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«Смоленский государственный университет»

Кафедра английского языка

«*Утверждаю*»  
Проректор по учебно-методической работе  
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«23» сентября 2021 г.

**Рабочая программа дисциплины  
Б1.В.О7 Интерпретация текста**

Направление подготовки: **44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)**

Направленность (профиль): **Английский язык. Немецкий язык**

Форма обучения: очная

Курс – 4

Семестр – 7

Всего зачетных единиц – 2, часов – 72 час.

Форма отчетности: зачет – 7 семестр

Программу разработали:

доктор филол. наук, доцент Сапожникова Ю.Л., к.ф.н., доцент Силаев П.В.

Одобрена на заседании кафедры английского языка

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Заведующий кафедрой \_\_\_\_\_ Л.Ю. Мастыкина

Смоленск  
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## 1. Место дисциплины в структуре ОП

Дисциплина Б1.В.07 «Интерпретация текста» входит в блок дисциплин по выбору вариативной части ОП по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки), направленность (профиль) Английский язык. Немецкий язык. Данная дисциплина является интегрирующей и обобщающей: она способствует более глубокому освоению иностранного языка как будущего инструмента преподавательской деятельности, расширяет знания и умения, определяемые содержанием обязательных дисциплин.

Для освоения дисциплины студенты используют знания, умения и виды деятельности, сформированные в ходе изучения дисциплин «Практика устной и письменной речи (английский язык)», «Языкознание», «Стилистика». Предполагается, что для максимально продуктивного прохождения данного курса студент после трех лет обучения уже владеет: высоким уровнем развития теоретического мышления, способностью соотнести понятийный аппарат изученных дисциплин с реальными фактами и явлениями профессиональной деятельности, умением творчески использовать теоретические положения для решения практических профессиональных задач; системой представлений о связи языка, истории и культуры народа, о функционировании и месте культуры в обществе, национально-культурной специфике стран изучаемого языка и своей страны; владеет системой представлений о языковой системе как целостном, исторически сложившемся функциональном образовании, социальной природе языка, роли языка в жизни общества; практически владеет системой изучаемых иностранных языков и принципами ее функционирования применительно к различным сферам речевой коммуникации, понимает особенности межличностной и массовой коммуникации, речевого воздействия.

Данная дисциплина становится необходимой базой для курсов, идущих на старшей ступени обучения: "Практика устной и письменной речи", "Теория и практика перевода" и т.п.

Дисциплина готовит студентов к написанию выпускной квалификационной работы.

## 2. Планируемые результаты обучения по дисциплине

Компетенция	Индикаторы достижения
<b>ПК-5</b> – способен использовать научные знания в предметной области (английский язык) в процессе формирования предметной компетенции обучающихся в рамках реализации основной общеобразовательной программы	<b>Знать:</b> основные понятия, применяемые при интерпретации текста; общие закономерности структурно-семантической организации художественного текста; композиционно-смысловую значимость разных частей текста; виды информации, передаваемой различными языковыми единицами в тексте; представление о лексическом значении как об особом информационном феномене, содержащем различные слои информации. <b>Уметь:</b> осуществлять лингвистический анализ различных языковых единиц (от слова до текста); осуществлять комплексную интерпретацию текста, включающую также все ранее изученные виды лингвистического анализа; выявлять смысл художественной информации; высказывать свою точку зрения на прочитанный текст. <b>Владеть:</b> навыками нахождения символов в тексте и правильной их интерпретации; навыками определения жанровых и стилевых особенностей текстов и их роли в общей концепции произведения; навыками филологической интерпретации ведущих смысловых категорий литературного текста.

### 3. Содержание дисциплины

#### 1. *Fiction and its interpretation.*

Fiction: its definition; literature of escape and literature of interpretation; immature readers versus discriminating (mature) readers; the interpretation of the text.

#### 2. *Plot and its structure.*

The definition of the plot; conflict, its types; structural components of the plot; plot structure techniques; presentational sequencing; plot manipulation.

#### 3. *Setting.*

The definition of the setting; the main aspects that the idea of setting includes.

#### 4. *Character.*

Its definition; different types of characters; direct, indirect presentation of a character; main principles of characterization; developing characters.

#### 5. *Means of characterization.*

Presentation through action; different speech characteristics; psychological portrayal and analysis of motive; description of the world of things that surround the character; the use of a foil; the naming of a character.

#### 6. *Point of view.*

Definition of point of view, distinction between focus and speaker; first person narration: peculiarities; third person narration: omniscient point of view: peculiarities; limited third person point of view: peculiarities; stream of consciousness; interior monologue; polyphony: definition, peculiarities.

#### 7. *Symbol.*

A literary symbol; name symbolism; the symbolic use of objects and actions; traditional and personal symbols; interpretation of symbols.

#### 8. *Theme / Idea / Message.*

The English term "theme", its meaning; theme in escape literature and in interpretive literature; the correlation and the difference between theme and moral; stating the theme; message: definition, types.

#### 9. *Strong (salient) position.*

The definition of strong position; the title: types, meaning, functions; the beginning of the text: 2 types (static and dynamic; the ending: types, defeated expectancy (explanation of the phenomenon).

#### 10. *Emotion and irony.*

Emotion in literature of interpretation and in escape literature; 2 types of emotion; irony: its difference from sarcasm and humour; 3 kinds of irony; irony of fate.

#### 11. *Fantasy.*

The correlation of truth and fact; fantasy: definition, its aim, its connection with what's going on in modern thought; the setting and peculiarities of fantastic stories and science fiction; fantasy in escape literature and in literature of interpretation.

#### 12. *Tone and style.*

The definitions of atmosphere and tone in a work of art; the definition of style, characteristics of style.

#### 13. *The genre of short story.*

The peculiarities of related genres of fable, parable and tale; the peculiarities of short stories and their classification.

#### 4. Тематический план

№	Тема	Всего часов	Формы занятий		
			Лекции	Практические занятия	Самостоятельная работа
1	Fiction and its interpretation	4	1	2	1
2	Plot and its structure	4	1	2	1
3	Setting	5	1	2	2
4	Character	9	1	4	4
5	Means of characterization	5	1	2	2
6	Point of view	6	2	2	2
7	Symbol	9	1	4	4
8	Theme / Idea / Message	5	1	2	2
9	Strong (salient) position	5	1	2	2
10	Emotion and irony	5	1	2	2
11	Fantasy	5	1	2	2
12	Tone and style	5	1	2	2
13	The genre of short story	5	1	2	2
		<b>72</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>28</b>

#### 5. Виды учебной деятельности

##### 5.1. Занятия лекционного типа (читаются на английском языке)

###### Лекция 1

*Fiction and its interpretation.* Fiction: its definition, aim of reading it; literature of escape and literature of interpretation; immature readers versus discriminating (mature) readers; a work of art as the organic unity of both the linguistic and extralinguistic elements; the interpretation of the text, its two parts.

*Plot and its structure.* The definition of the plot, plot as a series of meaningful events; conflict, its types; structural components of the plot; plot structure techniques; presentational sequencing and its types; plot manipulation, chance in fiction.

###### Лекция 2

*Setting.* The definition of the setting, the way it's presented; the main aspects that the idea of setting includes; what writers the setting is especially important for, why; functions of the setting.

*Character.* Its definition, characters in escape fiction; characters in literature of interpretation; different types of characters; direct, indirect presentation of a character; main principles of characterization; developing characters; the conditions of credibility of their changes.

###### Лекция 3

*Means of characterization.* Presentation through action; different speech characteristics; psychological portrayal and analysis of motive; description of the world of things that surround the character; the use of a foil; the naming of a character.

*Point of view.* Definition of point of view, distinction between focus and speaker; first person narration: peculiarities, unreliable narrator, 2 kinds of first person narration, advantages of first person narration;

###### Лекция 4

*Point of view.* Third person narration: omniscient point of view: peculiarities, intrusive narrator versus objective narrator, advantages of the objective point of view; limited third person point of view: peculiarities, similarity to and difference from first person narration; stream of consciousness; interior monologue; polyphony: definition, peculiarities; questions that readers should ask when analyzing point of view.

*Symbol.* A literary symbol; name symbolism; the symbolic use of objects and actions; traditional and personal symbols; interpretation of symbols.

## **Лекция 5**

*Theme / Idea / Message.* The English term “theme”, its meaning (compare it with the Russian terms “тема” and “идея”); theme in escape literature and in interpretive literature; the way to formulate the theme (on the part of the reader) and to express it (on the part of the writer); the correlation and the difference between theme and moral; principles to follow when stating the theme; the points that must be taken into account when discovering the theme; message: definition, types, its link with implications.

*Strong (salient) position.* The definition of strong position; elements involved; the title: types, meaning, functions, linguistic and stylistic features; the beginning of the text: 2 types (static and dynamic), its link with suspense (explanation of the phenomenon); the ending: types, its link with the element of surprise and defeated expectancy (explanation of the phenomenon).

## **Лекция 6**

*Emotion and irony*

Emotion in literature of interpretation and in escape literature; 2 types of emotion; sentimentality: definition; features characteristic of sentimental writers; irony: its difference from sarcasm and humour; 3 kinds of irony; irony of fate.

*Fantasy*

The correlation of truth and fact, truth and the improbable and the impossible; fantasy: definition, its aim, its connection with what’s going on in modern thought; fantastic stories of the past and the present, the setting and peculiarities of fantastic stories and science fiction; fantasy in escape literature and in literature of interpretation.

## **Лекция 7**

*Tone and style.* The definitions of atmosphere and tone in a work of art; 2 aspects of tone and its corresponding kinds; the definition of style, characteristics of style.

*The genre of short story.* The peculiarities of related genres of fable, parable and tale; the peculiarities of short stories and their classification.

Лекционные занятия предполагают следующие виды учебной деятельности студентов:

- конспектирование материалов лекции;
- участие в дискуссии; «мозговом штурме»;
- анализ конкретных примеров из английского и русского языков;
- рефлексия.

### **5.2. Практические занятия (проводятся на английском языке)**

#### **SEMINAR 1: FICTION AND ITS INTERPRETATION ( 2 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- fiction: its definition, aim of reading it;
- literature of escape and literature of interpretation;
- immature readers versus discriminating (mature) readers;
- a work of art as the organic unity of both the linguistic and extralinguistic elements;
- the interpretation of the text, its two parts.

II. Read the following text and be ready to discuss Nabokov's view on what makes a good reader and a good writer. Share your ideas about his attitude to reading.

**Vladimir Nabokov**

**GOOD READERS AND GOOD WRITERS**

"How to be a Good Reader" or "Kindness to Authors" — something of that sort might serve to provide a subtitle for these various discussions of various authors, for my plan is to deal lovingly, in loving and lingering detail, with several European masterpieces. A hundred years ago, Flaubert in a letter to his mistress made the following remark: *Comme l'onserait savant sil'onconnaissaitbienseulement cinq a six livres*: "What a scholar one might be if one knew well only some half a dozen books".

In reading, one should notice and fondle details. There is nothing wrong about the moonshine of generalization when it comes *after* the sunny trifles of the book have been lovingly collected, if one begins with a ready-made generalization, one begins at the wrong end and travels away from the book before one has started to understand it. Nothing is more boring or more unfair to the author than starting to read, say, *Madame Bovary*, with the preconceived notion that it is a denunciation of the bourgeoisie. We should always remember that the work of art is invariably the creation of a new world, so that the first thing we should do is to study that new world as closely as possible, approaching it as something brand new, having no obvious connection with the worlds we already know. When this new world has been closely studied, then and only then let us examine its links with other worlds, other branches of knowledge.

Another question: Can we expect to glean information about places and times from a novel? Can anybody be so naive as to think he or she can learn anything about the past from those buxom best-sellers that are hawked around by book clubs under the heading of historical novels? But what about the masterpieces? Can we rely on Jane Austen's picture of landowning England with baronets and landscaped grounds when all she knew was a clergyman's parlor? And *Bleak House*, that fantastic romance within a fantastic London, can we call it a study of London a hundred years ago? Certainly not. And the same holds for other such novels in this series. The truth is that great novels are great fairy tales—and the novels in this series are supreme fairy tales.

Time and space, the colors of the seasons, the movements of muscles and minds, all these are for writers of genius (as far as we can guess and I trust we guess right) not traditional notions which may be borrowed from the circulating library of public truths but a series of unique surprises which master artists have learned to express in their own unique way. To minor authors is left the ornamentation of the commonplace: these do not bother about any re-inventing of the world; they merely try to squeeze the best they can out of a given order of things, out of traditional patterns of fiction. The various combinations these minor authors are able to produce within these set limits may be quite amusing in a mild ephemeral way because minor readers like to recognize their own ideas in a pleasing disguise. But the real writer, the fellow who sends planets spinning and models a man asleep and eagerly tampers with the sleeper's rib, that kind of author has no given values at his disposal: he must create them himself. The art of writing is a very futile business if it does not imply first of all the art of seeing the world as the potentiality of fiction. The material of this world may be real enough (as far as reality goes) but does not exist at all as an accepted entirety: it is chaos, and to this chaos the author says "go!" allowing the world to flicker and to fuse. It is now re-combined in

its very atoms, not merely in its visible and superficial parts. The writer is the first man to map it and to name the natural objects it contains. Those berries there are edible. That speckled creature that bolted across my path might be tamed. That lake between those trees will be called Lake Opal or, more artistically, Dishwater Lake. That mist is a mountain — and that mountain must be conquered. Up a trackless slope climbs the master artist, and at the top, on a windy ridge, whom do you think he meets? The panting and happy reader, and there they spontaneously embrace and are linked forever if the book lasts forever.

One evening at a remote provincial college through which I happened to be jogging on a protracted lecture tour, I suggested a little quiz—ten definitions of a reader, and from these ten the students had to choose four definitions that would combine to make a good reader. I have mislaid the list, but as far as I remember the definitions went something like this. Select four answers to the question what should a reader be to be a good reader:

1. The reader should belong to a book club.
2. The reader should identify himself or herself with the hero or heroine.
3. The reader should concentrate on the social-economic angle.
4. The reader should prefer a story with action and dialogue to one with none.
5. The reader should have seen the book in a movie.
6. The reader should be a budding author.
7. The reader should have imagination.
8. The reader should have memory.
9. The reader should have a dictionary.
10. The reader should have some artistic sense.

The students leaned heavily on emotional identification, action, and the social-economic or historical angle. Of course, as you have guessed, the good reader is one who has imagination, memory, a dictionary, and some artistic sense—which sense I propose to develop in myself and in others whenever I have the chance.

Incidentally, I use the word *reader* very loosely. Curiously enough, one cannot *read* a book: one can only reread it. A good reader, a major reader, an active and creative reader is a rereader. And I shall tell you why. When we read a book for the first time the very process of laboriously moving our eyes from left to right, line after line, page after page, this complicated physical work upon the book, the very process of learning in terms of space and time what the book is about, this stands between us and artistic appreciation. When we look at a painting we do not have to move our eyes in a special way even if, as in a book, the picture contains elements of depth and development. The element of time does not really enter in a first contact with a painting. In reading a book, we must have time to acquaint ourselves with it. We have no physical organ (as we have the eye in regard to a painting) that takes in the whole picture and then can enjoy its details. But at a second, or third, or fourth reading we do, in a sense, behave towards a book as we do towards a painting. However, let us not confuse the physical eye, that monstrous masterpiece of evolution, with the mind, an even more monstrous achievement. A book, no matter what it is—a work of fiction or a work of science (the boundary line between the two is not as clear as is generally believed)—a book of fiction appeals first of all to the mind. The mind, the brain, the top of the tingling spine, is, or should be, the only instrument used upon a book.

Now, this being so, we should ponder the question how does the mind work when the sullen reader is confronted by the sunny book. First, the sullen mood melts away, and for better or worse the reader enters into the spirit of the game. The effort to begin a book, especially if it is praised by people whom the young reader secretly deems to be too old-fashioned or too serious, this effort is often difficult to make; but once it is made, rewards are various and abundant. Since the master artist used his imagination in creating his book, it is natural and fair that the consumer of a book should use his imagination too.

There are, however, at least two varieties of imagination in the reader's case. So let us see which one of the two is the right one to use in reading a book. First, there is the comparatively lowly kind which turns for support to the simple emotions and is of a definitely personal nature. (There are various subvarieties here, in this first section of emotional reading.) A situation in a book is intensely felt because it reminds us of something that happened to us or to someone we know or knew. Or, again, a reader treasures a book mainly because it evokes a country, a landscape, a mode of living which he nostalgically recalls as part of his own past. Or, and this is the worst thing a reader can do, he identifies himself with a character in the book. This lowly variety is not the kind of imagination I would like readers to use.

So what is the authentic instrument to be used by the reader? It is impersonal imagination and artistic delight. What should be established, I think, is an artistic harmonious balance between the reader's mind and the author's mind. We ought to remain a little aloof and take pleasure in this aloofness while at the same time we keenly enjoy—passionately enjoy, enjoy with tears and shivers—the inner weave of a given masterpiece. To be quite objective in these matters is of course impossible. Everything that is worthwhile is to some extent subjective. For instance, you sitting there may be merely my dream, and I may be your nightmare. But what I mean is that the reader must know when and where to curb his imagination and this he does by trying to get clear the specific world the author places at his disposal. We must see things and hear things, we must visualize the rooms, the clothes, the manners of an author's people. The color of Fanny Price's eyes in *Mansfield Park* and the furnishing of her cold little room are important.

We all have different temperaments, and I can tell you right now that the best temperament for a reader to have, or to develop, is a combination of the artistic and the scientific one. The enthusiastic artist alone is apt to be too subjective in his attitude towards a book, and so a scientific coolness of judgment will temper the intuitive heat. If, however, a would-be reader is utterly devoid of passion and patience—of an artist's passion and a scientist's patience—he will hardly enjoy great literature.

Literature was born not the day when a boy crying wolf, wolf came running out of the Neanderthal valley with a big gray wolf at his heels: literature was born on the day when a boy came crying wolf, wolf and there was no wolf behind him. That the poor little fellow because he lied too often was finally eaten up by a real beast is quite incidental. But here is what is important. Between the wolf in the tall grass and the wolf in the tall story there is a shimmering go-between. That go-between, that prism, is the art of literature.

Literature is invention. Fiction is fiction. To call a story a true story is an insult to both art and truth. Every great writer is a great deceiver, but so is that arch-cheat Nature. Nature always deceives. From the simple deception of propagation to the prodigiously sophisticated illusion of protective colors in butterflies or birds, there is in Nature a marvelous system of spells and wiles. The writer of fiction only follows Nature's lead.

Going back for a moment to our wolf-crying woodland little woolly fellow, we may put it this way: the magic of art was in the shadow of the wolf that he deliberately invented, his dream of the wolf; then the story of his tricks made a good story. When he perished at last, the story told about him acquired a good lesson in the dark around the camp fire. But he was the little magician. He was the inventor.

There are three points of view from which a writer can be considered: he may be considered as a storyteller, as a teacher, and as an enchanter. A major writer combines these three—storyteller, teacher, enchanter—but it is the enchanter in him that predominates and makes him a major writer.

To the storyteller we turn for entertainment, for mental excitement of the simplest kind, for emotional participation, for the pleasure of traveling in some remote region in space or time. A slightly different though not necessarily higher mind looks for the teacher in the writer. Propagandist, moralist, prophet—this is the rising sequence. We may go to the teacher not only for moral education but also for direct knowledge, for simple facts. Alas, I have known people



whose purpose in reading the French and Russian novelists was to learn something about life in gay Páree or in sad Russia. Finally, and above all, a great writer is always a great enchanter, and it is here that we come to the really exciting part when we try to grasp the individual magic of his genius and to study the style, the imagery, the pattern of his novels or poems.

The three facets of the great writer — magic, story, lesson — are prone to blend in one impression of unified and unique radiance, since the magic of art may be present in the very bones of the story, in the very marrow of thought. There are masterpieces of dry, limpid, organized thought which provoke in us an artistic quiver quite as strongly as a novel like *Mansfield Park* does or as any rich flow of Dickensian sensual imagery. It seems to me that a good formula to test the quality of a novel is, in the long run, a merging of the precision of poetry and the intuition of science. In order to bask in that magic a wise reader reads the book of genius not with his heart, not much with his brain, but with his spine. It is there that occurs the telltale tingle even though we must keep a little aloof, a little detached when reading. Then with a pleasure which is both sensual and intellectual we shall watch the artist build his castle of cards and watch the castle of cards become a castle of beautiful steel and glass.

III. Read the following text. Determine what the purpose of stories is according to the author. What is your opinion?

**SPENCER HOLST**

#### The Zebra Storyteller

Once upon a time there was a Siamese cat who pretended to be a lion and spoke inappropriate Zebraic.

That language is whinnied by the race of striped horses in Africa.

Here now: An innocent zebra is walking in a jungle and approaching from another direction is the little cat; they meet.

"Hello there!" says the Siamese cat in perfectly pronounced Zebraic. "It certainly is a pleasant day, isn't it? The sun is shining, the birds are singing, isn't the world a lovely place to live today!"

The zebra is so astonished at hearing a Siamese cat speaking like a zebra, why—he's just fit to be tied.

So the little cat quickly ties him up, kills him, and drags the better parts of the carcass back to his den.

The cat successfully hunted zebras many months in this manner, dining on filet mignon of zebra every night, and from the better hides he made bow neckties and wide belts after the fashion of the decadent princes of the Old Siamese court.

He began boasting to his friends he was a lion, and he gave them as proof the fact that he hunted zebras.

The delicate noses of the zebras told them there was really no lion in the neighborhood. The zebra deaths caused many to avoid the region. Superstitious, they decided the woods were haunted by the ghost of a lion.

One day the storyteller of the zebras was ambling, and through his mind ran plots for stories to amuse the other zebras, when suddenly his eyes brightened, and he said, "That's it! I'll tell a story about a Siamese cat who learns to speak our language! What an idea! That'll make 'em laugh!"

Just then the Siamese cat appeared before him, and said, "Hello there! Pleasant day today, isn't it!"

The zebra storyteller wasn't fit to be tied at hearing a cat speaking his language, because he'd been thinking about that very thing.

He took a good look at the cat, and he didn't know why, but there was something about his looks he didn't like, so he kicked him with a hoof and killed him.

**Основная литература к практическому занятию  
(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

**Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию  
(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-гезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
2. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. 5-е изд. М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
3. Долинин К.А.Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

**SEMINAR 2: PLOT AND ITS STRUCTURE ( 2 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the definition of the plot, plot as a series of meaningful events;
- conflict, its types, what conflict is suggested by;
- structural components of the plot;
- plot structure techniques;
- presentational sequencing and its types;
- plot manipulation, chance in fiction.

II. Analyze the following story according to its plot structure. Use the Guidelines for interpretation of short story (см. данный пункт в описании самостоятельной работы стр. 66)

Kate Chopin

**THE STORY OF AN HOUR**

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed". He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will - as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him - sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door - you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door".

"Go away. I am not making myself ill". No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of the joy that kills.

III. Read the following text, translate it and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text that concentrate on the plot of the story.

## THE JAPANESE QUINCE

**John Galsworthy**

*John Galsworthy (1867-1933) set out to satirize the Victorian upper-middle class whom he saw as reducing everything to property values including life itself. His works show some parts of the daily life of ordinary people in a realistic way that often contains social and political criticism. The writer combines the description of social and political evils with great sympathy for the people who hopelessly and helplessly suffer them.*

As Mr. Nilson, well known in the City, opened the window of his dressing-room on Campden Hill, he experienced a peculiar sweetish sensation in the back of his throat, and a feeling of emptiness just under his fifth rib. Hooking the window back, he noticed that a little tree in the Square Gardens had come out in blossom, and that the thermometer stood at sixty. "Perfect morning," he thought; "spring at last!"

Resuming some meditations on the price of Tintos, he took up an ivory-backed hand-glass and scrutinized his face. His firm, well-coloured cheeks, with their neat brown moustaches, and his round, well-opened, clear grey eyes, wore a reassuring appearance of good health. Putting on his black frock-coat, he went downstairs.

In the dining-room his morning paper was laid out on the sideboard. Mr. Nilson had scarcely taken it in his hand when he again became aware of that queer feeling. Somewhat concerned, he went to the French window and descended the scrolled iron steps into the fresh air. A cuckoo clock struck eight.

"Half an hour to breakfast," he thought; "I'll take a turn in the Gardens."

He had them to himself, and proceeded to pace the circular path with his morning paper clasped behind him. He had scarcely made two revolutions, however, when it was borne in on him that, instead of going away in the fresh air, the feeling had increased. He drew several deep breaths, having heard deep breathing recommended by his wife's doctor; but they augmented rather than diminished the sensation—as of some sweetish liquor in course within him, together with a faint aching just above his heart. Running over what he had eaten the night before, he could recollect no unusual dish, and it occurred to him that it might possibly be some smell affecting him. But he could detect nothing except a faint sweet lemony scent, rather agreeable than otherwise, which evidently emanated from the bushes budding in the sunshine. He was on the point of resuming his promenade, when a blackbird close by burst

into song, and looking up, Mr. Nilson saw at a distance of perhaps five yards a little tree, in the heart of whose branches the bird was perched. He stood staring curiously at this tree, recognizing it for that which he had noticed from his window. It was covered with young blossoms, pink and white, and little bright green leaves both round and spiky; and on all this blossom and these leaves the sunlight glistened. Mr. Nilson smiled; the little tree was so alive and pretty! And instead of passing on, he stayed there smiling at the tree.

“Morning like this!” he thought; “and here I am the only person in the Square who has the—to come out and—!” But he had no sooner conceived this thought than he saw quite near him a man with his hands behind him, who was also staring up and smiling at the little tree. Rather taken aback, Mr. Nilson ceased to smile, and looked furtively at the stranger. It was his next-door neighbour, Mr. Tandram, well known in the City, who had occupied the adjoining house for some five years. Mr. Nilson perceived at once the awkwardness of his position, for, being married, they had not yet had occasion to speak to one another. Doubtful as to his proper conduct, he decided at last to murmur “Fine morning!” and was passing on, when Mr. Tandram answered: “Beautiful, for the time of year!” Detecting a slight nervousness in his neighbour's voice, Mr. Nilson was emboldened to regard him openly. He was of about Mr Nilson's own height, with firm, well-coloured cheeks, neat brown moustaches, and round, well-opened, clear grey eyes; and he was wearing a black frock-coat. Mr. Nilson noticed that he had his morning paper clasped behind him as he looked up at the little tree. And visited somehow by the feeling that he had been caught out, he said abruptly:

“Er-can you give me the name of that tree?” Mr. Tandram answered:

“I was about to ask you that,” and stepped towards it. Mr. Nilson also approached the tree.

“Sure to have its name on, I should think,” he said. Mr. Tandram was the first to see the little label, close to where the blackbird had been sitting. He read it out. “Japanese quince!”

“Ah!” said Mr. Nilson, “thought so. Early flowerers.” “Very,” assented Mr. Tandram, and added: “quite a feelin' in the air today.”

Mr. Nilson nodded. “It was a blackbird singin’,” he said.

“Blackbirds,” answered Mr. Tandram. “I prefer them to thrushes myself; more body in the note.” And he looked at Mr. Nilson in an almost friendly way.

“Quite,” murmured Mr. Nilson. “These exotics, they don't bear fruit. Pretty blossom!” and he again glanced up at the blossom, thinking: “Nice fellow, this, I rather like him.”

Mr. Tandram also gazed up at the blossom. And the little tree, as if appreciating their attention, quivered and glowed. From a distance the blackbird gave a loud, clear call. Mr. Nilson dropped his eyes. It struck him suddenly that Mr. Tandram looked a little foolish; and, as if he had seen himself, he said: “I must be going in. Good morning!”

A shade passed over Mr. Tandram's face, as if he, too, had suddenly noticed something about Mr. Nilson.

“Good morning,” he replied, and clasping their journals to their backs they separated.

Mr. Nilson retraced his steps towards his garden window, walking slowly so as to avoid arriving at the same time as his neighbour. Having seen Mr. Tandram mount his scrolled iron steps, he ascended his own in turn. On the top step he paused.

With the slanting spring sunlight darting and quivering into it, the Japanese quince seemed more living than a tree. The blackbird had returned to it, and was chanting out his heart.

Mr. Nilson sighed; again he felt that queer sensation, that choky feeling in his throat.

The sound of a cough or sigh attracted his attention. There, in the shadow of his French window, stood Mr. Tandram, also looking forth across the Gardens at the little quince tree.

Unaccountably upset, Mr. Nilson turned abruptly into the house, and opened his morning paper.

#### Questions on comprehending:

1. Although we are given only a brief glimpse of Mr. Nilson's life, there are many clues as to what the whole of his life is like. What kind of house and district does he live in? To what social class does he belong? What kind of existence does he lead? What clues enable us to answer these questions?

2. Mr. Nilson at first thinks something is wrong with his health. What really is troubling him? How do the terms in which his symptoms are described (paragraphs 1 and 5) help to define his "ailment"?

3. In what ways might Mr. Nilson's fragmentary sentence at the beginning of paragraph 6 be completed? Why doesn't Mr. Nilson complete it?

4. How are Mr. Nilson and Mr. Tandram alike in appearance, manner, and situation? Of what significance are these similarities?

#### Questions for discussion:

1. Mr. Nilson's meeting of Mr. Tandram at the tree might be described as a coincidence. Is it pure coincidence or does it have antecedent causes? Is it a legitimate device in terms of the story? Why or why not?

2. The quince tree is a symbol. What qualities or abstractions does it seem to you to represent?

3. Although this story contains little action, it dramatizes a significant conflict. What are the opposed forces? How can the conflict be stated in terms of protagonist and antagonist? Is the conflict external or internal? How is it resolved – that is, which force wins?

4. This story demonstrates how a very slight plot may be used to provide a considerable illumination of life. How would you describe, in a sentence, the purpose of the story?

#### **Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

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2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

#### **Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

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4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
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#### **SEMINAR 3: SETTING ( 2 часа)**

##### I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the definition of the setting, the way it's presented;
- the main aspects that the idea of setting includes;

- what writers the setting is especially important for, why;
- functions of the setting.

II. Read an example of the interpretation where special attention is paid to the analysis of the setting. Be ready to sum up the main points stressed in the interpretation, add any comments to it that in your opinion can throw light upon the general understanding of the text.

Richard Aldington

## DEATH OF A HERO

### Part II

4.

.....  
 They had crossed the road outside Bushey Park<sup>1</sup> and entered the palace gates. Between the wall which backs the Long Border, the Tudor side of the palace, and another long hill wall, is the Wilderness, or old English garden, composed on the grandiose scale advocated by Bacon<sup>2</sup>. It is both the garden and the "wilderness", in the sense that it is planted innumerable bulbs (which are thinned and renewed from time to time), but otherwise allowed to run wild. George and Elizabeth stopped with that sudden ecstasy of delight felt by the sensitive young - a few of them - at the sight of loveliness, Great secular trees, better protected than those in the outer Park, held up vast fans of glittering green-and-gold foliage which trembled in the light wind and formed moving patterns on the tender blue sky. The lilacs had just unfolded their blue hearts, showing the slim stalk of closed buds which would break open later in a foam of white and blue blossoms. Underfoot was the stouter green of wild plants, spread out like an evening sky of verdure for the thick-clustered constellations of flowers. There shone the soft, slim yellow trumpet of the wild daffodil; the daffodil which has a pointed ruff of white petals to display its gold head; and the more opulent double daffodil which, compared with the other two, is like an ostentatious merchant between Florizel and Perdita<sup>3</sup>. There were the many-headed jonquils, creamy and thick-scented; the starry narcissus, so alert on its long, slender, stiff stem, so sharp-eyed, so unlike a languid youth gazing into a pool; the hyacinth-blue frail squilla almost lost in the lush herbs; and the hyacinth, blue and white and red, with its firm, thick-set stem and innumerable bells curling back their open points. Among them stood tulips - the red like thin blown bubbles of dark wine; the yellow, more cup-like, more sensually open to the soft furry entry of the eager bees; the large parti-coloured gold and red, noble and somber like the royal banner of Spain.

English spring flowers! What an answer to our ridiculous "cosmic woe", how salutary, what a soft reproach of bitterness and avarice and despair, what balm to hurt minds! The lovely bulb-flowers, loveliest of the year, so unpretentious, so cordial, so unconscious, so free from the striving after originality of the gardener's tamed pets! The spring flowers of the English woods, so surprising under those bleak skies, and the flowers the English love so much and tend so skillfully in the cleanly wantonness of their gardens, as surprisingly beautiful as poets of that bleak race! When the inevitable "fuit Ilium"<sup>4</sup> resounds mournfully over London among the appalling crash of huge bombs and the foul reek of deadly gases while the planes roar overhead, will the conqueror think regretfully and tenderly of the flowers and the poets?..

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<sup>1</sup>Bushey Park - a park near Hampton Court Palace, in a suburb of London.

<sup>2</sup>Francis Bacon (1581-1828) - English writer and philosopher of the materialist school; he wrote an essay on gardens.

<sup>3</sup>Florizel and Perdita - young lovers from Shakespeare's play *The Winter Tale*.

<sup>4</sup>Fuit Ilium (Lat.) - Troy was (and is no longer), a quotation from Virgil's *Aeneid*.

## COMMENTS

Richard Aldington began his literary career as a poet; his first book of poems *Images Old and New* was published in 1915. In later years Aldington devoted himself more to prose and produced several deservedly successful novels: *Death of a Hero* (1929), *The Colonel's Daughter* (1931), *All Men Are Enemies* (1933), *Very Heaven* (1937) and some other books. During World War I Aldington served in the British Army. After the end of the war he lived in London, in Italy, France and Switzerland. He became a resident of the USA in 1939.

*Death of a Hero* dedicated to the so-called "lost generation" is his first and most important novel. Containing a passionate protest both against war and against the "rotten" order of things in his own country, it displays a vast canvas of English intellectual and social life before and during World War I.

The core of Aldington's outlook is a deep-rooted disillusionment in a world seized by suicidal and homicidal madness. Yet there is no contempt for man, but a genuine fellow-feeling and sympathy for humanity cheated into suffering and frustration. The novelist calls his book a threnody, a song of lamentation for the dead of the generation that went through the horrors of war: "a memorial in its ineffective way, to a generation which hoped much, strove honestly, and suffered deeply".

The form and method of the book are extremely variegated: crudely naturalistic scenes, cynical discussions of sexual topics alternate with pages of biting social satire and passages of expressive world-painting. The expression "a jazz-band novel" that Aldington has coined for his work seems highly appropriate. Aldington treats his subject-matter as seen and experienced by the sensitive nature of an artist, which makes the whole intensely humane and vividly passionate.

The passage describes the impression produced upon young George Winterbourne and his future wife Elizabeth, also an artist, by the beauty of Hampton Court Gardens on a fair and fresh spring morning.

In connection with the main theme of the novel the significance of the excerpt lies in its moving representation of the exquisite beauty of things menaced by war. With respect to its emotional colouring, it clearly contains two distinct parts. The first is a strikingly beautiful canvas of spring as seen by two young and sensitive people in love. The emotional quality of this part is conveyed to the reader through the sudden "ecstasy of delight" these two experience at the sight of so much loveliness. This passage is followed by the author's nostalgic interposition, in which his deep feeling for English nature and art, his presentiment of the war and England's future ruin are manifested with great intensity. The subtle lyricisms, the rich imagery, the musical rhythm of the description turn the landscape into a passionate rhapsody.

There are masterly touches in rich and vivid epithets. Some of these serve to set forth the abundance and the scale of the natural splendour: "grandiose scale", "innumerable bulbs", "great secular trees", "vast fans" etc. But it is the colours that are especially emphasized: "glittering green-and-gold foliage", "the stouter green of wild plants", "tender blue sky" and many others. For the greater part the epithets, or attributes denoting colour, are combined with metaphors describing the shapes of the flowers: "pale hearts of the lilacs", "a foam of white and blue blossoms". A whole cluster of metaphors is devoted to the wild daffodil: "the soft, slim yellow trumpet", "a pointed ruff of white petals", "gold head".

The richness of imagery is further developed in effective similes, in which the grass of a deeper hue is compared to an evening sky and the flowers to stars, the red tulips to bubbles of dark wine. and the large parti-coloured gold and red tulips are said to be "noble and somber like the royal banner of Spain". Here the colouring becomes gorgeous, invoking images of splendour. The manner in which individual works are chosen and combined into units of sound and meaning is extraordinarily impressive.

The choice of words is remarkable for their sonorous quality (*foliage, unfold, alert,*



*somber, banner* etc.). The passage is particularly lyrical in adjectives, some of them affectively alliterating (*slender, stiff stem; glittering green-and-gold foliage; lost in the lush herbs*). There are several alliterations based on the **l**- and **r**-sounds. These features make the passage particularly musical. The emotional colouring is made definite by words naming or expressing emotions (*ecstasy of delight, sensitive, lovely, loveliness, tender*).

The syntactical structure of the first part helps to create a mood of enraptured contemplation, many sentences beginning with adverbials of place: "Between the wall...and another long high wall...", "Underfoot ...", "There ...", "Among them ...", pointing, as it were, the direction of our gaze and inviting the reader to enjoy all the loveliness of the sight. This, of course, brings inversion, which slightly elevates the style.

There are, however, several cases where inversion is represented by the postposition of attributes: "jonquils, creamy and thick-scented", "narcissus, so alert on its long...stem". In these cases inversion is more definite, and its effect is to give a solemn ring to the whole. This is also enhanced by pauses introduced into some sentences (by the ellipsis of link-verbs or subjects) and making the rhythm of the passage more pronounced. Another feature also producing a rhythmical effect is arrangement of attributes in pairs ("*great circular trees*", "*tender blue sky*", "*white and blue blossoms*", "*firm, thick-set stem*").

The tendency of modern literature to bring together vulgar speech with the refinement of learned classical allusions is also characteristic of Aldington, although the present passage contains only the second counterpart. There is a curious negative simile where the flower of narcissus is said to be *unlike* the languid youth of the Greek legend who pined away for love of his own image in the water, and was transformed into the flower named after him. There is also an allusion of Bacon's essay *Of Gardens*. Lastly, there is a simile, where a double daffodil standing between the flowers of a different variety, is compared to a rich merchant standing between the two young lovers of Shakespeare's *Winter Tale*.

The second part of the selection brings a marked change from the mood of tender delight to that of sadness and tension. Emotional words pervading the paragraph change their key; they are: *woe, bitterness, despair, bleak, mournful, appalling, foul, regretful*. All the sentences but one are exclamatory sentences. The author steps in and expostulates, as he does time and again in the novel, bringing forth the contrast between the peaceful beauty of nature and the bitterness, avarice and despair in the world of men.

Another contrast, brought alongside the first, is between the "bleak sky" and the "bleak race" of England and her beautiful flowers and poets. The final pathetic rhetorical question is whether the prospective conqueror would "think regretfully and tenderly of the flowers and the poets". Also, the presentiment of England's final ruin is worded as one more classical quotation. The phrase: "fuit Ilium" is from Virgil's *Aeneide*, the whole line being: "Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium" which is the Latin for "We were Trojans: Troy was", implying that it is now no more.

The sharp contrast, as well as the emphasis laid on the effect the transitory moment produced upon the heroes' senses, the refined metaphorical imagery comparing things in nature to man-made objects of luxury - all these combine to bring Aldington's word-painting close to the Impressionists school in literature.

The lyrical intensity of Aldington's descriptions largely depends on the combination of the direct imagistic method, i.e. presenting things in a series of images almost physically palpable and real - with the author's own comments, bitter or sad.

III. a) Read the following text, translate it and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text that concentrate on the setting of the story.

**Saki** (1870 – 1916) is the pen name of Hector Hugh Munro. Once a famous London journalist, Munro is now best known for stories that end with surprise twists. Saki's stories are either humorous or suspenseful, but all of his stories reflect his criticism of human weaknesses. One writer said, "Saki was not merely intent upon entertaining his readers; rather

... he desired to vex them into an awareness of their follies". "The Interlopers" is one of his most famous stories.

### THE INTERLOPERS

In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Karpathians, a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision, and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirts was not remarkable for the game it harboured or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner's territorial possessions. A famous law suit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighbouring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never acquiesced in the judgment of the Courts, and a long series of poaching affrays and similar scandals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbour feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to it was Georg Znaeym, the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game-snatcher and raider of the disputed border-forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been compromised if the personal ill-will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another's blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scourged winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a look-out for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck, which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm-wind, were running like driven things to-night, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from whence it came.

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill, and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight and sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness - that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilisation cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbour in cold blood and without word spoken, except for an offence against his hearth and honour. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting-boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till someone came to release him. The descending twig had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay

Georg Znaeum, alive and struggling, but obviously as helplessly pinioned down as himself. All round them lay a thick- strewn wreckage of splintered branches and broken twigs.

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank-offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was early blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried; "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!"

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

"I'm caught in my own forest-land," retorted Ulrich. "When my men come to release us you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbour's land, shame on you."

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly:

"Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest to-night, close behind me, and THEY will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these damned branches it won't need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form's sake I shall send my condolences to your family."

"It is a useful hint," said Ulrich fiercely. "My men had orders to follow in ten minutes time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out - I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands I don't think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family."

"Good," snarled Georg, "good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz."

"The same to you, Georg Znaeum, forest-thief, game-snatcher."

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavours to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat-pocket to draw out his wine-flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get any of the liquid down his throat. But what a Heaven-sent draught it seemed! It was an open winter, and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless, the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

"Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?" asked Ulrich suddenly; "there is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can. Let us drink, even if to-night one of us dies."

"No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked round my eyes," said Georg, "and in any case I don't drink wine with an enemy."

Ulrich was silent for a few minutes, and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and languor that Ulrich himself was feeling the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down.

"Neighbour," he said presently, "do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I've changed my mind. If my men are the first to come you shall be

the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarrelled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can't even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here to-night thinking I've come to think we've been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbour, if you will help me to bury the old quarrel I - I will ask you to be my friend."

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought, perhaps, he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

"How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market-square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud to-night. And if we choose to make peace among our people there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside ... You would come and keep the Sylvester night beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle ... I would never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wildfowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wine flask ... Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend."

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree-trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succour to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honourable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke silence.

"Let's shout for help," he said; he said; "in this lull our voices may carry a little way."

"They won't carry far through the trees and undergrowth," said Georg, "but we can try. Together, then."

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

"Together again," said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering halloo.

"I heard nothing but the pestilential wind," said Georg hoarsely.

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

"I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside."

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.

"They hear us! They've stopped. Now they see us. They're running down the hill towards us," cried Ulrich.

"How many of them are there?" asked Georg.

"I can't see distinctly," said Ulrich; "nine or ten,"

"Then they are yours," said Georg; "I had only seven out with me."

"They are making all the speed they can, brave lads," said Ulrich gladly.

"Are they your men?" asked Georg. "Are they your men?" he repeated impatiently as Ulrich did not answer.

"No," said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

"Who are they?" asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

"Wolves."

### **Questions for discussion:**

1. Why do the two men bluff about the number and nearness of their own foresters?

2. Why does Ulrich begin to change his mind about his feud with Georg?
3. Who are the interlopers? Give two different interpretations of the meaning of the term in the story.
4. Explain how the story illustrates the nature of a long feud.
5. In what sense do you think this story is entertaining? What human follies is Saki showing?
6. Explain the role of setting in the story. You may want to consider the following: a) the role of the land in the feud;  
b) the ways in which setting interferes with the intentions of the characters;  
c) the role of animals in the story;  
d) the contrast between open space in the story and a closed-in feeling of the atmosphere.

**Основная литература к практическому занятию  
(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

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**Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию  
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4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

**SEMINAR 4: CHARACTER ( 4 часа)**

**I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:**

- character: its definition, characters in escape fiction;
- characters in literature of interpretation;
- different types of characters;
- direct, indirect presentation of a character; main principles of characterization;
- developing characters; the conditions of credibility of their changes.

**II. Read an example of the interpretation of “The Last Tea” by D. Parker given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М., 1987. Р. 52 – 55. Be ready to sum up the main points stressed in the interpretation, add any comments to it that in your opinion can throw light upon the general understanding of the text.**

**III. Read the following text and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text.**

## Priscilla and the Wimps<sup>5</sup>

By Richard Peck

Listen, there was a time when you couldn't even go to the *rest room*<sup>6</sup> around this school without a pass. And I'm not talking about those little pink tickets made out by some teacher. I'm talking about a pass that could cost anywhere up to a buck<sup>7</sup>, sold by Monk Klutter.

Not that Mighty Monk ever touched money, not in public. The gang he ran, which ran the school for him, was his collection agency. They were Klutter's Kobras, a name spelled out in nailheads on six well-known black plastic windbreakers.

Monk's threads were more...subtle. A pile-lined suede battle jacket with lizard-skin flaps over tailored Levis and a pair of ostrich-skin boots, brassed-toed and suitable for kicking people around. One of his Kobras did nothing all day but walk a half step behind Monk, carrying a fitted bag with Monk's gym shoes, a roll of rest-room passes, a cashbox, and a switchblade that Monk gave himself manicures with at lunch over at the Kobras' table.

Speaking of lunch, there were a few cases of advanced malnutrition among the newer kids. The ones who were a little slow in handing over a cut of their lunch money and were therefore barred from the cafeteria. Monk ran a tight ship<sup>8</sup>.

I admit it. I'm five foot five, and when the Kobras slithered by, with or without Monk, I shrank. And I admit this, too: I paid up on a regular basis. And I might add: so would you.

This school was old Monk's Garden of Eden. Unfortunately for him, there was a serpent in it. The reason Monk didn't recognize trouble when it was staring him in the face is that the serpent in the Kobras' Eden was a girl.

Practically every guy in school could show you his scars. Fang marks from Kobras, you might say. And they were all highly visible in the shower room: lumps, lacerations, blue bruises, you name it. But girls usually got off with a warning.

Except there was this one girl named Priscilla Roseberry. Picture a girl named Priscilla Roseberry, and you'll be light years off. Priscilla was, hands down, the largest student in our particular institution of learning. I'm not talking fat. I'm talking big. Even beautiful, in a bionic way. Priscilla wasn't inclined toward organized crime. Otherwise, she could have put together a gang that would turn Klutter's Kobras into garter snakes.

Priscilla was basically a loner<sup>9</sup> except she had one friend. A little guy named Melvin Detweiler. You talk about The Odd Couple. Melvin's one of the smallest guys above midget status ever seen. A really nice guy, but, you know—little. They even had lockers<sup>10</sup> next to each other, in the same bank as mine. I don't know what they had going. I'm not saying this was a romance. After all, people deserve their privacy.

Priscilla was sort of above everything, if you'll pardon a pun. And very calm, as only the very big can be. If there was anybody who didn't notice Klutter's Kobras, it was Priscilla.

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<sup>5</sup>wimp - (slang) an unkind term for a weak person; someone who lacks athletic ability or strength, in general; someone who is considered overly sensitive or emotional.

<sup>6</sup>restroom- bathroom. Other words – *ladies' room*, *men's room*, *lavatory* (not commonly used), *toilet* (not used in polite company; in the U.S.A. *oneroom* is used for both bathroom and toilet).

<sup>7</sup>buck- (slang) dollar.

<sup>8</sup>run a tight ship - have a system in which there is no idea of doing things improperly or of questioning the authority figure (*Stalin ran a tight ship.*).

<sup>9</sup>loner- someone who generally prefers to be alone even in public places; someone who has few close friends or emotional ties to people.

<sup>10</sup>locker- place where students put their coats and books, etc., when they are at school. There are several lockers in a row.

Until one winter day after school when we were all grabbing our coats out of our lockers. And hurrying, since Klutter's Kobras made sweeps of the halls for after-school shakedowns.

Anyway, up to Melvin's locker swaggers one of the Kobras. Never mind his name. Gang members don't need names. They've got group identity<sup>11</sup>. He reaches down and grabs little Melvin by the neck and slams his head against his locker door. The sound of skull against steel rippled all the way down the locker row, speeding the crowds on their way.

"Okay, let's see your pass," snarls the Kobra.

"A pass for what this time?" Melvin asks, probably still dazed.

"Let's call it a pass for very short people," says the Kobra, "a dwarf tax." He wheezes a little Kobra chuckle at his own wittiness. And already he's reaching for Melvin's wallet with the hand that isn't circling Melvin's wind-pipe. All this time, of course, Melvin and the Kobra are standing in Priscilla's big shadow.

She's taking her time shoving her books into her locker and pulling on a very large-size coat. Then, quicker than the eye, she brings the side of her enormous hand down in a chop that breaks the Kobra's hold on Melvin's throat. You could hear a pin drop in that hallway. Nobody'd ever laid a finger on a Kobra, let alone a hand the size of Priscilla's.

Then Priscilla, who hardly ever says anything to anybody except to Melvin, says to the Kobra, "Who's your leader, wimp?"

This practically blows the Kobra away. First he's chopped by a girl, and now she's acting like she doesn't know Monk Klutter, the Head Honcho of the World. He's so amazed, he tells her. "Monk Klutter."

"Never heard of him," Priscilla mentions. "Send him to see me." The Kobra just backs away from her like the whole situation is too big for him, which it is.

Pretty soon Monk himself slides up. He jerks his head once, and his Kobras slither off down the hall. He's going to handle this interesting case personally. "Who is it around here doesn't know Monk Klutter?"

He's standing inches from Priscilla, but since he'd have to look up at her, he doesn't. "Never heard of him," says Priscilla.

Monk's not happy with this answer, but by now he's spotted Melvin, who's grown smaller in spite of himself. Monk breaks his own rule by reaching for Melvin with his own hands. "Kid," he says, "you're going to have to educate your girl friend."

His hands never quite make it to Melvin. In move of pure poetry Priscilla has Monk in a hammerlock. His neck's popping<sup>12</sup> like gunfire, and his head's bowed under the immense weight of her forearm. His suede jacket's peeling back, showing pile.

Priscilla's behind him in another easy motion. And with a single mighty thrust forward, frog-marches Monk into her own locker. It's incredible. His ostrich-skin boots click once in the air. And suddenly he's gone, neatly wedged into the locker, a perfect fit. Priscilla bangs the door shut, twirls the lock, and strolls out of school. Melvin goes with her, of course, trotting along below her shoulder. The last stragglers leave quietly.

Well, this is where fate, an even bigger force than Priscilla, steps in. It snows all that night, a blizzard. The whole town ices up. And school closes for a week.

## QUESTIONS

a) Who is the protagonist of the story? What are his or her main personal characteristics?

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<sup>11</sup>group identity - identity one receives from being part of a group, not an individual. At teens, it's important to have a feeling of «belonging» - either to a club, or some group of friends, etc.

<sup>12</sup>to pop - (here) to make a noise that is short and quick most like cracking knuckles.

- b) Do we tend to like or admire the protagonist? If so, on what basis? Or is the protagonist someone we dislike or feel contempt for?
- c) What is the relationship of each of the other characters of the story to the protagonist? Which ones (if any) might be considered his or her antagonists?
- d) Which characters in the story are «round» characters and which are «flat»?
- e) How do we come to understand the protagonist and the important characters of the story? Are they simply described to us? Do we see them externally, through their actions and dialogue? Or are we also privy to their internal thoughts and feelings? What elements of their motivation are we told and what elements must we infer?
- f) Do the names the author gives the characters convey anything about their nature?
- g) What values does the protagonist seem to live by? How are we made to feel about those values? Does the protagonist, or some other character, seem to be speaking for the author?
- h) Although the narrator's purpose is to tell about Monk and Priscilla, he reveals a lot about himself in the process, what do you know about his personality, attitudes, and social standing?
- i) Are the characters of the story seen primarily as individuals, or do we view them as typical of some rank or occupation in society? Do any characters seem to be «stock characters», designed to typify an idea, or philosophy, or system of values?

#### **Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

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5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

### **SEMINAR 5: MEANS OF CHARACTERIZATION**

#### I. Speak on the different means of characterization touched upon in the lecture.

II. Read an example of the interpretation of “Daughter” by E. Caldwell given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М., 1987. P. 38 – 46. Be ready to sum up the main points stressed in the interpretation, add any comments to it that in your opinion can throw light upon the general understanding of the text.



When analysing a character in a story answer the following questions:

1. What is significant in the description of his physical appearance, clothes, social status, personal habits?
2. What is peculiar about his thoughts, speech, actions?
3. What is the relation between the character's judgement of himself and the judgement of him by others?
4. What is the character's philosophy of life - his convictions, beliefs?
5. Does the author seem favourably inclined, critical or noncommittal towards his philosophy?
6. Is there real character change during the course of the story, or gradual selfrealization and revelation of hitherto unknown qualities of the character?

When studying a writer's character-drawing pay attention to the following language means:

1. the role of colour adjectives,
2. the kinematic means (gestures, mimics, etc.),
3. the use of connotative vocabulary, the effect of irradiation,
4. the imagery employed (epithets, similes, metaphors, etc.),
5. the repetition of words, the semantic changes in the repeated words,
6. the difference between uttered speech and unuttered, inner monologues and remarks.

III. Read the text "Reunion" by J. Cheever given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М., 1987. P. 87 – 91 and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text.

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#### **SEMINAR 6: POINT OF VIEW ( 2 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- definition of point of view, distinction between focus and speaker;
- first person narration: - peculiarities;

- unreliable narrator;
- 2 kinds of first person narration;
- advantages of first person narration.

II. Read the following text and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text.

### DO YOU WANT MY OPINION?

by M.E. Kerr

The night before last I dreamed that Cynthia Slater asked my opinion of The Catcher in the Rye.

Last night I dreamed I told Lauren Lake what I thought about John Lennon's music, Picasso's art, and Soviet American relations.

It's getting worse.

I'm tired of putting my head under the cold-water faucet.

Early this morning my father came into my room and said, "John, are you getting serious with Eleanor Rossi?"

"Just because I took her out three times?"

"Just because you sit up until all hours of the night talking with her!" he said. "We know all about it, John. Her mother called your mother."

I didn't say anything. I finished getting on my socks and shoes.

He was standing over me, ready to deliver the lecture. It always started the same way.

"You're going to get in trouble if you're intimate, John. You're too young to let a girl get a hold on you."

"Nobody has a hold on me, Dad."

"Not yet. But one thought leads to another. Before you know it, you'll be exploring all sorts of ideas together, knowing each other so well you'll finish each other's sentences."

"Okay," I said. "Okay."

"Stick to lovemaking."

"Right," I said.

"Don't discuss ideas."

"Dad," I said, "kids today -"

"Not nice kids. Aren't you a nice kid?"

"Yeah, I'm a nice kid."

"And Eleanor, too?"

"Yeah, Eleanor too."

"Then show some respect for her. Don't ask her opinions. I know it's you who starts it."

"Okay," I said.

"Okay?" he said. He mussed up my hair, gave me a poke in the ribs, and went down to breakfast.

By the time I got downstairs, he'd finished his eggs and was sipping coffee, holding hands with my mother.

I don't think they've exchanged an idea in years.

To tell you the truth, I can't imagine them exchanging ideas ever, though I know they did. She has a collection of letters he wrote to her on every subject from Shakespeare to Bach, and he treasures this little essay she wrote for him when they were engaged, on her feelings about French drama.

All I've ever seen them do is hug and kiss. Maybe they wait until I'm asleep to get into their discussions. Who knows?

I walked to school with Edna O'Leary.

She's very beautiful. I'll say that for her. We put our arms round each other, held tight, and stopped to kiss along the way. But I'd never ask her opinion on any subject. She just doesn't

appeal to me that way.

"I love your eyes, John," she said.

"I love your smile, Edna."

"Do you like this colour on me?"

"I like you in blue better."

"Oh, John, that's interesting, because I like you in blue, too."

We chatted and kissed and laughed as we went up the winding walk to school.

In the schoolyard everyone was cuddled up except for some of the lovers, who were off walking in pairs, talking. I doubted that they were saying trivial things. Their fingers were pointing and their hands were moving, and they were frowning.

You can always tell the ones in love by their passionate gestures as they get into conversations.

I went into the Boys' room for a smoke.

That's right, I'm starting to smoke. That's the state of mind I'm in.

My father says I'm going through a typical teenage stage, but I don't think he understands how crazy it's making me. He says he went through the same thing, but I just can't picture that.

On the bathroom wall there were heads drawn with kids' initials inside.

There was the usual graffiti:

Josephine Merrill is a brain! I'd like to know her opinions!

If you'd like some interesting conversation, try Loulou.

I smoked a cigarette and thought of Lauren Lake.

Who didn't think of Lauren? I made a bet with myself that there were half a dozen guys like me remembering Lauren's answer to Mr Porter's question last week in Thoughts class.

A few more answers like that, and those parents who want Thoughts taken out of the school curriculum will have their way. Some kid will run home and tell the folks what goes on in Porter's room, and Thoughts will be replaced by another course in history, language, body maintenance, sex education, or some other boring subject that isn't supposed to be provocative.

"What are dreams?" Mr Porter asked.

Naturally, Lauren's hand shot up first. She can't help herself.

"Lauren?"

"Dreams can be waking thoughts or sleeping thoughts," she said. "I had a dream once, a waking one, about a world where you could say anything on your mind, but had to be very careful about who you touched. You could ask anyone his opinion, but you couldn't just go up and kiss him."

Some of the kids got red-faced and sucked in their breaths. Even Porter said, "Now, take it easy, Lauren. Some of your classmates aren't as advanced as you are."

One kid yelled out, "If you had to be careful about touching, how would you reproduce in that world?"

"The same way we do in our world," Lauren said, "only lovemaking would be a special thing. It would be the intimate thing, and discussing ideas would be a natural thing."

"That's a good way to cheapen the exchange of ideas!" someone muttered.

Everyone was laughing and nudging the ones next to them, but my mind was spinning. I bet other kids were about to go out of their minds, too.

Mr Porter ran back and kissed Lauren.

She couldn't seem to stop.

She said, "What's wrong with a free exchange of ideas?"

"Ideas are personal," someone said. "Bodies are all alike, but ideas are individual and personal."

Mr Porter held Lauren's hand. "Keep it to yourself, Lauren," he said. "Just keep it to yourself."

"In my opinion," Lauren began, but Mr Porter had to get her under control, so he just pressed his mouth against hers until she was quiet.

"Don't tell everything you're thinking, darling," he warned her. "I know this is a class on thoughts, but we have to have some modesty."

Lauren just can't quit. She's a brain, and that mind of hers is going to wander all over the place. It just is. She's that kind of girl.

Sometimes I think I'm that kind of boy, and not the nice boy I claim to be. Do you know what I mean? I want to tell someone what I think about books I read, not just recite the plots. And I want to ask someone what she thinks about World War II, not just go over its history. And I want to...

Never mind.

Listen - the heck with it!

It's not what's up there that counts.

Love makes the world go round. Lovemaking is what's important - relaxing your body, letting your mind empty - just feeling without thinking - just giving in and letting go.

There'll be time enough to exchange ideas, make points - all of it. I'll meet the right girl someday and we'll have the rest of our lives to confide in each other.

"Class come to order!" Mr Porter finally got Lauren quieted down. "Now, a dream is a succession of images or ideas present in the mind mainly during sleep. It is an involuntary vision..."

On and on, while we all reached for each other's hand, gave each other kisses, and got back to normal.

I put that memory out of my poor messed-up mind, and put out my cigarette.

I was ready to face another day, and I told myself, Hey, you're going to be okay. Tonight, you'll get Dad's car, get a date with someone like Edna O'Leary, go off someplace and whisper loving things into her ear, and feel her soft long blond hair tickle your face, tell her you love her, tell her she's beautiful...

I swung through the door of the Boys' room, and head down the hall, whistling, walking fast. Then I saw Lauren, headed right toward me.

She looked carefully at me, and I looked carefully at her.

She frowned a little. I frowned a lot.

I did everything to keep from blurting out, "Lauren, what do you think about outer space travel?"... "Lauren, what do you think of Kurt Vonnegut's writing?"... "Lauren, do you think the old Beatles' music is profound or shallow?"

For a moment, my mind went blank while we stood without smiling or touching.

Then she kissed my lips, and I slid my arm around her waist.

"Hi, John, dear!" she grinned.

"Hi, Lauren, sweetheart!" I grinned back.

I almost said, "Would you like to go out tonight?" But it isn't fair to ask a girl out when all you really want is one thing.

I held her very close to me and gently told her that her hair smelled like the sun, and her lips tasted as sweet as red summer apples. Yet all the while I was thinking, Oh, Lauren, we're making a mistake with China, in my opinion... Oh, Lauren, Lauren, from your point of view, how do things look in the Middle East?

#### TASKS:

1. Discuss the exposition, the characterization and the plot of the story.

#### 2. NARRATIVE TECHNIQUE

a) Is the entire plot narrated in the story, or are some incidents omitted and left for the reader to infer? If so, how would the effect of story be changed if the omitted incidents were told?

b) Is the story narrated consecutively - exposition first, then the plot in its chronological order? Or are there flashbacks that take the narrative out of its normal sequence?

c) Is the story told in the first person? If so, is the narrator the protagonist? Or is the

narrator a minor character within the plot? Does the narrator participate in the action or remain primarily an observer?

d) If the story is told in the third person, does the point of view stay primarily with a single character? Or does it rove from one character to another? Does it show what anyone present might see and hear, without favoring any character over any other?

e) If the story is narrated in the first person, or through a single third-person reflector, is this perspective entirely reliable? Or does the narrator or reflector possess moral, emotional, or intellectual defects that would require us to correct for his or her perspective?

f) If there is a first-person narrator, is he or she conscious of the act of telling a story? Or does he or she tell the story without making reference to the fact of doing so?

g) Does the narrative technique allow for authorial comment on the characters and the action? If there is comment, what is its purpose?

h) What elements of the plot are dramatized as scenes within the narrative and which ones are narrated?

i) Into which characters of the story do we get inside views – presentations of their unvoiced thoughts and feelings?

III. Read the text “You should have seen the mess” by M. Spark given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М., 1987. Р. 107 – 112 and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text.

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- omniscient point of view: peculiarities; intrusive narrator VS objective narrator; advantages of the objective point of view;

- limited third person point of view: peculiarities; similarity to and difference from first person narration;

- stream of consciousness; interior monologue;

- polyphony: definition, peculiarities;

- questions that readers should ask when analyzing point of view.

II. Read an example of the interpretation of “Cat in the Rain” by E. Hemingway given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М., 1987. Р. 5 – 15. Be ready to sum up the main points stressed in the interpretation, add any comments to it that in your opinion can throw light upon the general understanding of the text. Pay special attention to the point of view.

III. Read the text “I Spy” by G. Greene given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М., 1987. Р. 92 – 94 and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text. Pay special attention to the point of view.

### **Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.ura.it.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.ura.it.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

### **Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию**

**(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-тезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
2. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. 5-е изд. М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
3. Долинин К.А.Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

**SEMINARS 7: SYMBOL ( 4 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- a literary symbol; name symbolism; the symbolic use of objects and actions;
- traditional and personal symbols;
- interpretation of symbols.

II. Read two examples of the interpretation of one story (one belonging to a simple reader, the other – to a literary critic) where special attention is paid to the analysis of the system of symbols in the story. Be ready to sum up the main points stressed in both variants of interpretation, determine the difference between the variants, add any comments that in your opinion can throw light upon the general understanding of the text.

**THE HILLS LIKE WHITE ELEPHANTS**

Ernest Hemingway

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

‘What should we drink?’ the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

‘It’s pretty hot,’ the man said.

‘Let’s drink beer.’

‘Dos cervezas,’ the man said into the curtain.

‘Big ones?’ a woman asked from the doorway.

‘Yes. Two big ones.’

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

‘They look like white elephants,’ she said.

‘I’ve never seen one,’ the man drank his beer.

‘No, you wouldn’t have.’

‘I might have,’ the man said. ‘Just because you say I wouldn’t have doesn’t prove anything.’

The girl looked at the bead curtain. ‘They’ve painted something on it,’ she said. ‘What does it say?’

‘Anisdel Toro. It’s a drink.’

‘Could we try it?’

The man called ‘Listen’ through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

‘Four reales.’ ‘We want two Anis del Toro.’

‘With water?’

‘Do you want it with water?’

‘I don’t know,’ the girl said. ‘Is it good with water?’

‘It’s all right.’

‘You want them with water?’ asked the woman.

‘Yes, with water.’

‘It tastes like liquorice,’ the girl said and put the glass down.

‘That’s the way with everything.’

‘Yes,’ said the girl. ‘Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you’ve waited so long for, like absinthe.’

‘Oh, cut it out.’

‘You started it,’ the girl said. ‘I was being amused. I was having a fine time.’

‘Well, let’s try and have a fine time.’

‘All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn’t that bright?’

‘That was bright.’

‘I wanted to try this new drink. That’s all we do, isn’t it – look at things and try new drinks?’

‘I guess so.’

The girl looked across at the hills.

‘They’re lovely hills,’ she said. ‘They don’t really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees.’

‘Should we have another drink?’

‘All right.’

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

‘The beer’s nice and cool,’ the man said.

‘It’s lovely,’ the girl said.

‘It’s really an awfully simple operation, Jig,’ the man said. ‘It’s not really an operation at all.’

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

‘I know you wouldn’t mind it, Jig. It’s really not anything. It’s just to let the air in.’

The girl did not say anything.

‘I’ll go with you and I’ll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it’s all perfectly natural.’

‘Then what will we do afterwards?’

‘We’ll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.’

‘What makes you think so?’

‘That’s the only thing that bothers us. It’s the only thing that’s made us unhappy.’

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

‘And you think then we’ll be all right and be happy.’

‘I know we will. You don’t have to be afraid. I’ve known lots of people that have done it.’

‘So have I,’ said the girl. ‘And afterwards they were all so happy.’

‘Well,’ the man said, ‘if you don’t want to you don’t have to. I wouldn’t have you do it if you didn’t want to. But I know it’s perfectly simple.’

‘And you really want to?’

‘I think it’s the best thing to do. But I don’t want you to do it if you don’t really want to.’

‘And if I do it you’ll be happy and things will be like they were and you’ll love me?’

‘I love you now. You know I love you.’

‘I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you’ll like it?’

‘I’ll love it. I love it now but I just can’t think about it. You know how I get when I worry.’

‘If I do it you won’t ever worry?’

‘I won’t worry about that because it’s perfectly simple.’

‘Then I’ll do it. Because I don’t care about me.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I don’t care about me.’

‘Well, I care about you.’

‘Oh, yes. But I don’t care about me. And I’ll do it and then everything will be fine.’

‘I don’t want you to do it if you feel that way.’

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

‘And we could have all this,’ she said. ‘And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.’

‘What did you say?’

‘I said we could have everything.’

‘We can have everything.’

‘No, we can’t.’

‘We can have the whole world.’

‘No, we can’t.’

‘We can go everywhere.’

‘No, we can’t. It isn’t ours any more.’

‘It’s ours.’

‘No, it isn’t. And once they take it away, you never get it back.’

‘But they haven’t taken it away.’

‘We’ll wait and see.’

‘Come on back in the shade,’ he said. ‘You mustn’t feel that way.’

‘I don’t feel any way,’ the girl said. ‘I just know things.’

‘I don’t want you to do anything that you don’t want to do -’

‘Nor that isn’t good for me,’ she said. ‘I know. Could we have another beer?’

‘All right. But you’ve got to realize -’

‘I realize,’ the girl said. ‘Can’t we maybe stop talking?’

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

‘You’ve got to realize,’ he said, ‘that I don’t want you to do it if you don’t want to. I’m perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you.’

‘Doesn’t it mean anything to you? We could get along.’

‘Of course it does. But I don’t want anybody but you. I don’t want anyone else. And I know it’s perfectly simple.’

‘Yes, you know it’s perfectly simple.’

‘It’s all right for you to say that, but I do know it.’

‘Would you do something for me now?’

‘I’d do anything for you.’

‘Would you please pleasepleasepleasepleasepleaseplease stop talking?’

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.



'But I don't want you to,' he said, 'I don't care anything about it.'

'I'll scream,' the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. 'The train comes in five minutes,' she said.

'What did she say?' asked the girl.

'That the train is coming in five minutes.'

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

'I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station,' the man said. She smiled at him.

'All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer.'

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

'Do you feel better?' he asked.

'I feel fine,' she said. 'There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine.'

### **INTERPRETATION 1**

"The Hills Like White Elephants" by Ernest Hemingway is a short story about an American man and a girl named Jig. In the story the two are sitting in a rail station waiting for the train to Madrid. While they are waiting, they have an intense, ongoing discussion over whether or not Jig will get an abortion. At the end of the story, the train is about to arrive and the man carries the baggage to the tracks as they prepare to depart.

The ending of the story leaves unclear the outcome of her decision. She says, "I feel fine" at the end of the story-- her happiness is a central theme of the story, but we are left wondering if she went through with the operation.

Of the many symbols from the story, the main three are the hills, white elephants, and the railroad station. Hemingway uses these elements to develop the theme of the story. The theme is about how Jig sees the possibility of keeping her child and having a happy life, while the man fails to see the possibilities and works to persuade her to go through with the abortion.

In the story, Jig looked at the hills and said, "They look like white elephants." The man replied, "I've never seen one." Then she replied, "No, you wouldn't have."

The hills symbolize big obstacles that we must climb, but they are not enormous mountains. This represents the fact that the girl's baby is a major obstacle in her life, but it is not the end of her life and she will make it through.

Hills also are viewpoints to look out from, but also block the view for those who dwell in the valley. This represents how in the story Jig looks at the hills and sees opportunity, yet at the same time the man looks at the hills and sees nothing-- his vision of a positive and happy future is blocked by the enormous obstacle of the child.

Hills are beautiful, natural and completely stationary. In other words, they have always been in the same place, and they will always be that way-- that's just the way it is. This shows how settling down would be a necessity with a baby. It also shows that being pregnant is no small thing. Regardless of the girl's decision, it is not something that the girl will ever be able to forget about.

Hemingway may have chosen to use hills because a pregnant mother's belly is a bit of a hill itself. Being pregnant ties a mother down, making her less mobile and more stationary.

At one point in the story, Jig looks at the scenery and says, "And we could have all this." She said this because on a deeper level, hills represent challenge, new life, and possibility. While Jig sits down and looks at the hills, she sees opportunity and is considering the possibility of new life, a newborn child in her life.

The element of white elephants is symbolic of the baby. A white elephant is a precious item that has a cost which perhaps surpasses its usefulness. For example, a person may give a "white elephant" gift to someone as a joke. The gift is totally useless to the recipient. This is the reality of what Jig is going through. She has received a gift which is, at this time in her life, useless to her. It is a gift that could be priceless to another. Hemingway uses this play on words to develop the idea of Jig's possibility of having an unexpected child.

A second symbol is the white elephant. The man said that he had never seen a white elephant before. This is because he is not open to considering the possibility of keeping the child and wants the girl to have the abortion operation.

The element of the railroad station is symbolic of being at the crossroads of life during a time of crisis. The American man and the girl cannot stay at the station forever. They are traveling and there will be change. There must be a decision of where to go next. All of this is symbolic of the decision of whether or not to keep the child. All traveling has a cost and so does the outcome of this decision. To either keep or abort the child is a costly decision.

At the end of the story when the man picks up both his and the girl's baggage and carries it out to the railroad tracks, the tension of the story is relieved. The girl claims to be fine and then the story comes to its open-ending. This is representative of the fact that the decision was made and they are moving forward, whichever way that may have been.

In conclusion, the Hills Like White elephants is a story about crisis. The American man and Jig the girl have a decision to make and there is no easy way out. Even making no decision is a decision. We all can easily relate to being in this type of situation.

## **INTERPRETATION 2**

**Stanley Kozikowski**

The **New Criticism**, or formalism, became influential in the forties and fifties and dominated the teaching of literature for decades. It asked readers to concentrate on the literary text in front of them and give it an intense close reading. In a New Critical reading of a short story or poem every detail is potentially significant, contributing to the meaning of the whole. Like the author of the following critical analysis, critics influenced by this tradition find symbolic significance, unsuspected double meanings, and thematic echoes in words and objects that the casual reader might overlook.

### ***Symbolism in "Hills like White Elephants" 1994***

Recent observations about the bamboo curtain in Hemingway's "Hills like White Elephants," particularly those of Sherlyn Abdoo, draw suggestive reference to the richly and immensely detailed pattern of Hemingway's story. The pivotal image of the curtained doorway, I would add, is even more powerfully implicated in the story's highly imaginative structure of contrasting meanings than is already assumed to be the case. The image, as it is signaled in the figural consciousness of "the girl" and in the literal awareness of "the man" helps the reader to reformulate the events of the story into a new coherence.

Hills are like white elephants for Jig because they carry ambivalent evocations of the child within her-like a white elephant, an unwanted gift, a seemingly remote but immense problem. They ominously suggest the pallid skin tone of a stillborn infant, but they also evoke that which is "bright," "lovely," beautiful with the promise of life, and intrinsically of value, as was the highly esteemed Siamese white elephant. Stirring Jig's acute apprehension and her cherished affections, the apparently distant hills attract to the "very hot" and "dry" Ebro plain and the train station an uncomfortable but refreshing "warm wind" that blows through the bamboo curtain. To this bimodal breeze, the American man and Jig respond differently: He feels it as a simple, quick remedy to a removable annoyance. She experiences it, in her

ambivalence, as a "lovely" invigoration, at the very moment that she has looked upon the "lovely hills," which are like white elephants-fearfully unwanted but precious.

To the American man, as distant from metaphor as he is from the hills, the "wind" of the hills simply defines casually and literally what an abortion is: As "the warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table," he is quick to say, "I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in. . . . I'll go with you. . . . They just let the air in and then it's perfectly natural."

Jig's reaction, delayed but deliberate, and consistent with her sense of what the hills are like, is signaled in the doorway. The wind through the bamboo curtain illustrates for her the sweet past and the bitter present. The curtain, painted with the words "Anis del Toro," signifies the sweet-now bitter anise-seed of the bull. In the very drinks that both have, it conveys to the man, with doltish literalism, "a drink," but to Jig, a licorice taste grown as bitter as wormwood-the very taste evoking "all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe." Jig, again figuratively, thus experiences what life precious and unwanted-is "like." The breeze, the moving beaded curtain, and the evocative drink-like hills like white elephants-connote to Jig the sweet promise of seeding and the bitter termination of birthing. The same objects convey to the man an easy sense of exit, excision, and getting on with other things. Ever opposite, his ironic and brutal, but now figurative, words, "Oh, cut it out," are answered by Jig's sharp but now literal, "You started it"-a remarkable counterpoint of clauses, playing off his dour, unimaginative indelicacy against her superb delicacy of self-awareness.

Just as Jig holds the two strings of bamboo beads blown into her hand, she maintains full literal possession of herself and her child, as we see in the story's culminating design. But Jig nevertheless has an abortion of sorts, one precisely like hills like white elephants: Having taken "the [not their]two bags"- "Two heavy bags" to the other side of the station, symbolically the mother and child, the man then goes into the bar from that other side, drinks "an Anis at the bar," and finally, with an astonishing irony to which he is oblivious, struts "out through the bead curtain" to the table outside,

where Jig and he had sat previously, and where Jig, now smiling, remains seated. Conveyed out from the barroom, through the breezy doorway, through which the "air" gets "let in" from the other side, "the man" (appropriately nameless, mere reiterated "seed" from "bull"-Anis del Toro—but now like an aerated fetus himself) is ironically terminated, expelled-in her(now triumphantly ironic figural) consciousness--from any further relationship with Jig. Clearly, Jig and her child have now come out literally "fine" after this "awfully simple operation." He, metaphorically, goes "out through the bead curtain" and out of their lives.

Reasonably, Jig's name, which among its various meanings denotes a device that separates waste from precious ore (OED), symbolizes her excision of the identityless "man"-his bull and seed-from her and her precious child's lives. Moreover, Jig's literally precise "nothing wrong with me" addresses numerous ambivalent references to "things" in the story-the man's naming the child within as an "only thing" and Jig's perception of the child as "everything." With splendid verbal and situational irony, Hemingway's American man, aborted from Jig's world, becomes the very "nothing"-the white elephant-that he had urged Jig to renounce and remove from their lives moments before. We may now fathom Jig's "smile" as she grasps how indeed things can be like other things--hills can be like white elephants, and lovers, too--in Hemingway's bravely and imaginatively affecting tale.

From *The Explicator*

III. Read the following text and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text.

## THE BROKEN BOOT

John Galsworthy

The actor, Gilbert Caister, who had been "out" for six months, emerged from his east-coast seaside lodging about noon in the day, after the opening of "Shooting the Rapids", on tour, in which he was playing Dr Dominick in the last act. A salary of four pounds a week would not, he was conscious, remake his fortunes, but a certain jauntiness had returned to the gait and manner of one employed again at last.

Fixing his monocle, he stopped before a fishmonger's and, with a faint smile on his face, regarded a lobster. Ages since he had eaten a lobster! One could long for a lobster without paying, but the pleasure was not solid enough to detain him. He moved upstreet and stopped again, before a tailor's window. Together with the actual tweeds, in which he could so easily fancy himself refitted, he could see a reflection of himself, in the faded brown suit wangled out of the production of "Marmaduke Mandeville" the year before the war. The sunlight in this damned town was very strong, very hard on seams and buttonholes, on knees and elbows! Yet he received the ghost of aesthetic pleasure from the reflected elegance of a man long fed only twice a day, of an eyeglass well rimmed out from a soft brown eye, of a velour hat salvaged from the production of "Educating Simon" in 1912; and in front of the window he removed that hat, for under it was his new phenomenon, not yet quite evaluated, his *muché blanche*. Was it an asset, or the beginning of the end? It reclined backwards on the right side, conspicuous in his dark hair, above that shadowy face always interesting to Gilbert Caister. They said it came from atrophy of the - something nerve, an effect of the war, or of undernourished tissue. Rather distinguished, perhaps, but-

He walked on, and became conscious that he had passed a face he knew. Turning, he saw it also turn on a short and dapper figure - a face rosy, bright, round, with an air of cherubic knowledge, as of a getter-up of amateur theatricals.

Bryce-Green, by George!

"Caister? It is! Haven't seen you since you left the old camp. Remember what sport we had over 'Gotta-Grampus'? By Jove! I am glad to see you. Doing anything with yourself? Come and have lunch with me."

Bryce-Green, the wealthy patron, the moving spirit of entertainment in that south-coast convalescent camp. And drawling slightly, Caister answered:

"I shall be delighted." But within him something did not drawl: "By God, you're going to have a feed, my boy!"

And - elegantly threadbare, roundabout and dapper - the two walked side by side.

"Know this place? Let's go in here! Phyllis, cocktails for my friend Mr Caister and myself, and caviare on biscuits. Mr Caister is playing here; you must go and see him."

The girl who served the cocktails and the caviare looked up at Caister with interested blue eyes. Precious! - he had been "out" for six months!

"Nothing of a part," he drawled, "took it to fill a gap." And below his waistcoat the gap echoed: "Yes, and it'll take some filling."

"Bring your cocktail along, Caister, we'll go into the little further room, there'll be nobody there. What shall we have - a lobster?"

And Caister murmured: "I love lobstahs."

"Very fine and large here. And how are you, Caister? So awfully glad to see you - only real actor we had."

"Thanks," said Caister, "I'm all right." And he thought: "He's a damned amateur, but a nice little man."

"Sit here. Waiter, bring us a good big lobster and a salad; and then - er - a small fillet of beef with potatoes fried crisp, and a bottle of my special hock! Ah! and a rum omelette - plenty of rum and sugar. Twig?"

And Caister thought: "Thank God, I do."

They had sat down opposite each other at one of two small tables in the little recessed room.

"Luck!" said Bryce-Green.

"Luck!" replied Caister; and the cocktail trickling down him echoed: "Luck!"

"And what do you think of the state of the drama?"

Oh! ho! A question after his own heart. Balancing his monocle by a sweetish smile on the opposite side of his mouth, Caister drawled his answer: "Quite too bally awful!"

"H'm! Yes," said Bryce-Green; "nobody with any genius, is there?"

And Caister thought: "Nobody with any money."

"Have you been playing anything great? You were so awfully good in 'Gotta-Grampus'!"

"Nothing particular. I've been - er - rather slack." And with their feel around his waist his trousers seemed to echo: "Slack!"

"Ah!" said Bryce-Green. "Here we are! Do you like claws? "

"Tha-a-nks. Anything!" To eat - until warned by the pressure of his waist against his trousers! What a feast! And what a flow of his own tongue suddenly released - on drama, music, art; mellow and critical, stimulated by the round eyes and interjections of his little provincial host.

"By Jove, Caister! You've got a *much*e blanche. Never noticed. I'm awfully interested in *much*es blanches. Don't think me too frightfully rude - but did it come suddenly? "

"No, gradually."

"And how do you account for it?"

"Try starvation," trembled on Caister's lips.

"I don't," he said.

"I think it's ripping. Have some more omelette? I often wish I'd gone on the regular stage myself. Must be a topping life, if one has talent, like you."

Topping?

"Have a cigar. Waiter! Coffee, and cigars. I shall come and see you tonight. Suppose you'll be here a week?"

Topping! The laughter and applause - "Mr Caister's rendering left nothing to be desired; its - and its - are in the true spirit of - !"

Silence recalled him from his rings of smoke. Bryce-Green was sitting, with cigar held out and mouth a little open, and bright eyes round as pebbles, fixed - fixed on some object near the floor, past the corner of the tablecloth. Had he burnt his mouth? The eyelids fluttered; he looked at Caister, licked his lips like a dog, nervously and said:

"I say, old chap, don't think me a beast, but are you at all - er - er - rocky? I mean - if I can be of any service, don't hesitate! Old acquaintance, don't you know, and all that - "

His eyes rolled out again towards the object, and Caister followed them. Out there above the carpet he saw it - his own boot. It dangled slightly, six inches off the ground - split - right across, twice, between lace and toecap. Quite! He knew it. A boot left him from the role of Bertie Carstairs, in "The Dupe," just before the war. Good boots. His only pair, except the boots of Dr Dominick, which he was nursing. And from the boot he looked back at Bryce-Green, sleek and concerned. Adrop, black when it left his heart, suffused his eye behind the monocle; his smile curled bitterly; he said:

"Not at all, thanks! Why?"

"Oh, n-n-nothing. It just occurred to me." His eyes - but Caister had withdrawn the boot. Bryce-Green paid the bill and rose.

"Old chap, if you'll excuse me; engagement at half past two. So awfully glad to have seen you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Caister. "Thanks."

He was alone. And, chin on hand, he stared through his monocle into an empty coffee cup. Alone with his heart, his boot, his life to come... "And what have you been in lately, Mr Caister?" "Nothing very much lately. Of course I've played almost everything." "Quite so. Perhaps you'll leave your address; can't say anything definite, I'm afraid." "I - I should - er - be willing to rehearse on approval; or -if I could the part?" "Thank you, afraid we haven't got

as far as that." "No? Quite! Well, I shall hear from you, perhaps." And Caister could see his own eyes looking at the manager. God! What a look!... A topping life! A dog's life! Cadging - cadging - cadging for work! A life of draughty waiting, of concealed beggary, of terrible depressions, of want of food!

The waiter came skating round as if he desired to clear. Must go! Two young women had come in and were sitting at the other table between him and the door. He saw them look at him, and his sharpened senses caught the whisper:

"Sure - in the last act. Don't you see his *mucheblanche*?"

"Oh! yes - of course! Isn't it - wasn't he - I"

Caister straightened his back; his smile crept out, he fixed his monocle. They had spotted his Dr Dominick!

"If you've quite finished, sir, may I clear?"

"Certainly. I'm going." He gathered himself and rose. The young women were gazing up. Elegant, with a faint smile, he passed them close, so that they could not see, managing - his broken boot.

When analyzing symbols in the story find answers to the following questions:

- Are there any recurring words or images that seem to take an increasing significance as the story progresses?

- Do any objects in the story seem to be symbolic – to carry a weight of meaning beyond their literal significance? If so, how do they function in the story?

- Do the symbols carry or merely reinforce the meaning of the story? What does their use disclose?

#### **Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

#### **Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-тезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
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3. Долинин К.А. Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

#### **SEMINAR 8: THEME / IDEA / MESSAGE ( 2 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the English term “theme”, its meaning (compare it with the Russian terms “тема” and “идея”);

- theme in escape literature and in interpretive literature;
- the way to formulate the theme (on the part of the reader) and to express it (on the part of the writer);
- the correlation and the difference between theme and moral;
- principles to follow when stating the theme;
- the points that must be taken into account when discovering the theme;
- message: definition, types, its link with implications.

II. Read an example of the interpretation of “The Stare” by John Updike given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л., 1978. P. 144 – 154. Be ready to sum up the main points stressed in the interpretation, add any comments to it that in your opinion can throw light upon the general understanding of the text.

III. Read the following text and give your interpretation of the text paying special attention to its theme and message.

### **The Far and the Near by Thomas Wolfe**

On the outskirts of a little town upon a rise of land that swept back from the railway there was a tidy little cottage of white boards, trimmed vividly with green blinds. To one side of the house there was a garden neatly patterned with plots of growing vegetables, and an arbor for the grapes which ripened late in August. Before the house there were three mighty oaks which sheltered it in their clean and massive shade in summer, and to the other side there was a border of gay flowers. The whole place had an air of tidiness, thrift, and modest comfort.

Every day, a few minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon, the limited express between two cities passed this spot. At that moment the great train, having halted for a breathing-space at the town nearby, was beginning to lengthen evenly into its stroke, but it had not yet reached the full drive of its terrific speed. It swung into view deliberately, swept past with a powerful swaying motion of the engine, a low smooth rumble of his heavy cars upon pressed steel, and then it vanished in the cut. For a moment the progress of the engine could be marked by heavy bellowing puffs of smoke that burst at spaced intervals above the edges of the meadow grass, and finally nothing could be heard but the solid clacking tempo of the wheels receding into the drowsy stillness of the afternoon.

Every day for more than twenty years, as the train had approached this house, the engineer had blown on the whistle, and every day, as soon as she heard this signal, a woman had appeared on the back porch of the little house and waved to him. At first she had a small child clinging to her skirts, and now this child had grown to full womanhood, and every day she, too, came with her mother to the porch and waved.

The engineer had grown old and gray in service. He had driven his great train, loaded with its weight of lives, across the land ten thousand times. His own children had grown up, and married, and four times he had seen before him on the tracks the ghastly dot of tragedy converging like a cannon ball to its eclipse of horror at the boiler head—a light spring wagon filled with children, with its clustered row of small stunned faces; a cheap automobile stalled up the tracks, set with the wooden figures of people paralyzed with fear; a battered hobo walking by the rail, too deaf and old to hear the whistle's warning; and a form flung past his window with a scream—all this he had seen and known. He had known all the grief, the joy, the peril and the labor such a man could know; he had grown seamed and weathered in his loyal service, and now, schooled by the qualities of faith and courage and humbleness that attended his labor, he had grown old, and had the grandeur and the wisdom these men have.

But no matter what peril or tragedy he had known, the vision of the little house and the women waving to him with a brave free motion of the arm had become fixed in the mind of

the engineer as something beautiful and enduring, something beyond all change and ruin, and something that would always be the same, no matter what mishap, grief or error might break the iron schedule of his days.

The sight of this little house and these two women gave him the most extraordinary happiness he had ever known. He had seen them in a thousand lights, a hundred weathers. He had seen them through the harsh light of wintry gray across the brown and frosted stubble of the earth, and he had seen them again in the green luring sorcery of April.

He felt for them and for the little house in which they lived such tenderness as a man might feel for his own children, and at length the picture of their lives was carved so sharply in his heart that he felt that he knew their lives completely, to every hour and moment of the day, and he resolved that one day, when his years of service should be ended, he would go and find these people and speak at last with them whose lives had been so wrought into his own.

That day came. At last the engineer stepped from a train onto the station platform of the town where these two women lived. His years upon the rail had ended. He was a pensioned servant of his company, with no more work to do. The engineer walked slowly through the station and out into the streets of the town. Everything was as strange to him as if he had never seen this town before. As he walked on, his sense of bewilderment and confusion grew. Could this be the town he had passed ten thousand times? Were these the same houses he had seen so often from the high windows of his cab? It was all as unfamiliar, as disquieting as a city in a dream, and the perplexity of his spirit increased as he went on.

Presently the houses thinned into the straggling outposts of the town, and the street faded into a country road—the one on which the women lived. And the man plodded on slowly in the heat and dust. At length he stood before the house he sought. He knew at once that he had found the proper place. He saw the lordly oaks before the house, the flower beds, the garden and the arbor, and farther off, the glint of rails.

Yes, this was the house he sought, the place he had passed so many times, the destination he had longed for with such happiness. But now that he had found it, now that he was here, why did his hand falter on the gate; why had the town, the road, the earth, the very entrance to this place he loved turned unfamiliar as the landscape of some ugly dream? Why did he now feel this sense of confusion, doubt and hopelessness? At length he entered by the gate, walked slowly up the path and in a moment more had mounted three short steps that led up to the porch, and was knocking at the door. Presently he heard steps in the hall, the door was opened, and a woman stood facing him.

And instantly, with a sense of bitter loss and grief, he was sorry he had come. He knew at once that the woman who stood there looking at him with a mistrustful eye was the same woman who had waved to him so many thousand times. But her face was harsh and pinched and meager; the flesh sagged wearily in sallow folds, and the small eyes peered at him with timid suspicion and uneasy doubt. All the brave freedom, the warmth and the affection that he had red into her gesture, vanished in the moment that he saw her and heard her unfriendly tongue.

And now his own voice sounded unreal and ghastly to him as he tried to explain his presence, to tell her who he was and the reason he had come. But he faltered on, fighting stubbornly against the horror of regret, confusion, disbelief that surged up in his spirit, drowning all his former joy and making his act of hope and tenderness seem shameful to him.

At length the woman invited him almost unwillingly into the house, and called her daughter in a harsh shrill voice. Then, for a brief agony of time, the man sat in an ugly little parlor, and he tried to talk while the two women stared at him with a dull, bewildered hostility, a sullen, timorous restraint.

And finally, stammering a crude farewell, he departed. He walked away down the path and then along the road toward town, and suddenly he knew that he was an old man. His heart, which had been brave and confident when it looked along the familiar vista of the rails,



was now sick with doubt and horror as it saw the strange and unsuspected visage of the earth which had always been within a stone's throw of him, and which he had never seen or known. And he knew that all the magic of that bright lost way, the vista of that shining line, the imagined corner of that small good universe of hope's desire, could never be got again.

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5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

### **SEMINAR 9: STRONG (SALIENT) POSITION ( 2 часа)**

#### I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the definition of strong position; elements involved;
- the title: types, meaning, functions, linguistic and stylistic features;
- the beginning of the text: 2 types (static and dynamic), its link with suspense (explanation of the phenomenon);
- the ending: types, its link with the element of surprise and defeated expectancy (explanation of the phenomenon).

#### II. TASKS:

A) Define the types, the linguistic peculiarities, the stylistic qualities and the probable functions of the titles: *Go down, Moses* (Faulkner), *The Last Leaf* (O. Henry), *In Greenwich There Are Many Gravelled Walks* (Calisher), *In A Strange Land* (S. Maugham), *A Sad Story* (Sheffield), *Later* (Foster), *The Night The Ghost Got In*(Thurber), *The Nemean Lion* (Christie).

Then, find the summary of the content of these stories on the Net to determine whether your guesses were correct. Be ready to describe your conclusions.

B) Analyze the beginnings and the endings of 3 stories, their types, linguistic features, functions. Try to match the opening and closing paragraphs of the texts, make conclusions about their interaction (Sh. Jackson "The Lottery", J. Thurber "The Evening's at Seven", S. Maugham "The Painted Veil").

#### **BEGINNINGS**

1. She gave a startled cry.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

Notwithstanding the darkness of the shuttered room he saw her face on a sudden distraught with horror.

'Some one just tried the door.'

'Well, perhaps it was the amah, or one of the boys.'

'They never come at this time. They know I always sleep after tiffin. '

'Who else could it be?'

'Walter,' she whispered, her lips trembling.

2. He hadn't lighted the upper light in his office till afternoon and now he turned the desk lamp. It was a quarter of seven in the evening and it was dark and raining. He could hear the rattle of taxicabs and trucks and the sound of horns. Very far off a siren screamed its frenzied scream and he thought: it's a little like an anguish dying with the years. When it gets to Third Avenue, or Ninety-Fifth Street, he thought, I won't hear it anymore.

3. The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

## ENDINGS

1. When he got to his room, he lay down on the bed a while and smoked a cigarette. He found himself feeling drowsy and he got up. He began to take his clothes off: feeling drowsily contented, mistily contented. He began to sing, not loudly, because the man in 711 would complain. The man in 711 was a grey-haired man, living alone ... an analyser ... are memberer ...

'Make my bed and light the light, for I'll behomelate tonight ... '

2. The past was finished; let the dead bury their dead. Was that dreadfully callous? She hoped with all her heart that she had learnt compassion and charity. She could not know what the future had in store for her, but she felt in herself the strength to accept whatever was to come with light and buoyant spirit. Then, on a sudden, for no reason that she knew of, from the depth of her unconscious arose a reminiscence of the journey they had taken, she and poor Walter, to the plague-ridden city where he had met his death: one morning they set out in their chairs while it was still dark, and as the day broke she divined rather than saw a scene of such breath-taking loveliness that for a brief period the anguish of her heart was assuaged. It reduced to insignificance all human tribulation. The sun rose, dispelling the mist, and she saw winding onwards as far as the eye could reach, among the rice-fields, across a little river and through undulating country the path they were to follow: perhaps her faults and follies, the unhappiness she had suffered, were not entirely vain if she could follow the path that now she dimly discerned before her, not the path that kind funny old Waddington had spoken of that led nowhither, but the path those dear nuns at the convent followed so humbly, the path that led to peace.

3. "It is not fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

III. Read the following text, translate it and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text that concentrate on the strong positions of the story and their meaning.

### **The Ant and the Grasshopper**

When I was a very small boy I was made to learn by heart certain of the fables of La Fontaine, and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among those I learnt was *The Ant and the Grasshopper*, which is devised to bring home to the young the useful lesson that in an imperfect world industry is rewarded and giddiness punished. In this admirable fable (I apologise for telling something which everyone is politely, but inexactly, supposed to know) the ant spends a laborious summer gathering its winter store; while the grasshopper sits on a blade of grass singing to the sun.

Winter comes and the ant is comfortably provided for, but the grasshopper has an empty larder: he goes to the ant and begs for a little food. Then the ant gives him her classic answer: "What were you doing in the summer time?" "Saving your presence, I sang, I sang all day, all night." "You sang. Why, then go and dance." I do not ascribe it to perversity on my part, but rather to the inconsequence of childhood, which is deficient in moral sense, that I could never quite reconcile myself to the lesson. My sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it. In this summary (and, as I have discovered since, entirely human) fashion I sought to express my disapproval of prudence and commonsense.

I could not help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching by himself in a restaurant. I never saw anyone wear an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. He looked as though the burden of the whole world sat on his shoulders. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again. I went up to him and held out my hand.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm not in hilarious spirits," he answered.

"Is it Tom again?"

He sighed.

"Yes, it's Tom again."

"Why don't you chuck him?" You've done everything in the world for him. You must know by now that he's quite hopeless.

I suppose every family has a black sheep. Tom had been a sore trial for twenty years. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married and had two children. The Ramsays were perfectly respectable people and there was every reason to suppose that Tom Ramsay would have a useful and honourable career. But one day, without warning, he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself. He would listen to no expostulations. He left his wife and his office. He had a little money and he spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. Rumours of his doings reached his relations from time to time and they were profoundly shocked. He certainly had a very good time. They shook their heads and asked what would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out: he borrowed. He was charming and unscrupulous. I have never met anyone to whom it was more difficult to refuse a loan. He made a steady income from his friends and he made friends easily. But he always said that the money you spent on necessities was boring; the money that was amusing to spend was the money you spent on luxuries. For this he depended on his brother George. He did not waste his charm on him. George was a serious man and insensible to such enticements. George was respectable. Once or twice he fell to Tom's promises of amendment and gave him considerable sums in order that he might make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motorcar and some very nice jewellery. But when circumstances forced George to realise that his brother would never settle down and he washed his hands of him, Tom, without a qualm, began to blackmail him. It was not very nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favourite restaurant or to see him waiting on the box-seat of a taxi outside his club. Tom said that to serve in a bar or to drive a taxi was a perfectly decent occupation, but if George

could oblige him with a couple of hundred pounds he didn't mind for the honour of the family giving it up. George paid.

Once Tom nearly went to prison. George was terribly upset. He went into the whole discreditable affair. Really Tom had gone too far. He had been wild, thoughtless and selfish; but he had never before done anything dishonest, by which George meant illegal; and if he were prosecuted he would assuredly be convicted. But you cannot allow your only brother to go to gaol. The man Tom had cheated, a man called Cronshaw, was vindictive. He was determined to take the matter into court; he said Tom was a scoundrel and should be punished. It cost George an infinite deal of trouble and five hundred pounds to settle the affair. I have never seen him in such a rage as when he heard that Tom and Cronshaw had gone off together to Monte Carlo the moment they cashed the cheque. They spent a happy month there.

For twenty years Tom raced and gambled, philandered with the prettiest girls, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants, and dressed beautifully. He always looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. Though he was forty-six you would never have taken him for more than thirty-five. He was a most amusing companion and though you knew he was perfectly worthless you could not but enjoy his society. He had high spirits, an unflinching gaiety and incredible charm. I never grudged the contributions he regularly levied on me for the necessities of his existence. I never lent him fifty pounds without feeling that I was in his debt. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew Tom Ramsay. You could not approve of him, but you could not help liking him.

Poor George, only a year older than his scapegrace brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year for a quarter of a century. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest, industrious and worthy. He had a good wife, to whom he had never been unfaithful even in thought, and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. He made a point of saving a third of his income and his plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country where he proposed to cultivate his garden and play golf. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old too. He rubbed his hands and said:

"It was all very well when Tom was young and good-looking, but he's only a year younger than I am. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. For twenty-five years I've said that Tom would end in the gutter. And we shall see how he likes that. We shall see if it really pays best to work or be idle."

Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now as I sat down beside him what infamous thing Tom had done. George was evidently very much upset.

"Do you know what's happened now?" he asked me.

I was prepared for the worst. I wondered if Tom had got into the hands of the police at last. George could hardly bring himself to speak.

"You're not going to deny that all my life I've been hardworking, decent, respectable and straightforward. After a life of industry and thrift I can look forward to retiring on a small income in gilt-edged securities. I've always done my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place me."

"True."

"And you can't deny that Tom has been an idle, worthless, dissolute and dishonourable rogue. If there were any justice he'd be in the workhouse."

"True."

George grew red in the face.

"A few weeks ago he became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she's died and left him everything she had. Half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the country."

George Ramsay beat his clenched fist on the table.

"It's not fair, I tell you; it's not fair. Damn it, it's not fair."

I could not help it. I burst into a shout of laughter as I looked at George's wrathful face, I rolled in my chair; I very nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asked me to excellent dinners in his charming house in Mayfair, and if he occasionally borrows a trifle from me, that is merely from force of habit. It is never more than a sovereign.

## QUESTIONS AND TASKS

1. Speak on the role of the title (strong position) of the story. What other text (*source text*) does it allude to? What associations does it arouse? What do fables usually embody?

2. Speak on the peculiarities of the preface (introduction). How does it support the title, develop and strengthen the intertextual connections between the pretext and the present text? What is the narrator's attitude to the moral of the fable, the pretext?

3. How does the writer emphasize his challenge of the conventional maxim?

4. What is the general slant of the preface? How is the ironic effect achieved (Note the use of trite, somewhat hyperbolized epithets, every-day colloquial vocabulary alongside metonymies, parenthesis, transferred epithet)? How does the writer manage to create the atmosphere of informal talk with the reader? Pay attention to the type of narration, the simplicity of style, colloquial idioms, parenthesis, the use of tenses.

5. What «true» and «false», misleading clues can be traced in the introduction which predict the development of the events and their outcome?

6. What is specific about the narrative structure of the story in which the beginning and the end coincide: the story starts and ends with the lunch at the restaurant? What do we call such constructions? How does it contribute to the integrity, compactness, completeness of the text?

7. The writer chooses not to begin at «the beginning», which is preceded by the narrator's meditations, the summary and the final scene. What effect is achieved by the retardation of the exposition? The exposition is practically blending into the rising action. What signals of the rising action can be traced here? What means plunge the reader into the events and support his interest to the very end? What makes the story tightly-knit in an unbroken line from the exposition to the conclusion? What language means contribute ease and spontaneity to the narration?

8. The rhythm and style of Maugham's narration maybe called muscular, energetic, pulsating. What makes them such? (Pay attention to the length of sentences, the sentence pattern, parallel constructions, homogenous parts, coordinative connection of short, simple sentences, anaphora, asyndeton, gradation).

9. The whole story is built on contrast as a means of foregrounding. The writer opposes the characters of the two brothers. Find the lexico-thematic groups of words describing each and analyze the opposition they make up. Note that George's and the narrator's attitude to and evaluation of Tom do not always coincide. Pay attention to the author's repetitive use of words emphasizing George's charm, gaiety, happiness. Find the intensifiers and repetitions used to enhance these characteristics. Analyze the antithesis (*charming and unscrupulous*) which is the core for the understanding the paradox of this story.

Look for the traces of the author's irony in describing George (note the use of hyperbole at the beginning, litotes and others.) See how the narrator seems to bemock-serious when proclaiming sympathy with George. (Pay attention to the use of the word "poor" concerning George).

The contrast is skillfully employed in presenting different angles of vision (points of view, literary perspective) of the two brothers. Find the language means which signal George's and Tom's point of view narration (connotative vocabulary, esp. epithets, the use of intensifying, degree and sentence adverbs, phrases and structures typical of the characters'

individual speech, etc.) Define the functions of different points of view narration, of the polyphony (note, e.g., how it helps to convey Tom's - and the narrator's - sarcasm and mockery of the commonsense, prudence of the bourgeois society.)

Speak on the contrast realized in the title and in the structure of the narrative line. What does the contrast as a means of foregrounding contribute to?

Analyze the use of contrast and the means of creating it in describing the rewards, the result of the twenty years of their lives. How does it help to convey the message of the story?

10. The narrative structure is focal for the message of the story. The development of the action turns it into «a somersault story» in which the outcome is opposite to what the reader expected. The denouement is engineered to be quite startling. What kind of ending is employed and what effect is achieved as a result?

11. Thus the use of intertextual connections helps the narrator to expose prudence, prejudice, conventions. Sum up the mechanism of the interplay of the two texts: the source text and the late come text.

What image of the narrator is created in the story? What makes him seem a familiar figure who moves in good society?

### **Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

### **Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-гезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
2. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. 5-е изд. М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
3. Долинин К.А.Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

## **SEMINARS 10: EMOTION AND IRONY ( 2 часа)**

### I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- emotion in literature of interpretation and in escape literature; 2 types of emotion;
- sentimentality: definition; features characteristic of sentimental writers;
- irony: its difference from sarcasm and humour (see below); 3 kinds of irony; irony of fate.

### II. You should always bear in mind the difference between irony and humour.

Read the following information about that difference and be ready to sum it up and to explain in your own words.

Irony is a stylistic device based on the simultaneous realization of two logical meanings-

dictionary and contextual, but the two meanings stand in opposition to each other. For example: "It must be *delightful* to find oneself in a foreign country without a penny in one's pocket."

The italicized word acquires a meaning quite the opposite to its primary dictionary meaning, that is, 'unpleasant', 'not delightful'. The word containing the irony is strongly marked by intonation. It has an emphatic stress and is generally supplied with a special melody design, unless the context itself renders this intonation pattern unnecessary, as in the following excerpt from Dickens's "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club":

"Never mind," said the stranger, cutting the address very short, "said enough—no more; smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well; but if I'd been your friend in the green jemy—damn me—punch his head—, Cod I would— pig's whisper— pie man too,—no gammon."

"This *coherent* speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that..."

The word 'coherent', which describes Mr. Jingle's speech, is inconsistent with the actual utterance, and therefore becomes self-contradictory. In no other device where we can observe the interplay of the dictionary and contextual meanings, is the latter so fluctuating, suggestive, and dependent on the environment as is irony. That is why there are practically no cases of irony in language-as-a-system.

Irony must not be confused with humour, although they have very much in common. Humour always causes laughter. What is funny must come as a sudden clash of the positive and the negative. In this respect irony can be likened to humour. But the function of irony is not confined to producing a humorous effect. In a sentence like "How clever of you!" where, due to the intonation pattern, the word 'clever' conveys a sense opposite to its literal signification, the irony does not cause a ludicrous effect. It rather expresses a feeling of irritation, displeasure, pity or regret. A word used ironically may sometimes express very subtle, almost imperceptible nuances of meaning.

Another important observation must be born in mind when analysing the linguistic nature of irony. Irony is generally used to convey a negative meaning. Therefore only positive concepts may be used in their logical dictionary meanings. In the examples quoted above, irony is embodied in such words as 'delightful', 'clever', 'coherent'.

The contextual meaning always conveys the negation of the positive concepts embodied in the dictionary meaning.

(from: Galperin I.R. Stylistics. M, 1977. P. 146-148)

#### ОПРЕДЕЛЕНИЯ ИЗ РУССКИХ СЛОВАРЕЙ (<http://dic.academic.ru>)

Ирония — особый вид комического, осмеяние, насмешка. При иронии отрицательный смысл скрыт за внешней положительной формой высказывания. Например, в «Мертвых душах» Гоголь иронически изображает помещиков и чиновников. Ирония в характеристике Ноздрева заключается в противоречии между ее первой частью, где подобные Ноздреву люди называются хорошими товарищами, и последующими словами о том, что они «при всем том бывают весьма больно поколачиваемы». Или: «Отколе, умная, бредешь ты, голова!» (Крылов) (в обращении к ослу).

#### Ирония Литературная энциклопедия

ИРОНИЯ (греческое *eironia* - притворство) - явно-притворное изображение отрицательного явления в положительном виде, чтобы путем доведения до абсурда самой возможности положительной оценки осмеять и дискредитировать данное явление, обратить внимание на тот его недостаток, который в ироническом изображении заменяется соответствующим достоинством. Подчеркнутость притворного тона - необходимое условие для осуществления И.

ИРОНИЯ — вид насмешки, отличительными чертами которого следует признать:

спокойствие и сдержанность, нередко даже оттенок холодного презрения, а, главное, личина вполне серьезного утверждения, под которой таится отрицание достоинства.

Юмор — особый вид комического, изображение героев в смешном виде. В отличие от сатиры, юмор — смех веселый, добродушный, помогающий человеку освободиться от предрассудков, ошибочных убеждений, недостатков. Так, гоголевская повесть «Ночь перед Рождеством» буквально пронизана юмором (описание капризной красавицы Оксаны, Чуба и т. д.).

ЮМОР — добродушно-насмешливое отношение к действительности; изображение явлений в смешном виде; в отличие от сатиры юмористические образы не обличают, а беззлобно вышучивают. Особый вид комического, сочетающий насмешку и сочувствие, внешне комичную трактовку и внутреннюю причастность к тому, что представляется смешным. В отличие от "разрушительного смеха", сатиры, и "смеха превосходства" (в т. ч. иронии), в юморе под маской смешного таится серьезное отношение к предмету смеха и даже оправдание "чудака", что обеспечивает юмору более целостное отображение существа явления.

Существо юмора теснейшим образом связано с сущностью смеха, как психологического явления; смех — юмористичен, когда смеющийся ощущает некоторую сердечную близость с тем, что вызывает смех в нем, и явление воспринимается не только с той стороны, с какой оно заслуживает более или менее решительного осуждения, но и с других сторон, связанных с тем, что есть в явлении нормально жизненного и вызывающего сочувствие. Поэтому, юмор складывается из элементов и насмешки, и сострадания. Юмористическое восприятие жизни и явлений характеризует собою некоторый смешливый склад ума при чутком и мягком сердце. Юмор сложен, и юморист часто столько же сочувствует явлению, сколько и осуждает его, и больше прощает. Сервантес дал гениальный образец юмора в «Дон-Кихоте» — Дон-Кихот и Санчо-Панца, в образах которых из-за всей смехотворной нелепости их поступков и речей мало по малу встают глубоко трогательные и величественные черты высоких моральных побуждений — у Дон-Кихота — настоящий героизм и чистота принципов, у Санчо-Панцы трогательная преданность высшему, воплотившемуся для него в его господине, и здравый ум, выбивающийся из-под грубой коры невежества.

#### ЮМОР и ИРОНИЯ в афоризмах:

Свобода начинается с иронии. (Виктор Гюго)

Ирония — это оскорбление, переодетое комплиментом. (Эдуард Уиппл)

Если шутка прячется за серьезное — это ирония; если серьезное за шутку — юмор. (А.Шопенгауэр)

Юмор — это правда в безопасных для жизни дозах. (Джин Шеперд).

III. Read the following texts, translate them and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text that concentrate on the use of irony and its meaning.

#### TEXT 1.

#### **MAMMON AND THE ARCHER**

**O. Henry**

Old Anthony Rockwall, retired manufacturer and proprietor of Rockwall's Eureka Soap, looked out the library window of his Fifth Avenue mansion and grinned. His neighbour to the right—the aristocratic clubman, G. Van Schuylight Suffolk-Jones – came out to his waiting motor-car, wrinkling a contumelious nostril, as usual, at the Italian renaissance sculpture of the soap palace's front elevation. "Stuck-up old statuette of nothing doing!" commented the ex-



Soap King. "The Eden Musee'll get that old frozen Nessel rode yet if he don't watch out. I'll have this house painted red, white, and blue next summer and see if that'll make his Dutch nose turn up any higher." And then Anthony Rockwall, who never cared for bells, went to the door of his library and shouted "Mike!" in the same voice that had once chipped off pieces of the welkin on the Kansas prairies.

"Tell my son," said Anthony to the answering menial, "to come in here before he leaves the house." When young Rockwall entered the library the old man laid aside his newspaper, looked at him with a kindly grimness on his big, smooth, ruddy countenance, rumbled his mop of white hair with one hand and rattled the keys in his pocket with the other.

"Richard," said Anthony Rockwall, "what do you pay for the soap that you use?"

Richard, only six months home from college, was startled a little. He had not yet taken the measure of this sire of his, who was as full of unexpectednesses as a girl at her first party.

"Six dollars a dozen, I think, dad."

"And your clothes?"

"I suppose about sixty dollars, as a rule."

"You're a gentleman," said Anthony, decidedly. "I've heard of these young bloods spending \$24 a dozen for soap, and going over the hundred mark for clothes. You've got as much money to waste as any of 'em, and yet you stick to what's decent and moderate. Now I use the old Eureka – not only for sentiment, but it's the purest soap made. Whenever you pay more than 10 cents a cake for soap you buy bad perfumes and labels. But 50 cents is doing very well for a young man in your generation, position and condition. As I said, you're a gentleman. They say it takes three generations to make one. They're off. Money'll do it as slick as soap grease. It's made you one. Byhokey! it's almost made one of me. I'm nearly as impolite and disagreeable and ill-mannered as these two old Knickerbocker gents on each side of me that can't sleep of nights because I bought in between 'em."

"There are some things that money can't accomplish," remarked young Rockwall, rather gloomily.

"Now, don't say that," said old Anthony, shocked. "I bet my money on money every time. I've been through the encyclopaedia down to Ylooking for something you can't buy with it; and I expect to have to take up the appendix next week. I'm for money against the field. Tell me something money won't buy."

"For one thing," answered Richard, rankling a little, "it won't buy one into the exclusive circles of society."

"Oho! won't it?" thundered the champion of the root of evil. "You tell me where your exclusive circles would be if the first Astor hadn't had the money to pay for his steerage passage over?"

Richard sighed.

"And that's what I was coming to," said the old man, less boisterously. "That's why I asked you to come in. There's something going wrong with you, boy. I've been noticing it for two weeks. Out with it. I guess I could lay my hands on eleven millions within twenty-four hours, besides the real estate. If it's your liver, there's the Rambler down in the bay, coaled, and ready to steam down to the Bahamas in two days."

"Not a bad guess, dad; you haven't missed it far."

"Ah," said Anthony, keenly; "what's her name?"

Richard began to walk up and down the library floor. There was enough comradeship and sympathy in this crude old father of his to draw his confidence.

"Why don't you ask her?" demanded old Anthony. "She'll jump at you. You've got the money and the looks, and you're a decent boy. Your hands are clean. You've got no Eureka soap on 'em. You've been to college, but she'll overlook that."

"I haven't had a chance," said Richard.

"Make one," said Anthony. "Take her for a walk in the park, or a straw ride, or walk home with her from church Chance! Pshaw!"

"You don't know the social mill, dad. She's part of the stream that turns it. Every hour and minute of her time is arranged for days in advance. I must have that girl, dad, or this town is a black jacks wamp forevermore. And I can't write it – I can't do that."

"Tut!" said the old man. "Do you mean to tell me that with all the money I've got you can't get an hour or two of a girl's time for yourself?"

"I've put it off too late. She's going to sail for Europe at noonday after to-morrow for a two years' stay. I'm to see her alone to-morrow evening for a few minutes. She's at Larchmont now at her aunt's. I can't go there. But I'm allowed to meet her with a cab at the Grand Central Station to-morrow evening at the 8.30 train. We drive down Broadway to Wallack's at a gallop, where her mother and a box party will be waiting for us in the lobby. Do you think she would listen to a declaration from me during that six or eight minutes under those circumstances? No. And what chance would I have in the theatre or afterward? None. No, dad, this is one tangle that your money can't unravel. We can't buy one minute of time with cash; if we could, rich people would live longer. There's no hope of getting a talk with Miss Lantry before she sails."

"All right, Richard, my boy," said old Anthony, cheerfully. "You may run along down to your club now. I'm glad it ain't your liver. But don't forget to burn a few punk sticks in the joss house to the great god Mazuma from time to time. You say money won't buy time? Well, of course, you can't order eternity wrapped up and delivered at your residence for a price, but I've seen Father Time get pretty bad stone bruises on his heels when he walked through the gold diggings."

That night came Aunt Ellen, gentle, sentimental, wrinkled, sighing, oppressed by wealth, in to Brother Anthony at his evening paper, and began discourse on the subject of lovers' woes.

"He told me all about it," said brother Anthony, yawning. "I told him my bank account was at his service. And then he began to knock money. Said money couldn't help. Said the rules of society couldn't be bucked for a yard by a team of ten millionaires."

"Oh, Anthony," sighed Aunt Ellen, "I wish you would not think so much of money. Wealth is nothing where a true affection is concerned. Love is all-powerful. If he only had spoken earlier! She could not have refused our Richard. But now I fear it is too late. He will have no opportunity to address her. All your gold cannot bring happiness to your son."

At eight o'clock the next evening Aunt Ellen took a quaint old gold ring from a moth-eaten case and gave it to Richard.

"Wear it tonight, nephew," she begged. "Your mother gave it to me. Good luck in love she said it brought. She asked me to give it to you when you had found the one you loved."

Young Rockwall took the ring reverently and tried it on his smallest finger. It slipped as far as the second joint and stopped. He took it off and stuffed it into his vest pocket, after the manner of man. And then he phoned for his cab.

At the station he captured Miss Lantry out of the gabbing mob at eight thirty-two.

"We mustn't keep mamma and the others waiting," said she.

"To Wallack's Theatre as fast as you can drive!" said Richard loyally. They whirled up Forty-second to Broadway, and then down the white-starred lane that leads from the soft meadows of sunset to the rocky hills of morning.

At Thirty-fourth Street young Richard quickly thrust up the trap<sup>13</sup> and ordered the cabman to stop.

"I've dropped a ring," he apologised, as he climbed out. "It was my mother's, and I'd hate to lose it. I won't detain you a minute – I saw where it fell."

In less than a minute he was back in the cab with the ring.

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<sup>13</sup>Trap – sliding window between the front and back seats in a cab.

But within that minute a crosstown car had stopped directly in front of the cab. The cabman tried to pass to the left, but a heavy express wagon cut him off. He tried the right, and had to back away from a furniture van that had no business to be there. He tried to back out, but dropped his reins and swore dutifully. He was blockaded in a tangled mess of vehicles and horses.

One of those street blockades had occurred that sometimes tie up commerce and movement quite suddenly in the big city.

"Why don't you drive on?" said Miss Lantry, impatiently. "We'll be late." Richard stood up in the cab and looked around. He saw a congested flood of wagons, trucks, cabs, vans and street cars filling the vast space where Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirly-fourth street cross one another as a twenty-six inch maiden fills her twenty-two inch girdle. And still from all the cross streets they were hurrying and rattling toward the converging point at full speed, and hurling themselves into the struggling mass, locking wheels and adding their drivers' imprecations to the clamour. The entire traffic of Manhattan seemed to have jammed itself around them. The oldest New Yorker among the thousands of spectators that lined the sidewalks had not witnessed a street blockade of the proportions of this one.

"I'm very sorry," said Richard, as he resumed his seat, "but it looks as if we are stuck. They won't get this jumble loosened up in an hour. It was my fault. If I hadn't dropped the ring we—"

"Let me see the ring," said Miss Lantry. "Now that it can't be helped, I don't care. I think theatres are stupid, anyway."

At 11 o'clock that night somebody tapped lightly on Anthony Rockwall's door.

"Come in," shouted Anthony, who was in a red dressing-gown, reading a book of piratical adventures.

Somebody was Aunt Ellen, looking like a grey-haired angel that had been left on earth by mistake.

"They're engaged, Anthony," she said, softly. "She has promised to marry our Richard. On their way to the theatre there was a street blockade, and it was two hours before their cab could get out of it.

"And oh, brother Anthony, don't ever boast of the power of money again. A little emblem of true love – a little ring that symbolized unending and unmercenary affection – was the cause of our Richard finding his happiness. He dropped it in the street, and got out to recover it. And before they could continue the blockade occurred. He spoke to his love and won her there while the cab was hemmed in. Money is dross compared with true love, Anthony."

"All right," said old Anthony. "I'm glad the boy has got what he wanted. I told him I wouldn't spare any expense in the matter if—"

"But, brother Anthony, what good could your money have done?"

"Sister," said Anthony Rockwall. "I've got my pirate in a devil of a scrape. His ship has just been scuttled, and he's too good a judge of the value of money to let drown. I wish you would let me go on with this chapter."

The story should end here. I wish it would as heartily as you who read it wish it did. But we must go to the bottom of the well for truth. The next day a person with red hands and a blue polka-dot necktie, who called himself Kelly, called at Anthony Rockwall's house, and was at once received in the library.

"Well," said Anthony, reaching for his cheque book, "it was a good bilin' of soap<sup>14</sup>. Let's see – you had \$5,000 in cash."

"I paid out \$300 more of my own," said Kelly. "I had to go a little above the estimate. I got the express wagons and cabs mostly for \$5; but the trucks and two-horse teams mostly raised me to \$10. The motormen wanted \$10, and some of the loaded teams \$20. The cops struck me hardest – \$50 I paid two, and the rest \$20 and \$25. But didn't it work beautiful, Mr.

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<sup>14</sup>Good bilin' of soap – tremendous turmoil

Rockwall? I'm glad William A. Brady wasn't onto that little outdoor vehicle mob scene. I wouldn't want William to break his heart with jealousy. And never a rehearsal, either! The boys was on time to the fraction of a second. It was two hours before a snake could get below Greeley's statue."

"Thirteen hundred – there you are, Kelly," said Anthony, tearing of a check. "Your thousand, and the \$300 you were out. You don't despise money, do you, Kelly?"

"Me?" said Kelly. "I can lick the man that invented poverty."

Anthony called Kelly when he was at the door.

"You didn't notice," said he, "anywhere in the tie-up, a kind of a fat boy without any clothes on shooting arrows around with a bow, did you?"

"Why, no," said Kelly, mystified. "I didn't. If he was like you say, maybe the cops pinched him before I got there."

"I thought the little rascal wouldn't be on hand," chuckled Anthony.

"Good-by, Kelly."

#### Characterization:

1. What is Anthony Rockwall's background?
2. Find statements that reveal Anthony's feelings for his son. Explain the disagreement about money between father and son.
3. Why is Richard downcast at the beginning of the story?
4. Why do you think Anthony does not tell Aunt Ellen that he arranged the traffic jam? What does his silence tell us about him?
5. What are Anthony's good qualities? Do you think the narrator wants us to like Anthony? To agree with his opinions? Why or why not?

#### Idea / Message:

1. Explain what the story's title means and how it is appropriate to the story.
2. Do you think that O. Henry is arguing that money can buy everything? Why or why not?
3. What theme might O. Henry be illustrating in "Mammon and the Archer"?
4. Explain how the ending of the story (where we can see a twist of situational irony) represents a contrast between expectation and reality.
5. How would the effect of the story change if we had known about Anthony's scheme all along?

### TEXT 2.

#### **THE OPEN WINDOW**

**Saki**

**Saki** (1870 – 1916) – Hector Hugh Munro, more commonly known by the pen name of Saki, was raised in England but traveled widely. He served with the police force in Burma, wrote dispatches from Russia as a foreign correspondent, and died under German sniper fire during World War I. England, however, provides the setting for most of his stories, which are usually brief and witty and often end in an unexpected way. Verbal irony is usually humorous, but it can also make a serious point. In "The Open Window" the narrator says that Vera began to speak to Framton "when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communication". This statement is ironic because it describes an awkward silence between two strangers as "silent communication" – something that happens only between close friends. The statement also makes an important point about each character: Framton is too wrapped up in his own ailments to notice the long pause while Vera has enough initiative to break it.

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttalen deavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window - "

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes to-day, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably wide-spread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention - but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly-noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid an imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

#### Idea / Message:

1. Explain how the way in which Vera presents her story to Framton makes it seem more believable? What traits in Framton's personality might make him accept Vera's story? Do you think everyone is susceptible to the power of suggestion?
2. What effect did Vera's first story have on you? What about her second story?
3. What word other than romance could you apply to Vera's activities? Why do you think the narrator chose this word?
4. Look up the meaning of the name Vera. How might Saki's choice of this name be an example of verbal irony?
5. In what way is the story's last line ironic? Find two other ironic statements in the story.

#### Comparing Stories:

Both “Mammon and the Archer” and “The Open Window” have endings that surprise the reader for opposite reasons. O. Henry presents a seemingly ordinary occurrence – Richard’s engagement – and shows that it came about in an extraordinary way. On the other hand, Saki presents a seemingly extraordinary event – the appearance of the “ghostly” hunters – and reveals that it’s a perfectly ordinary occurrence after all. Which sort of surprise did you prefer, and why?

**Основная литература к практическому занятию  
(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

**Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию  
(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-тезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
2. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. 5-е изд. М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
3. Долинин К.А. Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

**SEMINAR 11: FANTASY ( 2 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the correlation of truth and fact, truth and the improbable and the impossible;
- fantasy: definition, its aim, its connection with what’s going on in modern thought;
- fantastic stories of the past and the present, the setting and peculiarities of fantastic stories and science fiction;
- fantasy in escape literature and in literature of interpretation.

II. Read the following text, translate it and answer the questions for analysis that are given below the text that concentrate on the use of fantasy and its meaning.

**The Lottery**

by Shirley Jackson

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three

hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the square dances, the teen-age club, the Halloween program—by Mr. Summers who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready



to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you. Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?" "Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar." Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Sr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for my mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded. A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions: most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve." Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said. "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson.... Bentham." "Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries anymore." Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast. — Mrs. Graves said. "Clark.... Delacroix"

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said. "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper. "Harburt.... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for *them*. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work anymore, live *that* way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's *always* been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is

it?," "Who's got it?," "Is it the Dunbars?," "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers. "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently.

"You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't *fair*," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family; that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said.

"There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't *fair*. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just *one* paper." Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill Jr. opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

### **Questions:**

1. With what expectations do you begin the story? Are there any elements in the first paragraph that seem aimed at heightening your expectations? At lessening them? Are your suspicions of those that seem to divert or lessen your expectations? What is the net effect of such "nonsuspenseful" details? Are there details that you would expect here or in the next few paragraphs that are missing? How does the absence of expected detail affect your expectation? The procedures of the lottery are described in great detail. What is missing? Are you aware that something is missing upon first reading? When do you become suspicious? When did you first suspect that the "prize" would not be entirely pleasant? What specific expectations did you have during the drawing? Were you wishing that some particular character would win? That one or more specific characters would not win? Were you concentrating on who would win or what the prize would be or both? When you discover the winner and the prize, what earlier details do you recall?

2. Are the attitudes of the people in the crowd during the drawing understandable at the time? Later? When you first discover the outcome of the lottery, how do you expect the others to react? How do you explain their reactions on first reading? Later?

3. How would you describe the focus of narration? The voice? What do these contribute to your expectation or interest? There seems to be a discrepancy between the tone and what we ultimately learn is being described. What examples of this are more glaring? Do these operate to decrease or increase the horror? Does the author use overstatement or understatement, direct or indirect presentation? Why? Does it imply something about the audience or the writer's expectations about the audience?

4. Where does this story take place? What evidence do you have for knowing the location? What values or attitudes do you associate with that part of the country? What do these associations have to do with your understanding or interpretation of the story? How precise can you be in defining what the story says about human nature? Does the fact that you cannot be more precise make the story more or less meaningful?

5. Do you believe this story? Though it's hard to believe that such a lottery ever took place, that the story is even probable, much less factual, what kind of "truth" may there be in such a story? What does this suggest about the nature of all fiction (sometimes described as "telling the truth by lying")?

### **PROMPT**

If you have problems understanding the idea of the text, read the following information:

In modern usage a **scapegoat** is an individual, group, or country singled out for unmerited negative treatment or blame

Scapegoat derives from the common English translation of the Hebrew term *azazel* which occurs in Leviticus 16:8.

#### **Ancient Syria**

A concept superficially similar to the biblical scapegoat is attested in two ritual texts of the 24th century BC. They were connected with ritual purification on the occasion of the king's wedding. In them, a she-goat with a silver bracelet hung from her neck was driven forth into the wasteland of "Alini"; "we" in the report of the ritual involves the whole community. Such "elimination rites", in which an animal, without confession of sins, is the vehicle of evils (not sins) that are chased from the community are widely attested in the Ancient Near East.

#### **Ancient Greece**

The Ancient Greeks practiced a scapegoating rite in which a cripple or beggar or criminal was cast out of the community, either in response to a natural disaster (such as a plague, famine or an invasion) or in response to a calendrical crisis (such as the end of the year). The scholia refer to them being killed, but many scholars reject this, and argue that the earliest evidence only show their being stoned, beaten and driven from the community.

#### ***The Bible***

The scapegoat was a goat that was designated either "for absolute removal" or possibly "for Azazel" (some modern versions taking the term as a name) and outcast in the desert as part of the ceremonies of the Day of Atonement, that began during the Exodus. Throughout the year, the sins of the ancient Israelites were daily transferred to the regular sin offerings. Once a year, on the tenth day of the seventh month in the Jewish calendar, the Day of Atonement, the High Priest of Israel sacrificed a bull for a sin offering for his own sins. Subsequently he took two goats and presented them with a view to dealing with the corporate sins of God's people — the nation of Israel. Two goats were chosen by lot: one to be "The Lord's Goat", which was offered as a blood sacrifice, and the other to be the "Azazel" scapegoat to be sent away into the wilderness. The blood of the slain goat was taken into the Holy of Holies behind the sacred veil and sprinkled on the mercy seat. Later in the ceremonies of the day, the High Priest confessed the sins of the Israelites placing them figuratively on the head of the other goat, the Azazel scapegoat, who "took them away" never to be seen again. The sin of the nation was thus "atoned for" (paid for) by the "The Lord's Goat" and "The Azazel Goat".

Since the second goat was sent away to perish, the word "scapegoat" has developed to indicate a person who is blamed and punished for the sins of others.

**Scapegoating** (from the verb "to scapegoat") is the practice of singling out any party for unmerited negative treatment or blame as a scapegoat. Scapegoating may be conducted by individuals against individuals (e.g. "Hattie Francis did it, not me!"), individuals against groups (e.g., "I failed because our school favors boys"), groups against individuals (e.g., "Jane

was the reason our team didn't win"), and groups against groups (e.g., "Immigrants are taking all of the jobs").

Literary critic and philosopher Kenneth Burke first coined and described the expression "scapegoat mechanism" in his book *Permanence and Change* (1935). This work influenced some philosophical anthropologists, for example, René Girard. He argues that every community develops rituals to protect its members from their own violence, identifying a victim whose death will cure everyone. He is truly a "healing drug" because once the community has identified him as the source of the trouble, then they can rid themselves of the pollution: "... any community that has fallen prey to violence or has been stricken by some overwhelming catastrophe hurls itself blindly into the search for a scapegoat." They achieve temporary unity by projecting their shadows upon the Other where all can safely view them. However, the need to be cleansed of the unacceptable feelings always builds up again. Scapegoating is a temporary fix leading to addictive repetition.

It often involves accusations of mythic crimes such as incest and especially, the killing of the children. Romans accused early Christians of eating children. Once in power, Christians did the same to persecute pagans and Jews. Twelve hundred years later, as many French women were executed for infanticide as for witchcraft. But for centuries a pattern of scapegoating existed that remains uniquely and horrifyingly American — the violent sacrifice of the black Other.

The mentioning of such a practice (scapegoating) can be found in many works of art, for example, in the following quote from Arthur Miller's "The Crucible":

*"What lay behind the procedures of both witch trial and political hearing was a familiar American need to assert a **recoverable innocence** even if the only guarantee of such innocence lay in the **displacement of guilt onto others.**"*

This quote references the Salem Witch Trials and the McCarthy anti-Communist era.

(Sources: <http://en.wikipedia.org>;  
[http://www.mythicjourneys.org/newsletter\\_aug07\\_spector.html](http://www.mythicjourneys.org/newsletter_aug07_spector.html))

### Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

### Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-тезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
2. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. 5-е изд. М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
3. Долинин К.А. Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
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5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

## SEMINAR 12: TONE AND STYLE ( 2 часа)

### I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the definitions of atmosphere and tone in a work of art; 2 aspects of tone and its corresponding kinds;
- the definition of style, characteristics of style.

II. You are going to read 3 stories written by Dorothy Parker. Read and translate them. When reading pay special attention to the features typical of all the three texts, try to place these elements of her style on the scale of characteristics given in the lecture. Remember to mention the typical characters, the type of conflict and the point of view that are predominant in her stories and the main theme.

### A TEXT 1.

#### **The Waltz**

from Dorothy Parker (The Viking Portable Library, 1944)

*WHY, thank you so much. I'd adore to.*

I don't want to dance with him. I don't want to dance with anybody. And even if I did, it wouldn't be him. He'd be well down among the last ten. I've seen the way he dances; it looks like something you do on Saint Walpurgis Night. Just think, not a quarter of an hour ago, here I was sitting, feeling so sorry for the poor girl he was dancing with. And now I'm going to be the poor girl. Well, well. Isn't it a small world?

And a peach of a world, too. A true little corker. Its events are so fascinatingly unpredictable, are not they? Here I was, minding my own business, not doing a stitch of harm to any living soul. And then he comes into my life, all smiles and city manners, to sue me for the favor of one memorable mazurka. Why, he scarcely knows my name, let alone what it stands for. It stands for Despair, Bewilderment, Futility, Degradation, and Premeditated Murder, but little does he wot. I don't woth is name, either; I haven't any idea what it is. Jukes, would be my guess from the look in his eyes. How do you do, Mr. Jukes? And how is that dear little brother of yours, with the two heads?

Ah, now why did he have to come around me, with his low requests? Why can't he let me lead my own life? I ask so little -- just to be left alone in my quiet corner of the table, to do my evening brooding over all my sorrows. And he must come, with his bows and his scrapes and his may-I-have-these-ones. And I had to go and tell him that I'd adore to dance with him. I cannot understand why I wasn't struck right down dead. Yes, and being struck dead would look like a day in the country, compared to struggling out a dance with this boy. But what could I do? Everyone else at the table had got up to dance, except him and me. There was 1, trapped. Trapped like a trap in a trap.

What can you say, when a man asks you to dance with him? I most certainly will not dance with you, I'll see you in hell first. Why, thank you, I'd like to awfully, but I'm having labor pains. Oh, yes, do let's dance together -- it's so nice to meet a man who isn't a scaredy-cat about catching my beri-beri. No. There was nothing for me to do, but say I'd adore to. Well, we might as well get it over with. All right, Cannonball, let's run out on the field. You won the toss; you can lead.

*Why, I think it's more of a waltz, really. Isn't it? We might just listen to the music a second. Shall we? Oh, yes, it's a waltz. Mind? Why, I'm simply thrilled. I'd love to waltz with you.*

I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to have my tonsils out, I'd love to be in a midnight fire at sea. Well, it's too late now. We're getting under way. Oh. Oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, this is even worse than I thought it would be. I suppose that's the one dependable law of life -- everything is always worse than you thought it was going to

be. Oh, if I had any real grasp of what this dance would be like, I'd have held out for sitting it out. Well, it will probably amount to the same thing in the end. We'll be sitting it out on the floor in a minute, if he keeps this up.

I'm so glad I brought it to his attention that this is a waltz they're playing. Heaven knows what might have happened, if he had thought it was something fast; we'd have blown the sides right out of the building. Why does he always want to be somewhere that he isn't? Why can't we stay in one place just long enough to get acclimated? It's this constant rush, rush, rush, that's the curse of American life. That's the reason that we're all of us so -- Ow! For God's sake, don't kick, you idiot; this is only second down. Oh, my shin. My poor, poor shin, that I've had ever since I was a little girl!

*Oh, no, no, no. Goodness, no. It didn't hurt the least little bit. And anyway it was my fault. Really it was. Truly. Well, you're just being sweet, to say that. It really was all my fault.*

I wonder what I'd better do -- kill him this instant, with my naked hands, or wait and let him drop in his traces. Maybe it's best not to make a scene. I guess I'll just lie low, and watch the pace get him. He can't keep this up indefinitely -- he's only flesh and blood. Die he must, and die he shall, for what he did to me. I don't want to be of the over-sensitive type, but you can't tell me that kick was unpremeditated. Freud says there are no accidents. I've led no cloistered life, I've known dancing partners who have spoiled my slippers and torn my dress; but when it comes to kicking, I am Outraged Womanhood. When you kick me in the shin, smile.

Maybe he didn't do it maliciously. Maybe it's just his way of showing his high spirits. I suppose I ought to be glad that one of us is having such a good time. I suppose I ought to think myself lucky if he brings me back alive. Maybe it's captious to demand of a practically strange man that he leave your shins as he found them. After all, the poor boy's doing the best he can. Probably he grew up in the hill country, and never had no larnin'. I bet they had to throw him on his back to get shoes on him.

*Yes, it's lovely, isn't it? It's simply lovely. It's the loveliest waltz. Isn't it? Oh, I think it's lovely, too.*

Why, I'm getting positively drawn to the Triple Threat here. He's my hero. He has the heart of a lion, and the sinews of a buffalo. Look at him -- never a thought of the consequences, never afraid of his face, hurling himself into every scrimmage, eyes shining, cheeks ablaze. And shall it be said that I hung back? No, a thousand times no. What's it to me if I have to spend the next couple of years in a plaster cast? Come on, Butch, right through them! Who wants to live forever?

Oh. Oh, dear. Oh, he's all right, thank goodness. For a while I thought they'd have to carry him off the field. Ah, I couldn't bear to have anything happen to him. I love him. I love him better than anybody in the world. Look at the spirit he gets into a dreary, commonplace waltz; how effete the other dancers seem, beside him.

He is youth and vigor and courage, he is strength and gaiety and -- Ow! Get off my instep, you hulking peasant! What do you think I am, anyway -- a gangplank? Ow!

*No, of course it didn't hurt. Why, it didn't a bit. Honestly. And it was all my fault. You see, that little step of yours -- well, it's perfectly lovely, but it's just a tiny bit tricky to follow at first. Oh, did you work it up yourself? You really did? Well, aren't you amazing! Oh, now I think I've got it. Oh, I think it's lovely. I was watching you do it when you were dancing before. It's awfully effective when you look at it.*

It's awfully effective when you look at it. I bet I'm awfully effective when you look at me. My hair is hanging along my cheeks, my skirt is swaddling about me, I can feel the cold damp of my brow. I must look like something out of the "Fall of the House of Usher." This sort of thing takes a fearful toll of a woman my age. And he worked up his little step himself, he with his degenerate cunning. And it was just a tiny bit tricky at first, but now I think I've got it. Two stumbles, slip, and a twenty-yard dash; yes. I've got it. I've got several other things, too, including a split shin and a bitter heart. I hate this creature I'm chained to. I hated



him the moment I saw his leering, bestial face. And here I've been locked in his noxious embrace for the thirty-five years this waltz has lasted. Is that orchestra never going to stop playing? Or must this obscene travesty of a dance go on until hell burns out?

*Oh, they're going to play another encore. Oh, goody. Oh, that's lovely. Tired? I should say I'm not tired. I'd like to go on like this forever.*

I should say I'm not tired. I'm dead, that's all I am. Dead, and in what a cause! And the music is never going to stop playing, and we're going on like this, Double-Time Charlie and I, throughout eternity. I suppose I won't care anymore, after the first hundred thousand years. I suppose nothing will matter then, not heat nor pain nor broken heart nor cruel, aching weariness. Well. It can't come too soon for me.

I wonder why I didn't tell him I was tired. I wonder why I didn't suggest going back to the table. I could have said let's just listen to the music. Yes, and if he would, that would be the first bit of attention he has given it all evening. George Jean Nathan said that the lovely rhythms of the waltz should be listened to in stillness and not be accompanied by strange gyrations of the human body. I think that's what he said. I think it was George Jean Nathan. Anyhow, whatever he said and whoever he was and whatever he's doing now, he's better off than I am. That's safe. Anybody who isn't waltzing with this Mrs. O'Leary's cow I've got here is having a good time.

Still if we were back at the table, I'd probably have to talk to him. Look at him --what could you say to a thing like that! Did you go to the circus this year, what's your favorite kind of ice cream, how do you spell cat? I guess I'm as well off here. As well off as if I were in a cement mixer in full action.

I'm past all feeling now. The only way I can tell when he steps on me is that I can hear the splintering of bones. And all the events of my life are passing before my eyes. There was the time I was in a hurricane in the West Indies, there was the day I got my head cut open in the taxi smash, there was the night the drunken lady threw a bronze ashtray at her own true love and got me instead, there was that summer that the sailboat kept capsizing. Ah, what an easy, peaceful time was mine, until I fell in with Swifty, here. I didn't know what trouble was, before I got drawn into this *danse macabre*. I think my mind is beginning to wander. It almost seems to me as if the orchestra were stopping. It couldn't be, of course; it could never, never be. And yet in my ears there is a silence like the sound of angel voices. . . .

*Oh they've stopped, the mean things. They're not going to play anymore. Oh, darn. Oh, do you think they would? Do you really think so, if you gave them twenty dollars? Oh, that would be lovely. And look, do tell them to play this same thing. I'd simply adore to go on waltzing.*

## B TEXT 2.

### You Were Perfectly Fine

The pale young man eased himself carefully into the low chair, and rolled his head to the side, so that the cool chintz comforted his cheek and temple.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh."

The clear-eyed girl, sitting light and erect on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

"Not feeling so well today?" she said.

"Oh, I'm great," he said. "Corking, I am. Know what time I got up? Four o'clock this afternoon, sharp. I kept trying to make it, and every time I took my head off the pillow, it would roll under the bed. This isn't my head I've got on now. I think this is something that used to belong to Walt Whitman. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?" she said.

“The hair of the mastiff that bit me?” he said. “Oh, no, thank you. Please never speak of anything like that again. I’m through. I’m all, all through. Look at that hand; steady as a humming-bird. Tell me, was I very terrible last night?”

“Oh, goodness,” she said, “everybody was feeling pretty high. You were all right.”

“Yeah,” he said. “I must have been dandy. Is everybody sore at me?”

“Good heavens, no,” she said. “Everybody thought you were terribly funny. Of course, Jim Pierson was a little stuffy, there, for a minute at dinner. But people sort of held him back in his chair, and got him calmed down. I don’t think anybody at the other tables noticed it at all. Hardly anybody.”

“He was going to sock me?” he said. “Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?”

“Why, you didn’t do a thing,” she said. “You were perfectly fine. But you know how silly Jim gets, when he thinks anybody is making too much fuss over Elinor.”

“Was I making a pass at Elinor?” he said, “Did I do that?”

“Of course you didn’t.” she said. “You were only fooling that’s all. She thought you were awfully amusing. She was having a marvelous time. She only got a little tiny bit annoyed just once, when you poured the clam-juice down her back.”

“My God,” he said. “Clam-juice down that back. And every vertebra a little Cabot. Dear God. What’ll I ever do?”

“Oh, she’ll be all right,” she said. “Just send her some flowers, or something. Don’t worry about it. It isn’t anything.”

“No I won’t worry,” he said. “I haven’t got a care in the world. I’m sitting pretty. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Did I do any other fascinating tricks at dinner?”

“You were fine,” she said. “Don’t be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maître d’hôtel was a little worried because you wouldn’t stop singing, but he really didn’t mind. All he said was, he was afraid they’d close the place again, if there was so much noise. But he didn’t care a bit, himself. I think he loved seeing you have such a good time. Oh, you were just singing away, there, for about an hour. It wasn’t so terribly loud, at all.”

“So I sang,” he said. “That must have been a treat. I sang.”

“Don’t you remember?” she said. “You just sang one song after another. Everybody in the place was listening. They loved it. Only you kept insisting that you wanted to sing some song about some kind of fusiliers or other, and everybody kept shushing you, and you’d keep trying to start it again. You were wonderful. We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, and eat something, but you wouldn’t hear of it. My, you were funny.”

“Didn’t I eat any dinner?” he said.

“Oh, not a thing,” she said. “Every time the waiter would offer you something, you’d give it right back to him, because you said that he was your long-lost brother, changed in the cradle by a gypsy band, and that everything you had was his. You had him simply roaring at you.”

“I bet I did,” he said, “I bet I was comical. Society’s Pet, I must have been. And what happened then, after my overwhelming success with the waiter?”

“Why, nothing much,” she said. “You took a sort of dislike to some old man with white hair, sitting across the room, because you didn’t like his necktie and you wanted to tell him about it. But we got you out, before he got really mad.”

“Oh, we got out,” he said. “Did I walk?”

“Walk! Of course you did,” she said. “You were absolutely all right. There was that nasty stretch of ice on the sidewalk, and you did sit down awfully hard, you poor dear. But good heavens, that might have happened to anybody.”

“Oh, sure,” he said. “Louisa Alcott or anybody. So I fell down on sidewalk. That would explain what’s the matter with my—Yes. I see. And then what, if you don’t mind?”

“Ah, now, Peter!” she said. “You can’t sit there and say you don’t remember what happened after that! I did think that maybe you were a little tight at dinner—oh, you were perfectly all right, and all that, but I did know you were feeling pretty gay. But you were so

serious, from the time you fell down—I never knew you to be that way. Don't you know how you told me I had never seen your real self before? Oh, Peter, I just couldn't bear it, if you didn't remember that lovely long ride we took together in the taxi! Please, you do remember that, don't you? I think it would simply kill me, if you didn't."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Riding in the taxi. Oh, yes, sure. Pretty long ride, hmm?"

"Round and round and round the park," she said. "Oh, and the trees were shining so in the moonlight. And you said you never knew before that you really had a soul."

"Yes," he said. "I said that. That was me."

"You said such lovely, lovely things," she said. "And I'd never known, all this time, how you had been feeling about me, and I'd never dared to let you see how I felt about you. And then last night—oh, Peter dear, think that taxi ride was the most important thing that ever happened to us in our lives."

"Yes," he said. "I guess it must have been."

"And we're going to be so happy," she said. "Oh, I just want to tell everybody! But I don't know—I think maybe it would be sweeter to keep it all to ourselves."

"I think it would be," he said.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Great."

"Lovely!" she said.

"Look here," he said, "do you mind if I have a drink? I mean, just medicinally, you know. I'm off the stuff for life, so help me. But I think I feel a collapse coming on."

"Oh, I think it would do you good," she said. "You poor boy, it's a shame you feel so awful. I'll go make you a whisky and soda."

"Honestly," he said, "I don't see how you could ever want to speak to me again, after I made such a fool of myself, last night. I think I'd better go join a monastery in Tibet."

"You crazy idiot!" she said. "As if I could ever let you go away now! Stop talking like that. You were perfectly fine."

She jumped up from the couch, kissed him quickly on the forehead, and ran out of the room.

The pale young man looked after her and shook his head long and slowly, then dropped it in his damp and trembling hands.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

1929

### C TEXT 3.

Read the text "New York to Detroit" given in the textbook: Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л., 1978. P. 240 – 243.

D. Some information about Dorothy Parker may help you to understand her stories and grasp their meaning. If you have difficulty in defining it you are welcome to surf the Net and find that kind of information.

### Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)

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2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа:

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**SEMINAR 13: THE GENRE OF SHORT STORY ( 2 часа)**

I. Speak on the following points touched upon in the lecture:

- the peculiarities of related genres of fable, parable and tale;
- the peculiarities of short stories and their classification.

II. Compare a short story and a tale.

To notice the difference between a short story and a tale, you may find it helpful to compare John Updike's "A & P" with "Godfather Death" by Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. Although Updike's short story (where the protagonist does undergo an initiation into maturity) is centuries distant from the Grimm tale in its method of telling and in its setting, you may be reminded of "Godfather Death" in the main character's dramatic situation. To defend a young woman, a young man has to defy his mentor—here, the boss of a supermarket! So doing, he places himself in jeopardy. Updike has the protagonist tell his own story, amply and with humor. How does it differ from a tale?

TEXT 1.

**Godfather Death** (1812 (from oral tradition))

*Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm*  
(Translated by Dana Gioia)

A poor man had twelve children and had to work day and night just to give them bread. Now when the thirteenth came into the world, he did not know what to do, so he ran out onto the main highway intending to ask the first one he met to be the child's godfather.

The first person he met was the good Lord God who knew very well what was weighing on the man's heart. And He said to him, "Poor man, I am sorry for you. I will hold your child at the baptismal font. I will take care of him and fill his days with happiness."

The man asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the good Lord."

"Then I don't want you as godfather. You give to the rich and let the poor starve."

The man spoke thus because he did not know how wisely God portions out wealth and poverty. So he turned away from the Lord and went on.

Then the Devil came up to him and said, "What are you looking for? If you take me as your child's sponsor, I will give him gold heaped high and wide and all the joys of this world."

The man asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the Devil."

"Then I don't want you as godfather," said the man. "You trick men and lead them astray."

He went on, and bone-thin Death strode up to him and said, "Choose me as godfather."

The man asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Death who makes all men equal."

Then the man said, "You are the right one. You take the rich and the poor without distinction. You will be the godfather."

Death answered, "I will make your child rich and famous. Whoever has me as a friend shall lack for nothing."

The man said, "The baptism is next Sunday. Be there on time."

Death appeared just as he had promised and stood there as a proper godfather.

When the boy had grown up, his godfather walked in one day and said to come along with him. Death led him out into the woods, showed him an herb, and said, "Now you are going to get your christening present. I am making you a famous doctor. When you are called to a patient, I will always appear to you. If I stand next to the sick person's head, you may speak boldly that you will make him healthy again. Give him some of this herb, and he will recover. But if you see me standing by the sick person's feet, then he is mine. You must say that nothing can be done and that no doctor in the world can save him. But beware of using the herb against my will, or it will turn out badly for you."

It was not long before the young man was the most famous doctor in the whole world. "He needs only to look at the sick person," everyone said, "and then he knows how things stand—whether the patient will get well again or whether he must die." People came from far and wide to bring their sick and gave him so much gold that he quickly became quite rich.

Now it soon happened that the king grew ill, and the doctor was summoned to say whether a recovery was possible. But when he came to the bed, Death was standing at the sick man's feet, and now no herb grown could save him.

"If I cheat Death this one time," thought the doctor, "he will be angry, but since I am his godson, he will turn a blind eye, so I will risk it." He took up the sick man and turned him around so that his head was now where Death stood. Then he gave the king some of the herb. The king recovered and grew healthy again.

But Death then came to the doctor with a dark and angry face and threatened him with his finger. "You have hoodwinked me this time," he said, "And I will forgive you once because you are my godson. But if you try such a thing again, it will be your neck, and I will take you away with me."

Not long after, the king's daughter fell into a serious illness. She was his only child, and he wept day and night until his eyes went blind. He let it be known that whoever saved her from death would become her husband and inherit the crown.

When the doctor came to the sick girl's bed, he saw Death standing at her feet. He should have remembered his godfather's warning, but the princess's great beauty and the happy prospect of becoming her husband so infatuated him that he flung all caution to the wind. He didn't notice that Death stared at him angrily or that he raised his hand and shook his bony fist. The doctor picked up the sick girl and turned her around to place her head where her feet had been. He gave her the herb, and right away her cheeks grew rosy and she stirred again with life.

When Death saw that he had been cheated out of his property a second time, he strode with long steps up to the doctor and said, "It is all over for you. Now it's your turn." Death seized him so firmly with his ice-cold hand that the doctor could not resist. He led him into an underground cavern. There the doctor saw thousands and thousands of candles burning in endless rows. Some were tall, others medium-sized, and others quite small. Every moment some went out, and others lit up so that the tiny flames seemed to jump to and fro in perpetual motion.

"Look," said Death, "these are the life lights of mankind. The tall ones belong to children, the middle-size ones to married people in the prime of life, and the short ones to the very old. But sometimes even children and young people have only a short candle."

"Show me my life light," said the doctor, assuming it would be very tall.

Death pointed to the small stub that seemed about to flicker out.

"Oh, dear godfather!" cried the terrified doctor. "Light a new candle for me. If you love me, do it, so that I may enjoy my life, become king, and marry the beautiful princess."

"That I cannot do," Death replied. "One candle must first go out before anew one is lighted."

"Then put my old one on top of a new candle that will keep burning when the old one goes out," begged the doctor.

Death acted as if he was going to grant the wish and picked up a tall new candle. But because he wanted revenge, he deliberately fumbled in placing the new candle, and the stub toppled over and went out. The doctor immediately dropped to the ground and fell into the hands of Death.

TEXT 2.

## A&P

John Updike

In walk these three girls in nothing but bathing suits. I'm in the third check-out slot, with my back to the door, so I don't see them until they're over by the bread. The one that caught my eye first was the one in the plaid green two-piece. She was a chunky kid, with a good tan and a sweet broad soft-looking can with those two crescents of white just under it, where the sun never seems to hit, at the top of the backs of her legs. I stood there with my hand on a box of Hi Ho crackers trying to remember if I rang it up or not. I ring it up again and the customer starts giving me hell. She's one of these cash-register-watchers, a witch about fifty with rouge on her cheekbones and no eyebrows, and I know it made her day to trip me up. She'd been watching cash registers forty years and probably never seen a mistake before.

By the time I got her feathers smoothed and her goodies into a bag -- she gives me a little snort in passing, if she'd been born at the right time they would have burned her over in Salem -- by the time I get her on her way the girls had circled around the bread and were coming back, without a pushcart, back my way along the counters, in the aisle between the check-outs and the Special bins. They didn't even have shoes on. There was this chunky one, with the two-piece -- it was bright green and the seams on the bra were still sharp and her belly was still pretty pale so I guessed she just got it (the suit) -- there was this one, with one of those chubby berry-faces, the lips all bunched together under her nose, this one, and a tall one, with black hair that hadn't quite frizzed right, and one of these sunburns right across under the eyes, and a chin that was too long -- you know, the kind of girl other girls think is very "striking" and "attractive" but never quite makes it, as they very well know, which is why they like her so much -- and then the third one, that wasn't quite so tall. She was the queen. She kind of led them, the other two peeking around and making their shoulders round. She didn't look around, not this queen, she just walked straight on slowly, on these long white prima donna legs. She came down a little hard on her heels, as if she didn't walk in her bare feet that much, putting down her heels and then letting the weight move along to her toes as if she was testing the floor with every step, putting a little deliberate extra action into it. You never know for sure how girls' minds work (do you really think it's a mind in there or just a little buzz like a bee in a glass jar?) but you got the idea she had talked the other two into coming in here with her, and now she was showing them how to do it, walk slow and hold yourself straight.

She had on a kind of dirty-pink - - beige maybe, I don't know -- bathing suit with a little nubble all over it and, what got me, the straps were down. They were off her shoulders looped loose around the cool tops of her arms, and I guess as a result the suit had slipped a little on her, so all around the top of the cloth there was this shining rim. If it hadn't been there you wouldn't have known there could have been anything whiter than those shoulders. With the straps pushed off, there was nothing between the top of the suit and the top of her head except

just her, this clean bare plane of the top of her chest down from the shoulder bones like a dented sheet of metal tilted in the light. I mean, it was more than pretty.

She had sort of oaky hair that the sun and salt had bleached, done up in a bun that was unravelling, and a kind of prim face. Walking into the A & P with your straps down, I suppose it's the only kind of face you can have. She held her head so high her neck, coming up out of those white shoulders, looked kind of stretched, but I didn't mind. The longer her neck was, the more of her there was.

She must have felt in the corner of her eye me and over my shoulder Stokesie in the second slot watching, but she didn't tip. Not this queen. She kept her eyes moving across the racks, and stopped, and turned so slow it made my stomach rub the inside of my apron, and buzzed to the other two, who kind of huddled against her for relief, and they all three of them went up the cat-and-dog-food-breakfast-cereal-macaroni-rice-raisins-seasonings-spreads-spaghetti-soft drinks-rackers-and-cookies aisle. From the third slot I look straight up this aisle to the meat counter, and I watched them all the way. The fat one with the tan sort of fumbled with the cookies, but on second thought she put the packages back. The sheep pushing their carts down the aisle -- the girls were walking against the usual traffic (not that we have one-way signs or anything) -- were pretty hilarious. You could see them, when Queenie's white shoulders dawned on them, kind of jerk, or hop, or hiccup, but their eyes snapped back to their own baskets and on they pushed. I bet you could set off dynamite in an A & P and the people would by and large keep reaching and checking oatmeal off their lists and muttering "Let me see, there was a third thing, began with A, asparagus, no, ah, yes, applesauce!" or whatever it is they do mutter. But there was no doubt, this jiggled them. A few house-slaves in pin curlers even looked around after pushing their carts past to make sure what they had seen was correct.

You know, it's one thing to have a girl in a bathing suit down on the beach, where what with the glare nobody can look at each other much anyway, and another thing in the cool of the A & P, under the fluorescent lights, against all those stacked packages, with her feet paddling along naked over our checkerboard green-and-cream rubber-tile floor.

"Oh Daddy," Stokesie said beside me. "I feel so faint."

"Darling," I said. "Hold me tight." Stokesie's married, with two babies chalked up on his fuselage already, but as far as I can tell that's the only difference. He's twenty-two, and I was nineteen this April.

"Is it done?" he asks, the responsible married man finding his voice. I forgot to say he thinks he's going to be manager some sunny day, maybe in 1990 when it's called the Great Alexandrov and Petrooshki Tea Company or something.

What he meant was, our town is five miles from a beach, with a big summer colony out on the Point, but we're right in the middle of town, and the women generally put on a shirt or shorts or something before they get out of the car into the street. And anyway these are usually women with six children and varicose veins mapping their legs and nobody, including them, could care less. As I say, we're right in the middle of town, and if you stand at our front doors you can see two banks and the Congregational church and the newspaper store and three real-estate offices and about twenty-seven old free-loaders tearing up Central Street because the sewer broke again. It's not as if we're on the Cape; we're north of Boston and there's people in this town haven't seen the ocean for twenty years.

The girls had reached the meat counter and were asking McMahon something. He pointed, they pointed, and they shuffled out of sight behind a pyramid of Diet Delight peaches. All that was left for us to see was old McMahon patting his mouth and looking after them sizing up their joints. Poor kids, I began to feel sorry for them, they couldn't help it.

Now here comes the sad part of the story, at least my family says it's sad but I don't think it's sad myself. The store's pretty empty, it being Thursday afternoon, so there was nothing much to do except lean on the register and wait for the girls to show up again. The whole store was like a pinball machine and I didn't know which tunnel they'd come out of. After a

while they come around out of the far aisle, around the light bulbs, records at discount of the Caribbean Six or Tony Martin Sings or some such gunk you wonder they waste the wax on, sixpacks of candy bars, and plastic toys done up in cellophane that fall apart when a kid looks at them anyway. Around they come, Queenie still leading the way, and holding a little gray jar in her hand. Slots Three through Seven are unmanned and I could see her wondering between Stokes and me, but Stokesie with his usual luck draws an old party in baggy gray pants who stumbles up with four giant cans of pineapple juice (what do these bums *do* with all that pineapple juice' I've often asked myself) so the girls come to me. Queenie puts down the jar and I take it into my fingers icy cold. Kingfish Fancy Herring Snacks in Pure Sour Cream: 49¢. Now her hands are empty, not a ring or a bracelet, bare as God made them, and I wonder where the money's coming from. Still with that prim look she lifts a folded dollar bill out of the hollow at the center of her nubbled pink top. The jar went heavy in my hand. Really, I thought that was so cute.

Then everybody's luck begins to run out. Lengel comes in from haggling with a truck full of cabbages on the lot and is about to scuttle into that door marked MANAGER behind which he hides all day when the girls touch his eye. Lengel's pretty dreary, teaches Sunday school and the rest, but he doesn't miss that much. He comes over and says, "Girls, this isn't the beach."

Queenie blushes, though maybe it's just a brush of sunburn I was noticing for the first time, now that she was so close. "My mother asked me to pick up a jar of herring snacks." Her voice kind of startled me, the way voices do when you see the people first, coming out so flat and dumb yet kind of tony, too, the way it ticked over "pick up" and "snacks." All of a sudden I slid right down her voice into her living room. Her father and the other men were standing around in ice-cream coats and bow ties and the women were in sandals picking up herring snacks on toothpicks off a big plate and they were all holding drinks the color of water with olives and sprigs of mint in them. When my parents have somebody over they get lemonade and if it's a real racy affair Schlitz in tall glasses with "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoons stencilled on.

"That's all right," Lengel said. "But this isn't the beach." His repeating this struck me as funny, as if it had just occurred to him, and he had been thinking all these years the A & P was a great big dune and he was the head lifeguard. He didn't like my smiling -- -as I say he doesn't miss much -- but he concentrates on giving the girls that sad Sunday- school- superintendent stare.

Queenie's blush is no sunburn now, and the plump one in plaid, that I liked better from the back -- a really sweet can -- pipes up, "We weren't doing any shopping. We just came in for the one thing."

"That makes no difference," Lengel tells her, and I could see from the way his eyes went that he hadn't noticed she was wearing a two-piece before. "We want you decently dressed when you come in here."

"We are decent," Queenie says suddenly, her lower lip pushing, getting sore now that she remembers her place, a place from which the crowd that runs the A & P must look pretty crummy. Fancy Herring Snacks flashed in her very blue eyes.

"Girls, I don't want to argue with you. After this come in here with your shoulders covered. It's our policy." He turns his back. That's policy for you. Policy is what the kingpins want. What the others want is juvenile delinquency.

All this while, the customers had been showing up with their carts but, you know, sheep, seeing a scene, they had all bunched up on Stokesie, who shook open a paper bag as gently as peeling a peach, not wanting to miss a word. I could feel in the silence everybody getting nervous, most of all Lengel, who asks me, "Sammy, have you rung up this purchase?"

I thought and said "No" but it wasn't about that I was thinking. I go through the punches, 4, 9, GROC, TOT -- it's more complicated than you think, and after you do it often enough, it begins to make a little song, that you hear words to, in my case "Hello(bing) there,



you (gung) hap-py pee-pul (splat)"-the splat being the drawer flying out. I uncrease the bill, tenderly as you may imagine, it just having come from between the two smoothest scoops of vanilla I had ever known were there, and pass a half and a penny into her narrow pink palm, and nestle the herrings in a bag and twist its neck and hand it over, all the time thinking.

The girls, and who'd blame them, are in a hurry to get out, so I say "I quit" to Lengel quick enough for them to hear, hoping they'll stop and watch me, their unsuspected hero. They keep right on going, into the electric eye; the door flies open and they flicker across the lot to their car, Queenie and Plaid and Big Tall Goony-Goony (not that as raw material she was so bad), leaving me with Lengel and a kink in his eyebrow.

"Did you say something, Sammy?"

"I said I quit."

"I thought you did."

"You didn't have to embarrass them."

"It was they who were embarrassing us."

I started to say something that came out "Fiddle-de-doo." It's a saying of my grandmother's, and I know she would have been pleased.

"I don't think you know what you're saying," Lengel said.

"I know you don't," I said. "But I do." I pull the bow at the back of my apron and start shrugging it off my shoulders. A couple customers that had been heading for my slot begin to knock against each other, like scared pigs in a chute.

Lengel sighs and begins to look very patient and old and gray. He's been a friend of my parents for years. "Sammy, you don't want to do this to your Mom and Dad," he tells me. It's true, I don't. But it seems to me that once you begin a gesture it's fatal not to go through with it. I fold the apron, "Sammy" stitched in red on the pocket, and put it on the counter, and drop the bow tie on top of it. The bow tie is theirs, if you've ever wondered. "You'll feel this for the rest of your life," Lengel says, and I know that's true, too, but remembering how he made that pretty girl blush makes me so scrunchy inside I punch the No Sale tab and the machine whirs "pee-pul" and the drawer splats out. One advantage to this scene taking place in summer, I can follow this up with a clean exit, there's no fumbling around getting your coat and galoshes, I just saunter into the electric eye in my white shirt that my mother ironed the night before, and the door heaves itself open, and outside the sunshine is skating around on the asphalt.

I look around for my girls, but they're gone, of course. There wasn't anybody but some young married screaming with her children about some candy they didn't get by the door of a powder-blue Falcon station wagon. Looking back in the big windows, over the bags of peat moss and aluminum lawn furniture stacked on the pavement, I could see Lengel in my place in the slot, checking the sheep through. His face was dark gray and his back stiff, as if he'd just had an injection of iron, and my stomach kind of fell as I felt how hard the world was going to be to me hereafter.

### III. Remember the story "The Open Window" by Saki. Be ready to discuss its message.

#### **Основная литература к практическому занятию (соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.urait.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа:

**Дополнительная литература к практическому занятию  
(соответствующие разделы по данной теме)**

1. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-тезаурус М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
2. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. 5-е изд. М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
3. Долинин К.А. Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
4. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
5. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.

**5.3. Самостоятельная работа**

Самостоятельная работа студента включает 28 часов и предполагает:

1. изучение материалов лекций по предлагаемым проблемам с последующим их обсуждением на практических занятиях;
2. выполнение учебных заданий (см. планы практических занятий в пункте №5), обеспечивающих углубление и закрепление теоретических знаний, полученных на лекциях.

Студентам на первом занятии предлагается общий список обязательной и рекомендуемой литературы, а также электронные адреса, где данную литературу можно найти (например, [www.e-linguo.net](http://www.e-linguo.net)). Таким образом, студент может самостоятельно и по своему выбору работать с интересующей его тематикой и литературой. Список рекомендуемой и обязательной литературы прилагается в конце рабочей программы (см. пункт №7).

Для интерпретации рассматриваемых на практических занятиях текстов студентам предлагается следующая схема (выдается перед первым практическим занятием)

**GUIDELINES FOR INTERPRETATION OF A SHORT STORY**

**I. PLOT**

1. Who is the protagonist of the story? What are the conflicts? Are they physical, intellectual, moral, or emotional? Is there more than one conflict? Is the main conflict between sharply differentiated good and evil, or is it more subtle and complex?
2. To what extent is this a "formula" story? Determine the structural components of the plot in the text. Are any of them absent? Is their order changed? If it is, why?
3. Does the plot have unity? Are all the episodes relevant to the total meaning or effect of the story? How is suspense created in the story? Is the interest confined to "What happens next?" or are larger concerns involved?

**II. SETTING**

1. When and where does the story take place? What contribution to the story is made by its setting? Is the particular setting essential, or could the story have happened anywhere and be as effective in another setting ?
2. Is there a unity of time and place, or does the story change from time to time and from place to place?

**III. CHARACTERS**

1. Who is (who are) the main character(s)? What means does the author use to reveal characters? Are the characters consistent in their actions? Adequately

motivated? Plausible? Does the author successfully avoid stock characters? Is each character fully developed to justify his/ her role in the story? Are the main characters round or flat?

2. Is any of the characters a developing character? If so, is the change a large or a small one? Is it a plausible change for such a person? Is it sufficiently motivated? Is it given sufficient time?

#### IV. POINT OF VIEW

1. What point of view does the story use? What advantages has the chosen point of view? Does it furnish any clues as to the purpose of the story?

2. If the point of view is that of one of the characters, does this character have any limitations that affect his interpretation of events or persons?

#### V. SYMBOLS

Does the story make use of symbols? If so, do the symbols carry or merely reinforce the meaning of the story?

#### VI. STRONG POSITIONS

1. What is the significance of the title in relation to the story? Is it a title of irony? Does it sum up the main events? Does it state the theme?

2. Is the ending happy, unhappy, or indeterminate? Is it fairly achieved? What use does the story make of chance and coincidence? Are these occurrences used to initiate, to complicate, or to resolve the story? How improbable are they? What use does the story make of surprise? Are the surprises achieved fairly? Do they serve a significant purpose?

#### VII. GENERAL

1. EMOTION AND IRONY: Does the story aim directly at an emotional effect, or is emotion merely its natural by-product? Does the story anywhere utilize irony of situation? Dramatic irony? Verbal irony? What functions do the ironies serve?

2. FANTASY: Does the story employ fantasy? Is the fantasy employed for its own sake or to express some human truth? If the latter, what truth?

3. STYLE: What are the characteristics of the author's style? Are they appropriate to the nature of the story?

#### VIII. THEME / IDEA

1. What is the theme of the story? What about the main idea? Is it implicit or explicit?

2. Does the main idea reinforce or oppose popular notions of life? Does it furnish a new insight or refresh or deepen an old one? What truth about human nature does the author seem to be stating?

### **Список вопросов для самоконтроля к зачету по дисциплине «Интерпретация текста»**

- 1) Give all the information you know about setting.
- 2) Give all the information you know about fiction and its interpretation.
- 3) Give all the information you know about character.
- 4) Give all the information you know about plot and its structure.
- 5) Give all the information you know about point of view (first person narration and polyphony).
- 6) Give all the information you know about symbol.
- 7) Give all the information you know about point of view (2 types of third person narration and stream of consciousness).
- 8) Give all the information you know about means of characterization.

## **6. Критерии оценивания результатов освоения дисциплины**

### **6.1. Оценочные средства и критерии оценивания для текущей аттестации**

*Формы текущей аттестации:*

- 1) обсуждение изученных теоретических вопросов на практических занятиях (см. планы практических занятий);
- 2) выполнение заданий и упражнения практического характера.

#### **1. Обсуждение теоретических вопросов на практических занятиях (см. планы практических занятий: п. 5.2 рабочей программы)**

### **Оценочные средства (примеры)**

#### **Контроль над освоением студентом дисциплины**

Текущий контроль над освоением студентом дисциплины осуществляется на практических занятиях (устный опрос студентов по изучаемому материалу, проверка выполнения практических заданий). Текущий контроль заключается в учете следующих форм работы студента:

- активное участие в обсуждении материалов лекций на практических занятиях;
- активное участие в обсуждении практических заданий и обязательных текстов для анализа.

#### **Примеры и критерии оценивания вопросов устного опроса:**

#### **1. Name the main questions that concern the plot and that should be covered while discussing a short story.**

##### **Примерный ответ**

While discussing a short story and analysing its plot we should answer the following questions: Who is the protagonist of the story? What are the conflicts? Are they physical, intellectual, moral, or emotional? Is there more than one conflict? Is the main conflict between sharply differentiated good and evil, or is it more subtle and complex? To what extent is this a "formula" story? Are any structural components of the plot absent? Is their order changed? If it is, why? Does the plot have unity? Are all the episodes relevant to the total meaning or effect of the story? Is the interest confined to "What happens next?" or are larger concerns involved?

#### **2. Name the main questions that concern the setting and that should be covered while discussing a short story.**

##### **Примерный ответ**

While discussing a short story and its setting we should answer the following questions: When and where does the story take place? What contribution to the story is made by its setting? Is the particular setting essential, or could the story have happened anywhere and be as effective in another setting? Is there a unity of time and place, or does the

story change from time to time and from place to place?

### **3.Name the main questions that concern the characters and that should be covered while discussing a short story.**

#### **Примерный ответ**

While discussing a short story and analysing its characters we should answer the following questions: Who is (who are) the main character(s)? What means does the author use to reveal characters? Are the characters consistent in their actions? Adequately motivated? Does the author successfully avoid stock characters? Is each character fully developed to justify his / her role in the story? Are the main characters round or flat? Is any of the characters a developing character? If so, is the change a large or a small one? Is it a plausible change for such a person? Is it sufficiently motivated? Is it given sufficient time?

#### **Критерии оценивания ответа устного опроса**

**Зачтено:** правильно освещено большинство вопросов, объяснены цели и логика их использования, приведены примеры ответов на вопросы из проанализированных ранее текстов (например, на занятиях по практике устной и письменной речи английского языка).

**Не зачтено:** названо недостаточное количество вопросов, поясняющих анализируемый аспект, плохо объяснены цели и логика их использования, не приведены примеры ответов на вопросы из проанализированных ранее текстов (например, на занятиях по практике устной и письменной речи английского языка).

#### **Пример и критерии оценивания практического задания по теме №9 Strong (salient) position.**

Analyze the beginnings and the endings of 3 stories, their types, linguistic features, functions. Try to match the opening and closing paragraphs of the texts, make conclusions about their interaction (Sh. Jackson "The Lottery", J. Thurber "The Evening's at Seven", S. Maugham "The Painted Veil").

##### **BEGINNINGS**

1. She gave a startled cry.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

Notwithstanding the darkness of the shuttered room he saw her face on a sudden distraught with horror.

'Some one just tried the door.'

'Well, perhaps it was the amah, or one of the boys.'

'They never come at this time. They know I always sleep after tiffin. '

'Who else could it be?'

'Walter,' she whispered, her lips trembling.

2. He hadn't lighted the upper light in his office till afternoon and now he turned the desk lamp. It was a quarter of seven in the evening and it was dark and raining. He could hear the rattle of taxicabs and trucks and the sound of horns. Very far off a siren screamed its frenzied scream and he thought: it's a little like an anguish dying with the years. When it gets to Third Avenue, or Ninety-Fifth Street, he thought, I won't hear it anymore.

3. The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten

o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

#### **ENDINGS**

1. When he got to his room, he lay down on the bed a while and smoked a cigarette. He found himself feeling drowsy and he got up. He began to take his clothes off: feeling drowsily contented, mistily contented. He began to sing, not loudly, because the man in 711 would complain. The man in 711 was a grey-haired man, living alone ... an analyser ... are memberer ...  
'Make my bed and light the light, for I'll behomelate tonight ... '
2. The past was finished; let the dead bury their dead. Was that dreadfully callous? She hoped with all her heart that she had learnt compassion and charity. She could not know what the future had in store for her, but she felt in herself the strength to accept whatever was to come with light and buoyant spirit. Then, on a sudden, for no reason that she knew of, from the depth of her unconscious arose a reminiscence of the journey they had taken, she and poor Walter, to the plague-ridden city where he had met his death: one morning they set out in their chairs while it was still dark, and as the day broke she divined rather than saw a scene of such breath-taking loveliness that for a brief period the anguish of her heart was assuaged. It reduced to insignificance all human tribulation. The sun rose, dispelling the mist, and she saw winding onwards as far as the eye could reach, among the rice-fields, across a little river and through undulating country the path they were to follow: perhaps her faults and follies, the unhappiness she had suffered, were not entirely vain if she could follow the path that now she dimly discerned before her, not the path that kind funny old Waddington had spoken of that led nowhither, but the path those dear nuns at the convent followed so humbly, the path that led to peace.
3. "It is not fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

#### **Критерии оценивания выполнения практического задания**

**Зачтено:** правильно определены типы и функции анализируемых частей текста, найдены соответствия начала и конца трех рассказов, выявлена их взаимосвязь, четкая логика изложения, доказательность, продемонстрировано знание терминологии.

**Не зачтено:** - неправильно определены типы и функции анализируемых частей текста, найдены соответствие начала и конца трех рассказов, но не выявлена их взаимосвязь, отсутствие логики изложения, мало необходимых выводов, неправильное употребление терминологии.

#### **Пример устного анализа студента рассказа К. Chopin "The Story of an hour" (практическое занятие №2 The plot and its structure) и критерии оценивания:**

Kate Chopin is considered to be a forerunner of feminist themes and a pioneer in her frank portraying of women's quest for independence. Still, Katherine Chopin turned to writing as a way of expressing her anger and disappointment with life: she got married at the age of twenty, when she was thirty three - her husband died, leaving her with six young children.

"The Story of an Hour" is a dramatic destiny of Mrs. Mallard. The title of the story speaks for itself. The story begins with introduction of the main characters and the description of the key events. Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, and her sister Josephine, her husband's friend Richard did their best to break to Mrs. Mallard as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

The first passage appears to be the exposition, as it contains a short presentation of time, place and characters of the story. Besides, from the very beginning the absence of Mrs. Mallard's name draws our attention.

Further, the author describes Mrs. Mallard's state, the way she accepted the news. "She didn't hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance". So, this makes us think that she didn't accept her husband's death as a fact, but realized its significance for her, perhaps she imagined her further life without her husband, she started thinking of the way her life would change.

"There stood, facing the open window ...". There's a slight hint in this sentence and the following paragraphs that those changes will be closely connected with the improvement of her life and "the open window", the description of awakening nature in spring suggest it.

The reader can't but admit the beauty of the language of the author. For example, "The delicious breath of rain. There were patches of blue sky ..." where the epithet and metaphor are employed for the expressiveness of nature description.

The decisive moment comes when "whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips". She said it over and over under her breath: "Free, free, free!" It's the climax of the story. The metaphor "escape" reveals Mrs. Mallard's state. She was unconscious of her dream to be free. Every inch of her body wished that freedom and now she realized it.

But the oxymoron "a monstrous joy" suggests that her reaction was abnormal. She was unhappy in her family life. Her husband "never looked save with love upon her. And she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely ... she would live for herself ...".

The antithesis in the sentence "And yet she had loved him sometimes. Often she had not" makes us arrive at a definite conclusion that all her love towards her husband was just an illusion. But still in spite of all this she shouldn't react in this way, it wasn't correct. She was too joyful. The metaphor "she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window", the climax "spring days and summer days and all sorts of days"; the epithet "feverish triumph in her eyes" are employed to emphasize her state and unnatural behaviour.

The denouement isn't less unexpected than Mrs. Mallard's reaction. The crucial moment came when Mr. Mallard, which was said to be dead, safe and sound opened the front door. Mrs. Mallard was shocked and died of heart disease. The doctors said that it was joy that killed her. But it wasn't joy, what was that? Despair? The revenge of Fate? Her dreams did come true: she wanted freedom and reached it, but she was dead.

### **Критерии оценивания устного анализа**

**«Зачтено»** Студент правильно выделяет основные элементы структуры художественного текста, определяет композиционно-смысловую значимость данных элементов и виды информации, передаваемые различными языковыми единицами текста.

**«Не зачтено»** Студент не может назвать основные элементы структуры художественного текста, затрудняется в определении композиционно-смысловой значимости данных элементов и видов информации, передаваемой различными языковыми единицами текста.

### **Критерии итогового оценивания уровня освоения дисциплины**

В течение седьмого семестра студенты должны набрать определенное количество баллов для получения зачета.

	Текущая работа	Кол-во баллов	Кол-во баллов
		М а х.	М и н.
	Посещение лекций	10	8
2.	Посещение практических занятий	9	8
3.	Активное участие в обсуждении материалов лекций на практических занятиях	9	8
4.	Активное участие в обсуждении обязательных текстов для анализа	9	8
	Всего:	37	32

Студенты, получившие максимальное количество баллов, могут быть аттестованы автоматически.

Студенты, набравшие от 35 до 32 баллов, получают либо теоретический вопрос, либо практическое задание (интерпретацию уже пройденного на практических занятиях текста с точки зрения какого-то элемента его структуры).

Студенты, не набравшие 32 балла, сдают зачет по вопросам в соответствии с содержанием курса и получают практическое задание (интерпретацию уже пройденного на практических занятиях текста с точки зрения какого-то элемента его структуры). Все тексты, использованные во время курса, представлены в пункте 5 программы.

### Список вопросов к зачету

- 1) Give all the information you know about literature of escape and literature of interpretation.
- 2) Give all the information you know about the plot; conflict, its types; structural components of the plot.
- 3) Give all the information you know about the definition of the setting; the main aspects that the idea of setting includes.
- 4) Give all the information you know about character, its definition; different types of characters; main principles of characterization; developing characters.
- 5) Give all the information you know about presentation through action; different speech characteristics; psychological portrayal and analysis of motive.
- 6) Give all the information you know about the description of the world of things that surround the character; the use of a foil; the naming of a character.
- 7) Give all the information you know about points of view, distinction between focus and speaker; types of narration.
- 8) Give all the information you know about the “theme”, its meaning; the correlation and the difference between theme and moral; stating the theme; message:
- 9) Give all the information you know about the strong position; the title: types, meaning, functions; the beginning of the text: 2 types (static and dynamic; the ending: types, defeated expectancy (explanation of the phenomenon).
- 10) Give all the information you know about emotion in literature of interpretation and in escape literature; 2 types of emotion; irony: its difference from sarcasm and humour; 3 kinds of irony; irony of fate.

### Критерии оценивания ответов



**Зачтено:** полностью раскрыто содержание вопроса, четкая логика изложения, доказательность, правильные ответы на дополнительные вопросы.

**Не зачтено:** - недостаточное знание материала, мало необходимых выводов, нечеткое знание терминологии; отсутствие логики изложения, связанного рассказа, а также отказ отвечать на дополнительные вопросы.

### **Список проанализированных во время курса текстов для повторного анализа одного из элементов его структур на зачете**

1. The Zebra Storyteller (Spencer Holst)
2. The Story of an Hour (Kate Chopin)
3. The Japanese Quince (John Galsworthy)
4. Death of a Hero (Richard Aldington)
5. The Interlopers (Saki)
6. The last Tea (Dorothy Parker)
7. Priscilla and the Wimps (Richard Peck)
8. Reunion (John Cheever)
9. Do you know my opinion (M.E. Kerr)
10. The Hills like White Elephants (Ernest Hemingway)
11. The Broken Boot (John Galsworthy)
12. The Stare (John Updike)
13. The Far and the Near (Thomas Wolfe)
14. The Ant and the Grasshopper (W.S. Maugham)
15. Mammon and Archer (O. Henry)
16. The Open window (Saki)
17. The Lottery (Shirley Jackson)
18. The Waltz (Dorothy Parker)
19. You were Perfectly Fine (Dorothy Parker)
20. A&P (John Updike)

### **Критерии оценивания ответов**

«**Зачтено**» Студент правильно выделяет основные элементы структуры художественного текста, определяет композиционно-смысловую значимость данных элементов и виды информации, передаваемые различными языковыми единицами текста.

«**Не зачтено**» Студент не может назвать основные элементы структуры художественного текста, затрудняется в определении композиционно-смысловой значимости данных элементов и видов информации, передаваемой различными языковыми единицами текста.

## **7. Перечень основной и дополнительной учебной литературы**

### **7.1. Основная литература**

1. Мосунова Л. А. Анализ художественных текстов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.ura.it.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennyh-tekstov-495868>
2. Рыбальченко Т. Л. Анализ художественного текста для педагогических вузов: учебник и практикум для вузов. М.: Издательство Юрайт, 2022. Режим доступа: <https://www.ura.it.ru/book/analiz-hudozhestvennogo-teksta-dlya-pedagogicheskikh-vuzov-496143>

## 7.2. Дополнительная литература

1. Антрушина Г.Б. Лексикология английского языка: учебное пособие для студентов вузов. 4-е изд., стер. М.: Флинта, 2004.
2. Болотнова Н.С. Коммуникативная стилистика текста : словарь-тезаурус – М.: Флинта: Наука, 2009.
3. Гончарова Е.А., Шишкина И.П. Интерпретация текста. Немецкий язык. М.: Высшая школа, 2005.
4. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка. Учебник. – 5-е изд. – М.: Высш. Школа, 2013.
5. Долинин К.А.Интерпретация текста: французский язык. М.: КомКнига, 2010.
6. Разинкина Н.М. Функциональная стилистика (на материале английского и русского языков) : учеб.пособие для студентов вузов - 2-е изд., испр. и доп. - М. : Высш. школа, 2004.
7. Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1978.
8. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 2002.
9. What Is the English We Read (универсальная хрестоматия текстов на английском языке).М.: «Проспект», 2003.

## 7.3. Перечень ресурсов информационно-коммуникационной сети «Интернет»

1. <http://www.contemporarywriters.com>
2. <http://www/promo.net/pg/>
3. <http://digital.library.upenn.edu/books/prize.html>
4. <http://deil.lang.uiuc.edu/web.pages/readinglist.html>
5. <http://www.greylib.align.ru> – книги на иностранных языках
6. <http://dictionary.cambridge.org/ru/>
7. <http://www.aldebaran.ru>
8. <http://www.thesaurus.com/Roget-Alpha-Index.html>
9. <http://www.ldn-knigi.narod.ru/>
10. <http://www.scaruffi.com/writers/>
11. <http://digital.library.upenn.edu/books/>
12. <http://www.libraries.wright.edu/libnet/ohiolink/>
13. <http://projekt.gutenberg.de/>
14. <http://vbookstore.uol.com.br/gutenberg/index.shtml>
15. <http://www.gutenberg.net/>
16. <http://www.mylib.com/index-rus.shtml>

## 8. Материально-техническое обеспечение

Учебные аудитории для проведения занятий лекционного, семинарского типа и лабораторного типа, групповых и индивидуальных консультаций, текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации, самостоятельной работы:

ауд.218 (стандартная учебная мебель (72 посадочных места), место преподавателя, кафедра для лектора (1), переносная доска (1), интерактивная доска (1), мультимедиапроектор EPSON (1), компьютер SAMSUNG (1), колонки SAMSUNG (2). Ауд.117(стандартная учебная мебель (30 посадочных мест), место для преподавателя, кафедра, TVLG, видеоплеер ShivakiDVD 811.). Ауд.102 (стандартная учебная мебель (20 посадочных мест), место для преподавателя, кафедра, TV, DVD-плеер). Ауд.103 (стандартная учебная мебель (32 посадочных места), место преподавателя: стол (1), стул (1);TVSamsung (1), DVD-плеер (1). Ауд.105 (стандартная учебная мебель (26 посадочных мест), место для преподавателя, кафедра, TV, DVD-плеер).

### **9. Программное обеспечение**

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