the North and South American peoples cuts straight across the southernmost Central American states, which themselves have an interesting history although no tangible relics of it survive. Even the Nahuatl-speaking peoples came as far as here; the Pipils (Plate 12) and Nicaraos must have been closely related to the Toltecs. And according to certain recent theories, a people with another culture, the Chotoregs, also came from the north originally. To the south this region adjoined the territory of the Chibcha peoples who extended as far as Colombia. In places there are traces of an earlier occupation. The cultural level of the peoples mentioned differed; but there can be no doubt that they all influenced each other. In the sphere of art there are some outstandingly fine works in gold, and their pottery too is of great interest. The same or similar subjects are found over a wide area (Plates 7, 18, 19).

The cultures of these peoples can hardly have developed before the ninth or tenth centuries; what happened before that time is largely unknown. The motifs used include a crocodile-like monster that has several features in common with the ancient rain-god, plumed serpents, monkeys and human figures. It is even more striking here than in Teotihuacan that comparatively realistic drawings exist side by side with works that are completely conventionalised. Both styles date from the same period and are not infrequently to be found on the same vessels. It may be that at one time a more realistic work was supposed to produce a more intense effect; or it may be that such works were commissioned by men of simple tastes; or it may have been merely a question of artistic freedom. Whichever is the case, it is interesting to find the two styles side by side. It is usually assumed that realistic forms gradually became more and more abbreviated until at last they turned into abstract figures. But this is probably not true of these primitive races and early cultures, with their strong mystical tendencies. When an Amazon Indian, for example, used a simple zigzag line to decorate an object that line was not merely an ornament but represented a snake. When an "eye", a wavy line and a rectangle were grouped together side by side they signified one particular spirit, and their meaning remained the same if they were grouped in some other order, or on top of one another instead of side by side. The order does not seem to have been important to the artist.

It has recently been found that the same is true of the primitive peoples of the South Pacific; here too naturalistic and symbolic styles are found side by side. Gerard Baer has recently noted this in connection with three similarly decorated pipes from New Guinea; on the first a butterfly was clearly visible; on the second it was drastically simplified and had lost its head and legs; on the third there were only triangles arranged in a geometrical pattern with a border ornament reminiscent of the insect's feet. This is a way of representing objects which can be observed in many ancient American vase-paintings. Baer says that in the case of the New Guinea pipes it might have been expected that art had progressed from naturalism to conventionalism; but he points out that all three examples were made at almost exactly the same time. It is just that there were two mediums of expression, one figurative and one geometrical, both of which were used by the same artist.

Along the upper course of a tributary of the Marañon in Peru a culture known by the name of Chavin de Huantar developed in the first millennium B. C. Chavin too must have been a centre exerting a wide cultural influence. Its pottery is black or grey, interesting three-dimensionally but never painted.

The cemetery on the now deserted peninsula of Paracas in south Peru also dates from the pre-Christian era — about the third century B. C. The painted and engraved pottery of its early period is interesting; later on it is chiefly the textiles with figurative motifs which bear witness to the wide variety of gods and devils which ruled over this society. All kinds of weaving techniques and especially embroidery were used for these coloured works of art, and the finished cloths were used to wrap up the mummies. The culture which spread across the Nazca valley, a little further south, from about the third century

A. D., shows both stylistic and cultural affinities with the Paracas finds. The main motif is one to be found in Paracas — a cat-like demon decorated with snakes, who almost always bears trophy heads and is sometimes shown with a mask. Here, as in the textiles and pottery of Paracas, the figures are often shown lying on their bellies, or apparently swimming. The style is half realistic and half fantastic, and the figures produce a static, severe, mystical impression even when they are shown in movement, as with the “swimming” figures or the flying humming-birds.

As well as the demons, there are pictures of men. Sometimes they appear to be prisoners, perhaps sacrificial victims, but trophy heads are particularly common, either alone or in combination with other subjects. The many birds, fish and other creatures, plants and fruits, either alone or combined with other motifs, stress again and again that these pictures are connected with prayers for rain and fertility, and of religious inspiration. All the vessels and textiles found had been buried in graves and obviously had to do with the death-cult (Plates 4, 13, 14, 22).

All the Nazca pots are thin-walled and highly polished. The paintings on them are always drawn in thick black or dark reddish brown line, filled in with from five to seven colours before the clay was fired; there are never any colour gradations. Several stylistic phases can be distinguished; the last of them is characterised by simplified figures which have often become geometrical and are executed with rather coarse workmanship. This was also the period when Tiahuanaco work exerted a great influence, which paved the way for the death of the ancient Nazca style.

From about the sixth century an important culture had been developing in the southern highlands around Lake Titicaca; today little of its work survives apart from an interesting group of ruins. But Tiahuanaco too was not a real city; there can be no doubt that this was a priest-culture, although we do not even know whether it took the form of a state or was merely a centre of culture. Since it exerted an influence over such a wide area it may perhaps be assumed that there was some political power behind it.

The “Sun Gate”, among other monuments, was built in the “classical period”, from which there survive thin-walled, highly burnished pots; their ground colour is reddish, and on it jaguars, pumas and condors are painted in three or four colours. The beaker form is characteristic. Even in this period of comparatively realistic painting the forms are still angular and geometrical in tendency. Thus, for example, the spots on a jaguar turn into a kind of irregular, symbolic decoration (Plate 5). In certain paintings which are probably of a later era, commonly called “decadent”, the figures are almost completely transformed into irregular abstract ornaments. This is also the phase when the Tiahuanaco culture was radiating over the largest area and not only altering the Nazca style but exerting an influence as far away as north Chile and north-west Argentina. The geometrical style can be seen in both paintings and textiles — that is, in all two-dimensional art — but the forms in wood-carvings remain angular but realistic.

The Diaguitas of north-west Argentina have a completely individual style which is expressed in their interesting paintings on pottery. The most common decorative motifs, after the step-fret design, are snakes, equated with lightning, birds and birds’ crests (Plate 6). The drawings — mainly in black, red and white — are not outstanding but show a strong feeling for the effective use of the space available.

Tiahuanaco culture did not influence the north coast of Peru for long or to any great extent. A distinctive culture had been developing here from the fourth century A. D. ; it radiated out from the valley of Moche, and its early period is the most interesting as far as painting is concerned. Ibis era produced polished, almost spherical, stirrup-spouted vessels (Plates 16,17) decorated with painted figures, animals, and indeed whole scenes from life or the ideal world of religion. The people who lived here were called the Mochicas, and the names of several of their rulers have ( nine down to us. Their regime leant heavily on religion although it was in fact secular. Their painting was the only painting in south America to shed its archaic rigidity and attain a lively, mobile style of

representation. In this, as in the way the figures are arranged in scenes, Mochica art resembles the compositions of the Mayas, although the former is always monochrome — black, dark brown, or reddish.

Just as certain Maya paintings give the impression of representing particular incidents — perhaps past military expeditions and the particular festivities connected with them — so one cannot help thinking that several of the lively Mochica paintings portray definite situations, whose memory was to be kept alive. The vessels are of course still objects buried with the dead, for their use in the next world, but it seems as though this departure from the archaic, rigid form of the purely symbolic motifs which have been described is not merely a change in artistic taste. It seems to have accompanied a certain secularization of society (though it still had a strong religious bias) which found expression in a wider range of interests. It may be that the dance seen in Plate 17 was one of the many feasts in the calendar which were celebrated by the community, marked the conclusion of agricultural work, and were intended to conjure up a good harvest. But this festivity was no longer symbolized, as it would have been in the other cultures, by a strictly formal figure, and certainly not by a conventionalized part of that figure, as in Costa Rica, for example. These artists felt the need to capture and record a scene — perhaps some scene of particular significance. But even here the part-for-the-whole process is not completely absent; the filler patterns, or objects put in to fill up “free” spaces, apparently had a very precise meaning known only to the Mochicas. As in Maya painting the figures in a scene are arranged in a line round the vessel; more important people are drawn larger, while the subsidiary characters are smaller and fitted in between or behind the main characters wherever there is space for them.

In the later period of Mochica art the burial vessels begin to be treated sculpturally (see Plate 20) and the painting becomes mere auxiliary decoration. At an even later period, when black-ware becomes “fashionable”, painting disappears altogether.

The ancient American peoples also used other techniques to express their two-dimensional ideas. We have already mentioned the textile work of South America; for climatic reasons none has survived in Mexico. Another technique used was mosaic. Both in Mexico and along the coast of Peru artists produced inlay work using shells (pink, white, mauve), jade and turquoise. Little of it has survived.

Finally, there is the ancient American art of feather mosaic, which attained its zenith in Mexico. Some examples of it, brought to Europe in the decades immediately following the Spanish conquest, still survive. The finest piece is undoubtedly the feather mosaic shield now in the Museum für Volkerkunde at Vienna (Plate 24). In South America several fine feather mosaics (these were nearly always worked on cloth) were preserved on the dry coast of Peru. Alongside pure ornamentation, such as checks, etc., the artists also used the trophy-head motif and other familiar objects. The feathers came from various parrot-species and ara-species and the cotinga, among other tropical birds.

It is true that as a whole the two-dimensional art of ancient America does not equal the expressive power of the sculpture of the same period; but it is interesting and worth much more than a fleeting look.

Country	500	400	300	200	100 B.C.	0	A.D. 100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500	
Mexico	Tlatilco						Teotihuacan															
	La Venta (Olmecs)						Zapotec															
Maya																						
Central America																						
El Salvador																						
Honduras																						
Costa Rica																						
Peru (Highlands)																						
South Peru																						
North-west Argentina																						
North Peru																						

Plate 1

DETAIL OF A MURAL

From Room 2 of Bonampak, ancient Maya city near the river Lacanha, Chiapas, Mexico. 800 A. D. (according to Goodman, Martinez and Thompson).

Prisoners have been taken during an attack and they are now being paraded before | the chief, or halach unic. Another dignitary, probably a batab, can be seen on the right, j At the chief's feet lies a prisoner who may be either wounded or dead, and on his left 1 another is raising his hands in an imploring gesture. The skin of the prisoners is darker

than that of the Maya prince who wears a tunic of jaguar skin and a jade mask as a pendant; costly quetzal feathers decorate his headdress.

The style of the painting is comparatively realistic and, as is nearly always the case in early Maya work, full of movement. From the gestures depicted it is fairly easy to tell what is going on. The blue background indicates that the whole scene is taking place in the open air.

As the wall-paintings were past saving, Antonio Tejeda and Agustin Villagra Caletí ] copied them, taking exact measurements and notes of the colours. These photographs are reproduced by kind permission of the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia, Mexico.

#### Plate 2

##### A FESTIVE DANCE

Part of a mural from Room 3 of Bonampak, an ancient Maya city near the river Lacanha, Chiapas, Mexico.

c. 800 A. D. (according to Goodman, Martinez and Thompson)

It was not until 1946 that Frey and G. G. Healey discovered Bonampak. With its frescoes extending over the walls of three rooms, it greatly surprised scholars, for walls completely covered with paintings are a rarity in these parts.

There can be no doubt that the scene shows a great festive dance, perhaps immediately after the performance of a sacrifice (note the body with bound hands which is being held up in the air). The dancers on the temple steps are decked out with huge headdresses and each has something like a pair of wings attached to his hips. The framework which supported this picture was probably made of light wickerwork, possibly covered with bark paper; it may have been partially painted but was probably decorated with feather mosaic. Quetzal feathers and other long plumes tower above the headdresses and help to give the whole composition a strong, but still strictly regulated, movement. There is, of course, no perspective; the whole excited scene takes place on one plane. Line is the dominant factor; colour plays a comparatively unimportant part. With all their economy — and sometimes incorrectness — the movements are formal but unusually expressive, and even when they have nothing to do with dancing they convey a dance-like feeling.

#### Plate 3

##### PAINTED TRIPOD BOWL

From the San Juan Teotihuacan region, Mexico. In the style of the Teotihuacan culture (300 A. D.

Ht. 4.132 in. Wood Bliss Collection, cat. no. 48

This cylindrical-shaped bowl is made of fired pottery and stands on three rectangular legs. The legs and the lower rim of the vessel, which is decorated with a frieze of heads in relief, are both rose-pink colour. The walls of the bowl are covered with a fine layer of plaster on which are painted the colours, separated by delicate dark outlines. The tones used are light green, white, yellow, and a strong, bright rose-red.

The main subject is a monster with a gaping mouth, large fangs, a turned-up nose and a complicated feather decoration arranged in a strictly geometrical pattern. This is undoubtedly a tlaloc — that is, a rain-god figure; the main cult in ancient Teotihuacan was devoted to him. Tlaloc, who is shown here embellished with the feather emblems of the Quetzalcoatl or plumed serpent, stood for the cult of water, and hence fertility and plenty.

The second motif on the pot is the so-called “reptile’s eye”, which appears to be nothing but a glyphic abbreviation for the same monster. This is a clearly recognizable instance of the symbolic quality of the art of these ancient peoples, in which a part so often stands for the whole. The “eye”, framed by strips of feathers in which blossoms can be

seen, cries, is a bringer of rain and fertility, and indeed is Tlaloc himself. The whole composition is, as it were, a plea, or prayer, for rain and the plenty it means. Moreover in Teotihuacan real glyphs had already been evolved, one of which was the “reptile’s eye” in an even more conventionalised form. Its form was not yet definitely established, but it always had some connection with Tlaloc or a crocodile-like monster, and with fertility.

#### Plate 4

##### FIRED CLAY BOWL

With gently curved walls on which the “wild cat demon” is painted. South Peru. Nazca culture, 3rd—5th

century A. D. Ht. in. Museum fur Volkerkunde, Vienna, inv. no. 91.022

In the Nazca region a “wild cat demon” was considered a bringer of food and fertility. He is always shown with trophy heads which seem to have been offered up to him by the Nazca peoples. Often the demon — or the man who acts the part — wears a mask. His head is oversized by comparison with his elongated body, usually “twined” round the vessel, and his often tiny limbs.

There is often a little trophy head hanging from his tongue, but in this version of him he has a fruit in his mouth, while in his paw he holds a trophy head by the hair; another one can be seen above it. Usually the wild-cat god is shown lying on his belly or floating in the air, with his head turned to one side. As aforementioned, the creature has been thought to be swimming. This particular wild-cat seems to support the theory because the inside of his body is entirely filled with fishes, and moreover the spaces between his right forepaw and the end of his tail are filled up (note the horror vacui) with a jumble of swimming tadpoles. The tail itself ends in a snake, again linked with a trophy head. Often the wild-cat demons also wear a snake as a belt; this is how they appear on Mochica vases, which are completely different stylistically.

Nazca art contains many conventionalised, abbreviated motifs heavy with symbolism, as well as its many realistic elements; sometimes the two are found side by side. The well fired buff ware is always highly burnished; the colours are provided by from five to seven clays ground into a fine paste. The contours are black or, more rarely, dark red; there are no colour-gradations within the outlines.

#### Plate 5

##### BEAKER MADE OF FIRED CLAY

With a jaguar-demon and a frieze of heads; trichrome. Tiahuanaco culture, southern highlands, c. 600—800 A. D. Ht. 7.087 in. Museum fir Volkerkundc, Munich, no. 14—14—80

From about the sixth century a culture with a strong religious bias developed in the mountains round Lake Titicaca. Its art exerted a wide influence on neighbouring cultures, extending as far as the coast, north-west Argentina and north Chile. One of the characteristic features of the Tiahuanaco style is the way objects are converted into geometrical figures, sometimes becoming completely unrecognizable. Often both types of representation — realistic and geometrical — are found side by side.

This beaker has three separate painting areas. The lowest, and largest, contains a jaguar which is to be taken as a demon. His body is realistic, though tending towards the geometrical, but the inside of it is decorated with magic symbols, of which the steps and spirals are the most familiar to us. The middle section is occupied by heads, undoubtedly meant to represent trophy heads; the white headbands are particularly striking. The top section contains the now familiar step-fret design and a completely abstract head-motif that seems to have reached the glyphic stage and become purely symbolic.

The painting is in black, white and reddish orange on a glowing reddish brown ground. The faces in the middle section are in a rather lightish red.

#### Plate 6

##### SEPULCHRAL URN FOR CHILD-BURIALS

With lid. Santa Maria type, Diaguita culture, north-west Argentina. Ht. 19.685 in. Museum für Volkerkunde, Vienna, inv. no. 87. 155

The Diaguitas buried small children in special urns which were nearly always made in anthropomorphic shape in the early pre-Inca period. The urn illustrated is an example; the nose and eyebrows join to form a V, while the eyes to right and left of it are each shown shedding three tears. The mouth, with its complement of teeth, can be seen below the red band, and red arms with fingers indicated by rough strokes stretch out from the middle of the urn. Many vessels have noses or eyes or arms shown in relief, while in their hands they hold another minute vessel in relief; this, taken in conjunction with the weeping eyes, suggests that the urns had something to do with a water-cult or fertility-cult. It is probable that, at least occasionally, they held child-sacrifices as a part of the rain-cult.

The snake motif also appears on this urn, as it does on nearly all those of this area. The head of a snake which is still comparatively naturalistic can be seen quite clearly below the "mouth". But there are also snakish or lightning-like forms on the rest of the urn, which is completely covered with ornaments, as though the artist was terrified of leaving the smallest space blank. The snake was connected with the death-cult; it was equated with lightning and portrayed in both forms. At the top there is the cross-motif which seems sometimes to have been the abstract symbol for a toad, and the urn also bears the step-fret design which is found all over the Andes.

The background is quite light, almost white; the other colours are black and a dark red, almost mauve. The surface of the urn is matt, not polished.

#### Plate 7

##### FLOOR OF A TRIPOD BOWL

From Costa Rica, near the volcano Irazu. Ht. 5.118 in., diam. 11 in. Museum für Volkerkunde, Vienna, inv. no. 61.614

The many objects found in the region of the volcano called Irazu must have belonged to the little known Guetar tribe, a Chibcha people. Among the more common vessels are broad dishes standing on three hollow, inclined legs. The paintings on them are not only interesting from a decorative and mythological point of view; they should also be interesting to the art-historian, for they show to perfection the "conventionalising" or "abbreviation" process which has already been described. But for real "abbreviation" there should be a "whole" which can be abbreviated, and nowadays it no longer seems so certain that the images of primitive peoples began as complete "pictures" which in the course of later development turned into abstractions, as parts were omitted or condensed. It seems more probable that early man's mystic union with the object portrayed was so strong that a characteristic part of it meant the same as the whole. These parts, now very abstract and often used as filler-ornaments, are often found in ancient cultures, such as that of Costa Rica. But they exist side by side with other stages of painting, from the completely abstract to easily recognisable, if not truly naturalistic, animal-painting.

We know, then, that this "revolving" figure on the floor of the bowl represents a crocodile or alligator. Subjects of this kind are particularly common in the region of the Chiriquis which adjoins Costa Rica to the south. It is possible that the alligator had something to do with the calendar, for we know that in the country to the north, the calendar of feasts (very like that of the Aztecs) included one — the ninth — which was known as cipat (alligator). On the other hand the comb which recurs again and again on creatures'

heads may refer to the feathers of the mythical plumed serpent (Quetzalcoatl to the Aztecs, Kukulcan to the Mayas), while the turned-up snout is reminiscent of Maya pictures of the rain-god. We shall never be entirely certain of the work's meaning. The features essential to pictures of the alligator or crocodile seem to have been a large mouth, often filled with saw-like teeth, a trunklike proboscis pointing upwards, and the comb already mentioned. Sometimes there are also scale-like patterns — here they can only be seen on the sides of the bowl. The feet and sometimes other parts of the body are completely isolated and ranged side by side in what appears to be a purely ornamental, disjointed fashion.

Costa Rican painting is very assured; the colours are black, red and brown on a light ground.

#### Plate 8

##### FLOOR OF A SHALLOW TRIPOD DISH

Polychrome painting. Cholula, Mixteca-Pucbla culture, 12th-14th century. Ht. 3.7 in., diam. 9.252 in. Museum für Volkerkunde, Vienna, inv. no. 58.859

The outlines of the complicated drawing in the central area are drawn in very assured red line on a brilliant orange background; the background behind the figure and the spaces in the surrounding step-and-spiral border are painted in a dark red which appears almost black.

The figure portrayed is a fabulous animal whose complicated headdress is reminiscent of a plumed serpent; on the other hand he has limbs, which is more reminiscent of the crocodile-monster of the Teotihuacan culture (see Plate 7). The small head of a mammal with round ears can clearly be seen on one of the monster's limbs. The mythical plumed serpent (Quetzalcoatl) with limbs terminating in various animals' heads is a motif much used in the paintings on Cholula pottery. In this case the creature is surrounded by a border consisting of the step-and-spiral motif found in nearly all cultures.

Technically Cholula pottery is outstanding and excels even that of the Mayas, but its decoration is almost always stiffer and often heavier, less graceful and flowing than Maya decoration.

#### Plate 9

##### PLANT MOTIF ON THE OUTSIDE OF A MAYA DISH

With vertical sides. From the San Salvador region. El Salvador, c. 5th—7th century. Ht. 2.9 in., diam. 3.5 in. Museum für Volkerkunde, Vienna, inv. no. 54.665

The outside of this comparatively broad, shallow vessel, which stands on three small feet, is decorated with an elaborate, almost rococo plant motif painted on the light beige clay. The motif is in fact a highly stylised agave bush in flower which has been simplified into a series of volutes; the inflorescences are entwined together and turned on their sides. The decoration on the upper rim probably also shows agave leaves, perhaps combined with single blossoms, so that it repeats the large motif in glyphic form.

This piece comes from the southernmost part of the region influenced by Maya culture. The paintings on it are in black and two tones of brown on a light beige, highly burnished background.

#### Plate 10

##### FLOOR OF A TRIPOD POTTERY DISH

From the later Maya period. Yucatan (?) c. 900 A. D. Diam. 14.173 in. Rietberg Museum, Zurich

This interesting and unusual painting in glowing orange and black on an ochre-colour ground probably shows the god known to scholars as "N" (Guayeyab or Mam). He ruled

over the five unlucky intercalendary days at the end of the year (360—365) after which the year began anew with the regency of a young god.

The mythical deity's back is extended to form a sort of tail that is very like that of a millipede. Similar millipede bodies are shown vertically on the sides of the pot. The millipede is found in the earth and so was associated, in ancient American religious ideas, with the earth and its demons. The snail-shell on the god NTs back, his hump and the shape of his face are characteristic of him; he also lived in the earth. The snail-shell is also the Maya glyph for nought. On his head the god bears a package out of which a sickle-like object is protruding. God N is often shown wearing on his head a moon from which water (rain) is falling. The hands of the figure are stretched out as if in supplication.

As a whole the composition is not very clear or easy to interpret. The upper rim is decorated with hieroglyphics — some of them connected with the calendar.

Stylistically too this painting is unusual. The short, squat figure, stretched out width-ways, seems at first sight more primitive than is common, and wholly uncharacteristic of the Maya style. But on closer examination it becomes apparent that the splayed-out, consciously grotesque forms are drawn with great delicacy and skill — unlike the hastily painted border at the bottom of the circle.

## **7. 6. Учебно-методическое обеспечение и информационное обеспечение дисциплины**

### **7.1.1 6.1. Список источников и литературы**

Литература

Основная:

Перевод - мост между мирами [Электронный ресурс] / М-во образования и науки Рос. Федерации, Федер. гос. общеобразоват. учреждение высш. образования "Рос. гос. гуманитарный ун-т", Ин-т лингвистики ; [отв. ред. Е. В. Семенюк]. - Режим доступа : <http://elib.lib.rsuh.ru/elib/000013198>. - Загл. с экрана. - 127 с.

Дополнительная:

Роль перевода в развитии языков и межкультурной коммуникации [Электронный ресурс] : сборник статей / Рос. гос. гуманитарный ун-т ; сост. К. Т. Гадилия, О. А. Самойленко ; под ред. К. Т. Гадилия, Р. И. Розиной. - Электрон. дан. - Москва : РГГУ, 2017. - 155, [1] с. - Режим доступа : <http://elib.lib.rsuh.ru/elib/000011247>. - Загл. с экрана. - Библиогр. в конце ст. - ISBN 978-5-7281-1871-8.

### **7.1.2**

### **7.1.3**

### **7.1.4 6.2. Перечень ресурсов информационно-телекоммуникационной сети «Интернет», необходимый для освоения дисциплины**

<http://edition.pagesuite-professional.co.uk/launch.aspx?referral=other&refresh=5d0RiK311wS7&PBID=c4c5af3f-e733-4c9e-9067-6b472efa41dc&skip=>  
<http://www.cadoutsourcingservices.com/>  
<http://www.daff.gov.au>  
<http://www.huntingtoningalls.com/>  
<http://www.multitran.ru>  
<http://www.m-w.com>  
[http://www.pentaximaging.com/files/scms\\_docs/K20D\\_Manual.pdf](http://www.pentaximaging.com/files/scms_docs/K20D_Manual.pdf)  
<http://www.safrika.info/business/economy/sectors/mining.htm>

<http://www.scribd.com>  
<http://www.ship-technology.com/projects/>  
Национальная электронная библиотека (НЭБ) [www.rusneb.ru](http://www.rusneb.ru)  
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## **8. Обеспечение образовательного процесса для лиц с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидов**

В ходе реализации дисциплины используются следующие дополнительные методы обучения, текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации обучающихся в зависимости от их индивидуальных особенностей:

- для слепых и слабовидящих: лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, доступного с помощью компьютера со специализированным программным обеспечением; письменные задания выполняются на компьютере со специализированным программным обеспечением или могут быть заменены устным ответом; обеспечивается индивидуальное равномерное освещение не менее 300 люкс; для выполнения задания при необходимости предоставляется увеличивающее устройство; возможно также использование собственных увеличивающих устройств; письменные задания оформляются увеличенным шрифтом; экзамен и зачёт проводятся в устной форме или выполняются в письменной форме на компьютере.
- для глухих и слабослышащих: лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, либо предоставляется звукоусиливающая аппаратура индивидуального пользования; письменные задания выполняются на компьютере в письменной форме; экзамен и зачёт проводятся в письменной форме на компьютере; возможно проведение в форме тестирования.
- для лиц с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата: лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, доступного с помощью компьютера со специализированным программным обеспечением; письменные задания выполняются на компьютере со специализированным программным обеспечением; экзамен и зачёт проводятся в устной форме или выполняются в письменной форме на компьютере.

При необходимости предусматривается увеличение времени для подготовки ответа.

Процедура проведения промежуточной аттестации для обучающихся устанавливается с учётом их индивидуальных психофизических особенностей. Промежуточная аттестация может проводиться в несколько этапов.

При проведении процедуры оценивания результатов обучения предусматривается использование технических средств, необходимых в связи с индивидуальными особенностями обучающихся. Эти средства могут быть предоставлены университетом, или могут использоваться собственные технические средства.

Проведение процедуры оценивания результатов обучения допускается с использованием дистанционных образовательных технологий.

Обеспечивается доступ к информационным и библиографическим ресурсам в сети Интернет для каждого обучающегося в формах, адаптированных к ограничениям их здоровья и восприятия информации:

- для слепых и слабовидящих: в печатной форме увеличенным шрифтом, в форме электронного документа, в форме аудиофайла.
- для глухих и слабослышащих: в печатной форме, в форме электронного документа.
- для обучающихся с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата: в печатной форме, в форме электронного документа, в форме аудиофайла.

Учебные аудитории для всех видов контактной и самостоятельной работы, научная библиотека и иные помещения для обучения оснащены специальным оборудованием и учебными местами с техническими средствами обучения:

- для слепых и слабовидящих: устройством для сканирования и чтения с камерой SARA CE; дисплеем Брайля PAC Mate 20; принтером Брайля EmBraille ViewPlus;
- для глухих и слабослышащих: автоматизированным рабочим местом для людей с нарушением слуха и слабослышащих; акустический усилитель и колонки;
- для обучающихся с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата: передвижными, регулируемые эргономическими партами СИ-1; компьютерной техникой со специальным программным обеспечением.

## 8.

### 9. 9. Методические материалы

#### 9.1.1 9.1. Планы практических (семинарских) и лабораторных занятий

Перевод художественных текстов: начальный уровень. (46 часов)

9.1.1.1

9.1.1.2 Вопросы семинара

Стилевые особенности художественного текста – стилистическая неоднородность. Регистры. Безэквивалентная лексика. Ошибки в переводе и причины их возникновения. Переводчик как толкователь. Отражение личности переводчика в тексте перевода. Границы переводческой свободы. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к разным стилям, регистрам, жанрам и родам литературы. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

#### **Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы**

1. В чем отличие перевода художественного текста от перевода текстов других типов?
2. Что такое речевые регистры?

3. Каковы подходы к переводу языковой игры?
4. Каковы подходы к передаче в переводе акцентов, диалектов, слэнга?
5. Что такое переводческая компенсация?
6. Какова техника перевода пародийных текстов?
7. Какие ошибки могут возникать при переводе и почему?
8. Что такое безэквивалентная лексика и каковы подходы к ее передаче в переводе?
9. Как может отражаться в переводе личность переводчика?
10. Чем отличается перевод от пересказа?

Перевод научных текстов. (46 часов)

9.1.1.3

9.1.1.4 Вопросы семинара

Особенности научного текста. Различия в характере и организации научного текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях. Нейтральность научного текста. Терминологическая насыщенность научного текста. Безэквивалентная лексика. Клише научного языка. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам научного дискурса. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

#### ***Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы***

1. В чем состоят особенности построения русскоязычного научного текста в отличие от английского?
2. В чем проявляется эмоциональная нейтральность научного текста?
3. Какие проблемы для перевода представляет терминологическая насыщенность научного текста?
4. Какую роль в научном тексте играет безэквивалентная лексика?
5. Приведите примеры клише, свойственных научному языку, и их соответствий на русском языке.

#### **9.1.2 3 Методические рекомендации по подготовке письменных работ, требования к их содержанию и оформлению**

Письменные работы в рамках курса представляют собой письменный перевод текстов объемом ок. 2500 знаков. Оформляются в текстовом редакторе Microsoft Word или его аналогов: 12 кегль, междустрочный интервал – 1,5, поля: верхнее и нижнее 2 см, левое 2 см, правое – 5 см.

**10.1.1 Аннотация**

Цель дисциплины: дать студенту знания, умения и навыки, необходимые ему для осуществления его профессиональной деятельности в области письменного перевода текстов разных регистров и стилей. Задачи:

научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;

научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;

научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;

научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;

дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

Задачи курса:

научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;

научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;

научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;

научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;

дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

В результате освоения дисциплины обучающийся должен:

знать способы достижения эквивалентности в переводе,

уметь анализировать текст для определения его жанровых и иных характеристик, уметь осуществлять письменный перевод с соблюдением норм лексической эквивалентности, соблюдением грамматических, синтаксических и стилистических норм

уметь применять основные приемы перевода, свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации, умеет использовать этикетные формулы в устной и письменной коммуникации

умеет редактировать текст своего перевода,

умеет оформлять текст перевода в компьютерном текстовом редакторе, работать с электронными словарями и другими электронными ресурсами

владеть основными дискурсивными способами реализации коммуникативных целей высказывания применительно к особенностям текущего коммуникативного контекста, основными способами выражения семантической, коммуникативной и структурной преемственности между частями высказывания, основными особенностями официального, нейтрального и неофициального регистров

общения, владеет методикой предпереводческого анализа текста, способствующей точному восприятию исходного высказывания владеет методикой подготовки к выполнению перевода, включая поиск информации в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях,