



ARTISTIC LANGUAGE, STYLE, AND LINGUOPOETIC FEATURES IN KAZUO ISHIGURO'S NOVELS

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Abstract: A literary work's ability to captivate its audience depends largely on how effectively it employs artistic style, narrative structure, and rhetorical techniques. World literature is vast and diverse, and each work finds its own readership. However, no matter how profound a text may be, its true value lies in how clearly it communicates with the reader — that clarity is the measure of a writer's success. This article explores the artistic language, stylistic choices, and linguopoetic qualities found in the novels of Kazuo Ishiguro, with particular focus on *The Remains of the Day*.

Key Words: Memory, regret, time, symbolism, emotional restraint.

Questions surrounding artistic language and literary style remain among the most compelling areas of inquiry in contemporary literary studies. Of particular interest to scholars is how individual writers shape emotional meaning through linguopoetic devices — in other words, how the specific words and structures a writer chooses can carry feeling, implication, and depth beyond their surface meaning. Kazuo Ishiguro stands as one of the most fascinating examples of this phenomenon in modern fiction.

Born in Japan but raised and educated in Britain, Ishiguro writes exclusively in English, yet his literary sensibility draws from both Eastern and Western traditions. His novels have earned devoted readers across the globe. He is widely regarded as one of the most celebrated contemporary fiction writers in the English language, and in 2017 he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. His debut novel *A Pale View of Hills* (1982) and his follow-up *An Artist of the Floating World* (1986) established his voice, but it was *Never Let Me Go* and *The Remains of the Day* that brought him international recognition. The latter earned him the Booker Prize in 1989 and was later adapted into a film in 1993. This article focuses on the linguistic and stylistic dimensions of *The Remains of the Day*, a work that continues to resonate deeply with readers in both the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

What makes *The Remains of the Day* so remarkable is the way it communicates emotion through restraint rather than expression. The novel's descriptive passages do far more than set a scene — they quietly carry the



emotional weight that the protagonist is unwilling, or perhaps unable, to voice openly. Even the title carries symbolic meaning: "the remains of the day" suggests not just the hours left before nightfall, but the portion of a life still remaining after so much has already passed.

The novel is narrated in the first person by Stevens, a devoted English butler who has spent his entire life in service to Lord Darlington. This single-narrator perspective creates an intensely subjective reading experience — everything we learn about the world of the story is filtered through Stevens's careful, measured voice. And yet, as attentive readers soon discover, what Stevens says and what the story actually reveals are not always the same thing.

Throughout the novel, Stevens presents the outward appearance of a man who has lived well and served faithfully. But beneath that composed exterior, the reader gradually senses a life shaped by loss, longing, and quiet regret. Ishiguro achieves this effect with remarkable skill: Stevens's formal speech patterns, his reliance on professional language, and his avoidance of emotional directness all function as a kind of mask. The formality is not merely characterization — it is the novel's central emotional mechanism. The fewer feelings Stevens expresses, the more the reader feels on his behalf.

Stevens favors long, carefully constructed sentences, which reflect both his methodical nature and his deep-seated need for self-control. His language circles frequently around two particular concepts — dignity and professionalism — which appear so often that they come to define not just his values, but his very identity. Ishiguro also makes strategic use of euphemism and elevated vocabulary, allowing Stevens to soften uncomfortable truths and maintain his carefully constructed self-image.

One of the novel's most compelling stylistic choices is Ishiguro's use of the unreliable narrator. Stevens genuinely believes he has lived a meaningful and honorable life. But as the story unfolds, the gap between his self-perception and the truth the reader perceives grows increasingly apparent. He has suppressed his emotions, overlooked personal connections, and devoted himself to a man whose judgment, we come to understand, was deeply flawed. The result is a quietly devastating irony: Stevens is the last to see what the reader has understood all along.

Symbolism threads through the novel with equal subtlety. Stevens's road trip across England is, on the surface, a practical journey — but it functions as a reflective pilgrimage through his own past. The landscape he travels through mirrors his inner state: pastoral, fading, beautiful in a quietly melancholy way. The title's reference to the "remains" of the day echoes the novel's central theme of belated understanding — the things one realizes only when there is little time left to act on them. The setting sun becomes a metaphor for a life



entering its final chapter, and Stevens's tentative moments of reflection feel like light breaking through just before dark.

Conclusion

The Remains of the Day is a novel that works entirely through understatement. Ishiguro does not raise his voice — he does not need to. Through controlled, unhurried narration, he gradually opens a window into a man who spent his life doing everything right by the standards he was given, only to find those standards wanting. The prose is elegant and restrained, yet beneath it lies an ocean of feeling: regret for paths not taken, grief for connections lost, and a painful honesty about the cost of a life lived in service to the wrong things.

What makes Stevens such a memorable character is precisely his inability to speak directly about what he feels. His formal, distanced way of talking seems appropriate for a butler — but it also serves as a shield. As the novel progresses, the reader begins to understand that his emotional distance is not just professional habit; it is self-protection. In this sense, the novel asks us to consider how easily a person can become so absorbed in external duties and social roles that the deeper questions of life — what we value, who we love, what we live for — go unexamined until it may be too late.

The Remains of the Day is, in the end, a quiet masterpiece. Its language is calm, almost modest — and yet its linguopoetic depth gives it a power that lingers long after the final page. It is a novel that does not announce itself; it simply stays with you, like the fading light of an evening you did not realize was ending.

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