

**The Ministry of Higher and Secondary Special Education of the
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Translation Theory and Practice Department

QUALIFICATION PAPER

PIRIMKOL KADYROV

“The Diamond Belt”

(p. 669-718)

Translation of Russian graduation into English

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Introduction

The domestic science created a powerful mental potential which the practical application in many spheres of a life finds, forms a basis for strengthening of national statehood and economic independence of the republic.

Without exaggeration it is possible to say, that the base of a unique and fine building of a science, a mental potential of Uzbekistan has been put in pawn many centuries back. We have the right to say with pride that the domestic science goes back to very ancient times, has deep and powerful roots. Throughout the centuries it reliably serves to the Uzbek nation, to all mankind in knowledge of secrets of the nature, medicine, philosophy, jurisprudence, theology, literary criticism and linguistics.

Having absorbed the best traditions, deeply studying the historical heritage, the scientists of Uzbekistan became worthy continuers of affairs of the great ancestors, it is characteristic for the scientific intelligency an aspiration for knowledge, to be in vanguard of the advanced scientific thought. They safely undertake research of new, few studied, actual problems, with their work bring a notable contribution to social and economic development of the republic, to strengthening of its innovative potential.

Development of own intellectual, scientific and technical potential as the factor

of steady progress of our country, we directly connect with the further expansion of scientific, technical and cultural contact with authoritative the research centers in the world, with carrying out of researches on many actual problems jointly.¹

The present graduation qualification paper deals with the matter of the present day stylistics that is the analysis of the structural – semantic and functional properties of Syntactical Means of Translation that is Gradation used in the novel “Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov.

The main aim of the present graduation qualification paper is to work out a thorough and detailed description of the structural, semantic and functional features of Syntactical Means of Expressiveness and particularly Gradation and find their correct translations in the novel.

On the basis of this main aim we’ve determined some concrete tasks:

- 1) To analyze the actual problems of Present – Day Stylistics.
- 2) To analyze Expressive Means and Stylistic Devices
- 3) To analyze the role of the context in determining the meaning of Syntactical Expressive Means.
- 4) To analyze the structural-semantic and functional properties of Gradation.
- 5) To find translations of Gradation and ways of its translating from Russian into English.

The theoretical importance of the present graduation paper is explained by the fact that this paper presents solution to some problems which were not solved to our

days, like the comparative study of Syntactical Expressive Means in two non related languages, like English and Russian.

Practical importance of the present work is doubtless due to the fact that the material of the work, as well as the conclusions and practical recommendations can be helpful for the teachers and the students of the translation faculty in learning stylistics and translation theory.

The structure of the present graduation qualification paper was determined by the main aim and tasks of the work. So it has an Introduction, 2 chapters, a conclusion and a bibliography.

CHAPTER I. Translation of the Extract from the Novel “Diamond Belt”

written by Pirimkul Kadyrov, pages 669-718

Either about a family life, or suddenly again about affairs. She has taken interest:

- And what about Nabi Sadrievich?

- He's not against. Your own consent is necessary. So do you agree, Vazira?

Having braked on red light at the traffic light, Sherzod turned back, significantly looked at Vazira.

After two sleepless nights she looked more senior of her years. Under eyes — dark blue circles, her face a little grew thin. In eyes there is no usual enthusiasm.

Sherzod, to tell the truth, sighed with simplification when Vazira told that hastens to mother. If she agreed to call in to her, he should to show her to the door, gallantly having kissed her hand. Tonight he waited for other guardian angel, of twenty three years old, the very picture of health. Sherzod even somehow inopportunoely burst out laughing from pleasure, anticipating the meeting with the charming young woman...

— Why are you silent, Vazira? Or still are afraid of Abror?

Vazira shuddered. Abror did not call her. Still, it is visible, he picks her to pieces together with the mother.

- But of what to be afraid to me?

- All the same... To go against the will of the husband...

- Each of us has his will, Sherzod. I am afraid of another — that I can not pull a co-authorship cart on the same level with you.

It is not necessary to pull carts, Vazira. And I will not admit it! You will give advice... Our adviser for aesthetic questions, does it sound? I already have spoken: it will be enough to hold with us communication by phone, so to say. All the rest will be made by ourselves. Well what, Vazira?

Green light flashed. Impatient drivers behind started to signal. Sherzod sustained a pause, continuing to look at Vazira persevering and already exacting.

But really, why she, the diplomated expert, should feel connected by relations which, generally speaking, do not concern to business? In this case — family relations. Why any taboo holds her in fear, the instinctive taboo, a fear to break line even in a question professional, purely business, architect. What an opposite thing it is — the rests of psychology of the slave, the slave of the family, the husband. As if she was born with such heredity! And still, it appears, till now cannot live by sanguineously free life! Unless from present difficult sincere deadlock can deduce something, except a resolute shake-up, a resolute independent act?

Cars have started to go round their white "Zhigulis", some drivers threw on them enquiring looks.

Sherzod as if did not see. But Vazira also did not see now anybody, except Sherzod, anything, except his right hand stretched to her (left — on a wheel steering-wheel).

— Well, Vazira, do you agree?

Vazira slightly struck on palm of Sherzod:

— Let it will be so... Done!

Sherzod had time to seize tips of her fingers, he was extended by all body, bent through a seat. He kissed, kissed every finger, every, that he had time to seize, — the index, the average, the little finger. His pleasure as if was transferred to the car, he vigorously roared, sharply slipped a crossroads before again flashed green, cheerfully rushed off under the prospectus.

Vazira leant back on the back of a back seat. There was something big, capable something to change in her further home life. However, the history about a beshik-toy, the quarrel, the broken teapot — all it somehow was at once removed, started to leave from her, to decrease in sizes and former pressing weight.

And the taboo and «forbidden line» if responded in her now, only not clear and dark presentiment.

Abror all laid in a drawing room on a sofa in a heat. It smelt with a valerian and still any medicine. The heat did not fall down.

Having seen off the doctor to the ambulance car, Shakir returned to the brother. He looked at his cracked lips. Was surprised, how quickly, all for two days of illness, he changed, handed over Abror. His voice absolutely was gone.

Shakir bent down over the patient:

— Abror-aka, you have simple strong cold. It will pass quickly.

Abror has shaken a head, hardly in audible whisper, with stops, has spoken:

— In vain... you shouted at Vazira, here you lost... your voice. It's punishment

to me, brother!

Abror tried to smile, but lips appeared incapable to represent a smile, were too baked. Still something wished to tell to touched brother Abror, but the fit of coughing has not allowed to speak.

Shakir wished to close before wide opened windows, but Abror has given with a hand a sign: do not do it. Having overcome the fit of coughing, hardly audible he croaked:

— Air... I have no air.

Purulent quinsy together with a pneumonia long held the heat. It pressed on heart. You will lift a head — the nausea at once begins.

Drops by drops — Shakir poured them to the patient regularly, — and it was necessary to begin the pricks appointed by the doctor.

Shakir remembered about the familiar nurse, who lived through two entrances in their house. When Zafar was ill with measles, he did pricks to the child. Agzam-ata followed the nurse.

... Hanifa brought a piala with warm milk with honey, was going for night to put mustard plasters to Abror — habitual cares of mother, as though again became the former boy.

When together with Shakir he helped Abror to reach from a drawing room to the bedroom, on a bed, mother outright was frightened for the son: Abror hardly moved on feet, everything as the old man, he swayed, was bent, the head was turned. Hanifa long and gently erased a gauze cold sweat from the face and neck of Abror. What an illness which can bend and transform in two days such strong man into the

old man ? A virus flu — Hanifa very much was afraid of them for some reason — Abror transferred standing, without temperature, did not recognise any quinsy. And here to you!

Shakir again thrust into Abror a thermometer. When he has taken out and has looked, involuntarily shuddered. Thirty nine and eight. It's after the febrifugal!

- How many? — asked Abror.

- A little bit became less: thirty eight and six, — said Shakir.

Mother boiled water and put on Abror mustard plasters on his back and on the breast. In corridor Agzam with eyes asked: how is he supposedly there? The father strongly suffered because of illness of the son.

- Nothing, he will recover, — calmed the husband Hanifa.

- And maybe to call Vazira? She after all does not know about illness.

- And let she does not know!. But about beshik she perfectly knew. She left, brought all of us! All asked about her. Did not know what to answer. She dishonoured me, and now here Abror from this shame fell down!

- You yourself tormented him last days. All of you, women, are good!

At night when Shakir has gone to sleep, Agzam-ata and Hanifa-hola remained to be on duty at the bed of Abror.

Sometimes Abror so choked in cough, that Agzam-ata was absolutely frightened. Ran up to the son, cautiously touched temples, lifted his head from a pillow. All night long Abror burnt as if on fire. All time asked to drink, sent, called the father. Agzam-ata sat if not nearby in the next room at the door and appeared at bed of the patient at the slightest rustle. Also waited, whether he will tell Abror about Vazira,

— for certain she would look after him better, than with the eccentric old woman. But Abror never remembered about the wife. And in the morning when after pricks and warm milk his voice was slightly appeared, Abror has told to the father about children: Malika and Zafar today should return from the camp.

At midday on the wide area to the big nine-floor house there arrived a chain of buses. They were surrounded with people. Among the parents there was and Vazira; In a half-open window of the bus she has seen suntanned cheerful Zafar, rushed to him, began to knock on glass.

The bus unloaded. All backpacks and small suitcases of children are already found and disassembled. Vazira was going to withdraw the children to mother, thinking out as she will explain to children, that not home they will go. And suddenly Zafar cried:

— Mum, look, look, here and the grandfather has come! He run to the grandfather. Pleased Agzam-ata has fallen before the grandson on hunkers and widely opened hands. Then to the grandfather approached and Malika. Agzam-ata was straightened, embraced her for shoulders, kissed on a forehead.

Tall and thin, in the invariable easy canvas boots and tussore dress, Agzam-ata looked hardly atop Vazira. They have greeted with each other easily, only Vazira, testing any strange shyness, has not sustained a sight of the father-in-law, looked down, as if recognised the fault in something. Zafar searched a sight among cars familiar "Zhigulis" of cherry colour, but Agzam-ata led all of them with backpacks to green "Volga" -taxi.

— And where is daddy? — asked Vazira Malika.

Vazira frowned, told nothing. To Malika answered Agzam-ata:

- Daddy was ill, my child. "First aid" has come.

- And what with him, grandfather?

Agzam-ata told about illness of the son, how they with Hanifa all night long did not sleep, and with the eye edge watched for Vazira. Agzam-ata noticed, that Vazira's look has again changed: now it became both anxious, and lost.

When all have taken seat in the car, Vazira in confusion admitted to the father-in-law:

- Father, I would like to carry children to mum.

- All right, daughter. If so it is necessary, we will go to Zumradhon.

Children knew, how far there lives «the mum's grandmother». They would like more likely home.

- Well, mum, — Zafar made the sour face, — let's go better home!

- To daddy! After all he is sick, — supported him Malika.

Agzam-ata in his soul was, of course, on their side, but wished to tell the daughter-in-law.

— Children, there from we will go home, there from... The Taxi will wait.

But the moustached driver objected:

— I will have no time to wait there. Search for other taxi.

And it solved everything.

Vazira imagined ill Abror, became ashamed for him and before the father-in-law who, despite of everything, was ready to understand and excuse her.

— All right, then we will go to mum then, — and she named to the taxi driver

the address.

It was heaviest to Vazira to meet the mother-in-law. But become bored of grandsons Hanifa-hola so was delighted to their arrival so embraced, kissed, bothered them, that didn't pay attention at Vazira. For form's sake reproached, as if only some time later having noticed, that with children their mum together has come:

— Oh, daughter, where you have been? And what for you spoilt beshik-toy to me?

Agzam-ata told firmly and clearly:

- Beshik-toy has passed as it was necessary, wife, anybody has spoilt nothing.

How is Abror?

- Still burns! The doctor came, wished to take away to the hospital. Abror asked to grant a delay for day.

Vazira became even heavier after that news to cross the threshold of the bedroom, but also here children have facilitated the position, the first have run to the father. Such noisy, impregnated with the hot sun, and healthy! They have been driven away from bed of the patient. They ran in the apartment as a fresh, pure breeze, dispersing stuffy, stuffy air of mutual insults which adults concern so seriously.

... This night Abror a little slept, and by the morning the temperature started to fall down. And in ten days he has already gone for work and has brought home a cardboard box where together with a beautiful porcelain teapot the whole set — six pialas, lyagan and kasas laid. All identical of crimson color. Handing over the box to Vazira, he playfully declared, that it is the payment for that broken teapot. And Vazira accepted a gift.

As though everything should go, as earlier, on a harmony. But Vazira felt, that it was only an armistice, instead of the peace, that inside of them something moved and did not keep within a former channel.

The usual matrimonial life, tenderness, sweet nights, sweet more for a body, but to open before Abror her soul wide as before, Vazira was afraid now. The co-authorship with Sherzod was her secret. She knew, that the brother of Abror Shakir still meets with the niece of Sherzod, knew and kept up their friendship, hoped, that they will get married, that Abror becomes relative of Bahramov and to the husband then it will be easier to reconcile with Sherzod. And with her co-authorship also. But also this plan became her secret, besides with wedding it was impossible to hurry — youth had no place to live. The house on a site bought by the father-in-law, still was under the construction.

THE TWELWETH CHAPTER

The fourth day successively Agzam-ata did not come home — he spent the night directly on a site, in open-air. And there was September, nights became cool. Disturbed Abror after work has gone on a new fatherly site.

For a summer much has changed there. In a shade of apricot-tree there was cozy arranged soup. Round this blest place Agzam-ata planted basil. Further in a strict order upwards there were saplings of a quince, a fig, pomegranate bushes. From three sides of the site went to growth pyramidal poplars. From the high bank of Burdzhar it is visible far around — houses of the big city as if on a visit move here.

Burdzhar is one of branchings of the Bozsu river. And little aryk, that silently murmurs in the middle of the site, — also a small branch from the trunk of Bozsu river.

Perhaps, the aryk also has reconciled the father with loss of the old house. So thought Abror, feeling, that the father has grown fond of the site, that he decided to make by all means so that a new yard was not worse, and even better, than former.

Abror brought to the father his favourite naryn. On a way here he turned on the market, bought grapes and warm fresh flat cakes. Agzam-ata cooked soup in the evening...

Agzam-ata at once began to enquire Abror about his health. He knew, that the son's three cardiogrammes left bad successively, that doctors have strictly forbidden to son to smoke.

How is your heart? What the doctor last time has told?

Yes about pains in heart I have already started to forget, father. I've got much work. The project — do you remember, I told? — Soon it is necessary to hand over. The anniversary of the republic after all is absolutely close.

- Do not you smoke any more?

Abror burst out laughing, shook his head.

- And do you want to smoke? — The father tried to find out.

- Still how! I this night dreamt: I am greedy tightened by a cigarette. Really, I think, again started to smoke? Was frightened and woke up.

- Good dream you saw, sonny. If so strongly you wish to smoke, it means, you recovered. On myself I know: plaid with nasvay, and was ill —it was not desirable to

take it into a mouth. When recovered — again pulled to it.

They kept silent. Inspected the yard.

Agzam-ata already all bricks has prepared. But it is necessary — and much — boards, window frames, panel board doors, jambs door. Whether it is not enough still of what! And whence to take so much money? He, Agzam-ata, thought-thought and decided to earn additionally — to be work as the night watchman.

— Here is close building. There also I will spend the night.

Abror was disturbed: if father does not know rest in the afternoon, at night, he will bother himself. Pension charges, on life suffices, and the rest — on building materials... He has sons!

— Your cargo is not easy, sonny. And I... If I will receive eighty roubles more to pension every month, business, you look, will go, here to you and a door, here to you and a window... . Just sit and glance. I will spend the night not here, but there. In total there is no difference.

Certainly, father for the sake of appearance, before the son was invigorated. Cheeks of the old man have become hollow, the beard absolutely turned white. Hanifa-hola all for three years is younger than the husband, and looked the strong, strong woman, black hair almost hid a grey hair.

— Father, you undertake even one work and who then will look after you, at least to prepare food? Mother in apartment from idleness pines, she speaks. Perhaps to bring her here what you think?

White-bearded Agzam-ata slowly looked round the building:

— To here to live there is no place. It's inconveniently for woman to potter in

clay. Leave mother at herself.

Yes, father of Abror never allowed the wife to carry too heavy, drag water, to prick fire wood. As in a youth was gentleman, do he remained in an old age: slow, with a strict bearing aksakal always was attentive and kind.

Abror felt inflow of hot attachment to the father.

- On Sunday you will come? — asked suddenly Agzam-ata.

- And what, is there a work?

- I wish to call friends of Shakir — builders — on hashar..One ram is remained.

We will kill it. Here then let your mother and Vazira will arrive and prepare a food for those who will help us. Bring also children. For them hashar will be the holiday.

- All right, father. And how many guys together with Shakir will come?

- Shakir told, that fifteen men.

- Oh! It is possible to displace a mountain! And to meet them it is necessary as follows, certainly. I will buy everything on the market, what is necessary. Vazira will weld godzha...

— Yes, in hot day godzha will be fine.... Vazira still on Saturday evening brought carrots for palov, then in a big, on thirty litres, enameled pan welded godzha. And on Sunday whole family have risen at daybreak. The car was jam-packed, on the way have turned to the market, and then to the shop.

When they have arrived to the site, have seen friends of Shakir: fifteen young guys put on working clothes — in special clothes. Not guys — athletes!

Agzam-ata collected them in a circle, for a cord extended in the centre of a circle of the fattened ram, looked round, waited for silence, then told:

— Dzhigits, my dears, you know, it is accepted at us to cut the best ram in honour of kind visitors. Here it is, — Agzam-ata pulled the cord, a ram hardly waved, pressed to the foot of the owner, — we wish to kill in your honour. You have come to us for hashar together to work — to build walls of the new house. So let me to say a pray!

On custom, the people who have come to hashar, should give to the owner a pray — the permission to that in their honour the animal was killed. The guy who was more senior, knowing, it is visible, sense in such affairs, opened palms, pull together them, lifted to the face.

— Amen, let it will be for the good! — he said the necessary words, and the others also spent with palms all on face.

Both Vazira, and Malika, and Zafar especially looked at all as on a wonder. Then, when Agzam-ata, having fastened feet to the ram, has fallen down him down to the ground, bared a sharp knife, Abror on sign of Vazira has taken away Zafar aside — *поди*, the modern city child at the sight of the blood whipping from the cut throat of the ram will be frightened.

Work has begun — and amicable. One man kneaded clay, others dragged bricks, masons were engaged in a brickwork, skilfully ordering to assistants among whom there appeared Shakir.

Abror filled a bucket with a solution and submitted to that who erected house walls.

Zafar could not remain sitting, of course, on the place and also started to drag bricks, which were easier.

One more work has been entrusted to architect Abror — to check correctness of the brickwall. For this purpose he was supplied with most complicated of tools — a cord to which a stone has been adhered. The architect had not to correct builders: got used to do something and more difficult than this work, they unmistakably defined places for windows and doors, conducted the brickwork exactly, as if on a ruler.

On a ring of ware and on a smell of roasted meat it was possible to guess, that on other end of the yard Vazira and Hanifa did not doze: under a canvas canopy they prepared from just killed ram kavurdak, subtilized over palov. Agzam-ata boiled water for vivifying tea and admired force and skill of youth.

— Good fellows, my sons, good fellows! Your hands let become even stronger! Thanks your fathers! — continually he emotionally repeated.

Before the dinner guys have a little reduced rate.

Full of cold godzha a huge brown pan which was brought in the luggage carrier of Abror, attracted to itself. Vazira skilfully filled the big bag dishes, cups, flat dishes.

Vazira quickly as real brigade cook, filled with godzha kasaa, the first stretched to Abror, and Abror transferred to the father sitting, having crossed feet, on a scaffold. Have settled down there and the others. Having lowered from a foot scaffold, accepted food politely, slowly. Cooled by sour milk godzha stimulated the appetite, some Dzhigits have asked additives — after all godzha is now such rarity!

To Zafar it did not suffice kasa and spoon. Here it was great, when he drank soup directly from an uncle's bowl! Sour milk decorated his nose and a chin — the kind laughter caused by Zafar, added all kind mood.

— Let's, my friends, we will agree: if we do not finish today the wall, we will

consider, that have spent day in vain! — A huge, black as the Negro guy has come off from the supa. — we declare competition between four walls... Four commands. Well, are you ready?

- We are ready! — told Shakir. — Abrbr-aka, you are the designer, for you the control. Do you agree?

- Yes! — Abror laughed and shook by the cord with a sinker-stone. — The sites of work for every brigade will be divided fifty-fifty.

- That who will win competition, — there will be palov and tea, and that who will lose, — a Russian cabbage soup from and lemonade in unlimited quantity.

Continually the laughter flashed. And when you work with a holiday with your soul, the work goes quickly.

By the evening all four walls have risen in growth of the man. Kavurdak, tea and saving jokes supported forces of the builders, and in the end of "change" the house has already taken a house form, only without a roof.

— Thank you, thanks, my sons, good fellows you are, it's enough, finish the work! Palov is waiting for us, — told Agzam-ata.

Guys washed, watering each other on hands, removed working special clothes, changed clothes and grandly settle at the table.

The walls have been almost finished, it is necessary to lay two-three numbers of bricks, and then to erect rafters. Agzam-ata intended to employ the master expert in, how to cover the roof and to establish windows-doors.

— Well and well, it is so much to make in one day! Here what hashar means! — was surprised Malika.

And Vazira also was surprised, seeing how cheerful there was the work and how festively and cheerfully friends of Shakir after the work, got tired, of course, but pleasantly raised both all made dispersed, and respect, for them shown. «Here what hashar means!» — repeated about herself Vazira, thinking and that, is visible, in beshik-toy there is also a kind beginning pleasantly raising, cheering up that she then has not understood. People are able to do kind affairs disinterestedly, are able, when they want it!

-It is said that also the Great Fergana channel was built before the war here with the help of hashar, yes? — asked Vazira her husband, in advance knowing, that Abror it will be pleasant to answer.

Abror, of course, guessed, for what purpose asks him Vazira.

— Oh my lady, whether you know all about hashar? Whether you know, for example, that writer Peter Pavlenko and great film director Eisenstein wished to make a film about national Fergana hashar?

- The Building was such exotic for Eisenstein...

Not exotic, but human, Vazira! When souls of so many people are corroded by egoism, indifference, self-interest, unwillingness though a little to trouble, unless we should not appreciate our tradition of hashar? After all same it's great, that people can gather without ceremony to present each other the attention, time, the savings, sincere heat ... Muscular force, at last! And here great Eisenstein felt it and wanted to shoot about it a film. I am grateful to him already for one desire. He already appeared more clever than we. Yes-yes, other good national traditions we thoughtlessly name today prejudices...

And this stone, of course, is thrown into my kitchen garden... Vazira was irritated by the mentor tone of the husband.

Certainly, hanum! So that you have understood: our beshik-toy was like disinterested family hashar.

But it was not such, — she rigidly told, as if cut off, and departed from Abror there where there was a ware.

The project has been handed over in time. And builders have not brought.

On October, 27th, in day of the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet Uzbekistan, among thousand and thousand the demonstrators who have filled the square of Lenin, were festively dressed up Abror, Vazira, Zafar, Malika.

Vazira has shown to children at the Avenue of fountains:.

Remember, all this beauty was thought up by your father.

Well, not I an alone... have objected Abror.

But thought that among these many there was he, that Vazira considered it necessary to tell about his work to children, filled heart with light feeling...

After anniversary celebrations were held, Abror has chosen minute when Sadriev there was alone, came to him with the big folder.

Treasured sketches of structures round blue Bozsu river, sketches which hung on a wall of workshop of Abror earlier, because of the urgent task connected with Avenue of fountains, removed into a folder. A beautiful building in style of the east architecture. Its flat roof is covered not by iron and not slate, but with an arch from a

green grass in which scarlet tulips burn. It reminded some old Tashkent houses with poppies on the flat roof. Sadriev abroad saw structures of such type. By the way, modern ferro-concrete designs allow to make similar roofs water-proof.

- You have well thought over roof, - told Sadriev to Abror. — Well, and here this sketch... Cypresses and our city, probably, will not grow.

- Nabi Sadrievich, they already grow. Yes, while only in a botanical garden. There microconditions are created. Cypresses are afraid of winter colds. But on the bank of Bozsuz river it will be warm in the winter — water passes through units of TashGRES; cooling them, itself heats up. I think, this circumstance should be used for the help to the nature. The Crimean pines grow, and cypresses grow in Crimea. You for certain have seen them.

-I saw. But it will be necessary to think of it still.

The following sketch: the huge colourful wheel reminding a "big wheel" in parks. Only instead of seats for people big beautiful bowls... Well, clearly, the wheel is turned, bowls serially fall to the channel, are filled with water, and then lift it and feed thus by-pass aryk, which banks are entirely in a green grass and flowers. And what force moves a wheel? The current of Bozsuz. A principle of traditional water-wheel, replacing once water pumps.

- So, you use and develop, it means, our traditions, — grinned Sadriev. — And here is what, a water-mill? And risovushka is here? It means, the whole complex.

- The whole ensemble. — Abror smiled. — Do you remember, that on the banks of Bozsuz and Karasu there were many water-mills, kruporushkas and risovushkas earlier?

- Yes, I remember, but now what for they are necessary? Now there are elevators, rice plants...

- But on one of the meetings you said, Nabi Sadrievich, that we should keep an ethnographic household complex which would give full representation about the past of Tashkent in the comprehensible form.

- Against it you will tell nothing. In Baltic, for example, wide experience in this respect was saved up... Whether nevertheless it is a pity for water for decorative mills-
?.

Abror explained:

- In the sketch only external form of mills is kept. The water which is taken away from Bozsu, is brought to aryk to a mill drain. Therefrom it falls on the blade of a wheel and rotates it, leaving on taps back so that water does not get anywhere. Instead of the present heavy millstones there will be lungs, plastic. And over them we will establish a usual roundabout. On five-six places. Water movement on a drain is regulated from an electrocontrol panel by an attraction. The button is pressed, and water with noise falls downwards, «mill millstones» start to rotate together with a roundabout. And the impression is made, that the roundabout is rotated by water from Bozsu... Rise-wheel also outwardly looks as former rice-wheels, but inside all will be set in motion by a current, up to tapes on which portions of palov for visitors of these cafes will move.

- Yes, your imagination works well, Abror Agzamovich! — with a smile told Sadriev. — In the future we think to create an ethnographic complex near to a television centre. Here then your sketches can be useful. For now we have a lot of

other, more urgent matters.

- Television centre is far enough from Bozsú. And my sketches are devoted to this waterway. All history of Tashkent is connected with Bozsú. We are proud, that our city is two thousand years old, and such historical monument as Bozsú, is arranged well.

- Why? Here Ganchtepe becomes fast one of the most beautiful vacation spots on the bank of Bozsú. About the accomplishment of the zone Bozsú thought not only we. But also the greatest heads of our republic give us pieces of good advice. Fine park by the name of Gagarin... It has a lot of co-authors, so to say.

- And the stadium "Pahtakor" on the East side, Nabi Sadrievich?

-The bank where "walruses" bathe?

- Yes. Hardly above their swimming bath there are absolutely thrown places. I would like... Here this my ensemble in sketches... Whether it is impossible to adhere it to them?

- No, these places are already used in other and more urgent project.

- What?

- You, should have forgotten, Abror Afzamovich... Agzamova Vazira — is your wife? By Bahramov and his co-authors among whom there is Agzamova, the reorganisation project is prepared...

- With Sherzod Bahramov? — interrupted Abror. — Nabi Sadrievich, it is, obviously, another Agzamova.

- No, Vazira Badalovna... She works on underground interiors... Are you not in a business course? Strange... We considered recently their project here, in this office.

Your wife... Has not told to you about results of discussion?

Sadriev was necessary to tell shortly about the project of a new channel in length about kilometre.

- I opposed for a long time to such idea,- blurted out Abror.

- Well, if Vazira Badalovna knew about your relation, that, probably therefore has not told to you, that we in a central board have accepted their project.

Sadriev collected sketches of Abror, put them back in the punk, stretched it to Abror. That one sharply jumped from the chair, took the folder in hands.

Being stunned, he went out from the office. «Bahramov's group... Bahramov's group... Really Vazira reached that has betrayed the husband, and entered Bahramov's group?..»

Vazira, having finished work and leaving to an agreed place, with amazement found out there of cherry colour "Zhigulis": more often Vazira came here before the husband, and she had to wait.

Being happy with so early arrival of Abror, she smartly opened a forward door of the car and cheerfully exclaimed:

— Ura! It is visible, today the sun ascended from your side

Abror coldly threw:

— And you, probably, have got used to think, that the sun ascends only from the side of Sherzod Bahramov?

Vazira has not had time to understand at all ironical sense of heard, but insult and irritation in the voice of the husband at once was caught.

- What?

- They speak, you became co-author of Bahramov. And as if thanks to your efforts the project of his groups is confirmed by a central board... Once fell in love with you and not achieved his aim Bahramov...How he now, probably, triumphs!

Having said all this maliciously and furiously, Abror nevertheless waited, hoped, that just about Vazira will tell to him, that all this is a lie, slanders on her, that if who stirs about something, with the low purposes! Ah, if she told, if tells... He immediately would embrace and kissed Vazira, would forget the rage, would curse himself loudly.

Vazira has not taken aside the sight.

— With what you actually dissatisfied? And of what you suspect me? Yes, I became the co-author of Bahramov... So your way I have turned at once into his mistress? You already have thought about change?

No, he, Abror, could not suspect in such the wife from whom he lived, at the very least, sixteen years.

- Really it's not clear to you after so many years of a joint life: for me the soul change is even worse, than... Than... Abror choked with anger. — than if you have spent a night with Bahramov! Why you have hidden from me the co-authorship?!

- It was necessary to show patience, and I would tell all... This work have been charged to Bahramov last year, and the commission went through my department. Sadriev disposed: supervise the project, help. I have made three-four sketches...

All this is the fox cunning!. No, I mean not you, but Sherzod — this lion-liar. He simply wishes to win here at least over me. With your help!

- What a suspiciousness! What a vanity! As if all people only think of that, as

though to win you! This project at all has no direct relation to you!

- Why it has not? Others do not know, but to the wife must know, that her husband does not sleep at nights, develops the projects on an accomplishment of Bozsu banks!

- To think of the accomplishment of Bozsu — is not your monopoly. Of it think others... Here we have made the project. We also want, that channel bank became beautiful! Places for work there will suffice to everybody!

Abror on the big speed led the car not home, but to the bridge through Bozsu, then turned to the right. Having approached to the West side of the stadium "Pahtakor", sharply braked.

— Well... Here this site... Yours with Bahramov project. Let's look, where here there will be your beautiful bank.

They left to the bank. On water autumn leaves floated. Them became more and more: from branches of high plane trees it is sadly dry leaves, drop on water and the earth were showered.

Vazira by sharp waves of the hand designated the direction of the future channel straightened in this place.

And on bank granite parapets will be built, from this party there will pass along the channel wide sidewalk, it will be paved by beautiful plates.

It means, you wish to spend the channel here? — As if not listening her, asked again Abror. - And down with these branchy plane trees and oaks with trunks in three grasps, yes? — Nearby a big nut-tree grew. Abror has shown at it: — you will stack Here concrete plates? Really the destruction of centenary trees for you means

nothing?

But what for to panic? In several years more beautifully trees than these here will grow.

— Not in several years, but in decades.

No, to trees Vazira was always indifferent.

Enamoured in geometrical ornaments, she did not feel, probably, the natural beauty. When they went to Aktash or Chingan, got into wood, Vazira, leaving the car, some minutes strolled on wood, and soon became boring. Came back to the car to listen to radio or the plane tree that, not paying on it any attention, to twist all the same transistor sat down in a cool shade of any handsome man. «It is possible to listen to radio at home, in the city, and such silence not to find anywhere, listen to it, hanum», — spoke Abror, but Vazira waved away. The nature as if tired her, in the city it could turn tirelessly many hours. Vazira since the childhood got used to asphalt.

Here again, on the bank of the channel, the beauty of autumn trees did not touch her. And sad rustle of dry leaves underfoot also did not touch. And roughnesses of the bank of the channel, their that smooth almost intricate turns which for Abror meant so much, caused in his imagination of a picture of naturally fine connection of the earth and water, for Vazira represented themselves only..., roughnesses of a relief, a dump of faded leaves and dust, and unpleasant shade of City life.

— You recollect Neva in Leningrad! - shouted in hearts Vazira. — All its banks are dressed in a granite. And how it is beautiful! Everywhere cleanliness, neatness!

— Really you do not see a difference between climatic conditions of Leningrad and Tashkent? Whole Leningrad costs on water. It is surrounded by the sea, with the rivers, lakes. There to the nature the granite, as if protecting a life from dampness, is necessary, for unsteadiness of soils. Here at us, on the contrary, air is dry, summer is hot, people aspire more close to water, to the cool.

— Here also there will be ladders. Who wants, that one will go down on them to water.

— Bur what for here ladders? Bozsú –is a historical monument. To change its channel nobody has the rights!

— We wish to correct only errors which have admitted by the history!

— To correct history is not put to the Bahramov's group, — with contempt uttered Abror. – whether to begin with correction of, hanum? Your own lacks!

— About which my lacks you speak, Abror? — asked Vazira in Russian.

— At least that have led you to your adherent Bahramov! — Abror continued to speak in Uzbek.

- I did not understand.

- And you, just as he, pray on iron and concrete. You are absolutely deaf to trembling of wildlife. An external order, rational designs!... But after all within centuries both the nature, and people adapted to waters of Bozsú for district, and the earth around – to water movement and so there was a natural river with all its turns and bends. It is also the order, harmony, rationality. Only not rectilinear, like a stick. You are deprived from the feeling of the nature, whether it is sincere deafness?.

Abror spoke, not restraining neither in words, nor in gestures. Rare in this hour

and in this places by-passers looked back at strange pair.

— Here I also became sincerely deaf, - sadly said Vazira. — And once here, on the bank of Anhor, you said that you love me, and admired my beauty, and praised to the skies my soul. Have you forgotten? Let Bozsu will remind...

— Whence I could know then ... That my wife will strike me on my back!

Vazira first noticed, how they are looked narrowly and listened.

— Curiously it, obviously, to look, moreover is free, on a family drama...

Abror has just now noticed interest of extraneous people to their quarrel. Silently turned, moved to the car. The husband and the wife again have gone nearby, avoiding to touch each other.

Vazira at heart realised, that hurt the husband. However, she after all also wished to cause him a pain, but rather. Abror excessively hardly perceives the happened. Unduly hotly. Also it would be necessary to cool him a little.

— I do not try to impose you my ideas, — on the move spoke Vazira. — But after all my freedom of thought, creative searches is necessary. Your way, I will remain good, only if I will work how it is pleasant to you. But then let we recognise: you are the architect, and I am not! You want it?

They have sat down in the car, Vazira — on the back seat.

— All it is not so. And about what we speak, does not concern your professional independence...Unless Bahramov's project — is your work? You have sat down on a cart of Bahramov and have started singing, as well as all his group, his song!

Abror pressed gas. "Zhigulis" roared and rushed off nervously, jerks.

— I ask you, let's end up this conversation, — again having passed in Uzbek, tried to calm down Vazira her husband. — I do not sing another's songs. So that you were calmed... I swear by children that I am betrayed to the family! That's all!

Yes, Vazira considered herself right. Abror saw it. With words indeed it is not to overpersuade her, - especially him.

Abror turned from the street Usman Yusupov.

Vazira noticed, that the road to home again was left aside.

— Where we are going ?

— To the light future of your project, — has bitten Abror.

Dried up channel of Koykovus and the concreted bank appeared. Abror stopped the car at the most concrete plates.

See? — Abror turned back through a seat to Vazira. — And this... Desert... appeared under the project of Bahramov. During discussion it was said, that on bank it is necessary to plant trees, so that the bank should not be flat. And what was in practice? Look, again the cuts which have been laid out by concrete... And your «inspection road». Cut off roughnesses, have pulled off grass, down trees, concreted, so that henceforth on these bank there was nothing alive. Profitability, rationality, - industrial methods! How many great words! For the sake of own interests do not neglect any means.

The concreting of the banks of Koykovus is also personal interests of Bahramov?

Yes, yes! Imagine, that yes! Concreting on a template is much easier, than creative, original reconstruction of the bank of the ancient channel. Bahramov always

works by the principle — if only to report and faster. And then — it does not interest him. He receives today awards!

You are ready to hang up all mortal sins on the person whom you dislike!

And for what he can be loved? Really you have forgotten his ugly act when he worked in district executive committee?

What?

You have already forgotten... Do you remember the public garden which should be transformed into a flower bed. We have been told, that the city heads tomorrow would come and accept the work. All of us left to the work. On the square — do you remember? — the broken concrete plates laid two tons everyone. Have decided to find elevating cranes and to take out them. However the technics was not quickly as we thought... Remember? What are you silent? Remember, how dump-body trucks with the earth for a flower bed have appeared suddenly? And how Bahramov, not thinking long, allowed to the command to unload the ground directly on plates. And to level then with a platform. And then forced to plant on this platform blossoming flowers. Well, did you remember? The heads have come, have examined everything. The flowers blossom, Bahramov shines. With workers they did not talk — then left. Flowers were lost at once. But it was then, and today operative Bahramov received a praise, and then promotion. The real workers had enough works, of course, while they have cleaned the dried up flowers, have pulled out concrete plates, have anew loosened the ground, have again delivered black earth and flowers... Well, now have you remembered? That was a small public garden, a small platform, and here it is supposed to disfigure the bank of Bozsu.

Our project is absolutely another! When it will be realised, you will see!

It will be too late. I am afraid very much, that it will be late.

Really it's already late. Get the car, please. Children are waiting for us. — and already in the car, on big street, Vazira added: — For me the discussion ended, conversation about the work start up and remains on work. I hate husbands and wives who endlessly argue about work both at home, and in the street. We've got enough house work!

But still...

And still I cannot refuse even for the sake of you the ideas, on the project which already, by the way, is confirmed by the management!

Both Abror, and Vazira whole road were silent. Having put the car in garage, have gone to the house. All silently.

The co-operative house opposite to their native entrance again reminded Abror about Sherzod Bahramov.

Even the walls and house roofs last autumn have been erected. However, the dark failures intended for windows and balcony doors, gaped even the whole month. The wooden fence round under the construction building — a hindrance and to pedestrians, and motorists — was bent and long was an eyesore. At last rather recently windows and doors have been inserted on the places, internal painting and decorating has ended, has removed and the bothered wooden fence. The yard have been cleared from building dust, planted with flowers and trees so now the yard has got a little more a decent view. Children started to play in yard, not being afraid of lorries and falling bricks. In all apartments of the new house tenants were installed,

and in the general yard became populous to narrowness. Two houses have appeared too close to each other, and it became the reason of many inconveniences, at least because noise from the windows of one house accumulated on noise from another.

Abror each time was irritated at the sight of the house-neighbour importunately close and besides architecturally not entered in the complex. But there's nothing to be done — it is necessary to get used to it as get used, for example, to birthmarks.

Today's dispute with Vazira irritated his old wound. Worthless, the built "masterpiece" found "planting" in their yard thanks to Bahramov._ And it irritated even more and adjusted Abror against Sherzod and against Vazira.

It did not concern now its co-authorship. But its consent to enter in Bahramov's group was piled up between them an invisible wall even then when they were alone.

Both the husband, and the wife was tormented by a sleeplessness.

Remember, Vazira, — told somehow at night Abror, — we can strongly face with you on a working footpath of our life! I after all will not recede...

It is not necessary to frighten me. Do not interfere with this business better, I advise.

Well, we will look...

Next day after their dispute on the bank of the channel day he found for the familiar engineers projecting underground. They worked in a close one-storeyed building opposite «the Children's world». In the end of a long corridor in tiny room he found blue-eyed Farid Galiev. Abror knew, that exactly Galiev was engaged in the tunnel conducting on a bottom of the channel and that exactly the management transferred to Galiev all drawings and the documentation of the Bahramov's project.

You have agreed to approve the project of new channel Bozsu?

To accept I have accepted, but, speaking frankly, now it is not time to it. The question of its practical realisation will be considered next year.

Here is how... It means, the terms were again removed?

Yes, there is no concrete. And there after all they suggest to concrete the new channel in length about kilometre. What for to spend it so much, when we have other works already stand because of a concrete lack.

It means, you are against Bahramov's project?

Yes I ... It has a lot of opponents. I talked to irrigators. The new channel is to nothing, they spoke. Whether it's a joke to set from the place Bozsu? The whole river, in general.

Farid, bunny, I also hold such opinion! — and Abror told to Farid everything, that was in his soul, — Let we will meet after the work. You invite the irrigators. So, Farid? We will consult!. We are the Tashkent men all the same ! It is impossible to allow to spoil our city!

In general the opinion of my friends is very close to yours.

Well here you see... Where we will meet? At me, and?

No, it is better to come to our home. Write down the address...

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

Agzam-ata, Hanifa and Shakir moved at last to the new site.

Rather early, certainly. From the house roof sultans of a cane covering hanged

down, walls have been plastered hastily, only in one room there were floors. Water should be dragged from the yard by buckets. Gas is not brought.

Hanifa kindled fire wood, blew on a shy flame, and in her eyes tears appeared.

When Abror arrived to visit parents, he has seen, that all three new settlers sit in one room, are warmed at Tanchi. Hanifa-hola has begun to reproach the elder son there and then:

In paradise you live, and we here... We will die of a cold , it is visible, all the same it will be all the same to you!

Yourselves have buzzed my ears: we will go to the site and we will go! Here to you and the site! It is not pleasant, the car in the street, sit down, I will bring again to the apartment.

Go you with the apartment! We have much cares, look, how many saplings last here!

Hanifa-hola liked pears. In autumn Agzam-ata planted four trees, and between them (once still pears will yield fruits!) planted peach saplings.

Peaches will start to yield fruits earlier, and pears will gradually come into force also, — he explained to the wife.

May they be wrong, your peaches and pears! Whether I will live to them? At first you spend gas! I can not live because of a smoke of it! — told Hanifa, having had a fit of coughing.

— Suffer, wife, suffer, about gas Abror strives!

Agzam-ata has not left in the yard even a scrap of the empty earth. He planted a strawberry, planted even the barley- Lucerne mix. «In summer the lucerne

smells well ».

Agzam-ata liked to be engaged in country work, not speaking about the work of mirab, and here to lay iron pipes, to spend to the house gas, to lay floors, to glaze windows, to equip different doors for him was real punishment. Not because it was heavy much to be engaged in all it, but that is why, that such works devoured much money. And materials flew, as they say, in copeck. And gas-men with carpenters were not over-modest, requested three times more expensive. Shakir gave to the father almost whole salary. Abror also helped every month with money. But money all the same did not suffice.

Agzam-ata whole winter long worked as the watchman at the next building. In the spring building considerably extended, and it needed one more watchman. Agzam-ata managed to issue the second watchman Hanifa, and to substitute her pretty often when it was necessary most. Almost every days from six o'clock in the evening till eight in the morning he has been occupied now there, and then will come and, not knowing rest, sticks on the site.

Besides Hanifa every day also sawed him about gas. And what here you will make, if on their street gas have not been given yet, for pipes wait will not wait. Abror visited different establishments, he was promised, believed, waited till the winter, but left nothing. Then he on the money bought cylinders with imported gas. That day when Hanifa-hola started to cook food on gas, was simply a holiday. Mother extremely generous appeared in thanks:

— Thanks you, Abror, you my lovely sonny, thanks! Give God so that you have seen good from children, and I have directly revived!

On Saturday Abror again visited the natives. He called in the building of the father. That one left to the car, put in pawn hands back, was bent, hardly standing keeps.

Abror stopped the car near to the father, from within opened the back door.

— Uh! I was beat out absolutely from forces... I do not know, what happened to me. Recently left the sentry box, and my head strangely somehow began to spin. And began to choke. I was frightened, that I will fall. So sat down on a stack of boards, glory to Allah, it departed.

With alarm and pity looked Abror at the father. Cheeks have simply failed, the face turned yellow.

What for all it is necessary to you, father? Enough to guard. Sit easily at home.

I sit in the sentry box... Easily. Occasionally I bypass the platform building. The work is not the heavy. It is paid well.

You sleep not enough — here in what business.

What to do, Abror? Not adjusted life is as the cave, there lives an insatiable dragon, all swallows... You help us. Shakir well earns. And money all the same does not suffice. Still Shakir it is necessary to marry. Whether it is possible to result the daughter-in-law in the uncomfortable house?

The wedding of Shakir should be, by parental calculations, take place last year. But moving and building of the new house forced to remove terms for a year.

In the spring when apricots ripened, Hanifa-hola prepared lagman. Agzam-ata sat together with sons, ate and praised.

— E-eh! — he exclaimed suddenly, seized his cheek, then pulled out from a

mouth with two fingers a small stone. — here is what! It remained three teeth so now one of them dropped out. Unless from noodles the tooth can break?

Lagman has been eaten. They started tea. Agzam-ata started talking sadly and silently:

My sons, the term, apparently, approaches... For seventy it's already... To regret to me there is nothing, everything, that is possible, already-I made. Almost all. Here the site hasn't been built up to the end. Yes you somehow will make it without me. But let's celebrate the wedding of Shakir. If I die, after all the wedding will again be postponed.

Do not speak so, father. You will nurse still children of Shakir.

No, Abror, no. Not very well I feel, it is unimportant. While my eyes were not closed, I wish to see, how Shakir will get a family... You find out a bride, — he told to Abror absolutely silently, almost whisper into his ear. Shakir delicately turned away. — Next week also we will ask in marriage, huh?

Shakir hesitated to tell to parents about Nigora.

Other business — the elder brother. Abror since last year, from that hour when he brought the younger brother on the appointment, he learned much about the bride of Shakir who appeared — alas, but there's nothing to be done! — the niece of Sherzod Bahramov. However, Nigora is an independent and reasonable girl. Bahramov cannot prevent her wedding even if he would want: parents of the girl know Shakir and approve the choice of the daughter.

It seems, here problems are not present, Shakir? — asked Abror when the younger brother saw off him to the gate to the car.

It's so, but here the wedding ceremonies... Customs... Them, it appears, so great number, and all of them are such difficult... As I will think, how many that it is necessary to consider, my head spins around.

Yes, here old with the new intertwined firmly, accumulated against each other so you will not tear off. With old ceremonies and expenses, and efforts becomes twice more. And advantage any. You with Nigora should avoid an unnecessary facade.

But how to avoid? All after all depends on parents, — noticed Shakir.

Well, not all... Let Nigora will talk to the parents. I with the father will go to marry off. If they agree, any intermediate ceremonies will be avoided. Fatyha, engagement, for example, what for? To cut a ram, to carry a rice bag, the bake two hundred flat cakes — to whom all it is necessary long before the wedding? And here such custom; like «aksolar» — «the white sign», I personally like it. It when the side of the bride sends to the groom a piece of white silk and sweet. Sweets are distributed to neighbours of the groom, and white silk means a wish of a light way to the future family. There is some poetry.

Well, I am not assured. I will not understand, what for each time to involve in our private affair neighbours, almost all makhalla?

Here there is logic, Shakir. The new family is under construction. Here you also should see and remember: the set of hands put bricks in this new building. And that after all as happens? Four persons will gather, two bottles, and all will put on a table. A family created so easily, I am afraid to destroy too easy. In other cities half of all young families appears fragile. And in our makhallas divorces, you know, it happens, from ten families a little, can, one falls. So after all?. And difficulties, —

Abror decided to finish conversation by a joke, — difficulties on own wedding be not frightened. You will test them much, that you will be more true: you will not want to marry again.

And Nigora, it appears, lived in the co-operative house, so clumsily put in their yard. Since Abror learnt about her, «the masterpiece of architectural thought» began to clear up sometimes and warm feelings.

Once in the evening Abror entered this house together with the father and the senior son-in-law, the husband of senior sister; festively dressed, sedate though and little bit confused with a role of matchmakers, they have slowly risen on the third floor.

And one of the first who politely left towards, who politely expected them on a ladder platform, was Sherzod Bahramov. The Uncle of Nigora. The younger uncle, but, probably, the respected one in the house.

Everybody entered a drawing room. On one of walls the big beautiful silk carpet hung. The sideboard is filled with the Japanese porcelain and the Czech crystal, sparkled with might and main. On soft chairs red velvet capes were laid. Snow-whiteness of a cloth was underlined by grapes, apricots and pears skilfully placed on a table; here the hens fried entirely, naryn with thin cut mugs of horse sausage.

They settle grandly at the table. Have brought soup. After two-three spoons of soup they started talking about the youth.

— The star of your daughter converged with the star of our brother, — began in a flowery style Abror. — Differently we could not meet behind this fine dastarhan.

As they say, if it is fated, in the near future we become also relatives.

The father of the girl — the average growth, full, representative man of forty five years old— put a palm to heart, inclined a curly head:

— Good luck!

They have eaten palov. The dishes have been carried away to the kitchen. After that the senior uncle of the girl started talking:

— If we will not treat with palov makhalla, it will be bad, agree? We have moved here recently. To get acquainted with neighbours, we will make palov for two hundred persons. In the morning before the wedding, agree? For this purpose we need a bag of rice, a ram, accordingly flour, products.

Abror considered, how delicately to refuse this idea, but Agzam-ata outstripped:

- Agree, agree. Still what wishes have you got? Speak, do not hesitate.

Again the senior uncle exacted the promise; infinite «agree?» Sounded completely not interrogatively.

- Mother with the big hopes raised the daughter. There is a custom, to give dairy money ... a little ... Four hundred roubles, agree?

The awkward silence was established.

Abror frowningly looked at Sherzod as if invited him to reveal, define the – modern! – the relation to the heard absurd. Sherzod turned to the elder brother, with visible irony asked him:

- How it understand, brother? You ask money from matchmakers?

- No! What there a bride money – four hundred roubles?

In kishlaks, it happens, many thousand take, here it is a bride money! We speak only about dairy money ... to mother for her milk, agree?

Agzam-ata looked at Abror: speak supposedly you.

- What is it: new custom or forgotten from the old? – asked Abror.

- Before there wasn't such custom, - told Agzam-ata silently.

- The Wedding demands the big expenses. Money is necessary to mother, agrees?

- If for the wedding expenses, - intended, with a simplification kind sighed Abror, - we will give four hundred roubles. With all the heart. As a gift. Five hundred we will give. Only the request our is such: not to name it dairy money. Because parent milk cannot be sold for money. We think so. Do you agree?

Eyes of father of Nigora have grown dim – he was ashamed.

- You have correctly told, it is not necessary to name this money so ... Now we are ready to hear the wishes of our visitors ... Here, for example, fatyha ...

- For us to carry out this custom it seems unessential. Correctly, father? – Abror addressed to Agzam-ata.

Agzam-ata in the affirmative nodded his head. The father of the girl also immediately agreed: no is no, what for superfluous efforts.

The senior uncle looked at Sherzod who sat for the time being silently, fingered a napkin.

— Whether everything is so simple, huh? As though there were no gossips and sneers.

Sherzod not at once answered. He looked at father of Nigora, that one tensely

looked at him, Abror understood, that all will be how will tell now Sherzod.

Sherzod addressed to matchmakers with a kind of the person who lends big money:

If you want so, we go on this concession. However do not forget, that our niece is worthy the greatest wedding celebrations.

Correctly! Nigora — is the first child. Therefore... Her parents have many treasured desires, — the senior uncle picked up. — on wedding should be pair of karnays, pair of surnays, a drum-keetledrum. And two well-known singers with musicians is necessary to invite. To agree in advance, agree?

Abror asked Sherzod, having remembered, that once Sherzod opposed such wedding concerts with microphones:

— How you look at it, Sherzod Islamovich? We, of course, can invite. But microphones... Superfluous noise...

Sherzod evaded from the direct answer:

— A question about surnays we will solve later, at us still it is a lot of time: after the youth will hand in the statement to the registry office, will pass one and a half month. Now, generally speaking, it is necessary to think of other... Let's appoint the day of the wedding...

He has taken out the small book-calendar from the pocket. He looked through it. Then chose Saturday day that got on the middle of August. Father of Nigora and the senior uncle have agreed at once with Sherzod. The side of the groom also had nothing against this date.

At last on sign of Sherzod they have taken out from internal rooms three silk

bekasam chapans. The senior uncle rose from the chair. The first chapan he put on the matchmaker Agzam, others two — on other matchmakers.

Good luck, I congratulate you!

Here also we became relatives, father! — Sherzod among all visitors allocated father of Abror.

In turn Agzam-ata understood, that in this house Sherzod rules, politely bowed to him:

— Thanks, sonny, give God you happiness! Let the youth till the end of the life will be together, let they will have many children and grandsons, let live in happiness and love each other! Amen!

Everybody spent palms on their face and rose from places.

When they left already on street and started to say goodbye, before parting Sherzod significantly noticed, addressing to Abror:

It is after all only the beginning. All's well that ends well.

— The most important thing, the youth love each other.

— Yes, but their happiness depends and on us. Abror has just now eaten palov, prepared in family of Nigora, a plot just chapan, presented to him by the senior of uncles of Nigora.

He should answer precisely politely:

— We will do everything, that depends on us.

And coming back home, he thought: «Sherzod can spoil business with wedding, hints on something... As it would be good, if those projects have lain down without a movement even for a month two-three. We would have time to celebrate the

wedding before the fight with Bahramov will begin! Let the youth would have time to undersign! And fights all the same is not to avoid...»

Vazira, having heard from Abror, that the wedding was appointed to August, disturbed:

— Ah, how we have unsuccessfully chosen time! It was necessary to appoint either to July, or for September. First half of August — time when Malika will hand over admission examinations to the institute. Competition is terrible!

Abror, absorbed by different cares, almost absolutely has forgotten about her.

Malika finished the tenth class, having received the laudable reading and writing. Mother who has already overtaken by growth, that from alarms that approached to her, became adult serious. Her face was extended, the neck was extended. And eyes have extended, looked at the world melancholy and disturbingly.

Abror regretted the daughter, looking at her day and night, tirelessly and restless, with despair prepared for examinations.

Abror with Vazira, not postponing the visit, have tried to visit at the prorector and the dean. Such as they, "applicants" appeared much and to promise to them anybody became of nothing. There was one thing: to create for the daughter all conditions for employment, to watch, so that she laid down in time and in time rose — then the head will be always fresh.

Vazira has given to the daughter the most silent room in the apartment, watched her food, went to bed after fell asleep Malika. The first examination — written work on the mathematics. The result was waited by four days. Vazira did not sleep two nights. They have learnt at last, that Malika on the written mathematics got

“three”. If she does not hand over all other examinations on five she will not get to institute.

Vazira was upset so, that constant headaches have begun, in her eyes black points began to flash. The blood pressure has risen, and it was necessary to accept the tablets registered by the doctor. Soon the pressure have brought down, but headaches have not disappeared. Again to make an appointment with the doctor Vazira has not found time, could not find time in any way: the wedding of Shakir came nearer, the relatives have gathered for council — to solve, who what share of expenses, gifts will take.

In the chest of Hanifa laid a little of material on dresses from silk and atlas. On the custom, the side of the groom should present all dresses to the bride, and all dresses to the groom — the side of the girl. Pieces the best materials from the chest of the future mother-in-law the future daughter-in-law should carry eight to the tailor, to choose styles what she will want, and the groom is obliged to pay sewing cost besides. Intended for Nigora a coat, a raincoat, and other things sisters of Shakir and their husbands have decided to buy. To get scarce white shoes on high heel and boots on a platform had Abror: he has the car, so to look it will be easier.

At the height of all these efforts the project of the new channel Bozsu prepared by Bahramov’s group has come to movement, underground building approached close to Bozsu, the question on a line lining through the channel became urgent.

— Vazirahon, have you heard unpleasant news? —

Sherzod called Vazira called on her work. His voice sounded with anxiety.

About what?

Well, how... Your husband together with several architects prepares, as it appears, the project opposite to ours. Brings, so to say, a mine.

Thus Vazira had learnt, that long conversations of Abror with Farid Galiev, his leavings from the house in the evenings for long hours were because of it. Abror did not speak with Vazira, by what affairs he was occupied. Besides, once, when Vazira has taken offence at him, what supposedly military secrets from the jealous wife, Abror has quite seriously answered her with the malicious passer: «When you became co-author of Bahramov, unless have not hidden it from the husband?»

Vazira felt, that Abror intentionally does not leave in conversations with it for limits of household works, that in revenge he prepares for her something not concerning their house life. To suspect the husband that he as other ladies speak, «got to himself a woman», she did not have bases. What it means? It means, Sherzod has hit the mark.

With quiet voice Vazira answered Sherzod:

Let they even will prepare something... The project all the same will come in central administrative board. And Nabi Sadrievich approved ours. Why do you worry?

Builders of the underground do not approve our project. And they have very big rights. Not reckoning with the central board decision, they can go straight to rather high instances where to opinion of builders of the underground listen.

If you have not enough opinion of Nabi Sadrievich...

In my opinion, it is time to invite from Moscow...

Paul Daniilovicha?! — Vazira has picked up idea, having thought, that

Bahramov really is a dexterous man. «And the clever manager», — she added mentally.

Certainly. I just called to him. If the central administrative board invites, he will arrive.

His surname Katinov, yes?... It is good, that you have reminded me of him, Sherzod. I now will come to Nabi Sadrievich.

Vazira hanged up, took a paper and the pen. If to invite at the expense of management of the expert from Moscow, it is necessary to prove in writing necessity of a call, with the ready text of the order to go to Sadriev. With beautifully issued demand all in the same beautiful folder on which it is superseded: «To the report».

Sadriev attentively read the invitation text. Having bitten a lower lip, he sat minute silently, not looking at beautiful Vazira — this time he lost this usual pleasure.

M-yes, your project is not pleasant to builders of the underground, — told Sadriev.

Probably, because there is other project which confuses them, Nabi Sadrievich.

Who dares to cross you road? Who are these men of courage?

I can not precisely tell. One of them, apparently, the engineer-metrostroevels. Another — from irrigators... Vazira did not dare to tell to the chief about Abror — the tongue did not turn. Instead she assured: — Nabi Sadrievich, if from Moscow will arrive Katinov, very authoritative expert, the question will be solved... With advantage for our common cause.

You are assured? The invited expert will be on your side?

We talked with Katinov in Moscow...

Yes, it's difficult to resist you, Vazira Badalovna... grinned Nabi Sadrievich. Then kept silent. He solved: — Well, we will protect honour of the uniform.

This very day to Moscow addressed to Katinov the telegramme-invitation has gone.

Only coming back home, Vazira remembered, that today her daughter left to pass the second examination.

Vazira opened the door-lock, entered the apartment. The first whom she has seen, was Abror who cleaned trousers in a corridor.

— Has Malika returned?

From kitchen appeared Malika. Wearily smiling. Abror turned back to Vazira:

— You can congratulate her.

Four? — asked mother, being afraid to say "five".

No, five, — answered Malika.

Vazira embraced the daughter, started to kiss her. Also for some reason burst into tears.

It has appeared, that Shakir was also there; he left into the drawing room, opened a leather folder which held in a hand, got the invitation card with drawing of a rose and wedding gold rings.

— I see, you already distribute invitation cards? And the folder is smart, directly «to the report». And tickets very beautiful, Shakir.

Vazira did not look at Abror. Could not turn to him the tear-stained face.

If not to begin today, Vazira-apa, then we will not have time to invite all. In five days already to a registry office.

Let, Shakir, send... told Abror. To him it was not clear, tears of Vazira paternal e suddenly spilt, but it would not be desirable to ask her.

The car of cherry colour stood at the house. Brothers have gone down downwards. While sat down in the car, something spoke each other. Vazira sadly observed them from a balcony.

Really, why she started up tears? Abror, her Abror, her husband, quietly talks - at home about examinations of Malika, about the cares connected with the wedding of the brother, and stealthily prepares a bomb, necessary to break, crush the project, her project, and all holds it unknown from the wife. And Vazira in turn did not wish even to hint the husband about what they in a central board have taken measures today to cross out its plans, her project. Secret fight between them got more and more irreconcilable character, took more and more a place in their souls, filled Vazira with indifference to everything other. She also wished to rejoice to the five of the daughter, but this pleasure did not touch soul, did not reach today her heart. No, no, it is impossible and to live further so: at home they one, and on work others. Explosive pressure was saved in her. It seemed, nerves as strings, continuously stretch. However to weaken their pressure was any more in ox Vazira. The co-authorship with Sherzod, the support of Sadriev on whom she had a certain influence, the telegramme to Moscow — carried Vazira further and further from the husband, and a current of events, appear, was unstoppable, as unstoppable as a watercourse.

She knew, that Abror cannot recede any more, — the project prepared by him

together with the irrigator and the engineer-metrostroepts, builders of underground have supported, however Sadriev still goes against them, protecting project of Vazira (or her, Vazira?).

The day when Vazira heard about forthcoming discussion of the project «on the top», was the day of the greatest alarm for herself and her greatest distance from the husband.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

They have entered a boardroom, not looking at each other. As if another's people. Everyone was in the group of their co-authors.

In this building full of light in corridors and on marble ladders, with shining parquet floors and strict carpet paths, in the building where attentive smiling militiamen checked documents entering, Abror tested inflow of forces and desire to stand for the idea; Vazira did not release oppressive feeling of sincere alarm.

In the beautiful light hall half occupied with rows of seats, a table and chair-tribune, it was necessary to pass to discussion.

The project of Bahramov's groups has been executed in color, the group of Agzamov's project resembled product of a black-and-white drawing. Paul Daniilovich — arrived from Moscow yesterday, but already has had time to go round by the car of Sherzod Tashkent all almost, to visit the bank of Bozsu, preliminary to familiarise with competing projects — now was directly stuck to this black-and-white drawing: probably, intending to support Vazira and Sherzod,

continued to search for weak places in project of Abror.

The first word has been given to the chief of Metrostroy. Vazira at once pricked up the ears: all knew, that he is the supporter of project of Abror, and here he begins the discussion. Strong enough impression was made by economic digital calculations of the orator: project realisation of Agzamov's groups should manage twice more cheaply, than the group project of Bahramov's.

With attention they listened to Sadriev.

— Comrades, what is such Bozsu? — He began. It is a channel-river. When such big water flows, under it to lay underground is the business of unusual difficulty...

Sadriev also did not stint calculations, and his figures sounded too convincingly. In the end of speech he told, that management invited from Moscow for consultation the big expert Paul Daniilovich Katinov, that very comrade Katinov who faced problems of a lining of underground under the bottom of the Moskva River and Yauza.

— He faced and successfully resolved these problems! — with pathos concluded Nabi Sadrievich.

The chairman addressed to Paul Daniilovich sitting in the first row:

— Please, comrade Katinov, the word is to you!

Paul Daniilovich has quickly risen from the place, but to a tribune has not gone.

Uktam Rahimovich, let I ask one question?

Please.

Whether it is possible to stop Bozsú for a month-two? How will look at such possibility the republic management?

To stop? Vazira concealed breath, expecting the answer.

If it to make in the winter, at small water, then it is possible, — Rakhimov easily told. — many our big channels almost stay idle in the winter.

There are two hydroelectric power stations working on water of Bozsú. If they stop, the city does not remain without electricity? — Paul Daniilovich's voice strained. Katinov nervously corrected the hearing aid in expectation of the answer.

If two small HYDROELECTRIC POWER STATIONS stop... The volume of energy developed by them, perhaps, is so insignificant, that their temporary idle time should not be reflected seriously in a power balance of Tashkent. But, of course, here the is word for experts. So, we listen to you, comrade Katinov.

Paul Daniilovich stood being lost.

— Similar, I am not yet ready to act. Let me do it later. To me it is, of course, awkward, but... Would like to listen to opinions of others.

Vazira shuddered. Her main hope was Katinov. Really Katinov starts to recede?

— Well! — Uktam Rahimovich inspected the gathered. — who is next?

Four more persons acted, comparing both projects, and three from them took the side of Abror and Galiev.

Paul Daniilovich, leaving at last to the tribune, began unexpectedly:

— Sherzod Islamovich, Vazira Badalovna, my dear friends. — he looked at Agzamov and Bahramov guiltily, as if apologising. — I have arrived to protect your

point of view. In Moscow it was for me rather convincing. But it was a sight from afar. For the sake of our friendship I should, I am obliged to tell the truth as it to me has opened now... The banks of Bozsuz are surprisingly beautiful. It will be good, if you keep this natural beauty!. When in Moscow the first lines of the underground were built, we had no means of dehydration of the river channel. For the sake of the underground it is impossible to stop and drain the Moskva River for a month or two. For this reason we laid tunnels on the big depth, with the big precautions, and it managed very expensively. And in Tashkent is other situation... If there is a possibility to stop Bozsuz for winter time, to keep natural bank, what for to lay a concrete new channel, in haste to straighten, spoil the river?. The second project also has lacks. But as a whole project of Agzamov is better, more rational, in my opinion, comrades.

Paul Daniilovich spoke something else, but Vazira any more did not listen to him. Noise in her head, dark circles and strips before eyes. She sat as if deafened, collected forces to understand, what occurs to her.

The catalepsy has a little released her during the moment when Rakhimov addressed to Sherzod:

— Well, comrade Bahramov, we will listen to you...

Sherzod has jumped from the place. Fast, dexterous, resourceful... Vazira has come to the senses: this co-author, Sherzod Bahramov, will find what to tell, will manage to protect their joint work.

— Uktam Rahimovich, first of all allow to express me to you huge sincere, from heart going gratitude that you have found possibility to pay attention and in

general give so many time and attention to our architecture, our work. Our handsome Tashkent... here Sherzod suddenly got off from tone, having remembered that his colleagues did without « handsome Tashkent», and he was asked a direct question - Today's discussion for all of us is the big school after all... And for me is a bitter lesson. Personally I prepared the project on the instructions of central administrative board, under the central administrative board plan, let alone that the project has been confirmed in the central board... But today's discussion has shown to me... Has opened new and, in my opinion, true and perspective possibilities of the decision of the problem. Allow to assure you, Uktam Rahimovich, that from the today's criticism I... All of us we will draw the necessary conclusions.

And again the hall has begun to spin before eyes of Vazira. It speaks Sherzod? Justifies himself, dumps fault on the management? But what means —the management? It it he who supported the project, and he supported Nabi Sadrievich. It means, Sherzod accuses her?

Abror sat in the second row from the edge. He has thrown a remark:

But after all not the management, but you, Bahramov, possesses the idea of concreting and straightening of the channel Bozsu. I correctly speak, Nabi Sadrievich?

Correctly! — answered Nabi Sadrievich, having reddened. — we have not forgotten, that Bahramov was twisted round the management like an elegant moth... He achieved inclusion of the project into the plan, achieved...

Whether with your all the same the help, comrade Sadriev? — Rakhimov asked.

All have become silent.

— There is a sin, Uktam Rahimovich. I did not check up personally, believed Bahramov... And... Not only Bahramov.

Rakhimov summed up discussion:

— It is necessary to see, for the sake of what we build, for the sake of what whole our managements, all architects, engineers, all of us and each of us work. Care of the person is the main thing! The underground —is for this purpose. The banks of Bozsu — are also for this purpose. For the rest, for pleasure. The building volume is really huge, there is a set of problems, and all of them are interconnected, the complex approach therefore is necessary. You, comrade Sadriev, together with authors of the first project, have approached to the problem one sided, purely technologically. Comrades criticised you correctly...

Vazira did not remember, how left the hall. As if in heavy dream she saw the people hastily leaving the hall after the termination of discussion. The head broke up, something heavily pressed on eyelids. In the corridor she almost faced to Nabi Sadrievich. Vazira wanted, very much would like to take all fault on herself, but uttered nonsense:

— Nabi... Sadrievich... Because of me... You listened to such...

— Yes, you have cut me under a root! — angrily, violently whispered to her Sadriev. — You punched the project of this... Bahramov! You have hidden from me, that your husband prepared the counterproject!

«A lie! — screamed Vazira mentally. — It's a lie! Their project has already been confirmed, when Abror... Ah, how the head spins !»

— You tried for Bahramov! And this... The expert from Moscow... Did not expect... He trusted you and here... He was dishonoured!

... She hardly distinguished the road on which went reeling. A ladder, still one more ladder... People round are not present. They avoid her... In hands and feet there is no forces. What is with her?

By the pressure of will Vazira straightened, nodded to the militiaman at an input and, hardly having opened the door, stepped on street.

What is it? "Zhigulis", Abror?

— Sit down, Vazira!

It is his voice. His hand opens the door.

Vazira started back. He left, with force set her in the car and carried home. More likely home.

Vazira felt all worse. To go on the ladder there were no forces. She fell with a breast to a handrail. Abror cautiously led her upwards.

Vazira started to choke. He lifted her on hands, incurred.

It was good, that children (have played, whether that?) have left the door open. Abror with his foot opened it, reached a sofa.

Vazira loudly screamed. At the left in her breast it squeezed so painfully, that became difficult to breathe. He jerkily pulled a jacket collar.

— Water!. Water! I am dyeing!.

Abror run to the kitchen. From the next room, having left books and writing-books, on shout of mother jumped out Malika. Being lost, the daughter stood at the sofa, not knowing what to do.

— Hold, Malika!

Hardly having raised head Vazira, they tried to give to drink her. Cool water brought simplification, small and weak. The ringing pain did not pass in a head — as if the monster creeps out of a latent den and bites, bites. It was so painfully, that Vazira began to cry.

— Oh! I am dyeing!. Water!

Abror again run to the kitchen. He took a valerian from the wall first-aid set, with shivering hands dropped in a cup with water of drops thirty.

Malika strongly held mother for her hand, stroked her breast.

— Mum! Mother! Mummy!

The valerian has not helped.

Abror jumped out in the corridor to the phone. He typed «a zero three» — it is occupied, again and again typed. Also abused himself:

— Be damned all these contentions and disputes!. Hallo!. Hallo!. “Emergency”? — He covered the tube with a palm. — I Am afraid, whether it’s A heart attack it. The condition is very heavy!

Abror named his surname, the address.

From the street, conducting for a wheel his favourite "Eaglet", entered sweaty, excited Zafar. Having heard groans of mother from the next room, Zafar has thrown the bicycle, ran up to her. After the son entered and Abror.

— Now the doctor will arrive, Vazira. How are you?

From the pain in breast Vazira writhed and groaned. Abror, children, of course, could not help her.

— Mummy! Calm down! mummy! — all repeated Malika, hardly constraining tears, and stroked mother's breast, hands.

Abror saw, how were filled with tears of eyes of the son.

— Zafar, go, go with me. What is it? Your bicycle rolls, now doctors will come, and it has blocked the road...

... The Doctor left in the corridor after the patient has ceased to groan. Abror and Zafar, everyone in own way, disturbingly looked at the woman in a white dressing gown — she should wash up hands.

— You have got a fright, yes? Well it's correctly that you got a fright. Such attack could come to an end badly.

Abror submitted to her a pure towel.

— It's hardly for woman both to work, and to do the housework . On work there were any troubles?

— Yes... I, whether know, was frightened... is not it a heart attack?.

No. Your wife has a hypertensive crisis. And a sharp warm neurosis. A dangerous attack. It is good, that you have caused us at once. There could be a trouble.

Thank you! And is it better to her, doctor?

Abror stood at the door with a disturbing and guilty kind. The woman hesitated with the answer, began from apart:

These stresses... There are so lot of them... Whole days we drive by "Emergency" in the city. Here a neurosis, there a stroke, there a heart attack. So happens in the mountains.. Silently-silently, and suddenly you will shout — and responds from everywhere, it is increased, your voice gets terrible force... As if

sounds have multiplied the force by force of silence.

Yes, I also noticed the such.

The stresses...have such force. We of all have seen enough... Sometimes you think: my God, after all these stresses as fights at the front, carry away weight of lives! Heart attacks, strokes as if snipers with an optical sight, wait for an opportunity.

Abror was disturbed even more. Such words do not promise in lips of the doctor anything good.

Doctor, and is it now better to her? Tell frankly.

I will tell... We have made to the patient all necessary injections. She should fall asleep. It is good, if she sleep till the evening. Do not awake! For the night give her warm sweet tea, sour milk... Chicken broth. Then let she take tablets which I have written out. I will put her on the control. And if she cannot fall asleep and to it becomes worse, at once call us. At once! Then the car will come the reanimation car, will take away your wife to the hospital.

Abror turned pale.

«The winner! — he maliciously thought of himself. — No, let all victories will go to devils if to pay off for them it is necessary with such price!»

The doctor and sister have left. In the drawing room where laid Vazira, it was silent. Abror was afraid to come for some reason there, sat with Zafar in the kitchen. In twenty Minutes Malika joined them.

— Mum has fallen asleep! — she whispered.

Malika was pale now, she was similar to the careful mother, stacking to sleep her hard sick child.

Vazira by the evening woke up. In a weak voice she called Malika. In the room where she laid, after Malika have entered Abror with Zafar. They three together put at the headboard of the sofa a coffee table, have spread cloth and have put on the little table sweet tea, sour milk and a broth.

Vazira remained languid, as if deafened. Hands and feet were disobedient. Dumbness and indifference.

She for several times took sip of tea submitted by Abror . When the warmth was spread on her body, the memory revived: the discussion and especially last words of Nabi Sadrievich was remembered. What a pettiness she is! Self-confident, silly woman. She is not worthy of the contempt of the husband. And he? With care answers to her.

— A pettiness!. I am a pettiness... I am not worth of your cares.

Abror brushed away with an index finger large tears of the wife with her pale, a haggard face.

— You became more dear to me, than before, Vazira. Between us there was an invisible wall. Today it failed.

Vazira imagined gallant Sherzod, a chameleon, trickster Sherzod. She loudly begun to sob:

— What a silly woman I am! The self-confident silly woman! It is a shame to me! My God, how it is a shame to me...

Eyelashes of Zafar (he did not understand anything, thank God!) were humidified, lips began to tremble. Malika took the brother for his hand, they left the room.

— All right, Vazira, cry, perhaps, you will feel better, — told Abror, and sat nearby, embraced her.

Vazira continued to sob, being shaken with all body. Abror did not sustain, shouted:

— It's enough! Take yourself in hands, Vazira! Children are afraid. Malika tomorrow should hand over examination. Think and of yourself. The attack can repeat.

Last words have worked. Gradually Vazira calmed down.

— Tell mother about it. Let she will help Malika. The girl has examinations.

That Vazira remembered about her mother and Malika a little calmed Abror. He called up Malika, asked to be on duty a little more, and himself (with Zafar) sat in the car and in already dense evening twilight has gone to the mother-in-law.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

... The new button of the call — white, square — has drawn at once the attention of Abror. He pressed it; it rang out pleasantly — «bim-bom, bim-bom, bim-bom». «See you, Alibek as he returned from army, decided to update around!» — thought Abror with pleasure.

The door was opened by Zumrad Sadykovna.

— Oh, Abror!. Come, come in! Oh, what a pleasure, and Zafar welcomed!

Zumrad Sadykovna serially embraced visitors, kissed everyone on the forehead. There was a kid, he approached to the grandmother, seized the hem of her

skirt.

— Ah, you Good fellow, Timurbek started to go! — Abror lifted the kid on hands.

From the room at the left into the vestibule left Alibek. Eyes, eyebrows, the forehead of the one-year-old little son were exactly as father's.

Alibek greeted with Abror, cautiously took from his hands Timur. He put him on feet, slightly slapped him in his soft place:

Go, go on foot. We do not accustom him to hands. Or he will get spoilt.

Correctly! The father grown the spoilt child, and does not wish to indulge his son! — burst out laughing Abror.

In following generation the nature should have a rest... Both from genuality, and from defects of previous generation. — Alibek said it with visible gravity, scratching his dense beard.

After demobilisation he has thrown "easy" laboratory, returned to the factory as a replaceable engineer. His affairs now went not bad. From the prearmy past remained unless this beard, carefully well-groomed, a half ring bordering his face (moustaches now Alibek shaved off).

From the kitchen towards to visitors Nasiba left, wiping hands with the apron. After the childbirth she, as usual, has grown stout and became shorter. The dense bass of the announcer of TV reached the vestibule. In drawing room Abror has seen the wide screen of the colored TV at once.

Oh, you have got colored TV! And long ago?

Last week, — answered Alibek not without pride.

"Rainbow"? Probably, expensive?

About seven hundred. We've bought on credit.

Brave people!

Abror knew, that in spring when Nasiba was bought a fashionable coat for three hundred, Alibek was bought new shoes and a suit, it is more than half of money he has been borrowed in mutual aid cash desk. And here, look, they bought expensive TV, not having paid off yet with former debts. Things allure now many people to themselves, and expensive things, and on what only others do not go, so that to have them.

Zumrad Sadykovna solved, of what now thought Abror.

The modern youth very much is eager for the convenience and the clothes, dear Abror... The Century, speaks, is such: what is cheap — is not lovely.

Well and what? It is necessary to live well! — Alibek straightly off rushed in the counterattack. — at the factory I receive for the work much money. Only for the work!. — he underlined the necessary word. — and Nasiba receives at school certain quantity of hours. We will try to earn more. With debts we will pay off. It is clear. We will collect then money for the car. In some years and I will buy "Zhigulis".

And books? — asked Abror.

I here suggest collecting a library, but Alibek disagrees, — screwed Nasiba.

At first the car, books we will start to collect then. We will make beautiful regiments... The Glazed bookcases we will buy.

Yes, Alibek still is attracted with external shine of the life. Certainly, the person changes slowly.

Abror turned to Zumrad Sadykovna, enquired about sight.

— The right eye almost has absolutely ceased to see. — A cataract? And operated one is how?

— It also rescues me, Abror It is good, that last autumn you have carried me to the operation! What I now would do? I will think of all it and directly I do not know how to thank you and Vazira. And I wish a long life to the professor Kamilov! The operation was spent very successfully. See — I put on spectacles and with one eye read the newspaper. And myself I sew, if that is necessary.

From other room it was heard, despite the included TV how Zafar with Timur were engaged in an auto racing: toy cars roared as the real.

Why sister has not come, uncle? — asked Alibek.

Vazira is ill... She is in a bed.

Has the pressure risen? — With alarm asked Zumrad Sadykovna.

— Yes. The doctor appointed pricks, a strict confinement to bed. And here still examinations of Malika. Difficult... Soon is physics.

Zumrad Sadykovna once taught physics at the institute.

— I will go with you, I will help Malika! And she has gone to change clothes.

Nasiba brought a dish with tok-dulma, plates. Whole day Abror took nothing in a mouth, now with pleasure has eaten, has had a drink to tea.

It is good, that now you have well-being and peace. — Abror was sincerely happy. — I have a rest with my soul here. And at our house... Both the illness of Vazira, and the mouth is full of cares! The wedding of Shakir is on a nose. The acceptance of Malika to the institute. A year ago we could support others, and now

we wait for support.

But with what to help? You only tell, — threw up Nasiba.

Alibek frowned eyebrows:

The wedding, probably, is in an old fashion? No, uncle, I do not have any desire to run errands there, to bring and to clean ware...

Here so what! At what here the ware, mullah Alibek?. On the wedding the honour is necessary to the groom... Come, we ask, the day after tomorrow in smart clothes, you will go to accompany newly married to the registry office. So?

Is the day after tomorrow Saturday? It is possible. Nasiba will ask for leave at the school. Together with her I will go.

Abror took Zumrad Sadykovna and away to his house.

Next day early in the morning, it wasn't even seven o'clock, Abror, who overslept half-nights on the balcony on the folding bed, was woken by a sharp call. Zumrad Sadykovna slept in the drawing room, closer to the door, so she opened it.

Abror heard the voice of the brother. He hastily put on, rinsed with water his face and hands; being wiped on the move, left to the drawing room where for him waited Shakir.

What so early?

What have you done there? — Shakir even has not told "hello". — All relatives of Nigora have turned away from us. They returned gifts. And the wedding they wish to cancel.

Well!. It's already the work of Sherzod Bahramov.

I warned you, brother... And you, are visible, did not explain Nigora...

Nigora disappeared, do you understand! — in despair exclaimed Shakir. — I waited for her last night at a fountain for whole two hours. As we agreed. But she didn't come. They have no phone at home... And tomorrow to the registry office it is necessary to go...

And invitation all are given out... Here a noise will be for the all city if Bahramov will be able to cancel the wedding.

I am afraid for the father, Abror-aka! He worries so much. All night long did not sleep. He sighs endlessly. On an old age of years he can not sustain such shame.

Well it is fine, it is necessary to operate! It is necessary to find Nigora and agree about all, and only with her. She has not turned away from you?

But who knows it!. Yesterday she was absent on work. Perhaps she was ill? Or she has been locked? Their house is nearby. Perhaps, Vazira-apa descends to them home?

Vazira is sick. She strictly confinement to bed. Malika is familiar with Nigora. You write a note, she will carry.

... Already at eight o'clock in the morning Malika has gone to the next house, but returned. She has not been started up to Nigora. Mother of the girl met Malika haughty-unfriendly, the note of Shakir was refused to transfer to the daughter. She told only: «Let they will find to themselves other daughter-in-law».

— Ah, so! — vindictively compressed fists Abror. — On custom I should not come to them to the house before the wedding. But if they wish to break the wedding, I will spit upon the custom and I go now to them!

He has quickly shaved, has put on new light trousers, the most beautiful shirt.

Approaching to the co-operative house, he has seen in its shade white "Zhigulis" with brilliant metal strips on each side. The Car of Sherzod. It means, he is already here, at the niece. Abror stopped, nearly has not turned home — very much he would not be desirable to see Bahramov after the discussion. But if to leave — it means, to leave Nigora at his order... Bahramov can tell to her such... That...

No! It is necessary to go now and face to face...

Abror calmed himself, intentionally slowly has risen on the third floor. On the call there was the father of the girl — dozing like, yet smooth faced.

Abror resolutely entered the vestibule. Then stretched his hand:

— Through the threshold it's inconveniently! Hello, Muhtar-aka!

Muhtar confusedly offered his hand to Abror, and himself looked back where in the heart of the corridor have appeared the wife and Sherzod; they tensely and unfriendly looked at Abror.

— I came here as the matchmaker and consequently dared to come again to understand the arisen complications.

Abror spoke loudly, confidently, not faltering. He expected, that a door in the corridor will open still and will seem Nigora. All words he aimed at her. But doors have been densely closed.

When you came as a matchmakers, — began the mother of the girl, with deliberate contempt bending her lip, — we met you with honour, put on chapans. We thought then, that you are worthy people!.

And we have appeared unworthy? With what? - Besides loudly asked Abror.

We from you, from the matchmaker and the future relative, waited for good.

And you have done... You maliciously caused to my brother so much! I only have learnt today, how you wished to deprive him of award that most to become the winner! And yesterday at the big chiefs you attacked my brother to deprive of his high post. You simply envy Sherzod! If you are such envious person, the person with a black interior look to yourself for other relatives!

The respected... Neighbour! Do not hasten to hang on me labels! Who is the envious person with a black interior — we will find out. Your favourite brother Sherzod Bahramov — is my messmate, I know him since student's years. As a rule, envy to the talented people. And black envy is peculiar to lacks of talent. Truly? If I - am worthless, and Sherzod — a bright talent give now here at you and we will check up; give us two sheets of the pure paper, two pencils, we will sit down nearby... What you want, that we have made: The drawing of a garden, the drawing, your portrait? We will compete at you: at whom it leaves better! Well give?

Sherzod said:

What for children's entertainments? Time of such ridiculous competitions for us with you has passed, dear Abror.-

You leave in the bushes, dear Sherzod. Ours with you competitions have not come to an end. Yesterday's you have lost, because you have not creative, but stereotypic thinking. What for you in general have gone to architecture? You are capable to think only by standard cubes and concrete plates. And here when it is necessary to draw or reproduce something individual, unique — you do not suffice. I saw tens of your drawings, drawings. All of them same, you know it yourself. And consequently you raise at all live, you ruin. Abror all blurted out it a volley. But also

prudently loudly and sharply: behind a glass door that conducted to one of lateral rooms, he noticed an easy movement. Nigora was there. Well so let she hears all.

What a cheek! — the sister of Sherzod screamed, and he poisonously-ironically asked:

You, Agzamov, so, is a bright talent, and I am the untalented person, so?

Not about myself I speak. And you, Sherzod, are rather necessary person, the necessary screw as there is no time were considered... Said before speech about the small person, the necessary person-small screw. You, of course, the big person, -so, the big screw. With what screws are good? That they approach under standards, it is possible to replace them easily, conveniently to take out from one groove and to insert another with the same cutting. Whether not therefore you also wander from a place into place? From one solid post on another? But you also are ambitious, Sherzod, you use administrative post to be put forward and on a creative line; the creative laurels by right belonging to talents, — here that does not give you rest. Then you have removed young talented architect Hatam Juldashev, wished to take his place in the list. Is it so or not? Tell your natives the truth. After I have supported Juldashev, he received the award or not? You are silent? And he received the award! The talent has been adequately rewarded. . Here you judge, dear neighbours and the future relatives, — turned Abror to confused completely Muhtar, — who from us is the envious person with a black interior?

The Sister of Sherzod though has lost a considerable part of a former heat, all the same entered again the fight:

That envious person who tried to dump yesterday my brother from height.

Whether for this purpose, that most to get up in this armchair?

Yes let he sits in it as early as hundred years. But yesterday... The performance I rescued the reputation of the wife on which Sherzod tried to lay the blame for the inutile project.

Abror shortly told what happened yesterday to Vazira on discussion and after the discussion, not having hidden and that it now lays the patient: the future relatives should know it.

Here the door with a silk curtain was suddenly slightly opened, on the door handle the graceful maiden hand was seemed. Nigora did not dare to leave to the corridor, was ashamed to seem to Abror in a house dressing gown and with a tear-stained face. But to be silent she could not any more:

Excuse us, Abror-aka!. So much troubles and tortures we have caused to you... Transfer it, please, to Shakir... Tomorrow I will go to the registry office so that to be registered, I will go!.

You will go, if we will permit you, — rigidly besieged mother.

Mummy, you heard everyhting... What for you have returned wedding gifts?

And why they... Why did they such consumer goods buy? We for the groom from foreign brocade sewed chapan. A Japanese suit have bought... And they sent local manufactured jacket... Our daughter will not put on such rags!

I need nothing, mum! What for you turn everything into a trade! It is a shame to me! It is a shame! — Nigora loudly began to cry behind the door, but continued to speak through sobbings: — If you... Do not stop... I will leave this house! I will escape! I will be thrown out from the balcony... It is a shame!

Sherzod made a sign to sister, and that one disappeared in the room behind the glass door. Abror interrogatively looked at Muhtar.

Abror Agzamovich... Truly...It left badly. — Muhtar made a helpless gesture. — the matter is not in gifts, of course, but... It was necessary to find out all misunderstanding... It is good, that you have come... Let's go in the drawing room... And that you are in the corridor... Sherzod Islamovich, you will invite our visitor into the room.

Another time, Muhtar-aka, thanks. Now I hasten for work.

Well... Sherzod was restive, listened how the crying of Nigora was calmed down. — If the youth strong keeps each other... We... Generally speaking... We want that or not, but we appear in one team.

You have truly told, Sherzod Islamovich! — At once grasped these words Abror. — the wedding must be celebrated.

But worthily! — Sherzod has thrown at Abror an unfriendly sight. — you like to talk profusely about fidelity to traditions, Abror. Generosity and width — here are our traditions.

Sincere generosity and moral cleanliness — here that I first of all appreciate in traditions! In it we will check our mutual relations, truly, Muhtar-aka?

Muhtar agreeely nodded the head.

The suspended «the wedding car» again worked. On Saturday the youth should go to the registry office. Vazira though has got up, but go with the young could not — doctors have not allowed to leave on the street. Shakir sat (pining from forty-degree heat!) in the black suit. At one o'clock in the afternoon three his friends drove on the

newcomer «Rafik». Alibek with Nasiba joined them. Abror went at the head on his cherry "Zhigulis".

They agreed, that to the registry office will go by five persons from the groom and as much from the bride side. But at an entrance, whence Nigora should leave, gathered much more young men. They have surrounded dressed up in white bride.

Over procession of the bride supervised, of course, Sherzod. He carelessly nodded in reply to greeting of Abror, strictly noticed to Shakir:

— The groom is obliged to provide with transport all visitors. True known. It's after all the wedding, instead of is simple meeting...

Father of Nigora to shine scrubbed without that brand his new white "Volga". Under the order of Sherzod this car have been fitted by ribbons, ahead, over a bumper, have been piled up a fashionable symbol — a plastic doll.

Muhtar-aka has given to Sherzod a key from the "Volga" — it was intended to the groom with the bride. Sherzod before to sit down for a wheel, said in a circle of drivers a small instructive speech:

— You will follow me. As soon as we will get under way from the place, at once start a horn. Until we will leave on a line, clearly? Let all in the yard and in houses know, that there is a big Event!

Drivers laughed:

Clearly!

Let's hoot!

In the car to Abror Alibek with Nasiba joined. "Zhigulis" followed "Volga" through two cars. Abror did not signal, certainly. Grumbled:

What for to rise a noise? It is a shame...

It, is visible, a new custom, — assumed Nasiba. — Earlier so signalled, when s taxi driver died and comrades saw off him on the cemetery.

For Bahramov and in this ceremony the main thing is a facade, — noticed Abror.

And how many it was necessary to bear to Abror while Shakir with Nigora were registered in the registry office! The photographer on pointer of Sherzod continually stopped the groom and the bride, set of times clicked the camera, hardly probable a hand did not stretch behind money after each shot. To the side of the groom, that is to Abror, know only pay off. Then newly married and visitors have come into a cosy hall of cafe at the House of weddings. People there was a little, the majority of tables there were free. At the desire of Abror the waitress connected four tables together. The groom and the bride have planted on the place of honour. Nasiba took from hands of Nigora a magnificent bouquet of scarlet roses and put it in a vase in the middle of a table. In the heart of a hall the buffet sparkled glass and nickel, whence have brought some bottles of champagne, mineral water. On a table there were sandwiches, cakes, fruit.

Assured of that still is necessary to all the big feast at restaurant, Sherzod told to Abror:

It's enough enough, here we will sit some minutes.

As you want! — Abror stretched to the waitress money, has sent her to the mangal on the street where it is tastily smoked.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

Abror has come back home in cheerful mood. Vazira spoke by phone:

— Paul Daniilovich, one minute... Here he arrived... I transfer him a tube. —
having closed a microphone with a palm, she whispered to Abror: — Our Moscow
visitor... I invited him... Promised to acquaint with you...

And he, Abror, would like to learn more close the person who has so
unexpectedly supported him on the discussion, moreover and against himself, against
the initial intentions was not afraid to go.

— Paul Daniilovich how it is good, that you were! I three times called you in
hotel! — cried in tube Abror.

From that end of a wire the strong hooting voice was heard:

Yes I happened in hotel a little. Friends call on the consultation, on the walk...
To miss in number there is no time.

And today you are free? We with Vazira would like to see you at ourselves.

I with pleasure... But, I know, Vazira Badlovna was unwell. — Katinov
conspiratorially lowered the voice - We, men, are thick-leathered, yes-yes... And I as
I have received particulars, felt awkwardly. An inscrutable stub, really. I arrived to
protect, and it leaves — terribly brought the woman moreover did not at once
understand it.

Absolutely on the contrary, Paul Daniilovich, you have made kind business
not only for me, but also for Vazira. If you arrive to us, she will tell the same.

Well, let at first Vazira Badalovna will get stronger though a little. However... I

am going to leave the day after tomorrow, could put tomorrow since morning to you, so to say, short-term visit.

Abror estimated: the wedding efforts are not occupied in one day, tomorrow — is the culmination. And that, if...

Paul Daniilovich, tomorrow we marry my younger brother. Here also we invite you not simply home, but to wedding. Agree?

And I will not distract you from cares? I will not prevent?

I think, your participation, on the contrary... Will lift a tone.

Well, you are the real seducer, Abror Agzamovich: I want to see the Uzbek wedding, about which I heard enough .

Abror promised to fetch for Paul Daniilovich at eight o'clock.

CHAPTER II. Analysis of Translation of Russian gradation into English used in the Novel “Diamond Belt” written by Pirimkul Kadyrov

2.1. Stylistic and Translation Theory

The problems of style, affecting translation, may be subdivided into two major categories: the problem of functional styles and the problem of stylistic devices.

The problem of functional styles pertains to the specific features of texts of different genres in the source and target languages. Texts, belonging to different functional styles, such as official documents, scientific papers, technical manuals, news items and fiction, are characterized by a number of distinctive features that vary from language to language. These variations affect the composition of the text, its syntactic and semantic structure and the choice of linguistic devices for each type of a text. Official documents are replete with set phrases for which there are usually standard equivalents in the target language (of. the High Contracting Parties - стороны, done in the city of Tashkent – было выполнено в Ташкенте. we, the undersigned - мы, нижеподписавшиеся, etc., typical of the text of a treaty). Their syntax is usually characterized by complex structures and their lexicon by the highest degree of formality (hereinafter referred to - ниже именуемый, the signatories of the present agreement shall be responsible for ensuring the observance thereof - стороны, подписавшие соглашение, несут ответственность за его выполнение).

Scientific and technical texts are characterized by the use of special terminology, equivalents, for which should be selected at the appropriate style level (for instance, in a medical text pneumonia should be translated as пневмония and not as воспаление лёгких)

In a technical manual it is essential in case of terminological synonymy to use the same term for a given item (e.g. if антенный переключатель is translated as antenna switch, the latter should be consistently used throughout the text for the use of the synonymic duplexer gives the impression that reference is made to two units rather than one. Special attention should be paid to the so-called technical phraseology.

Text analysis and translation Russian and English newspaper texts are characterized by a number of common features (an abundance of neologisms and clichés, a wide stylistic range, preference for compressed structures, etc.) Yet these texts display several distinctive features. These features may be illustrated by the English news item and its Uzbek counterpart.

The frequency parameters of lexical items should be taken into account in choosing their equivalents in the target language (e.g. the English circles is not used in English newspaper texts as frequently as the Russian круги and therefore should be sometimes alternated with synonyms (e.g. quarters as in official quarters) or contextual substitutes (as, for instance, community in the business community!).

Stylistic modifications of the text are among the most frequent transformations, used in translation. A typical modification in translating newspaper texts from Russian into English is from bookish to neutral and sometimes even colloquial while in translating into Russian a typical change is from colloquial or neutral to bookish: The secretary told the news conference that the talks would soon be resumed.

Sport writers banged away at club officers.

Such charges are due to a somewhat greater orientation of the Russian news media towards the bookish style or "officials".

Compression and expansion of the text. A contrastive analysis of Russian and English newspapers reveals a considerably greater proportion of compressed structures in English. This calls for expansion (an increase in the number of syntactic elements) when translating into Russian and compression (their reduction) when translating into English.

Compression and expansion may involve a mere re-grouping of seems (semantic components), i.e. choosing a more or less economical form of their expression (using a word instead of a phrase or vice versa):

Car output averages a million a year. Would you please illustrate this thesis? On the other hand, they may amount to the omission or addition of semantic components, implied in the linguistic or extralinguistic context: At the summit meeting in the White House yesterday... Defense Panel - After Paris or London Washington looks provincial.

Peace Committee – Комитет по хранению мира.

The problem of stylistic devices centers on the relative functional value of seemingly identical stylistic resources. In case their functional role is different in the source and target languages, a different stylistic device should be employed in the target language to achieve a comparable stylistic effect. Thus the stylistic effect of alliteration, very widely used in English but relatively uncommon in Russian; 'except in poetry, is compensated for by using such devices as, for instance, rhyme: Butler; donnish, dignified and dull.

It should be borne in mind that news media, both in Russian and in English, tend to

use stereotyped stylistic devices rather than freshly minted ones. To evoke a similar response an equally stereotyped device is sought; in the target language, even if it involves some modification of the underlying image. Cf.: the swelling tide of wording-class opposition and a similar, sufficiently stereotyped metaphor in Russian.

A change in the image, underlying an extended metaphor, becomes inevitable if the metaphor in question is a phraseological unit which cannot be rendered verbatim:

Pie in the sky is too colorless a phrase to describe Mr. Heath's closing speech to the Tory Party's conference. It was more like caviar in the stratosphere.

Shifts in the denotational (referential) meaning are therefore inevitable in many instances when a stylistic effect is as important as the informative content of the message. It is particularly true in translating puns whose humorous effect can, harder be conveyed without sacrificing part of the denotational meaning: At the television cameras pan contestants and the critics pan the show, muscles twitch, words are flubbed, and sweat drenches dinner jackets and gowns.

The substitution of юпитеры for cameras makes it possible to achieve a similar stylistic effect, based on the etymological and semantically association of the Russian Variant Another powerful expressive device is 'code switching'¹, i.e. an abrupt change to an altogether different style register to achieve a stylistic effect. Very often this is done merely to reinforce the expressive power of the phrase: But the fact remains that the people of Spain in their overwhelming majority hate Franco's guts.

The English slang phrase hate Frank's guts become particularly expressive against a stylistically neutral background of the rest of the sentence. But that does not mean that the same device should be used to Russian.

A literary lexical intensifier will serve the same purpose.

2.2. Expressive Means and Stylistic Devices

In linguistics there are different terms to denote particular means by which utterances are foregrounded, i.e. made more conspicuous, more effective and therefore imparting some additional information. They are called *expressive means*, *stylistic means*, *stylistic markers*, *stylistic devices*, *tropes*, *figures of speech* and other names. All these terms are used indiscriminately and are set against those means which we shall conventionally call *neutral*. Most linguists distinguish ordinary (also: substantial, referential) semantic and stylistic differences in meaning. In fact all language means contain meaning—some of them contain generally acknowledged *grammatical* and *lexical meanings*, others besides these contain *specific meanings* which may be called *stylistic*. Such meanings go alongside primary meanings and, as it were, are superimposed on them.

Stylistic meanings are so to say de-automated. As is known, the process of automatization, i.e. a speedy and subconscious use of language data, is one of the indispensable ways of making communication easy and quickly decodable.

But when a stylistic meaning is involved, the process of de-automatization checks the reader's perception of the language. His attention is arrested by a peculiar use of language media and he begins, to the best of his ability, to decipher it. He becomes

aware of the form in which the utterance is cast and as the result of this process a twofold use of the language medium—ordinary and stylistic—becomes apparent to him. As will be shown later this twofold application of language means in some cases presents no difficulty. It is so marked that even a layman can see it, as when a metaphor or a simile is used. But in some texts grammatically redundant forms or hardly noticeable forms, essential for the expression of stylistic meanings which carry the particular additional information desired, may present a difficulty.

What this information is and how it is conveyed to the mind of the reader can be explored only when a concrete communication is subjected to observation, which will be done later in the analyses of various stylistic devices and in the functioning of expressive means.

In this connection the following passage from "Investigating English Style" by D. Crystal and D. Davy is of interest: "Features which are stylistically significant display different kinds and degrees of distinctiveness in a text: of two features, one may occur only twice in a text, the other may occur thirty times,—or a feature might be uniquely identifying in the language, only ever occurring in one variety, as opposed to a feature which is distributed throughout many or all varieties in different frequencies."¹

What then is a stylistic device? Why is it so important to distinguish it from the expressive and neutral means of the language? To answer these questions it is first of all necessary to elucidate the notion 'expressiveness'.

The category of *expressiveness* has long been the subject of heated discussions among linguists. In its etymological sense expressiveness may be

understood as a kind of intensification of an utterance or of a part of it depending on the position in the utterance of the means that manifest this category and what these means are.

But somehow lately the notion of expressiveness has been confused with another notion, *viz. emotiveness*. Emotiveness, and correspondingly the emotive elements of language, is what reveal the emotions of writer or speaker. But these elements are not direct manifestations of the emotions—they are just the echoes of real emotions, echoes which have undergone some intellectual recasting. They are designed to awaken co-experience in the mind of the reader.

Expressiveness is a broader notion than emotiveness and is by no means to be reduced to the latter. Emotiveness is an integral part of expressiveness and, as a matter of fact, occupies a predominant position in the category of expressiveness. But there are media in language which aim simply at logical emphasis of certain parts of the utterance. They do not evoke any intellectual representation of feeling but merely serve the purpose of verbal actualization of the utterance. Thus, for example, when we say "It was in July 1975 that the cosmos experiment of a joint American-Soviet flight took place" we make the utterance logically emphatic by a syntactical device which will be described in due course. The same thing is to be observed in these sentences:

(1) Mr. Smith was an *extremely* unpleasant person.

(2) *Never will he* go to that place again.

(3) *In rushed* the soldiers!

(4) It took us a *very, very* long time to get there.

In sentence (1) expressiveness is achieved by lexical means—the word

'extremely'. In (2) and (3) by syntactical means—different types of inversion. In (4) the emphasis is materialized by the repetition of the word 'very'¹ which is in it a word used to intensify the utterance.

But in the sentences:

(1) *Isn't she* cute!

(2) *Fool* that he was!

(3) This *goddam* window won't open!

(4) We *buddy-budded* together.

(5) This *quicke* tour didn't satisfy our curiosity we can register positive emotiveness, inasmuch as there are elements that evoke certain representations of the feeling of the speaker. In sentence (1) and (2) there are syntactical means which evoke this effect. In (3) and (4) there are lexical means—'goddam', 'buddy-budded' (=were on very friendly relations); in (5)—a morphological device (the suffix—*ie*).

It must be noted that to draw a hard and fast distinction between logical and emotional emphasis is not always possible. The fact is that the logical and the emotional frequently overlap. A too strong logical emphasis may colour the utterance with emotional elements, thus causing a kind of expressiveness which is both logical and emotive. However, the extremes are clearly set one against the other.

Now it should be possible to define the notion of expressive means. The expressive means of a language are those phonetic, morphological, word-building, lexical, phraseological and syntactical forms which exist in language-as-a-system for the purpose of logical and/or emotional intensification of the utterance. These intensifying forms, wrought by social usage and recognized by their semantic function, have been

singled out in grammars, courses in phonetics and dictionaries (including phraseological ones) as having special functions in making the utterances emphatic. Some of them are normalized, and good dictionaries label them as "intensifies". In most cases they have corresponding neutral synonymous forms. Compare, for example, the following pairs:

(1) He *shall* do it! = I shall make him do it.

(2) *Isn't* she cute! — She is very nice, isn't she?

Expressiveness may also be achieved by compositional devices in utterances comprising a number of sentences—in syntactical wholes and in paragraphs. This will be shown in the chapter on syntactical stylistic devices.

The most powerful expressive means of any language are phonetic. The human voice can indicate subtle nuances of meaning that no other means can attain. Pitch, melody, stress, pausation, drawling out certain syllables, whispering, a sing-song manner and other ways of using the voice are much more effective than any other means in intensifying an utterance emotionally or logically. In the language course of phonetics the patterns of emphatic intonation have been worked out, but many devices have so far been little investigated.

Paradoxical though it may seem, many of these means, the effect of which rests on a peculiar use of the voice, are banned from the linguistic domain. But there has appeared a new science—"paralinguistic"—of which all these devices are the inventory. The writer of this book holds the opinion that all the vocal peculiarities enumerated should be recognized as legitimate members of the phonetic structure of language and that therefore the term 'paralinguistic' should be done away with.

Professor Seymour Chatman introduces the term 'phonostylistics' and defines it as a subject the purpose of which is "the study of the ways in which an author elects to constrain the phonology of the language beyond the normal requirements of the phonetic system."¹ As can be inferred from this quotation, phonetic expressive means and particularly phonetic stylistic devices *are* not deviations from "the normal requirements of the phonetic system" but a way of actualizing the typical in the given text. Vocal phenomena such as drawling, whispering, etc. should be regarded as parts of the phonemic system on the same level as pitch, stress and tune.

In this part of the book where general ideas are presented in an introductory aspect only, there is no need to go deeper into the issue of what constitutes the notion expressive means of the phonetic system. The reader is referred to part III "Phonetic Expressive Means and Stylistic Devices"

Passing over to some preliminary remarks on the *morphological expressive means* of the English language, we must point to what is now a rather impoverished set of media to which the quality of expressiveness can be attributed. However, there are some which alongside their ordinary grammatical function display a kind of emphasis and thereby are promoted to EMs. These are, for example, The Historical Present; the use of *shall* in the second and third person; the use of some demonstrative pronouns with an emphatic meaning as *those, them* ("Those gold candles fixed in heaven's air"—Shakespeare); some cases of nominalization, particularly when conversion of verbal stems is alien to the meaning of the verbs or the nominalization of phrases and sentences and a number of other morphological forms, which acquire expressiveness in the context, though this

capacity is not yet registered as one of the latent properties of such forms.

Among the *word-building means* we find a great many forms which serve to make the utterance more expressive by intensifying some of their semantic and/or grammatical properties. The diminutive suffixes *-y (-ie)*, *-let*, e.g. 'dearie', 'sonny', 'auntie*', 'stream/e^', add some emotional colouring to the words. We may also refer to what are called neologisms and nonce-words formed with non-productive suffixes or with Greek roots, as 'mistressmanship' 'cleanorama'. Certain affixes have gained such a power of expressiveness that they begin functioning as separate words, absorbing all of the generalizing meaning they attach to different roots, as, for example, 'isms and ologies'.

At the *lexical level* there are a great many words which due to their inner expressiveness constitute a special layer. There are words with emotive meaning only (interjections), words which have both referential and emotive meaning (epithets), words which still retain a twofold meaning: denotative and connotative (love, hate, sympathy), words belonging to the layers of slang and vulgar words, or to poetic or archaic layers. The expressive power of these words cannot be doubted, especially when they are compared with the neutral vocabulary.

All kinds of set phrases (phraseological units) generally possess the property of expressiveness. Set phrases, catch words, proverbs, sayings comprise a considerable number of language units which serve to make speech emphatic, mainly from the emotional point of view. Their use in every-day speech is remarkable for the subjective emotional colouring they produce.

It must be noted here that due to the generally emotional character of colloquial

language, all kinds of set expressions are natural in everyday speech. They are, as it were, part and parcel of this form of human intercourse. But when they appear in written texts their expressiveness comes to the fore because written texts, as has already been pointed out, are logically directed unless, of course, there is a deliberate attempt to introduce an expressive element in the utterance. The set expression is a time-honored device to enliven speech, but this device, it must be repeated, is more sparingly used in written texts. In everyday speech one can often hear such phrases as: "Well, it will only *add fuel to the fire*" and the like, which in fact is synonymous to the neutral: "It will only make the situation worse."

Finally, at the *syntactical level* there are many constructions which, when set against synonymous neutral ones, will reveal a certain degree of logical or emotional emphasis.

In order to be able to distinguish between expressive means and stylistic devices, to which we now pass, it is necessary to bear in mind that expressive means are concrete facts of language. They are studied in the respective language manuals, though it must be once again regretfully stated that some grammarians iron out all elements carrying expressiveness from their works, as they consider this quality irrelevant to the theory of language.

Stylistics studies the expressive means of language, but from a special angle. It takes into account the modifications of meanings which various expressive means undergo when they are used in different functional styles. Expressive means have a kind of radiating effect. They noticeably color the whole of the utterance no matter whether they are logical or emotional.

What then is a stylistic device? It is a conscious and intentional intensification of some typical structural and/or semantic property of a language unit (neutral or expressive) promoted to a generalized status and thus becoming a generative model. It follows then that an SD is an abstract pattern, a mould into which any content can be poured. As is known, the typical is not only that which is in frequent use, but that also which reveals the essence of a phenomenon with the greatest and most evident force.

SDs functions in texts as marked units. They always carry some kind of additional information, either emotive or logical. That is why the method of free variation employed in descriptive linguistics¹ cannot be used in stylistics because any substitution may cause damage to the semantic and aesthetic aspect of the utterance.

A. W. De Groot points out the significance of SDs in the following passage:

"Each of the aesthetically relevant features of the text serves to create a feature of the gestalt² of the poem. In this sense the relevant linguistic features may be said to function or operate as gestalt factors."³

The idea of the function of SDs is expressed most fully by V. M. Zirmunsky in the following passage:

"The justification and the sense of each device lie in the wholeness of the artistic impression which the work of art as a self-contained thing produces on us. Each *separate aesthetic fact, each poetical device* (emphasis added) finds its place in the system, the sounds and sense of the words, the syntactical structures, the scheme of the plot, the compositional purport—all in equal degree express this wholeness and

find justification."⁴

The motivated use of SDs in a genuine work of emotive literature is not easily discernible, though they are used in some kind of relation to the facts, events, or ideas dealt with in the artistic message. Most SDs display an application of two meanings: the ordinary one, in other words, the meaning (lexical or structural) which has already been established in the language-as-a-system, and a special meaning which is superimposed on the unit by the text, i.e. a meaning which appears in the language-in-action.

Sometimes, however, the twofold application of a lexical unit is accomplished not by the interplay of two meanings but by two words (generally synonyms) one of which is perceived against the background of the other. This will be shown in subsequent chapters.

The conscious transformation of a language fact into a stylistic device has been observed by certain linguists whose interests in linguistic theory have gone beyond the boundaries of grammar. Thus A. A. Potebnya writes:

"As far back as in ancient Greece and Rome and with few exceptions up to the present time, the definition of a figurative use of a word has been based on the contrast between ordinary speech, used in its own, natural, primary meaning, and transferred speech."¹

The contrast which the author of the passage quoted points to can not always be clearly observed. In some SDs it can be grasped immediately; in others it requires a keen eye and sufficient training to detect it. It must be emphasized that the contrast

reveals itself most clearly when our mind perceives twofold meanings simultaneously. The meanings run parallel: one of them taking precedence over the other.

Thus in "The night has *swallowed* him up" the word 'swallow' has two meanings: a) referential and b) contextual (to make disappear, to make vanish). The meaning (b) takes precedence over the referential (a).

The same can be observed in the sentence: "Is there not blood enough upon your penal code that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you?" (Byron)

The interrogative form, i.e. the structural meaning of a question, runs parallel with the imposed affirmative thought, i.e. the structural meaning of a statement, and it is difficult to decide which of the two structural meanings—the established or the superimposed—takes the upper hand.

In the following chapters where detailed analysis of the different SDs will be carried out, we shall try, where possible, to consider which of the two meanings realized simultaneously outweighs the other.

The birth of SDs is a natural process in the development of language media. Language units which are used with more or less definite aims of communication in various passages of writing and in various functional styles begin gradually to develop new features, a wider range of functions, thus causing polyfunctionality. Hence they can be presented as invariants with concrete variables.

The interrelation between expressive means and stylistic devices can be worded in terms of the theory of information. Expressive means have a greater degree of

predictability than stylistic devices. The latter may appear in an environment which may seem alien and therefore be only slightly or not at all predictable. Expressive means, on the contrary, follow the natural course of thought, intensifying it by means commonly used in language. It follows that SDs carry a greater amount of information and therefore requires a certain effort to decode their meaning and purport. SDs must be regarded as a special code which has to be well known to the reader in order to be deciphered easily.

The notion of language as a special code is now very much practiced in the analyses of the functions of language units. E. Stankiewicz sees a kind of code-switching when SDs is employed. He also acknowledges the twofold application of the language code when "... the neutral, basic code serves as the background against which the elements of another system acquire expressive prominence within the context of the basic system." SDs is used sparingly in emotive prose, lest they should overburden the text with implications thus hindering the process of decoding. They are abundantly used in poetry and especially so in some trends of poetical tradition, consequently retarding mental absorption of the content.

Not every stylistic use of a language fact will come under the term SD, although some usages call forth a stylistic meaning. There are practically unlimited possibilities of presenting any language fact in what is vaguely called its stylistic use. For a language fact to be promoted to the level of an SD there is one indispensable requirement, which has already been mentioned above, *viz.* that it should so be used to call forth a twofold perception of lexical or/and structural meanings. Even a nonce use can and very often does create the necessary conditions for the appearance of an

SD. But these are only the prerequisites for the appearance of an SD. Only when a newly minted language unit which materializes the twofold application of meanings occurs repeatedly in different environments, can it spring into life as an SD and subsequently be registered in the system of SDs of the given language.

Therefore it is necessary to distinguish between a stylistic use of a language unit, which acquires what we call a stylistic meaning, and a stylistic device, which is the realization of an already well-known abstract scheme designed to achieve a particular artistic effect. Thus many facts of English grammar are said to be used with stylistic meaning, for example, the morphological expressive means mentioned on. But most of them have not yet been raised to the level of SDs because they remain unsystematized and so far perceived as nonce uses. They are, as it were, still wandering in the vicinity of the realm of SDs without being admitted into it. This can indirectly be proved by the fact that they have no special name in the English language system of SDs. An exception, perhaps, is the Historical Present which meets the requirements of an SD.

So far the system of stylistic devices has not been fully recognized as legitimate members of the general system of language. This is mainly due to the above-mentioned conception of grammatical theory as dealing exclusively with a perfectly organized and extremely rigid scheme of language rules, precise and accurate in its application.

2.3. Syntactical Means of Expressiveness : Gradation

It is well known that the study of the sentence and its types and especially the study of the relations between different parts of the sentence, have had a long history. Modern grammars have taken under observation the peculiarities of the relations between the members of the sentence, but the study of units of speech larger than the sentence is still being neglected by many linguists.

Stylistics takes as the object of its analysis the expressive means and stylistic devices of the language which are based on some significant structural point in an utterance, whether it consists of one sentence or a string of sentences.

The peculiarities of the structural design of sentences certainly have some emotional coloring and that's why they are considered stylistic and emotionally coloured. In order to understand the nature of the emotional charge of such syntactical structures, we must be aware of the norm of syntactical usage. By the norm of syntactical usage we mean the rules of the language according to which the word combinations, sentences, superphrasal units, paragraphs and texts constructed.

In present English syntax the notion of the norm is fixed but any change in the

position of the elements of the sentence may be looked upon as a variant of the received norm, if this change does not distort the meaning of the sentence.

It is well known that the English affirmative sentence is viewed as neutral because traditionally it has the regular word order: subject + predicate + object. Any change in the traditionally accepted pattern of the English sentence produces certain changes of the meaning. For example, a sudden change in the word order will add some information if compared with the same neutral sentence. E.g.:

To her and to no one else was due the glory.

(J.K. Jerome):

The glory was due to her and to no one else.

The beginning and the end of the sentence are the most important parts of utterance. At the beginning of the sentence the full force of the stress is clearly felt. At the end of the sentence there is always a pause, after which a new sentence begins. The authors use this peculiarity of syntax and place the most important ideas either at the end or at the beginning of the sentence.

When we speak about syntax we must always remember about intonation. The role of intonation becomes greater if the syntactical relations are weak.

The emotional charge of syntax originates from the oral type of speech. The basis may be different in each case. Sometimes the speaker may be in an agitated state of mind. In such cases he repeats or omits certain parts of the utterances (repetition, ellipsis), he may change the word order of the sentence without changing the essential meaning of the sentence (inversion). The speaker may enumerate some details, reasons, causes in order to make his narration more convincing (enumeration

and gradation). The narration becomes bright and emotional if we oppose some facts or events (antithesis). Different types of questions are integral parts of communication (questions-in-the narrative).

Another source of expressiveness of syntax is associated with different means of connectives (asyndeton, polysyndeton). Finally, we may note a different use of structural meanings (rhetorical questions and litotes).

We distinguish three groups of syntactical stylistic devices. The first - stylistic devices established by the peculiarities of oral type of speech. The second group of stylistic devices is characterized by the use of different connectives. *The third group* of syntactical stylistic devices is based of the interrelation of structural meaning.

The Syntactical Whole

The term syntactical whole is used to denote a larger unit than a sentence. It generally comprises a number of sentences interdependent structurally and semantically. Such span of utterance is also characterized by the fact that it can be extracted from the context without losing its relative semantic independence. This cannot be said of the sentence, which, while representing a complete syntactical unit may lose the quality of independence. A sentence from the stylistic point of view does not necessarily express one idea. It may express only part of an idea. Thus the sentence "Guy glanced at his wife's untouched plate" if taken out of the context will be perceived as a part of a larger utterance.

Here is the complete syntactical whole:

Guy glanced at his wife's untouched plate.

"If you've finished we might stroll down.

I think you ought to be starting".

She did not answer. She rose from the table. She went into her room to see that nothing had been forgotten and then side by side with him walked down the steps. (S. Maugham)

So the syntactical whole may be defined as a combination of sentences. Any syntactical whole will lose its unity if it suffers breaking.

A syntactical whole, though usually a part of the paragraph, may occupy the whole of the paragraph. In this case we say that the syntactical whole coincides with the paragraph.

The Paragraph

A paragraph is a term used to name a group of sentences meaning a distinct portion of written discourse. In fact the paragraph as a category is half linguistic, half logical.

Paragraph building in the style of official documents is mainly governed by the particular forms of documents (charters, pacts, diplomatic documents, business letters, legal documents).

Paragraph in the belles-lettres and publicistic styles is strongly affected by the purport of the author. To secure the desired effect, a writer finds it necessary to give details and illustrations, to introduce comparisons and contrasts, etc.

The length of a paragraph normally varies from eight to twelve sentences. The

longer the paragraph is, the more difficult is to follow the purport of the writer. In newspaper style, however, most paragraphs consist of one or two or three sentences.

So the paragraph is a compositional device. The paragraph, from a mere compositional device, turns into a stylistic one. It discloses the writer's manner of depicting the features of the object or phenomenon described. It is in the paragraph that the main function of the belles-lettres style becomes most apparent.

The paragraph in some style, such as scientific, publicistic and some others has a topic sentence, i.e., a sentence which embodies the main idea of the paragraph or which may be interpreted as a key-sentence disclosing the chief thought of the writer. In prose the topic sentence is placed either at the beginning or at the end of the paragraph. In the belles-lettres style the topic sentence may be placed in any part of the paragraph.

It is sometimes impossible to decide which sentence should be regarded as the topic one. Each syntactical whole of several combined into one paragraph, may have its own topic sentence or be a topic sentence. In other words, there are no topic sentences in emotive prose as a rule.

Gradation

Gradation presents a structure in which every successive sentence or phrase (new concept) is emotionally stronger or logically more important than the preceding one. E.g.:

1. *"For that one instant there was no one else in the room, in the house, in the world, besides themselves..." (Wilson)*

2. *It was a lovely city, a beautiful city, a fair city.*

3. *The human heart has hidden treasures,*

In secret kept, in silence sealed, -

The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures

Whose charms were broken if revealed. (Ch.Bronte)

Correspondingly, in the third example each word of the structural unit coming one after the other (the thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures) is understood to be more convincing in the revealing the author's idea.

Such an organization of the utterance creates a gradual intensification of its significance, both the logical and emotive and attracts the reader's attention more completely.

Of course, there are no objective linguistic criteria to estimate the degree of importance or significance of each constituent. It is only the analysis of synonym that helps us to feel the increase.

There is also a case when every successive part of a Gradation is expressed by a word presenting a less significant concept, so that instead of increase there is a certain decrease of logical importance and emotion:

"No tree, no shrub, no blade of grass...that was not owned". (Galsworthy)

A gradual increase in significance may be maintained in three ways; logical, emotional and quantitative.

Logical Gradation is based on the use of a successive unit which is stronger than the preceding one from the point of view of its meaning:

"Threaten him, imprison him, torture him, kill him; you will never induce him to betray his country".

The word "kill" is the strongest in meaning among all these contextual synonyms.

Emotional Gradation is based on the relative emotional tension produced by words of emotional meaning.

Your son is very ill - seriously ill - desperately ill.

Of course, emotional Gradation, based on synonymous words with emotional meaning will cause certain semantic differences in these words - such is the linguistic nature of stylistic synonyms, but emotional meaning will be the prevailing one. Here is another example:

"He was pleased when the child began to adventure across floors on hand and knees; he was gratified, when she managed the trick of balancing herself on two legs; he was delighted when she first said "ta-ta", and he was rejoiced when she recognized him and smiled at him". (Alan Paton)

Very often every successive member of a Gradation is a natural logical consequence of the preceding one:

"I swear to God I never saw the beat of this winter. More snow, more cold, more sickness, more death". (M. Wilson)

Quantitative Gradation presupposes the use of hyperbole:

1. *"Farmers' wives who had strength, endurance and energy of locomotives and*

the appetites of dinosaurs". (B. Macdonald)

2. *"They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens"*. (S. Maugham)

Gradation like many other stylistic devices, is a means by which the author discloses his world outlook.

The main syntactical pattern of Gradation consists of a clause or sentences based on lexical repetition.

The stylistic function of this stylistic device is to show the importance of things in the utterance, to show the significance of things described and to show the dynamic development of the same process.

2.4. The collection of Units on Translation of Russian Gradation into English in the Novel “Diamond Belt” written by Pirimkul Kadyrov

Russian	English
<p>Почему ее держит в страхе какое-то табу, инстинктивное табу, какая-то боязнь преступить черту даже в профессиональном, чисто деловом, архитекторском.</p>	<p>Why a taboo holds her in fear, an instinctive taboo, a fear to break line even in a question professional, purely business, architect.</p>
<p>Какая это противная вещь – остатки психологии рабыни, рабыни семьи, мужа.</p>	<p>What an opposite thing it is — the rests of psychology of the slave, the slave of the family, of the husband.</p>
<p>Впрочем, история с бешик-тоем, ссора, разбитый чайник – все это как-то разом отодвинулось, начало удаляться от нее, уменьшаться в размерах ив прежней своей давящей тяжести.</p>	<p>However, the story with the beshik-toy, the quarrel, the broken teapot — all it somehow was at once removed, started to leave her, to decrease in sizes and former pressing weight.</p>

<p>Такие шумные, пропитанные жарким солнцем, брызжущие здоровьем!</p>	<p>Such noisy, impregnated with the hot sun, and healthy!</p>
<p>Ведь это же здорово, что люди могут запросто собраться, чтобы подарить друг другу свое внимание, свое время, свои сбережения, свое душевное тепло, свою... мускульную силу, наконец!</p>	<p>After all same it's great, that people can gather without ceremony to present to each other their attention, their time, their savings, their sincere heat, their ...muscular force, at last!</p>
<p>Это ведь тоже порядок, гармония, рациональность...</p>	<p>It's also the order, harmony, rationality...</p>
<p>Аброр, ее Аброр, муж ее, спокойно и буднично разговаривает дома об экзаменах Малики, о заботах, связанных со свадьбой брата, а исподтишка готовит таран, нужный ему, чтобы разбить, разгромить проект, ее проект, и все это держит втайне от жены.</p>	<p>Abror, her Abror, her husband, quietly talks at home about examinations of Malika, about the cares connected with the wedding of the brother, but stealthily prepares a bomb, necessary to him so that to break, to crush the project, her project, and holds everything in secret from the wife.</p>
<p>Тайная схватка между ними приобретала все более непримиримый характер, занимала все больше места в душе, наполняла Вазиру равнодушием ко всему иному.</p>	<p>The secret fight between them got more and more irreconcilable character; took more and more place in their souls, filled Vazira with indifference to everything other.</p>

2.5. The Ways and Difficulties in the Translation of Gradation used in the Novel “Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov

The novel “Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov is rich enough by syntactical means of expressiveness, particularly by the gradation. During the analysis we faced to many interesting examples and tried to translate them from Russian into English so that they wouldn't lose their original meaning and expressiveness.

As it was mentioned before in previous paragraphs, syntactical means of expressiveness include such stylistic devices like stylistic inversion, detached constructions, parallel constructions, chiasmus (or reversed parallel construction), repetition, enumeration, suspense, climax, antithesis. We found almost all used stylistic devices except chiasmus (or reversed parallel construction), which wasn't used by the author.

Of course we also faced to some difficulties during the translation. Where it was necessary we used translation by the analogues, tried to find equivalents to some phrases in the sentences.

It should be noted that most of the units on gradation were translated by their equivalents in English.

As it was mentioned in the previous paragraphs, it was said that gradation is divided into three groups: logical gradation, emotional gradation and quantitative gradation.

Among the units on the topic of our investigation we've met examples almost on all three these types, for example, on the logical gradation:

Тайная схватка между ними приобретала все более непримиримый характер, занимала все больше места в душе, наполняла Вазиру равнодушием ко всему иному. The secret fight between them got more and more irreconcilable character; took more and more place in their souls, filled Vazira with indifference to everything other.

Это ведь тоже порядок, гармония, рациональность... It's also the order, harmony, rationality...

Впрочем, история с бешик-тоем, ссора, разбитый чайник – все это как-то разом отодвинулось, начало удаляться от нее, уменьшаться в размерах и в прежней своей давящей тяжести. However, the story with the beshik-toy, the quarrel, the broken teapot — all it somehow was at once removed, started to leave her, to decrease in sizes and former pressing weight.

Several examples on emotional gradation:

Какая это противная вещь – остатки психологии рабыни, рабыни семьи, мужа. What an opposite thing it is — the rests of psychology of the slave, the slave of the family, of the husband.

Такие шумные, пропитанные жарким солнцем, брызжущие здоровьем!
Such noisy, impregnated with the hot sun, and healthy!

Ведь это же здорово, что люди могут запросто собраться, чтобы подарить друг другу свое внимание, свое время, свои сбережения, свое душевное тепло, свою...мускульную силу, наконец! After all same it's great, that people can gather without ceremony to present to each other their attention, their time, their savings, their sincere heat, their ...muscular force, at last!

Conclusion

Having analysed the given task under our investigation we've made conclusion that:

1. The problem of stylistic devices centers on the relative functional value of seemingly identical stylistic resources. In case their functional role is different in the source and target languages, a different stylistic device should be employed in the target language to achieve a comparable stylistic effect. Thus the stylistic effect of alliteration, very widely used in English but relatively uncommon in Uzbek; 'except in poetry, is compensated for by using such devices as, for instance, rhyme: Butler; donnish, dignified and dull.

2. In linguistics there are different terms to denote particular means by which utterances are foregrounded, i.e. made more conspicuous, more effective and therefore imparting some additional information. They are called *expressive means*, *stylistic means*, *stylistic markers*, *stylistic devices*, *tropes*, *figures of speech* and other names. All these terms are used indiscriminately and are set against those means which we shall conventionally call *neutral*. Most linguists distinguish ordinary (also: substantial, referential) semantic and stylistic differences in meaning. In fact all language means contain meaning—some of them contain generally acknowledged

grammatical and *lexical meanings*, others besides these contain *specific meanings* which may be called *stylistic*. Such meanings go alongside primary meanings and, as it were, are superimposed on them.

Stylistic meanings are so to say de-automated. As is known, the process of automatization, i.e. a speedy and subconscious use of language data, is one of the indispensable ways of making communication easy and quickly decodable.

3. The category of *expressiveness* has long been the subject of heated discussions among linguists. In its etymological sense expressiveness may be understood as a kind of intensification of an utterance or of a part of it depending on the position in the utterance of the means that manifest this category and what these means are. Expressiveness is a broader notion than emotiveness and is by no means to be reduced to the latter. Emotiveness is an integral part of expressiveness and, as a matter of fact, occupies a predominant position in the category of expressiveness. But there are media in language which aim simply at logical emphasis of certain parts of the utterance. They do not evoke any intellectual representation of feeling but merely serve the purpose of verbal actualization of the utterance.

4. The interrelation between expressive means and stylistic devices can be worded in terms of the theory of information. Expressive means have a greater degree of predictability than stylistic devices. The latter may appear in an environment which may seem alien and therefore be only slightly or not at all predictable. Expressive means, on the contrary, follow the natural course of thought, intensifying it by means commonly used in language. It follows that SDs carry a greater amount of

information and therefore requires a certain effort to decode their meaning and purport. SDs must be regarded as a special code which has to be well known to the reader in order to be deciphered easily.

5. Stylistics takes as the object of its analysis the expressive means and stylistic devices of the language which are based on some significant structural point in an utterance, whether it consists of one sentence or a string of sentences. The peculiarities of the structural design of sentences certainly have some emotional coloring and that's why they are considered stylistic and emotionally coloured. In order to understand the nature of the emotional charge of such syntactical structures, we must be aware of the norm of syntactical usage. By the norm of syntactical usage we mean the rules of the language according to which the word combinations, sentences, superphrasal units, paragraphs and texts constructed.

6. Gradation presents a structure in which every successive sentence or phrase (new concept) is emotionally stronger or logically more important than the preceding one.

Of course, there are no objective linguistic criteria to estimate the degree of importance or significance of each constituent. It is only the analysis of synonym that helps us to feel the increase.

There is also a case when every successive part of a Gradation is expressed by a word presenting a less significant concept, so that instead of increase there is a certain decrease of logical importance and emotion. The stylistic function of this stylistic device is to show the importance of things in the utterance, to show the significance of

things described and to show the dynamic development of the same process.

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