III year English/Writing and Use of English 2023-2024 (Level: B2+/C1)

Dott.ssa Masturah ALATAS

Students will have to write a commentary (minimum 250 words) based on a critical analysis of a short literary passage (20-25 lines).

Or students may choose to write a commentary analyzing the passage in English as well as the Italian translation of it, taking into consideration whether the translation strategies are appropriate or not, and if you can provide alternative solutions. Time: 1h 30mins

Please see Sample Exam below (Lessons 8 & 10).

Students should be able to:

--write clear, well-structured texts on complex topics in an appropriate style with good grammatical control.

--present points of view in a paper, developing an argument, highlighting the most important points, and supporting their reasoning with examples.

--have a good command of a broad vocabulary; may sometimes have to search for expressions but can then find alternatives to express what they want to say.

--produce clear, well-structured speech and writing, linking ideas into coherent text.

--maintain a high degree of grammatical control in writing.

All reading and writing activities, and evaluation will focus on vocabulary, grammar, word formation and sentence structure (Use of English).

Recommended: Oxford Advanced Learner’s Dictionary.

Evaluation: Continuos assessment, lettorato exam.

HOW TO DO A CLOSE READING OF A SHORT PASSAGE AND WRITE A SHORT COMMENTARY ON IT:

1. Read and annotate (highlight relevant and important words, themes etc)
2. Look for patterns: repetitions, contradictions/contrasts, similarities
3. Ask questions about the patterns: how and why

Writing about a close reading:

**Intro**:

In the first paragraph, briefly summarise the passage. Say what is happening (action), identify who is involved (characters)

# **Body**:

# Analysis: identify patterns, connotation of words and phrases, style. Analysis of translation.

**Conclusion**:

Talk about effect of passage (on you). Talk about the effect of the translation. Compare.

Writing about a translation:

-Read the text in English

-Identify unknown words or phrases

-Identify words or phrases that may present problems for translation

-Compare with the Italian translation

-Analyse if translation is appropriate

-Meaning in context

-Your own translation suggestions

Aspects to focus on when commenting on an Italian translation of an English literary text:

-Stylistic features: the choice of vocabulary, grammar, idioms

-Meaning. Cultural translation: when translation strategies are adopted to make something understood and acceptable in one’s own language.

Example:

He always thought of the sea as la mar which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman. Some of the younger fisherman, those who used buoys as floats for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as el mar which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought.

Pensava sempre al mare come a la mar, come lo chiamano in spagnolo quando lo amano. A volte coloro che l'amano ne parlano male, ma sempre come se parlassero di una donna. Alcuni fra i pescatori più giovani, di quelli che usavano gavitelli come galleggianti per le lenze e avevano le barche a motore, comprate quando il fegato di pescecane rendeva molto, ne parlavano come di el mar al maschile. Ne parlavano come di un rivale o di un luogo o perfino di un nemico. Ma il vecchio lo pensava sempre al femminile e come qualcosa che concedeva o rifiutava grandi favori e se faceva cose strane o malvagie era perché non poteva evitarle. La luna lo fa reagire come una donna, pensò.

Commentary:

Intro:

The passage from *The Old Man and the Sea* by Ernest Hemingway focuses on the nature of the sea as being both feminine and masculine. Since articles are gender neutral in English, Hemingway has chosen to express this double characteristic of the sea by borrowing the Spanish articles il and la—la mar and il mar—to show masculine and feminine differences.

*How would you complete the commentary*?

**Lesson 1**

**A LETTER CAME RECENTLY** to my father's office from a Bengali gentleman in Calcutta. The author of the letter, unknown to my family, explained that he was a lifelong writer of fiction, adding that his "pen was never still." This prolific gentleman, impressed with the fact that I, with my recognizably Bengali name, had won the Pulitzer Prize, wanted to know how he himself might apply for the honor. On the phone from New York, I explained to my parents that it hadn't been a matter of applying, that it had actually been the single greatest surprise of my life, something like winning the lottery without ever having bought a ticket. When my father asked whether Indian nationals were eligible for the Pulitzer, I told him what I knew: that the book had to be by an American citizen, and deal, preferably, with "American life." At this point my mother interjected that the judges had made an exception in my case. I might have been naturalized as an American citizen when I was eighteen (I was born in London), but in her eyes I am first and forever Indian. Furthermore, my book, in her opinion, wasn't about American life. It was about people like herself and myself -- Indians. I suppose I should be grateful that my mother wasn't on the Pulitzer committee.

I draw attention to this anecdote because it exemplifies the perplexing bicultural universe I inhabit, the expectations and assumptions I have always shuttled between. My mother has lived outside India for nearly thirty-five years; my father, nearly forty. Since 1969 they've made their home in the United States. But there were invisible walls erected around our home, walls intended to keep American influence at bay. Growing up, I was admonished not to "behave" like an American, or, worse, to "think" of myself as one. Actually "being" an American was not an option. *Intimate Alienation* by Jhumpa Lahiri

Qualche tempo fa, nell’ufficio di mio padre è giunta una lettera da parte di un bengalese residente a Calcutta. L’autore della lettera, che non aveva mai avuto contatti con la mia famiglia, diceva di essere da sempre uno scrittore e, a tale proposito, affermava che la sua “penna era sempre al lavoro”. Questo prolifico signore si diceva molto colpito dal fatto che io, con il mio cognome chiaramente bengalese, avessi vinto il premio Pulitzer e voleva sapere in che modo potesse farne anche lui richiesta. Ai miei genitori ho spiegato che io non avevo fatto nessun richiesta e che quel premio era stata la più grande sorpresa della mia vita, quasi come vincere la lotteria senza aver acquistato il biglietto. Poi, quando mio padre mi ha chiesto se il Pulitzer potesse effettivamente essere conferito a persone di nazionalità indiana, ho risposto dicendo semplicemente quello che sapevo, ovvero che era necessario essere cittadini americani e scrivere un libro che parlasse, preferibilmente, della ‘vita in America’. A quest’ultima frase mia madre ha replicato dicendo che probabilmente la giuria aveva voluto fare un’eccezione nel mio caso, poiché anche se sono diventata cittadina americana all’età di diciotto anni (e nata a Londra), ai suoi occhi io sono e resterò per sempre indiana. Inoltre, sempre secondo mia madre, il mio libro non parlava della vita in America ma piuttosto di quelle persone come lei, come me, che sono di fatto indiane. A ben pensarci, credo proprio di dovermi rallegrare del fatto che mia madre non facesse parte della giuria del premio Pulitzer.

Ho iniziato raccontando questo episodio poiché credo sia emblematico e lasci trasparire la complessità dell’universo biculturale in cui vivo, le convinzioni e le speranze tra cui mi sono sempre divisa. Mia madre vive lontano dall’India ormai da quasi trentacinque anni, mio padre da quasi quaranta e dal 1969 la loro casa è negli stati Uniti. Tuttavia è come se quella casa, la nostra casa, fosse sempre stata circondata da mura invisibili la cui funzione era quella di tenere a distanza l’influenza della cultura americana. Quando ero ragazzina mi raccomandavano di non ‘comportarmi’ come un’americana, o addirittura di non ‘considerarmi’ tale. La possibilità di ‘essere’ davvero americana non era nemmeno contemplata. *Intima Alienazione* trad. di Elena Di Giovanni

**Lesson 2**

A sudden blow:the great wings beating still

Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed

By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,

He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

From *Leda and the Swan*, W.B. Yeats

A quick thump: the big wings flapping still

Above the tottering young woman, her upper legs rubbed

By his murky webbed feet, the back of her neck held by his beak,

He holds her weak chest against his chest.

*Is there a difference between the two poems? Which one appeals to you and why?*

See also Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s poem ‘The world is a beautiful place.’

The world is a beautiful place

to be born into

if you don't mind happiness

not always being

so very much fun

if you don't mind a touch of hell

now and then

just when everything is fine

because even in heaven

they don't sing

all the time

The world is a beautiful place

to be born into

if you don't mind some people dying

all the time

or maybe only starving

some of the time

which isn't half bad

if it isn't you

Oh the world is a beautiful place

to be born into

if you don't much mind

a few dead minds

in the higher places

or a bomb or two

now and then

in your upturned faces

or such other improprieties

as our Name Brand society

is prey to

with its men of distinction

and its men of extinction

and its priests

and other patrolmen

and its various segregations

and congressional investigations

and other constipations

that our fool flesh

is heir to

Yes the world is the best place of all

for a lot of such things as

making the fun scene

and making the love scene

and making the sad scene

and singing low songs and having inspirations

and walking around

looking at everything

and smelling flowers

and goosing statues

and even thinking

and kissing people and

making babies and wearing pants

and waving hats and

dancing

and going swimming in rivers

on picnics

in the middle of the summer

and just generally

'living it up'

Yes

but then right in the middle of it

comes the smiling

mortician

Lesson 3

She had married the man of her choice, and with the advantage over most girls that she had contemplated her marriage chiefly as the beginning of new duties: from the very first she had thought of Mr. Casaubon as having a mind so much above her own, that he must often be claimed by studies which she could not entirely share; moreover, after the brief narrow experience of her girlhood she was beholding Rome, the city of visible history, where the past of a whole hemisphere seems moving in funeral procession with strange ancestral images and trophies gathered from afar.
But this stupendous fragmentariness heightened the dreamlike strangeness of her
bridal life. Dorothea had now been five weeks in Rome, and in the kindly mornings when autumn and winter seemed to go hand in hand like a happy aged couple one of whom would presently survive in chiller loneliness, she had driven about at first with Mr. Casaubon, but of late chiefly with Tantripp and their experienced courier. She had been led through the best galleries, had been taken to the chief points of view, had been shown the grandest ruins and the most glorious churches, and she had ended by oftenest choosing to drive out to the Campagna where she could feel alone with the earth and sky, away-from the oppressive masquerade of ages, in which her own life too seemed to become a masque with enigmatical costumes.

From *Middlemarch*, George Eliot

Answer the following questions:

1. What is Dorothea’s opinion of Mr Casaubon?
2. Explain the following phrases:
	1. “…autumn and winter seemed to go hand in hand like a happy aged couple…”
	2. “…her own life too seemed to become a masque with enigmatical costumes.”

3. Explain in about 100-120 words why Dorothy was unhappy.

**Lesson 4**

I do not care for posturing women. But she *struck* me. I had to stop and look at her. The legs were well apart, the right foot boldly advanced, the left trailing with studied casualness. She held her right hand before her, almost touching the window, the fingers thrusting up like a beautiful flower. The left hand she held a little behind her and seemed to push down playful lapdogs. Head well back, a faint smile, eyes half-closed with boredom or pleasure. I could not tell. Very artificial the whole thing, but then I am not a simple man. She was a beautiful woman. I saw her most days, sometimes two or three times. And of course she struck other postures as the mood took her. Sometimes as I hurried by (I am a man in a hurry) I allowed myself a quick glance and she seemed to beckon me, to welcome me out of the cold. Other days I remember seeing her in that tired, dejected passivity which fools mistake for femininity.

I began to take notice of the clothes she wore. She was a fashionable woman, naturally. In a sense it was her job. But she had none of the sexless, mincing stiffness of those barely animated clothes-hangers who display *haute couture* (alta moda) in stuffy salons to the sound of execrable musak (*terrible music that is played repeatedly in public places*). No, she was another class of being. She did not exist merely to present a style, a current mode. She was above that, she was beyond that. Her clothes were peripheral to her beauty. She would have looked good dressed in old paper bags. She disdained her clothes, she discarded them everyday for others. Her beauty shone through those clothes….and yet they were beautiful clothes.

from Ian McEwan, *Dead As They Come*

**Lesson 5**

The Harmony Silk Factory is the name of the shophouse my father bought in 1942 as a front for his illegal business. To look at, the building was unremarkable. Built in the early thirties by itinerant Chinese coolies (of the type from whom I am most probably descended), it is the largest structure of the main street which runs through the town. Behind its plain whitewashed front lies a vast, cave-dark room originally intended to accommodate light machinery and a few nameless sweatshop workers. The room is still lined with the teak cabinets my father installed when he first acquired the factory. These were designed to store and display bales of cloth, but as far as I can remember, they were never used for this purpose, and were instead stacked with boxes of ladies’ underwear from England which my father had stolen with the help of his contacts down at the docks. Much later, when he was a very famous and very rich man—the Elder Brother of this whole valley—the cabinets were used to house his collection of antique weapons. The central piece on this display was a large kris whose especially wavy blade announced its provenance: according to my father it belonged to Hang Jebat, the legendary warrior who, as we all know, fought against the Portuguese colonizers in the sixteenth century.

From *The Harmony Silk Factory* by Tash Aw

Il Setificio dell’Armonia è il nome della *shophouse* che mio padre comprò nel 1942 a copertura dei suoi affari illeciti. A guardarlo, sembra un edificio come tanti. Costruito nei primi anni Trenta da coolie cinesi itineranti (categoria dalla quale molto probabilmente discendo). È il fabbricato più grande sull’unica strada che attraversa la città. Dietro la sobria facciata imbiancata a calce si apre un’enorme sala, buia come una grotta, originariamente destinata ad accogliere macchinari leggeri e qualche anonimo lavoratore sottopagato. Lungo le pareti sono ancora allineati gli armadietti in tek che mio padre collocò appena prese possesso dello stabilimento. Erano fatti per conservare ed esporre pezze di stoffa ma, a quanto mi ricordo, non furano mai usati per questo scopo e vi erano invece ammassati scatoloni di biancheria intima femminile proveniente dall’Inghilterra che mio padre aveva rubato con l’aiuto dei suoi contatti giù al porto. Tanti anni dopo, quando era ormai molto ricco e molto famoso – il fratello maggiore di quest’intera vallata – gli armadietti furono usati per ospitare la sua collezione di armi antiche. Il pezzo forte di quell’esposizione era un grande kriss dalla lama particolarmente ondulata, che ne annunciava la provenienza: secondo mio padre, era appartenuto a Hang Jebat, il leggendario guerriero del sedicesimo secolo che lotto, come tutti sappiamo, contro i colonizzatori portoghesi. *La vera storia di Johnny Lim* di Tash Aw. Traduzione di Giuseppe Marano

**Lesson 6**

The house of fiction has in short not one window, but a million– a number of possible windows not to be reckoned, rather; every one of which has been pierced, or is still pierceable, in its vast front, by the need of the individual vision and by the pressure of the individual will. These apertures, of dissimilar shape and size, hang so, all together, over the human scene that we might have expected of them a greater sameness of report than we find. They are but windows at the best, mere holes in a dead wall, disconnected, perched aloft; they are not hinged doors opening straight upon life. But they have this mark of their own that at each of them stands a figure with a pair of eyes, or at least with a field-glass, which forms, again and again, for observation, a unique instrument, insuring to the person making use of it an impression distinct from every other. He and his neighbours are watching the same show, but one seeing more where the other sees less, one seeing black where the other sees white, one seeing big where the other sees small, one seeing coarse where the other sees fine. And so on, and so on; there is fortunately no saying on what, for the particular pair of eyes, the window may not open; ‘fortunately’ by reason, precisely, of this incalculability of range. The spreading field, the human scene, is the‘choice of subject’; the pierced aperture, either broad or balconied or slit-like and low-browed, is the ‘literary form’; but they are, singly or together, as nothing without the posted presence of the watcher – without, in other words, the consciousness of the artist. Tell me what the artist is, and I will tell you of what he has beenconscious. Thereby I shall express to you at once his boundless freedom and his ‘moral’ reference.

From the Preface to *The Portrait of a Lady*, Henry James

**Lesson 7**

The Etruscans, as everyone knows, were the people who occupied the middle of Italy in early Roman days and whom the Romans, in their usual neighbourly fashion, wiped out entirely in order to make room for Rome with a very big R. They couldn't have wiped them all out, there were too many of them. But they did wipe out the Etruscan existence as a nation and a people. However, this seems to be the inevitable result of expansion with a big E, which is the sole *raison d'étre* of people like the Romans.

Now, we know nothing about the Etruscans except what we find in their tombs. There are references to them in Latin writers. But of first-hand knowledge we have nothing except what the tombs offer. So to the tombs we must go: or to the museums containing the things that have been rifled from the tombs.

Myself, the first time I consciously saw Etruscan things, in the museum at Perugia, I was instinctively attracted to them. And it seems to be that way. Either there is instant sympathy, or instant contempt and indifference. Most people despise everything B.C. that isn't Greek, for the good reason that it ought to be Greek if it isn't. So Etruscan things are put down as a feeble Greco-Roman imitation. And a great scientific historian like Mommsen hardly allows that the Etruscans existed at all. Their existence was antipathetic to him. The Prussian in him was enthralled by the Prussian in the all-conquering Romans. So being a great scientific historian, he almost denies the very existence of the Etruscan people. He didn't like the idea of them. That was enough for a great scientific historian.

Besides, the Etruscans were vicious. We know it, because their enemies and exterminators said so. Just as we knew the unspeakable depths of our enemies in the late war. Who isn't vicious to his enemy? To my detractors I am a very effigy of vice. À la bonne heure!

From *Etruscan Places*, D.H. Lawrence

Gli etruschi, lo sanno tutti, erano il popolo che occupava l’Italia central ai tempi della prima Roma e che i romani, da buoni vicini come sempre annientarono per far posto a una Roma con la ‘erre’ maiuscola. Non li avrebbero sterminati tutti, ce n’erano troppi, ma riuscirono a cancellarli come nazione e come popolo. Fu l’inevitabile risultato di un espansionismo con la ‘e’ minuscola, la sola ragion d’essere di genete come i romani.

Degli etruschi non sappiamo niente tranne quello che abbiamo trovato nelle loro necropolis. Ne fanno qualche accenno gli scrittori latini, ma per una conoscenza di prima mano abbiamo soltanto le tombe. Non resta perciò che andare alle tombe e ai musei che ne conservano i reperti.

Quanto a me, la prima volt ache ho osservato con attenzione delle cose etrusche, nel museo di Perugia, sono stato subito attratto. Con gli etruschi pare che succeda sempre così: o c’è immediate simpatia, o disprezzo o indifferenza altrettanto immediati. Moltissima gente disprezza tutto quello che di non Greco c’è stato prima di Cristo, perché vorrebbero che fosse greco anche se non lo è. Così l’arte etrusca viene minimizzata come una pallida imitazione greco-romana e un grande scienziato della storia come Mommsen a malapena ammette che gli etruschi siano esistiti. Gli erano antipatici: il prussiano in lui era affascinato piuttosto dallo spirit prussiano di Roma, alla conquista di tutto. Così questo grande scienziato della storia arriva quasi a negare l’esistenza stessa del popolo etrusco: non gli piaceva pensarci, e tanto bastò.

Del resto gli etruschi erano malvagi: lo sappiamo perché lo dicevano i loro nemici, proprio come sappiamo delle inaudite crudeltà dei nostri nemici nell’ultima Guerra. Ma chi non è crudele con il nemico? Per i miei avversari, io sono l’immagine stessa della malvagità. Figurarsi! Traduzione di Giovanni Kezich

Lesson 8 [Sample exam]

**Write a critical commentary of the English passage only or both the English and Italian translation. Write at least 250 words. Time: 1h 30min**

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I’ve been turning over in my head ever since.

“Whenever you feel like criticising anyone,” he told me, “just remember that all the people in this world haven’t had the advantages that you’ve had.”

 He didn’t say more but we’ve always been unusually communicative in a reserved way and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence I’m inclined to reserve all judgements, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation or a hostile levity when I realised by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon—for the intimate revelations of young men or at least the terms in which they express them are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope.

 From *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald

 Al tempo in cui ero assai più giovane e vulnerabile, mio padre mi diede un consiglio sul quale da allora continuo a riflettere.

 “Quando ti viene voglia di criticare qualcuno,” mi disse, “ricorda che a questo mondo non tutti hanno avuto i tuoi stessi vantaggi.”

 Non disse altro ma noi communicavamo parecchio in un modo nostro e riservato e dunque capii che intendeva dire molto di più. È per questo che sono sempre propenso a sospendere il giudizio, abitudine che mi ha fatto conoscere parecchi soggetti interessanti e mi ha anche reso vittima di non pochi scocciatori di professione. Una mente anormale riconosce subito questa qualità e se ne approfitta, quando si manifesta in una persona normale, e fu per questo che al college mi accusavano ingiustamente di essere un politicante, perché venivo messo a parte delle pene segrete di strani sconosciuti. La maggior parte di quelle confidenze arrivavano senza che le cercassi—spesso ho finto sonno, preoccupazione o un’ostile indifferenza quando capivo da certi segnali inconfondibili che una rivelazione intima si profilava palpitante all’orizzonte—perché le rivelazioni intime dei giovani, o almeno le modalità con le quali le esprimono, di solito sono poco sincere e guastate da palesi omissioni. Sospendere il giudizio è una questione di infinita speranza.

 Da *Il Grande Gatsby* di F. Scott Fitzgerald

 Traduzione di Roberto Serrai

Lesson 9 : see poem ‘The Man He Killed’ and Model essay (separate files)

Lesson 10

**Write a critical commentary of the English passage only or both the English and Italian translation. Write minimum 250 words. Time: 1 h 30 mins**

They were only making conversation. He had managed to move closer to her now. She stood before him very up- right, with a smile on her face that looked faintly ironical, as though she were wondering why he was so slow to act. The bluebells had cascaded on to the ground. They seemed to have fallen of their own accord. He took her hand.

‘Would you believe,’ he said, ‘that till this moment I didn’t know what colour your eyes were?’ They were brown, he noted, a rather light shade of brown, with dark lashes.

‘Now that you’ve seen what I’m really like, can you still bear to look at me?’

‘Yes, easily.’

‘I’m thirty-nine years old. I’ve got a wife that I can’t get rid of. I’ve got varicose veins. I’ve got five false teeth.’

‘I couldn’t care less,’ said the girl.

The next moment, it was hard to say by whose act, she was in his his arms. At the beginning he had no feeling except sheer incredulity. The youthful body was strained against his own, the mass of dark hair was against his face, and yes! actually she had turned her face up and he was kissing the wide red mouth. She had clasped her arms about his neck, she was calling him darling, precious one, loved one. He had pulled her down on to the ground, she was utterly un-resisting, he could do what he liked with her. But the truth was that he had no physical sensation, except that of mere contact. All he felt was incredulity and pride. He was glad that this was happening, but he had no physical desire. It was too soon, her youth and prettiness had frightened him, he was too much used to living without women—he did not know the reason. George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Fino a quel momento, si erano limitati a parlare, ma Winston era riuscito ad andarle un po' più vicino. La ragazza gli stava davanti, quasi sull'attenti, con un sorriso vagamente ironico sulla bocca, come a chiedergli che cosa stesse aspettando. Le campanule erano adesso sparpagliate al suolo, quasi fossero cadute da sole. Winston le prese la mano.

«Forse non ci crederai» disse, «ma fino a questo momento non sapevo nemmeno di che colore fossero i tuoi occhi.» Notò che erano marroni, di una tonalità piuttosto chiara, mentre le ciglia erano nere. «E tu, adesso che mi hai visto come sono veramente, riesci ancora a guardarmi?»

«Certo, che ci riesco.»

«Ho trentanove anni, una moglie di cui non posso liberarmi, le vene varicose, cinque denti falsi.»

«Per me tutto questo non ha la benché minima importanza» disse la ragazza.

Un attimo dopo, senza che nemmeno si capisse di chi era stata la prima mossa, lei era fra le sue braccia. Al principio le sensazioni di Winston furono di pura e semplice incredulità. Quel bel corpo giovane era stretto contro il suo, ed egli poteva sentire sul volto la massa dei suoi capelli neri. Non era un sogno. Quando lei rialzò la testa, Winston prese a baciarle la bocca larga e rossa. La ragazza gli aveva stretto le braccia al collo, e ora lo chiamava tesoro, mio caro, amore mio. L'aveva tirata giù per terra: non opponeva alcuna resistenza, poteva davvero fare di lei quello che voleva. La verità, tuttavia, era che lui, se si esclude ciò che trasmetteva il mero contatto fisico, non provava sensazioni di sorta. Sentiva solo incredulità e orgoglio. Era felice di ciò che stava accadendo, ma non provava desiderio. Era troppo presto. Trad. Di Stefano Manferlotti