Приложение 5

Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Тамбовский государственный университет имени Г.Р. Державина»
Факультет истории, политологии и филологии
Кафедра зарубежной филологии и прикладной лингвистики

УТВЕРЖДАЮ:
Декан факультета



С. К. Лямин
«17» июня 2026 г.

РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА

по дисциплине Б1.О.29 Филологический анализ текста

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1. Цели и задачи дисциплины

1.1 Цель дисциплины – формирование компетенций:

ОПК-4 Способен осуществлять на базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста

1.2 Типы задач профессиональной деятельности, к которым готовятся обучающиеся в рамках освоения дисциплины:

- научно-исследовательский

1.3 Дисциплина ориентирована на подготовку обучающихся к профессиональной деятельности в сфере: 01 Образование и наука (в сферах: реализации основных образовательных программ основного общего, среднего общего образования, основных программ профессионального обучения, образовательных программ среднего профессионального образования, высшего образования, дополнительных профессиональных программ; научных исследований)

1.4 В результате освоения дисциплины у обучающихся должны быть сформированы:

Обобщенные трудовые функции / трудовые функции / трудовые или профессиональные действия (при наличии профстандарта)	Код и наименование компетенции ФГОС ВО, необходимой для формирования трудового или профессионального действия	Индикаторы достижения компетенций
	ОПК-4 Способен осуществлять на базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста	Интерпретирует тексты разной степени сложности с учетом взаимной обусловленности формы и содержания и их соответствия замыслу автора

1.5 Согласование междисциплинарных связей дисциплин, обеспечивающих освоение компетенций:

ОПК-4 Способен осуществлять на базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста

№ п/п	Наименование дисциплин, определяющих междисциплинарные связи	Форма обучения
		Очная (семестр)
		6
1	Переводческая практика (получение первичных навыков перевода)	+

2. Место дисциплины в структуре ОП бакалавриата:

Дисциплина «Филологический анализ текста» относится к обязательной части учебного плана ОП по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 - Филология.

Дисциплина «Филологический анализ текста» изучается в 7, 8 семестрах.

3.Объем и содержание дисциплины

3.1.Объем дисциплины: 6 з.е.

Очная: 6 з.е.

Вид учебной работы	Очная (всего часов)
Общая трудоёмкость дисциплины	**216**
Контактная работа	74
Лекции (Лекции)	32
Практические (Практ. раб.)	42
Самостоятельная работа (СР)	106
Экзамен	36
Зачет	-

3.2.Содержание курса:

№ темы	Название раздела/темы	Вид учебной работы, час.			Формы текущего контроля
		Лекции	Практ. раб.	СР	
		О	О	О	
7 семестр					
1	Основы теории интерпретации.	7	10	19	Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа
2	Интерпретация текста: вводные положения	7	10	19	Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа
3	Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.	6	10	20	Филологический анализ текста; Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа
8 семестр					
4	Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.	4	-	16	Контрольная работа
5	Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.	4	4	16	Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа

6	Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.	4	8	16	Филологический анализ текста; Контрольная работа

Тема 1. Основы теории интерпретации. (ОПК-4)

Лекция.

Моделирование художественной интерпретации включает в себя процесс вхождения литературного текста в историкокультурное пространство (и хождение в нем) и само перевоплощение (пересоздание) первотекста в новый текст в новом виде искусства. Соб ственно, новый текст, возникающий под сводами другого искусства на основе образно смысловой энергетики первотекста, и есть особая (окончательная) модель интерпретации последнего. При виде значительного художественного произведения в сознании читателя, или реципиентатворца, возникает эстетический интерес, который либо разрастает ся, либо затухает. Разрастающийся интерес способствует порождению нового жан рового текста в воображении реципиента, в котором «свое» и «чужое» пересекаются и, пересекаясь, связываются в единое целое – «свое». В этом «своем» «чужое» либо вытесняет «свое» прежнее, либо образует «свое чужое». В процессе чтения «свое» предстает вытесненным отчасти «чужим», сливаясь с ним. «Свое» может быть и всецело поглощено «чужим»: тогда «чужое» становится «своим». «Свое чужое» порождает иное по отношению к тексту, становясь спектаклем, живописным порт ретом. Но и в этом случае к «своему чужому» непременно примешивается «свое» прежнее. В итоге, возникает синтетическая форма «свое чужое»; оно и воплощается в «ином» тексте. Собственно, новый текст, возникающий под сводами другого ис кусства на основе образносмысловой энергетики первотекста, и есть особая мо дель интерпретации последнего.

Практическое занятие.

The Last Leaf

by O. Henry

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hte of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in - let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. " And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day." said Sue.

"Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice - a man for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old - old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring a me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

And hour later she said:

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win." And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now - that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

Vocabulary Exercises

ex. 1 Define the following words and word combinations. Make up your own sentences with them.

Quaint
prowling
pewter
chafing
duffer
lonesome
chicory
congenial

ex. 2 Give derivatives to the following words.

Narrow
paint
whisper
fall
fierce
stream
weak
fear

Comprehension Exercises

ex. 1 Answer the questions

1. What are the two women’s names?
2. Where are they from?
3. What is their occupation?

4. Where did they meet each other for the first time?
5. Where do they live now?
6. What happened to Johnsy in November?
7. What does Johnsy want to paint?
8. Who is Behrman? How old is he?
9. What has he been wanting to do for a long time?

ex. 2 Discussion points

1. The setting of the story is in Greenwich Village. Why have O. Henry chosen this place? Is it intentional? Do you know some historical information about Greenwich Village?
2. Why does the author decide to personify the illness and name it “Mr. Pneumonia”? Do you think the gender is important here?
3. Why does the doctor react so contemptuously to the idea that the only thing Johnsy has on her mind is the art?
4. Do you see the connection between the health & hope in this story? Is it necessary to have something to look forward to in order to recover?
5. Can we observe the theme of “starving artist & masterpiece” in the short story? Which lines imply that?
6. What can we say about the character – Behrman? Is he really just a “failure in art”, the man with a derisive and cold heart? Or there has to be much more than this about him? How can you prove it with the help of text?
7. Why does Johnsy choose the falling leaves as the representation of her coming death? Does the tree (ivy) have some symbolic meaning associated with it?
8. Why does Johnsy recover at the end? What helped her to realise the significance of the fighting for life?
9. Who turns out to be “the last leaf”?
10. Why does Sue call the picture of the leaf “Behrman’s masterpiece”? How have the man helped Johnsy? Can you say that there is something self sacrificing in the Behrman’s act?

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Определение интерпретации.
2. Двунаправленность процесса интерпретации.

Тема 2. Интерпретация текста: вводные положения (ОПК-4)

Лекция.

При анализе исторических и социальных текстов основной проблемой является вопрос, касающийся связи между интерпретацией текстов с практикой объяснения социальных действий. По мнению историков и социологов, соответствующий критерий, на основе которого строится интерпретация, может быть оспорен с позиции авторского критерия. Такой подход является стандартом разумного мышления и разумного поведения в их интерпретируемых работах, а также адекватными условиями для текстовой интерпретации. Такие стандарты определяют причины критики и разграничивают сферу допустимых интерпретаций. Но имеет ли эта практика прочную основу? По мнению Рикера, «анахронизмы» – это одно из многих понятий, которое трудно отыскать в современных теориях текста, что является их слабостью. В истории и социальных науках важно то, что они могут быть также подвергнуты сомнению авторским критерием. Для того, чтобы отрицать авторское мнение нужно допустить, что интерпретация исторического и современного текстов не может быть оспорена автором соответствующего критерия, а это без труда ведет к «плохой» истории и социологии. Рассмотрим некоторые модели связи между интерпретацией текста и интерпретацией действий. В 1984 году Рикер в статье «Модель текста: осмысленное действие рассматриваемое как текст» описывает одну из таких моделей [1]. Он задается вопросом: может ли методология текстовой интерпретации быть парадигмой для интерпретации в гуманитарных науках. Он начинает с теории текста и старается показать, что действия аналогичны тексту. Текстовое значение «дистанцировано» от временных условий и указателей речи, авторскими намерениями и специфическими обращениями. Значение действия может быть «дистанцировано» таким же способом. Следовательно, методология интерпретации текста – это парадигма интерпретации в гуманитарных и социальных науках. Другая модель содержится в статье Тэйлора «Интерпретация и науки о человеке» (1971) [2]. Интерпретация, в смысле отношения к герменевтике, - попытка признать смысл объекта. Эти объекты могут быть текстами или аналогами текстов, которые в некотором смысле являются неясными. Тэйлор начинает с понятия интерпретации и выделяет те условия, которым должны удовлетворять объекты интерпретации: они должны иметь «смысл для субъекта или о субъекте, отличный от их выражения». Автор подчеркивает, что действия человека соответствуют этим условиям, поэтому они являются истинными объектами для герменевтики. Третья модель отражена в работах Фелесдаля [3]. Он не спорит об особенностях текстов и действий, а объявляет, что не существует диаметральной противоположности между герменевтическим и гипотетико-дедуктивным методами. Герменевтика – это способ употребления этого метода в случае осмысленного феномена. Если тексты и действия имеют смысл, то интерпретируемая методология та же, что и гипотетико-дедуктивная. Различие между феноменами не угрожает этому единству. Четвертая модель - модель «объективной герменевтики» - принадлежит Оверману. Она содержит процедуры для восстановления скрытого значения. Авторы представленных моделей рассматривают интерпретацию как единство различных научных методов и используют интерпретацию текста в качестве парадигмы для любой интерпретации, например, действий или картин. Но исследование по связям между интерпретацией текста и пониманием действий избегает эти модели. Чтобы углубиться, необходимо поменять представление. Мы должны, во-первых, перейти от интерпретации к объяснению действий, от вопроса «что?» к вопросу «почему?» Чтобы понять действие, важно обнаружить, что человек делает или почему он это делает. Описание того, что человек делает часто, но не всегда, говорит о том, почему он это делает. Но вопросы должны различаться. Во-вторых, мы должны перейти от сходства в методах к тому, как мы можем формулировать и оправдывать соответствующие условия, которые ограничивают сферу допустимых интерпретаций и определяют причины критики. Важная проблема – на каком языке такие условия могут быть установлены, и как они будут оправданы? Лишь затем можно увидеть, как интерпретация текста зависит от нашей практики объяснения действий: чтобы установить и оправдать адекватные условия для некоторого рода интерпретаций текста, необходимо сослаться на критерий, присущий этой практике, которая указывает, что может, а что нет объяснить причину действия людей в конкретных контекстах? Наша практика содержит набор скрытых критериев, которыми оценивается прочность объяснения действий. Этот критерий показан в употреблении, когда мы порицаем или приписываем ответственность, находим действия непостижимыми или отвергаем объяснения как непрочные. Мы можем отвергнуть такой критерий, и таким образом представить более ясную картину действия и то, как действие может быть объяснено. Например, факт, что информация, которой мы не владеем, не может выразить, почему актер делает то, что он делает. Другой критерий может быть менее важным, и в широком смысле, зависеть от нашей современной культуры. Также следует разграничивать различные основания неправильного прочтения и основные пути, когда в тексте возникает вопрос о его смысле. Таким образом, письмо

Практическое занятие.

Saved **Jane Rogers**

When Alice lifted a corner of the tarpaulin, a cidery whiff of rotting apples escaped. Leaning closer in the failing light she saw that the trailer was full of them. Excellent. Had she not clearly explained to Head that she needed the trailer to move her grandma's bed?

'I haven't had time to get rid of them,' he told her.

'Don't you want them?'

'Couldn't sell 'em. There's a glut.' He was called Head because he was always off it, according to her brother Nick: Nick who was skulking in Oxford like the idle toad he was, pretending his term hadn't finished yet.

'They would have kept better if you hadn't left them in plastic bags.' She glanced around his so-called garden which was piled with rusty old bits of farm equipment and random builders' supplies, and saw there was nowhere to put them.

'Dump 'em. Take 'em to the tip.' He turned towards his peeling front door. 'I need the trailer Sunday, OK?'

Quite a few of the apples in the first bag were alright, as far as she could see. A bit wormy, and the odd brown patch, but plenty of them could be saved. How could he throw away perfectly good food? 'Trash the planet why don't you?' she muttered to his closing door. She backed up the car and attached the trailer to the rear bumper, winding the rope around both ends so the weight was evenly distributed. It would be fine over a short journey. If her parents had had a better car it would have had a tow bar. Well, if they'd had a better bigger car, there would've been room in it for the bed.

She turned cautiously out of his gateway and eased the car up through the gears, watching the trailer in her mirror. It was fine until she pulled out onto the main road. There she got stuck behind a car which had tinsel wound round its aerial and a diamond shaped sign dangling in its back window, bearing the legend Fab Mum on Board! The Fab Mum stopped at every junction, major and minor, and allowed all the traffic waiting there to file out in front of her. Each time Alice had to stop, no matter how gently, the trailer jolted the car. By the time she got home her teeth were on edge.

She began to unload the bags of apples into the hall. They were heavy so it wasn't safe to use the handles; she clutched the plastic bags to her chest and realised, too late, that festering juice was smearing all over her leather jacket. The bags pretty much blocked the hall. She might as well sort them immediately for the full joyful Friday night experience. Vince would probably be getting ready to go out partying, hunting for some new female. Well hey, why should Alice care? This was so much more fun. Close inspection revealed that each bag contained soft brown putrefying apples mixed in with the green. Swiftly she filled the kitchen bin with rotten apples and the washing up bowl and clothes-basket with half-bad ones. It was strange the way they went; you'd pick one up that was green but then its underside was brown, with a kind of raised dottiness where the two colours met. When you cut it in two, the decay inside went right up the core to the top. All you could save was the top sliver of the apple's cheeks. She imagined slicing Vince out of her system like this, like a surgeon removing a tumour. Even the white, fresh-looking slices still seemed to have an aftertaste of rot. She sprinkled them lavishly with cinnamon and cloves. Then her mother came home from hospital visiting and put her hand on a wasp on the doorknob.

Once things had quietened down, they took a bottle of red into the sitting room, where the box of Christmas decorations sat accusingly on the sofa.

'If I'd known you'd have to go to all this trouble –' her mother said.

The wine at home wasn't as sour as the wine Vince chose in York. 'When are you getting the tree? Did you tell Dad why I couldn't visit?'

'I haven't got time to get a tree! All he talks about is Grandma's. I could understand it if he'd been there even once.'

Grandma had died in the spring leaving her house full of dirty old junk to Dad. Now suddenly there was a buyer who wanted to move in before Christmas. Alice watched her mother drinking. Her face was puffy, she seemed to have aged disproportionately since Alice started university.

'He's alright, Dad? I mean a hip replacement's routine, isn't it?'

'Yep. They'll get him up on his feet tomorrow, the nurse told me. Two to three days and I'll have him on my hands here needing waiting on.'

'I'll visit tomorrow after I've moved the bed.'

'He wants me to go and look through Grandma's stuff – I'm at the library till 5 tomorrow, I've told him –'

'Mum there's no point.'

'Her knick knacks, her photos, he says there are things of sentimental –'

'No there aren't. And where would you put them anyway? This house is completely stuffed.' Alice's university possessions were heaped in a pathetic mound on the landing, since her mother had filled Alice's room with a rowing machine and bags of remnants to make a quilt.

'Alice, I don't see why the clearance people can't drop the bed off.'

'The man told me he'd need another van for the bed. Look, you want it don't you? I'm happy to fetch it.'

'I don't want it. It's your father who wants it. He claims its some kind of antique.'

'Well I'm not saving it if you're not going to use it, Mum.'

'Oh we'll use it! It's not as if our bed's anything to write home about.'

'OK then.'

'I can't understand why Nick's not back for Christmas. He could have given you a hand.'

'Mum, I can manage.'

'The whole thing's ridiculous. We'll end up paying the clearance people more than the stuff is worth.' Her mother took a bottle from the sideboard, poured a mouthful into her wine glass and swirled it round, then drained the pink results. 'Would you like some whisky? ' she said, pouring it into the rinsed glass. 'Sorry, I can't be bothered with getting more glasses.'

You come home from university with issues – real issues: like deciding to drop out of your course, and splitting up with Vince, and having paid six months rent in advance when now you can't go on living in the same house as him: you come home and your parents have turned into an alcoholic and an invalid, and you have to help them.

It would be alright. She would be helpful now, and tell them about leaving York after Christmas. It would soften the blow. She took a sip of the fiery whisky. 'What's your badge, Mum?'

'Oh – it's supposed to be an angel, I think. You press it and it flashes.' She demonstrated. 'They were giving them out at work.'

'Cool! Can I see?'

Her mother passed her the little pink and white plastic angel, the tips of her wings were flashing yellow. Alice laughed.

'Keep it if you like,' her mother said. 'They've got all sorts. I'll bring you a reindeer to go with it.' Alice pinned the angel to her jumper. 'Come here and give us a hug,' said her mother, smiling at last. 'It's good to have you home.'

By midnight her mother, sedated with Famous Grouse, had gone to bed, and Alice had filled another binliner with peel, core and bad bits. Vince had not texted her. Four saucepans of apples were stewing on the four cooker rings and the air was thick with steam and wasps. Other forms of wildlife, slugs and maggoty things, had been revived enough by the warmth to start crawling up the walls. Excellent, she had saved a whole eco-system. Alice turned everything off and went to bed, hoping Vince was so drunk that he would suffer humiliating erectile dysfunction. Assuming he was with someone else. Which she might as well assume.

She was awake at 6 so she got up and dealt with the rest of the apples. Then she sat on the doorstep to have her breakfast cigarette, and worried about money. Maybe she should offer to clear Grandma's whole house and sell the stuff on E-Bay. But it'd have to go into storage and that would cost. The clearance people were charging the earth for storage. She should go online and check prices. All of it was rubbish but things like the Formica kitchen table and red plastic chairs, they were probably retro by now, probably collectors' items.

The post came; a card from Nick in Oxford. It showed two shrunken heads from the Pitt Rivers Museum, against a queasy green and yellow background. On the back he had scrawled, Pater and Mater, Yo! Giving Xmas a miss this year END CAPITALISM NOW! X.

Excellent.

Her mother was getting ready for work and fussing about the apples. She didn't have enough freezer boxes for them. She didn't want Alice to put the rotten ones in the compost. 'It'll be full, I won't be able to use it all winter.'

Alice explained patiently that it would be full of decaying vegetable matter which is what compost bins are for. But her mother was surprisingly assertive. Alice ended up reloading bags of slimy remains into the trailer and getting stung in the process. The pain was a welcome distraction from the larger pain of the entire world's idiocy. She drove carefully through the suburban streets to Grandma's. The bay window was empty and dark: Grandma always used to put the same old moulting Christmas tree in the window, festooned with two sets of lights, tie-on chocolates that she called 'fancies', and crowned with an angel. The ends of the branches were bald from when Alice and Nick were little and had tugged the chocolates off and stripped the soft plastic needles with them. When Mum offered to buy her a new tree Grandma had said, 'It'll see me out,' and Alice had been glad. She wondered what had happened to the angel – a proper little doll with a steady smile and white gauze wings, who lived the rest of the year in a twist of yellowed newspaper in the shoe box that held the lights. Alice had always felt sorry for her: how could one month of glory on the tree make up for eleven months in that dark box?

She carried the apple mush round the back and emptied it out near the hedge, where it could rot down in peace and put some goodness back into the soil. At least something would come from it; unlike her relationship with Vince. Nothing was going to come from that. Why couldn't she just have the strength of mind to turn her stupid phone off?

When Alice finally unlocked the back door and stepped into Grandma's silent house, it wasn't possible to keep going. The atmosphere in the house had set; the mingled smells of chip fat and disinfectant and Vick had congealed in the cold, into a medium it was barely possible to push your way through. Alice leant over the sink and forced the window open, then sat at the kitchen table. She stared down at her feet and saw there was a sticky teaspoon lying on the floor. Her Dad hadn't been here once. That was her Mum's complaint: his own parents' house and he hadn't even been once in six months. She remembered coming here when she was little, how the warm air smelt of baking and her grandma was flicking the cat off the table with a tea towel, while the radio chattered and Grandpa was playing the piano and singing Old Man River in the front room and Grandma was rolling her eyes and saying 'You can't hear yourself think!' and Alice was begging 'Can I help you ice the cake? Please? Please?' and Grandma was laughing and lifting her onto the chair for a cuddle.

Hot tears sprang to Alice's eyes. Of course Dad hadn't been here. How could he bear it? Alice glimpsed down a tunnel in her head, herself, twenty-five years on, forcing her way into Mum and Dad's empty house. Facing the mess, having to sort it.

Why would you go there? What could you possibly hope to find?

The lives that had been lived here at Grandma's, they'd had their moments. There were smiles in the photos, music sheets in the piano stool, once-brilliant daubs of hers and Nick's magneted to the fridge door. There were ingredients for Grandma's fantastic almond cakes in the kitchen cupboards; now stale, sour, grey. Crawling with silverfish. The good things were already gone. Nothing could be saved. Her father must have known this.

She could see that you would be ashamed. But it would be like being ashamed of wetting your pants. Ashamed that you couldn't help it. Ashamed that it had come to this, to old age and dirt; ashamed that you hadn't been here every day, washing things; ashamed that grandma wouldn't let you buy her anything new; ashamed that she had refused a cleaner and sacked the home help and told the community health nurse to fuck off, and that you had been powerless to stop her, and that everything was broken and dirty; ashamed that nothing you had done had stemmed the rising tide of decay.

Alice imagined seeing her Dad (who was in hospital, who she hadn't even visited yet, for god's sake) and liking and understanding him. Instead of being impatient with the irritating old buffer of her mother's complaints. She blew her nose and gathered herself and went slowly up to the bedroom. The bed looked OK. Not all that old, really – a bit Charles Rennie Mackintosh-ish. Quite designer-y. She dragged the stained mattress to the floor, where it blocked the door and she had to battle on all fours to roll it over onto itself. The sour stench and floppy dead weight of it were almost welcome. All those tiny flakes of sloughed skin; she was practically rolling up her grandparents' bodies. It was the least she could do. She wedged it by the chest of drawers and fetched a knife from the kitchen drawer to unscrew the bedframe. But the screws were stuck fast, the blade broke before a single one had loosened.

The bedhead was weirdly sticky to touch; from medicine, Alice supposed, or from honey and lemon drinks, or breakfasts in bed. Or even, a million years ago, her grandparents' sexual secretions? She tried to unthink the thought. Abandoning her broken knife she searched under the stairs for a toolbox, then went out into the sweet fresh air to the DIY on the corner. There was a product you could use for loosening stuff; Vince had sprayed it on her bike lock when it had jammed. It was true, he used to be kind. When was the last time he was kind? She fought back tears.

The balding man in the DIY refused to understand what she wanted. 'In a can - you spray it on, it loosens things –'

'Lubricant, you mean?'

'Yes, for screws.'

'Lubricant for screws.'

To Alice's humiliation, a spurt of laughter escaped her.

'WD40,' said the man. 'Here. What kind of a screwdriver are you using?'

'A normal one.' How could he know about the knife?

'What you want is one of these. Best screwdriver a girl could have.' He wiggled his toilet-brush eyebrows and handed her a heavy metal-handled tool with a price sticker that said £22.50.

'I – why is it better?'

'Does all the work for you. All you need's apply a little pressure. See?' He demonstrated a little switch in the handle. 'Up for screwing. Down for unscrewing. Turns itself around, see?'

She didn't see but it was pretty obvious she needed the best tool for the job, since the bed probably hadn't been taken to bits for fifty years. And the sooner she got out of this lecher's shop the better. She crossed her fingers and gave him her visa card.

Having duly sprayed all the screws she tried to use the screwdriver. But when she leant on it, as Mr Lech had demonstrated, the handle twizzled round uselessly while the head remained motionless. The only way to make it work was to put the little switch in the central position, which turned it into an ordinary screwdriver. But it was big and clumsy to hold and all her force could not budge a single screw.

Alice fell back against the folded mattress. Something, one single thing, surely, had to go right this weekend. Dispassionately she wondered what it would be. She pressed her Christmas angel badge and watched it flashing for a while. Such daylight as there was had almost drained from the sky and she got up and switched on the lights. She was starving. What were the options? Mum would be going straight from the library to hospital because Alice had the car. Who could she ask to help her? There was no one. Head wanted the trailer back tomorrow. If she hadn't had to deal with his wretched apples she'd have finished hours ago. To have done all this and still no bed - it was beyond enduring.

In a rage she snatched up the screwdriver and attacked the screws again - heaving, twisting – and was at last rewarded by an infinitesimal give, then movement. Slowly, grudgingly, the screws at the top end began to yield. She loosened them all then moved on to the foot. The problem would come in removing them; the whole frame would collapse, probably onto her. It was already listing drunkenly to one side. Her phone went and she crawled to her bag to get it. Not Vince. Of course not: wrong ring tone. Mum, from the bus, wanting to know if she could pick her up from the hospital at eight-thirty. 'Probably Mum, but I'm just in the middle of this. I'll text you, OK?' Her mother wondered plaintively what they could eat. 'Applesauce,' she said meanly and hung up. Vince would be cooking his disgusting onion-and-baked-bean omelette which he made whenever she asked him to cook so she wouldn't ask him again. She thought bitterly of the delicious things she'd cooked for him from her Jamie Oliver book. He said they'd got boring. It was him that was boring. Not her. Him. She had a brainwave. The frame could be balanced on kitchen chairs, one each side. The seats were too high but when she laid them on their backs it was just possible to slide them under so the frame rested on their legs. She fetched a cup to put the screws in.

Piece by piece she carried the frame downstairs. The bed-head was unwieldy; it caught a couple of the pictures above the stairs as she tried to angle it round the top banister. Tough. Nobody would miss them. The glass crunched into the carpet as she trudged up and down the stairs. At last all the pieces of the bed were in the hall. She emptied the screws into the glove compartment and began loading the bed into the trailer. Header. Footer. Side frame. Side frame. Top frame. Bottom frame. Slats. The wood was dense and heavy, probably some precious, endangered-species, non-renewable hardwood.

She slumped into the driver's seat, trembling with hunger and fatigue. As she pulled away from the kerb she heard the wood slither and rattle into position. She should have brought something to pad it where it leant against the sides of the trailer. Well there was plenty of cloth in Grandma's house – old sheets, towels? No. She couldn't bear to stop. It would be alright. She was driving so slowly and carefully that it would hardly shift at all, there probably wouldn't be a scratch on it. She made herself keep her eyes on the speedometer – don't go above 20.

Then her phone started up. Sweet Gene Vincent. He had selected the ringtone for her. Well, tough. It was too late. She didn't want to speak to him. She glanced at the speedometer, 20 mph. She didn't allow her eyes even a flicker towards the phone. She looked straight back to the road. There was an angel.

An angel. Life size. White in her headlights. She hit the brake.

A lot of things happened at once, and it was only possible to itemise them afterwards. The angel stretched out her white wings as if she would fly. Alice's seat belt ripped into her neck and shoulder like a bear-claw, while the car tried to pitch her through the windscreen then jerked madly backwards. There was a long noise, shockingly loud, of crashing and splintering. A man running to the flight-poised angel. Then pounding silence, expanding like a mushroom cloud in her head.

The man's face loomed at Alice's window. The silence popped. 'Are you alright? Please – let me –' He opened the door. 'Can you get out? You – you stopped - like that!'

Alice fumbled at her seat belt and slithered out of the car. She saw that the trailer was on its side in the road and that pieces of bed were scattered everywhere.

'Here,' said the man. 'You've had a shock. Come and sit down.' He led her into a lit doorway and spoke a different language to some other people who went outside and began to move the trailer. He sat her and the angel on a sofa and went into the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

Alice could see now that it was a child, not an angel. She had on a white dress, intricately embroidered at neck and hem. Her brown face was solemn and her black eyes examined Alice minutely. She looked about four years old. After a moment she slid off the sofa and picked up a bowl of sweets from the table. She carried it carefully to Alice, and offered it to her. Alice took a gold-wrapped toffee.

The man came back with two mugs of tea. 'I'm so sorry. It's her birthday. She was dancing when her cousins left, I forgot to lock the door -'

The little girl stretched out her arms again as if she would do a twirl, then noticed Alice watching her and concentrated very hard on choosing a sweet from the bowl.

'Her mother – ' the man said quietly, 'she runs out looking for her mother.'

'Her mother?'

He brushed his hand across his eyes. 'She's not here.' Alice saw him gather himself into politeness. 'I am so sorry. I'll pay for your trailer, your firewood. I don't know how to thank you. You saved her life.'

The man's face was beautiful. The child's face was beautiful.

'It wasn't firewood. It was a bed.'

'Ah. I will pay for a new bed. Of course.'

The child, whom she had thought was an angel, was alive and gravely unpeeling a mini-mars bar. Slowly, with the tinny taste of the tea, feeling began to creep back into Alice's numbed body and soul. She had not killed the child. She had saved the child. The beautiful man was smiling at her.

The feeling that was creeping through her was happiness.

'That bed was a lost cause,' she said. 'I'm glad your little girl is safe.'

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Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Модели интерпретации текста.

2. Модели связи интерпретации текста с интерпретацией действия.

Тема 3. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста. (ОПК-4)

Лекция.

1. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста. Текст как целое стал объектом лингвистического исследования лишь во второй половине XX века благодаря работам В. Дресслера, Х. Изенберга, П. Хартмана, Г.А. Золотовой, И.Р. Гальперина, Г.Я. Солганика и проч. Однако в различных сферах гуманитарного знания, научного (философия, литературоведение и т.д.) и практического (литература, театр, юридическая практика), постепенно накапливался опыт работы с текстом, делались наблюдения над его структурой и закономерностями функционирования. После того, как текст был осмыслен как лингвистическая единица (единица языка или речи), а не только как совокупность таких единиц, возникла необходимость осмыслить все множество уже накопленных данных в лингвистических терминах, включить их в систему лингвистических знаний. Одним из таких понятий "долингвистического текстоведения", порожденных литературной и театральной практикой, было понятие подтекста. Впервые оно потребовалось для объяснения новаторской поэтики пьес А.П. Чехова и адекватного представления их на сцене. Поэтому неудивительно, что одними из первых данный термин стали употреблять такие великие новаторы театра XX века, как К.С. Станиславский и Е.В. Вахтангов. Для концепций, которые относятся к семантическому подходу в истолковании подтекста, характерно использование в определении этого явления терминов "смысл", "содержание", "информация", а также характеристик "глубинный", "скрытый", "неопределенный", "смутный" и проч. : "Подтекст - скрытый смысл высказывания, вытекающий из соотношения словесных значений с контекстом и особенно - речевой ситуацией" (Хализев 1968, 830); "Подтекст - это… тот истинный (авторский, глубинный) смысл высказывания (текста), который полностью не выражен в "ткани" текста, но который имеется в нем, может быть вскрыт и понят при обращении к конкретному анализу и ко всей ситуации общения, структуре общения"" (Кожина 1975, 63); "Подтекст, или имплицитное содержание высказывания - содержание, которое прямо не воплощено в узуальных лексических и грамматических значениях языковых единиц, составляющих высказывание, но извлекается или может быть извлечено при его восприятии" (Долинин 1983, 40). Во всех приведенных определениях подтекст определяется как имплицитная информация (термины "смысл", "содержание" в данном случае выступают как синонимы, хотя существует точка зрения, что эти термины должны быть разведены: "Смысл текста - обобщение, это обобщенное содержание текста, сущность текста, его основная идея, то, ради чего он создан. Содержание текста - проявление этой сущности в ее конкретном референциальном виде, в виде его языкового выражения" (Реферовская 1989, 157). Тем или иным образом данные определения трактуют подтекст как тот аспект семантической структуры текста, который предназначен для интеллектуального восприятия, которое, по В. А Звегинцеву, "приобретает специфическую двуслойность, когда к непосредственно воспринимаемой информации, заключенной в непосредственно воспринимаемой структуре объекта, приплюсовывается и иная, скрытая, исходящая из модели данного объекта информация" (Звегинцев 1976, 298). Следует отметить, что из приведенных выше определений не следует, что смысл, образующий подтекст, в чем-либо существенно отличается от эксплицитного смысла текста: различие это относится только к способу выражения (и, следовательно, способу восприятия). Несколько иначе трактуется подтекст в концепции И.Р. Гальперина, ставшей одной из самых популярных концепций текста в отечественной лингвистике.

Практическое занятие.

“I can Squash the King, Tommo…”

When the wind is in the east, coming just steady over the coal tips, the tunnel on the old Merthyr coal line sings like an empty pop bottle. The sound bells about the soot and bricks as if it’s caught in the throat of a Dowlais tenor, coaldust and all, then it spills out and flows down the valley to the town. It settles between the council houses, seeps through the gaps in the windows; a hooooooing that has children crying there’s ghosts in the chimney.

Then Ianto ‘Passchendaele’ Jenkins, in khaki, stops his begging on the steps of the cinema and lifts a finger into the air, like he’s conducting. And he looks up at the windows of the Savings Bank, waiting for Tommo Price to move. And Batty Annie, her hair like string, leaves the door of the old linesman’s hut swinging on its one hinge, and stumbles, bent, along the tracks in her slippers waving a shrimping net that’s full of nothing but holes. She’s fetching her son home.

Wait for me, Lovely Boy…

If the wind is stronger, it sets the big old iron rocking horse going on its tarmac square behind the High Street, and it squeaks, squeaks, squeaks like there's a football team of little lads astride, some standing. The swings on their brown chains swing with no hands to push. Back, forth. Squeak, squeak And sheets of newspaper blow across the tarmac, swirling with bus tickets and sweet wrappers, piling against the doors of Ebenezer Chapel to make work for the Minister.

Wait for me, Lovely Boy…

Then Tommo Price, wearing a suit, looks out of his window at the Savings Bank, watches Batty Annie bent into the wind disappearing behind the council houses on her way to the tunnel. He will shake his head before going back to his ledgers. And the figures on the paper will be blown about as he watches. And Tommo will push his chair back, call across to Mr Billy Harris, Deputy Manager, that he has to go out. Billy Harris will nod and carry on pulling a thread from his sleeve as he talks to the publican's wife on the telephone.

By the time Tommo gets to the tunnel, Annie will be inside, her slippers soft on the moss and stones. He'll breathe shallow at the stink of piss. He will see nothing at all as the light is gone, taken by the wind. He will feel it, cold on his face, as he hunches his shoulders, coughs.

Annie? Come away now…

Tommo will hear her breathing, sharp, each intake like a sob. He'll hear the scritching of her net against the bricks, a scuttle of tiny claws, the damp velvet dark pressing on his ears. And the sound. The hooooing of the wind, louder now. And if Tommo puts his hand on the wall, presses his fingers into the grease and soot, he can feel the wall trembling, still. As if the coal train is coming.

Annie? I will make you a cup of black tea with sugar?

Slowly, Tommo's eyes will become accustomed, and magnify what light there is. Annie will be a shape in the darkness. She will come to Tommo like a bat, holding out the shrimping net.

Oh Tommo, can you reach up by there? Just there. I can see him, Tommo…

And he will hold her hand and scritch the net across the roof of the tunnel. The dirt will fall onto Annie's upturned face, her threadbare donkey jacket. Dirt, soot, brickdust will all collect in Tommo's hair for he does not look up, oh no.

Maybe the wind will die down a little. The air in the tunnel will settle. Tommo will feel it, the air, it prickles, and the hairs on his neck rise to meet it.

Come on, love…

They'll walk back to her hut, Tommo's arm round her shoulders. Annie will have both hands on the net, like twin crabs, holding it to her heart.

And when they reach the hut, she will go straight to the little fire just alive in the hearth. She will take the net from her breast, holding it closed with one hand. She will hold it out until it is right where the smoke is rising, right under the chimney open to the sky, and she will take her hand away, shake it, shake it.

She will sit on the stool by the warm, and smile.

My boy's in the chimney, Tommo, fetch the cup of water.

And Tommo fetches the thin white porcelain cup from the basket in the corner and fills it with water from the outside tap that rattles and chugs against the wall. And he gives it to Annie, not to drink, not at all; but to hold under the chimney for a mirror.

Is it going to be a moon tonight, Tommo? Will I see my boy?

Always happens, it does, regular as the church clock sticking at ten past the hour because of a nail. Then, Tommo in his suit walks back to the Savings Bank brushing the dirt from his hair, and leaves Annie talking to her chimney.

He passes by the steps of the cinema under posters with red lips, nods at a man as old as the century, and chucks him a penny.

And Passchendaele Jenkins picks the penny out of his cap, holds it right up to his nose and squints at the head on the penny to see if it's a king. It isn't; not many of those around now. Only a queen.

He shakes that penny at Tommo like it's a fist because he remembers the day Batty Annie's living son went to play Squash the King in the railway tunnel, skipping school with a friend who didn't believe it could be done, and the tunnel still alive and yawning.

For a shilling Passchendaele Jenkins will sell his soul again and tell it to the cinema goers, counting Annie's son out like he's done a thousand times, wheeling his arms like the true Juggernaut and tapping the face of a watch that has no hands…

Listen with your ears. I have a story for them see? About Batty Annie what lives now in the linesman's hut up by there. And her living son, Dai.

Making the bread in their house in Plymouth Street she was, when he had six minutes left only. Standing on a stool in the kitchen, reaching for the flour, they reckon, and her husband Evan coughing his guts out upstairs – but he still alive, just. Her Dai only seven. And she thinking he was at school, his dinnerpennies given in to the teacher, doing his sums to be a famous lawyer.

But he was not at school. Oh no. Tucked their satchels they had, behind the railway brickwork, him and Tommo Price, and only a shout or two away from his mother in her kitchen, there's the shame.

And she with the flour over the table, and the water, and the flour over her hands, and the water over her hands, and the softness of the bread gathering together, and the smell of the yeast, making bread for her men, him only seven and his Da who coughs his guts under the blankets at night until Mrs Pym next door rolls over Mr Pym in her curlers and bangs the wall and cries, 'Is there no sleep to be had?'

See them now, the boys, sitting on the rail near the tunnel, eating cherry pip sweeties bought with Tommo Price's dinnerpennies, sticking their tongues out blood red down the middle. Their shoes fresh polished and shining like conkers for there was to be a singing for the real dead King at Ebenezer. Nice boys, both, in their school jumpers all tidy and straight. The one jumper machine-new and bought with money, the other made by Annie, full of love and knots.

Five minutes to go and they reckon Annie was up to the elbows in flour, softness under her nails, gathering it all together and rolling it away with her palms.

And Dai's talking about pennies.

'I can squash the King, Tommo.'

'No, you can't…'

'I can so, now then.'

And Tommo's pushing him, 'Nah, liar, you can't so there…'

'I can, so now…'

And Dai pokes Tommo in the side and he falls off his rail…then they're up and running along the tracks they are, jumping the sleepers, hooooing like ghosts. Hooooooo into the mouth of the tunnel, and it hoooooos back at them, stretching like a waking dragon.

Four minutes and the coal train pulls out of Clydach, wheels spinning and sparking. With thirty trucks of steam coal. And the boys' shirts are loose, and their socks are round their ankles, and their shoes are dusty, look…and Annie's hair is in her eyes and she brushes it away with the back of a hand, and there's a streak of flour over her forehead like a message.

And her boy's fallen on the stones, he's hurt his knee all bleeding and his dinnerpennies have come out of his pocket in the half light. But he won't cry, oh no, with his Da coughing at night and all and quite enough for his Mam to be going on with thank you.

'I can squash the King, I can…'

But his best friend doesn't believe him.

'I don't believe you,' his best friend says, and oh, it matters. Dai's got his pennies in his hand now, off the ground where they were glinting. And it's three minutes and Dai who's never squashed the King says,

'The rails shift, see…' because he's heard the big boys talking in the street… 'The rails shift when the train's coming, Tommo. Up and down they go. Put the penny there too soon, it falls off…' And he thinks he sounds so knowledgeable, he does. Like an engineer.

'Have to wait, see. Have to wait 'til the train's nearly there…'

But Tommo says, 'Nah. You're scared…nah, the King won't squash like that he won't.'

And they reckon it was two minutes when Annie saw Mrs Pym in the window opposite, waved, called her in to say sorry about the coughing with a cup of tea… a bit of hot water in the kettle and she put it on the gas, high. She could try Evan with one, give him two sugars for a treat. Went to the door in her pinny, stood talking…when her boy started his walk back into the tunnel.

'I will do it Tommo Price, you'll see…'

And Tommo Price put his hands on the brick wall and the bricks were trembling.

'You will not…'

And Annie said to Mrs Pym that she'd go up to fetch a cardigan in a minute. 'Cold as the grave it is,' she said.

One minute and the rails were singing. The train was coming and its sound filled the tunnel and Tommo could not see the boy for the sound and the dark and he shouted to his friend,

'Come out…'

But the tunnel was so full of the sound of the train, the grinding and rattling, the screeching and roaring, that his words were swallowed.

Passchendale will stop wheeling his arms and hug himself and he'll look at his watch with no hands, tap it and hold it to his ear where it ticks and ticks like a death watch beetle and never tells him anything other than that.

And him only seven…

Then cinema goers who have listened with their ears and their eyes - for they have followed the arms wheeling and the head rolling, and the eyes glancing up at the windows of the Savings Bank – want to finish the story.

Did he squash the King, bach, bless him?

Oh did they find the penny then?

But the storyteller is off now, back begging he is, as the two o'clock is coming out all smiles and toffees.

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The wind can be in any direction it likes and old Ianto 'Passchendaele' Jenkins in his khaki will always be begging on the steps of the cinema.

Film good was it? And the toffees? Oh that I had the teeth for a Callard and Bowser, now.

Mrs Prinny Ellis who takes the ticket money brings him a sandwich with beetroot. A welshcake. Yesterday's paper.

He has no bones, Passchendaele hasn't, mind, or he'd be stiff. No bones under them trousers…

Tommo Price can see Passchendaele from his window at the Savings Bank like God above who can do nothing once he's let his creation loose. He watches when people come out of the midday showing and stand with Passchendaele for aeons with him wheeling his arms and tapping his watch, and Tommo turns away and goes back to his ledgers. He drinks his tea from a thick cup and he fixes his eyes on his ledgers where the numbers stay still and solid and if he concentrates hard he only half hears his name.

Tommo Price it was. Tommo Price…

Tommo passes Passchendaele later on his way home from the Savings Bank and sometimes if he has the devil on his shoulder, Passchendaele waves a penny and hooooooos like the wind. Or a train.

Annie's son's in the chimney again, Tommo?

But of course there are no boys in chimneys, or in tunnels, and Tommo Price goes home to Sarah Price who makes white fish for tea with white buttered bread and serves it silent. Lardy-faced, she is, and secrets slide from her like dropped bull's-eyes on a frozen puddle.

Aww. Off to Annie's now is it? There's a shame the fish is eaten all.

Shame indeed…

You can tell me what she says, Tommo. I wouldn't breathe…

Indeed you wouldn't my love…

Every night Tommo Price goes to Batty Annie's hut, just to make sure. Even when he is tired to the grave, like tonight, with watching the figures on the paper, and watching Passchendaele Jenkins on the cinema steps, looking up and watching him in return…

And tonight, this very night, the wind is blowing from the east and Tommo thinks to go straight to the tunnel where Annie will be as sure as eggs with her net. And she is not. It is past seven and the light is fading, and the tunnel is hoooooing soft and in waves.

For a bit Tommo waits there, because she will come stumbling along any minute with her net. And he thinks of Annie there, waiting. The Annie who held him tighter once than his own mam and stroked and stroked his school jumper and left little dabs of bread flour and soft dough clinging to the wool and said it was not his fault.

But tonight, this very night, she doesn't come with her net. Tommo walks along the tracks to her linesman's hut and taps.

Annie?

Oh Tommo, there's a thing and I'm not very well…

And she is lying in the corner in her donkey jacket, not in the bed Tommo brought in pieces up the hill and nailed together again. Not under the blankets from his own cupboard.

Where's the coal, Annie? I will make you a nice fire, now, and some black tea with sugar.

Will you fetch my boy, Tommo? I can hear him.

And Tommo gets Batty Annie onto the bed in her coat. He makes the fire, small, and sets the kettle on the coals, sighs and takes the shrimping net from up against the wall. Out he goes to the tunnel but he stands in the entrance out of the smell of piss and counts to one hundred swinging the net like a pendulum. And he goes back to the hut.

Where is he, my boy?

Here, Annie, in the net…

Batty Annie listens.

He is not there Tommo. You don't have him you don't, my Lovely Boy...

So Tommo Price who is tired from his day bent over his ledgers, and his white fish and his white wife and finding Batty Annie ill… he goes back to the tunnel. And it's not like going back to stand in the tunnel with a net, but it's like going back to look for the penny like he did, over and over and not finding it, and kicking the stones around and piling them against the bricks, and clearing the ground to the mud and finding nothing at all. Because there was nothing to find. And he knew it.

All it ever was, was a boy who never squashed the King, killed by a train.

Tommo stands inside the tunnel and listens to the hoooing and does not lift the net. But he goes back tired to the hut holding the net like Annie does. Clasping it to his breast.

Here he is, Annie.

But she turns her face to the wall.

He's back in the tunnel, inside this time, inside the sound of the wind, inside the throat. There are blacknesses in the dark. And like he does for Annie, Tommo begins to scritch the net across the roof where the blacknesses are. And the old soot and the brickdust falls onto his face - for this time he is looking up.

And he can smell the piss in the tunnel, and the damp and the dark, which smells like metal.

The dark smells like metal. Like the warm damp fingers of a boy who's been clutching his dinnerpennies, hard. And it smells of sugar. Of cherry pips. And Tommo can taste cherry pips on his tongue like he hasn't for years, and knows that if he stuck his tongue out it would be red down the middle. And the soot and dust falls like black rain in the dark, a black rain that falls into the net and is heavier than dust.

Then Tommo feels in the net and finds that which is not dust. He holds it up in the half light, sees the face, and the face is flat, and he cries. He pushes it deep in his suit pocket and he cries. He scritches the net across the roof, fills the holes with darkness and the smell of pennies, and he cries.

Then Tommo holds his best friend to his breast, keeping the net shut against the closing night. But there's a moon up there, and it shines steady and unblinking down on the town and on Tommo Price taking Dai home to Annie along the old Merthyr coal line.

Tommo takes the net to the linesman's hut, straight to the hearth, and holds it out, right where the thin smoke is rising, right under the chimney, and he takes his hand away and shakes it, shakes it.

Then he takes the penny from his pocket and closes Annie's fingers round but he can't find the words to go with it. And she puts the penny to her cheek, soft as a kiss, and closes her eyes.

Tommo takes the white porcelain cup from the basket and fills it from the outside tap that rattles and chugs against the wall of the hut. He gives Annie to drink a little, slowly, holding the cup to her lips like it was a chalice. He takes a sip himself, then, knowing what he will see reflected in the water, he sits by the warm, leans forward, holds the cup out under the chimney and waits for the kettle to boil.

'I Can Squash the King, Tommo', won second prize at The Bridport Prize 2007, judged by Tracy Chevalier. It introduces the characters and voice of the novel, 'The Coward's Tale', published by Bloomsbury in 2011.

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Определение категории. Философские категории.
2. Облигаторность и факультативность критериев категоризации ХТ.
3. Партитурность как взаимоотношение линейного и вертикального срезов текста.
4. Антропоцентричность. Локально-темпоральная отнесенность. Хронотоп.
5. Содержательные универсалии текста.

Тема 4. Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности. (ОПК-4)

Лекция.

2. Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности. Художественный текст является результатом творческой деятельности автора, произведением искусства, поэтому в тексте представлена картина мира автора. При помощи языковых средств автор выражает свое собственное видение действительности, его идиостиль, что в свою очередь открывает перед ним глубины и тонкости художественного взгляда писателя на мир. Идиостиль понимается как совокупность языковых и стилистико-текстовых особенностей, свойственных речи писателя (а также любого носителя данного языка). Мы учитываем, что идиостиль имеет «комплексный характер, разнопланово выражает социально-историческую сущность, национальные, индивидуально-психологические и нравственно-этические особенности человека. В идиостиле проявляется его мировоззрение и знание о мире (концептуальная картина мира и тезаурус), общая и языковая культура в их текстовом воплощении» [Болотнова 2003:159]. Таким образом, художественный текст предстает перед читателем как субъективный образ мира, и в то же время и сам читатель воспринимает его субъективно, так как также имеет свою картину мира. Поэтому сложность понимания художественного текста связана с тем, что он различными людьми может быть воспринят и интерпретирован по-разному. На понимание текста будет влиять комплекс индивидуальных черт воспринимающего: его мировоззренческие установки, уровень образования и культуры, темперамент, склад характера и др. Прочтение художественного текста зависит, главным образом, от индивидуального склада читателя, от его личного восприятия текста. Таким образом, может существовать множество прочтений одного и того же текста, что обусловлено индивидуальными психолингвистическими особенностями каждого реципиента. Так как художественный текст направлен на неоднозначное толкование, то автор изначально вкладывает в него внутренний смысл, который бывает сложно различить за внешними словесными конструкциями. «Степень и глубина восприятия внутреннего смысла зависит от многих причин, связанных с личностью читателя» [Валгина, 2003: 150]. Речь идет не только об уровне образованности и эрудированности реципиента, а в большей степени о его интуиции, о внутренней способности чувствовать язык и о его духовном единении с автором. «Эта способность оценивать внутренний подтекст представляет собой совершенно особую сторону психической деятельности, которая может совершенно не коррелировать со способностью к логическому мышлению» [Лурия 1998:258]. Таким образом, читатель может увидеть в тексте то, о чем, возможно, не думал и сам автор, или же, наоборот, не заметить того очевидного, во что автор вложил смысл. Как правило, внутренний смысл художественного текста настолько завуалирован, что читателю приходится угадывать, нежели прочитывать, что обусловлено психолингвистическими факторами личности. Во всех психолингвистических исследованиях подчеркивается сложность и многоплановость процессов восприятия и понимания текста. Все ученые указывают на их тесную взаимосвязь, поэтому восприятие и понимание принято рассматривать как две стороны одного явления - сторону процессуальную и сторону результативную. «Процесс восприятия и понимания текста представляет собой иерархическую систему, где в тесной взаимосвязи выступают низший, сенсорный, и высший, смысловой, уровни. Иерархичность осмысления текста выявляется в постепенном переходе от интерпретации значений отдельных слов к пониманию смысла целых высказываний и затем - к осмыслению общей идеи текста» [Зорькина 2003:205]. Проходя процесс восприятия и понимания художественного текста, реципиент создает своего рода проекцию текста, приближенного к авторскому варианту этого же текста. Так как художественный текст может иметь множество вариаций восприятия, то у читателя может возникнуть своя собственная проекция, совершенно не соотносимая с авторским замыслом. «Вариативность восприятия одного и того же текста объясняется, на наш взгляд, несколькими психологическими причинами. В первую очередь сюда следует отнести проявления мотивационной, когнитивной и эмоциональной сфер личности: те потребности, мотивы и цели, которые побудили человека обратиться к данному тексту; эмоциональный настрой в момент восприятия текста; степень концентрации внимания на воспринимаемой информации и т. д» [Зорькин 2003:205]. В.П. Белянин в своей работе «Психолингвистические аспекты художественного текста» выделяет два типа читателей художественных текстов. Реципиенты первого типа интерпретируют текст в пределах авторской концепции, которая определяется самим текстом. В этом случае проекция текста, выстроенная реципиентом, максимально приближена к смыслу, вложенному в текст его автором. Для второго типа реципиентов исходный текст является лишь толчком к порождению собственных мыслей, связанных с темой текста. Такой читатель заменяет текст автора собственным текстом, достаточно удаленным от значения текста-эталона. С точки зрения психолингвистики, наиболее эффективное и адекватное восприятие авторского художественного текста состоится в том случае, когда

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Терминологические определения текста как 1) последовательности речевых единиц, 2) единицы языка, 3) как продукта речемыслительной деятельности.
2. Художественный текст как знак значения.
3. Форма ХТ как индекс, икон, символ.
4. Дискурс и текст.
5. Содержание и смысл

Тема 5. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте. (ОПК-4)

Лекция.

3. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте. Глубокая и полноценная интерпретация художественного произведения, понимание авторской идеи, социальных, политических или морально-нравственных импликаций невозможно без анализа художественных образов, которые становятся центральным объектом анализа текста. Само понятие художественного образа – одна из самых сложных и многоплановых категорий, рассмотрение и понимание которой предполагает многообразие подходов и методов, а также предлагаемых исследователями определений. Сложная проблематика литературно-художественного образа, необходимость его комплексного анализа на стыке литературоведческого и лингвистического подходов обусловили актуальность данного исследования. Применение данного подхода обусловлено тем, что литературоведческий анализ подчас не вторгается в языковую ткань художественного текста, в то время как лингвистический анализ не всегда затрагивает эстетические свойства произведения и понимание авторской интенции [4]. Проблемы, с которыми сталкиваются исследователи при изучении образа и образности, во многом связаны с неоднозначностью интерпретации самих понятий, которыми оперирует не только лингвистика, но и психология, философия, искусствоведение и т. д. В рамках данной работы, опираясь на общепринятые концепции, мы будем рассматривать художественный образ как одну из основных единиц художественной формы, реализующую некое художественное содержание и создаваемую при помощи художественных средств. Художественный образ всегда соотнесен с фрагментом реальной действительности и служит ее творческим отражением, преломляя и трансформируя окружающую действительность в соответствии с авторской идеологией и художественными задачами произведения, аккумулируя в себе черты создавшей его культуры и проявляя себя в сюжете, композиции, языковых средствах и т. д. [2]. Художественная образность несет основную нагрузку в разработке и передаче базовых идей и концептов произведения. С.Ульман [7] выделяет пять основных функций художественного образа, который 1) представляет главные темы и преобладающий настрой произведения, его лейтмотив; 2) раскрывает причинно-мотивационную канву сюжета; 3) выполняет экспрессивно-оценочную функцию; 4) воплощает философскую концепцию произведения; 5) воплощает идеи, которые не подлежат прямой вербальной формулировке. Существуют различные подходы к классификации художественных образов. Опираясь на традиционно вычленяемые компоненты образа, эти классификации можно разделить на предметные (внутренние и внешние образы, единичные и собирательные, образы характеров и обстоятельств и т. д.), обобщенно-смысловые (образы индивидуальные и типические, образы-мотивы, образы-архетипы и т.д.) и структурные, опирающиеся на разнообразие средств создания образности. С одной стороны, художественный образ можно рассматривать как некую модель окружающей действительности, включающей в себя прошлый опыт, учет настоящих реалий и направленный на будущее [6, с. 103-104]. Образ является концентрированным выражением социальной и историко-культурной парадигмы, бытовых реалий и особенностей общественного сознания, выраженных в единой конкретной форме. С другой стороны, художественный образ имеет знаковую природу, и его языковая составляющая имеет огромное значение и должна приниматься во внимание при интерпретации художественного произведения. По мнению Бабенко Л.Г., базисными образами художественного текста являются образ автора и образ персонажа. Их главенствующее положение объясняется безусловной антропоцентричностью любого художественного произведения, где человек является отправной точкой текстовых событий, главным направлением совершаемых действий [1, с. 122-123]. Образы автора и персонажа неравнозначны. Образ персонажа несет «диктальный» смысл, представая в тексте как объективный элемент окружающей реальности, в то время как образ автора, имея субъективный характер, несет категорию модальности. Диктальный и эмотивно-модальный смыслы переплетаются, создавая гармоничное единство авторской позиции и отраженной уровнем персонажей реальности. Художественный образ персонажа является вторым содержательным компонентом текста, эмотивные смыслы которого обладают особой информативной значимостью [1, с. 123]. Одним из самых эффективных средств отражения художественного образа персонажа служит его речевая характеристика, которая служит одним из основных источников информации, которую получает читатель, адресат произведения. «Речевая характеристика» (или «речевой портрет») может трактоваться как «совокупность внешней формы и смыслового подтекста реплик, экспрессивных форм языка, анализируя которые читатель сможет сформировать собственное представление о персонаже и его характерных чертах, тем самым раскрыв образ» [5]. Проанализировав различные концепции и подходы, мы можем выявить наиболее характерные признаки речевого портрета. Речевая характеристика – это образное средство изображения персонажей произведения, наделенных смыслообразующими чертами характера и представляющих

Практическое занятие.

Christina Rossetti: Poems

Comprehension exercises

Before reading

1. Before reading the poems find the information about the author. Discuss it with your partner.
2. Try to predict what the titles of the poems can mean. What associations do you have when you encounter these words? Write down your associations (lists of worgs), e.g., SUNSET – sun, end of the day, end of feelings, fading, to die, to die out, to pass away, to disappear, darkness, dark, etc.

Reading

1. Now read ECHO stanza by stanza analyzing a) factual information (what facts do you get from the text – speaker, time, place, etc.) and b) stylistic devices.
2. What impression do you get when reading the poem?
3. What concepts do you encounter in the poem? Which words are they actualized by?
4. What are your interpretations of the poem?
5. Now analyse SONG and REMEMBER in the same way.
6. Which episodes in Christina Rossetti's biography are reflected in the poems, do you think?

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.
Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,

Sing no sad song for me;

Plant no roses at my head,

Nor shady cypress-tree;

Be the green grass above me

With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,

And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,

I shall not feel the rain,

I shall not hear the nightingale

Sing on, as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight

That doth not rise or set,

Haply I may remember,

And haply I may forget.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of thought that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than you should remember and be sad.

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Определение категории. Философские категории.
3. Недосказанность. Рекуррентная деталь.
4. Квантование как способ репрезентации в тексте.
5. Компрессия как совмещение функций.

Тема 6. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста. (ОПК-4)

Лекция.

4. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста. Идея данного доклада родилась из практической потребности сформулировать/обобщить принципы анализа текста с когнитивной точки зрения. Очень часто то, что называют когнитивным анализом, сводится к аспектному: к коммуникативно-прагматическому, категориальному анализу текста. На сегодняшнем уровне развития лингвистики текста и когнитивной лингвистики представляется возможным сформулировать ряд методологических требований, обуславливающих когнитивный подход к анализу текста. 1. Когнитивный анализ текста предполагает не только и не столько самодостаточный речевой и языковой анализ, сколько анализ через речь и язык процессов восприятия (понимания) и продуцирования текста, что требует привлечения знаний о таких психических процессах, как память, воображение, чувственное восприятие и т.д. Понимание есть проявление единой многоуровневой памяти: моторной, эмоциональной, образной, словесно-логической. Понимание текста при этом может измеряться, во-первых, построением проекции текста, во-вторых, уровнем выявления личностного смысла. Когнитивными опорами при восприятии и понимании текста являются ключевые слова, структурные опоры (сильные позиции, макроструктуры), опора на ситуацию порождения/восприятия текста. Кроме того, известно, что «понимание текста предполагает не только знание языка, но и знание мира» [Дейк 1989:87]. А поскольку «содержание, которое заложено в языковых единицах, отражает не только предметы, явления и отношения внешнего мира, но и их специфическое преломление в «речевых представлениях» говорящих и слушающих» [Бондарко 1996: 137], то интерпретация текста зависит, с одной стороны, от его адекватности отражѐнному фрагменту мира, с другой стороны, от фоновых знаний «говорящих и слушающих». Лингвистическим аналогом того и другого выступает пресуппозиция. 2. Когнитивный анализ текста, в первую очередь, это анализ концептуальной структуры текста. Особого внимания на начальном этапе анализа текстовых концептуальных структур, ассоциированных с каким-либо словом, требуют текстовые лексико- грамматические группы, разворачивающиеся вокруг имени концепта как центра субъективного “конденсата смысла” и дающие возможность восстановить некоторый “узел” в тезаурусе личности и соответствующий ему фрагмент индивидуальной картины мира. Концептуальная структура текста в ее тезаурусном представлении включает лишь элементы композиции, находящиеся в сильной позиции, выделяющиеся на фоне ментального пространства текста (рематическая позиция, позиция повтора и др.). Нередко сильные позиции являются одновременно автосемантичными, и так же, как автосемантичные отрезки, они тяготеют к началу и концу текста. По существу можно назвать только один текстовый знак, который присущ всем текстам и всегда занимает в них одно и то же место, образуя сильную позицию, заголовок [Лукин 1994: 59]. Начало текста и заголовок – точка отсчета понятийного цикла и потому предмет особого внимания, ключ к концептуальной структуре произведения. А. Вежбицкая вводит термины концепт-минимум и концепт-максимум. Концепт-минимум – это неполное владение смыслом слова, присущее рядовому носителю языка. Концепт-максимум – это полное владение смыслом слова, свойственное рядовому носителю языка. Если перенести это на концепт- заголовок, то концепт-минимум – это содержание и объем концепта-заглавия на входе (до чтения), концепт-максимум – на выходе (после чтения). “Концепт – исходная точка семантического наполнения слова (з а г л а в и я – Т.Р.) и одновременно – конечный предел развития” [Колесов 1992: 34]. Название – компрессия концептуального смысла текста, Название – компрессия концептуального смысла текста, оно определяет стратегию текста, тактикой, раскручивающей, как пружина, данный концепт, является модально-оценочная семантика. Средством выявления концептуального содержания служит анализ мотивационно-прагматических установок автора (речевых тактик и стратегий), определяющих динамику формирования концептуальной структуры текста; определение когнитивной структуры/ формата знания, который лежит в основе формирования заголовочного концепта рассматриваемого текста (прототип, схема, фрейм, сценарий, образ, символ и т.д.). Когнитивная интерпретация требует, к примеру, анализа смысловых опор в познавательной деятельности читателя, смысловой структуры текста, процесса интеграции концептуальных признаков, взятых в отвлечении от языкового способа их выражения; анализа процесса формирования содержания и объѐма концепта в читательском сознании; учѐта не только знаний о языковых значениях и умения считывать косвенные значения, но и фоновых знаний и состояния читателя. Когнитивный метод – это анализ процесса или сам процесс кодирования и декодирования смысла текста. В соединении с текстоцентрическим подходом – выявление глубинного смысла, свѐрнутой смысловой структуры текста, являющейся воплощением интенции и – через неѐ - мотива текстопорождающей деятельности автора и читательского восприятия. 3. Методологической ошибкой является неразличение, совмещение, подмена концептуального анализа

Практическое занятие.

«The Child's Story» by Charles Dickens

Vocabulary Exercises

Ex. 1 Define the following words and word combinations. Make up your own sentences with them.

To travel
Wood
A long green avenue
The sunset shining red
Heaven
The fallen leaves
Solitary
Rumbling
Shaking

Ex. 2 Give derivatives to the following words.

Travel
Sun
Child
Mind
Whistle
Gold

Comprehension Exercises

Ex. 1 Answer the questions

1 1. Who is the main character of the story?
2 2. How long did he play with child?
3 3. What was the weather like?
4 4. What did the handsome boy say to the traveler?
5 5. Did the traveler lose the boy?
6 6. About whom does the narrator speak at the end of the story?
7 7. The traveler met a young man, didn't he?
8 8. Who did call the woman?

Ex. 2 Discussion points

1 1. Describe the setting of the story. Where does it take place?
2 2. What is the theme of the story? What does the path of the traveler symbolize in the story?
3 3. Explain the title of the story. Why is it called «The Child's Story»?
4 4. «What do you do here?» What does this question mean?
5 5. What does the wood symbolize in the story?
6 6. Describe the writing style of Charles Dickens. What is his tone in the story? Do you like his style?
7 7. Whom the traveler did meet? Describe them. Why these meetings are important to the traveler? What do you think?

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So, he played with that child, the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home-- where was that, they wondered!--whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was best of all; for, they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books: all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons: and all new and all true.

But, one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So, he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So, he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell--or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But, they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; at prisoner's base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced till midnight, and real Theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy as he had lost the child, and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So, he said to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen--just like Fanny in the corner there--and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and coloured just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly--just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! he was teased sometimes--just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarrelled sometimes--just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas-time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon--all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But, the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his Wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little, distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India," and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning grey. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady. "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But, the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood: so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old man said with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So the traveller sat down by the side of that old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honoured and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

Задания для самостоятельной работы.

А) Анализ текста

Б) Вопросы для самостоятельной работы:

1. Типология сильных позиций. Заголовок как рамочный знак.

2. Аллюзия, метафора, эпитет, ирония в заголовке. Конкретизация и генерализация в заголовке.

3. Композиция и архитектоника – сюжетное движение и текстовое построение. Объем содержания эпических произведений.

4. Сюжет и фабула. Типы повествования.

4. Контроль знаний обучающихся и типовые оценочные средства

4.1. Распределение баллов:

7 семестр

- текущий контроль – 80 баллов
- контрольные срезы – 2 среза по 10 баллов каждый
- премиальные баллы – 20 баллов

Распределение баллов по заданиям:

№ темы	Название темы / вид учебной работы	Формы текущего контроля / срезы	Max. кол-во баллов	Методика проведения занятия и оценки
1.	Основы теории интерпретации.	Филологический анализ текста	10	Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология. 10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.

		Контрольная работа	20	Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды: -дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. 20-17 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки. 16-13 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок. 12-9 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10). 8-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15). 3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание. 0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.
2.	Интерпретация текста: вводные положения	**Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)**	10	Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология. 10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.

		Контрольная работа	20	Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды: -дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. 20-17 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки. 16-13 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок. 12-9 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10). 8-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15). 3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание. 0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.
3.	Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.	Филологический анализ текста	10	Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология. 10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.

		Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)	10	Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология. 10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.
		Контрольная работа	20	Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды: -дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. 20-17 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки. 16-13 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок. 12-9 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10). 8-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15). 3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание. 0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.

4.	Премиальные баллы	20	Дополнительные премиальные баллы могут быть начислены: - постоянная активность во время практических занятий – 10 баллов; - полностью подготовленная к публикации статья по тематике в рамках дисциплины – 10 баллов; - победа в межрегиональной олимпиаде по филологии – 20 баллов; - участие с докладом во всероссийской олимпиаде по тематике изучаемой дисциплине – 20 баллов; - участие в выставке по тематике изучаемой дисциплины – 20 баллов; - публикация статьи по тематике изучаемой дисциплины в сборнике студенческих работ / материалах всероссийской конференции / журнале из перечня ВАК – 10 / 15 / 20
5.	Индивидуальные задания, с помощью которых можно набрать дополнительные баллы	70	Добор: студент может предоставить все задания текущего контроля и контрольные срезы.
6.	Итого за семестр	100	

8 семестр

- текущий контроль – 50 баллов
- контрольные срезы – 2 среза по 10 баллов каждый
- премиальные баллы – 20 баллов
- ответ на экзамене: не более 30 баллов

Распределение баллов по заданиям:

№ темы	Название темы / вид учебной работы	Формы текущего контроля / срезы	Max. кол-во баллов	Методика проведения занятия и оценки
1.	Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.	Контрольная работа	20	Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды: -дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. 20-17 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки. 16-13 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок. 12-9 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10). 8-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15). 3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание. 0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.

2.	Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.	**Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)**	10	Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология. 10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.
		Контрольная работа	15	Контрольный срез рассчитан на целое занятие. Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды: -дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. 15-13 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки. 12-10 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок. 9-7 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10). 6-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15). 3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание. 0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.

3.	Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.	**Филологический анализ текста(контрольный срез)**	10	Студенты получают текст из художественной литературы (отрывок произведения, рассказ, стихотворение) для анализа. Задача студента проанализировать текст на основе имеющейся данных, накопленной в рамках дисциплин Введение в литературоведение, Стилистика, История литературы СИЯ, Лексикология. 10-9 баллов – текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 1-2 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 8-7 баллов - текст полно и точно проанализирован, даны различные интерпретации смыслов; проанализирован языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе практически нет лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 3-4 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается легко. 6-5 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отрывочны; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 5-7 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 4-3 баллов - текст проанализирован не полностью, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют; недостаточно проанализировано языковое содержание текста, тропы. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (допускается 8-9 лексико-грамматических ошибок). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок. 2-1 балл – проанализированы только стилистические примы, интерпретации смыслов отсутствуют. В анализе присутствует большое количество лексических и грамматических ошибок (более 10). Информация воспринимается тяжело из-за большого количества ошибок.
		Контрольная работа	15	Контрольный срез рассчитан на целое занятие. Студентам предлагается выполнить ряд заданий разного формата по пройденной теме. Среди заданий выделяются следующие виды: -дать развернутый ответ на теоретический вопрос; - выбрать правильный вариант ответа; - прочитать текст по истории интерпретации текста и ответить на вопросы (типа «правда/неправда», выбрать правильный ответ); - исправить смысловые ошибки в высказываниях; - проанализировать текст. 15-13 баллов – задание выполнено полностью, допускаются 1-3 ошибки. 12-10 баллов – задание в целом выполнено, однако имеется 4-6 ошибок. 9-7 баллов – задание выполнено на 45-50 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (7-10). 6-4 баллов – задание выполнено на 20-25 %, имеются многочисленные ошибки (11-15). 3-1 балл – работа выполнена на 10-15%. Многочисленные ошибки затрудняют понимание. 0 баллов – задание выполнено менее чем на 10 %.

4.	Премиальные баллы	20	Дополнительные премиальные баллы могут быть начислены: - постоянная активность во время практических занятий – 10 баллов; - полностью подготовленная к публикации статья по тематике в рамках дисциплины – 10 баллов; - победа в межрегиональной олимпиаде по филологии – 20 баллов; - участие с докладом во всероссийской олимпиаде по тематике изучаемой дисциплине – 20 баллов; - участие в выставке по тематике изучаемой дисциплины – 20 баллов; - публикация статьи по тематике изучаемой дисциплины в сборнике студенческих работ / материалах всероссийской конференции / журнале из перечня ВАК – 10 / 15 / 20
5.	Ответ на экзамене	30	10-17 баллов – студент раскрыл основные вопросы и задания билета на оценку «удовлетворительно» 18-24 баллов – студент раскрыл основные вопросы и задания билета на оценку «хорошо», 25-30 баллов – студент раскрыл основные вопросы и задания билета на оценку «отлично».
6.	Индивидуальные задания, с помощью которых можно набрать дополнительные баллы	70	Добор: студент может предоставить все задания текущего контроля и контрольные срезы.
7.	Итого за семестр	100	

Итоговая оценка по экзамену выставляется в 100-балльной шкале и в традиционной четырехбалльной шкале. Перевод 100-балльной рейтинговой оценки по дисциплине в традиционную четырехбалльную осуществляется следующим образом:

100-балльная система	Традиционная система
85 - 100 баллов	Отлично
70 - 84 баллов	Хорошо
50 - 69 баллов	Удовлетворительно
Менее 50	Неудовлетворительно

4.2 Типовые оценочные средства текущего контроля

Контрольная работа

Тема 1. Основы теории интерпретации.

Дайте развернутый ответ на вопрос. Что такое интерпретация.

Тема 2. Интерпретация текста: вводные положения

Напишите развернутую схему анализа текста и проанализируйте в соответствии с ней текст, приведенный ниже.

Анализ "Three Men In A Boat" by Jerome K. Jerome

The extract under analysis is taken from the book "Three Men in a Boat" written by Jerome K. Jerome.

The extract begins with the description of the beautiful view and comfortable destination of the place where the action comes to pass. From the very beginning we see the narrator admiring Sonning: “It is the most fairylike little nook on the whole river. It is more like a stage village than one built of bricks and mortar. Every house is smothered in roses…” From those exact sentences we can guess that the narrator is a kind of a person who admires beauty and can give his own estimation.

Later this fact is easily proved when three men decided to prepare a supper for themselves. The scrupulous side of the narrator is marked everywhere: “I should never have thought that peeling potatoes was such an undertaking. The job turned out to be the biggest thing of its kind that I had ever been in.” If we look at the way how the friends prepare the potatoes we realize they may have never done it before.

And the fact that those potatoes were about the size of a peanut makes us wonder and even smile: such an easy task sometimes turns out for men quite difficult. The next sentence: “Scrapping was even harder than peeling” makes us completely sure the author wanted to show the humor of the situation. And it comes as no surprise that the narrator says: “I never saw such a thing as potato scrapping for making a fellow in a mess”, which truly confirms our guesses. As well we can’t take for granted the fact of working steadily over the four potatoes for such a long time.

What’s more, later the fellows added some more potatoes in their Irish stew without even peeling them, and lots of other odds and ends and the remnants.

The author doesn’t forget to outline the role of their dog in the story – Montmorency made his own contribution to the meal, it brought a dead water-rat which was added in the supper.

The most interesting fact concerning all this fuss is that their supper was a great success: “I don’t think I ever enjoyed a meal more. There was something so fresh and piquant about it. …here was a dish with a new flavor, with a taste like nothing else on earth.” So, we should admit their work wasn’t in vain, if they liked it so mush.

If to look at the extract from the other point, speaking about its general definition we should note the text is told in the 1st person narrative. The narration is interlaced with the descriptive passages and rare dialogues of the personages. The account of events is interwoven with a humorous portrayal of the young fellows. The prevailing mood of the extract is rather optimistic and cheerful, is seen in their admiration of the place and the meal.

The author makes use of the long and complicated sentences as well as the short and simple ones.

All in all, the extract under the study can present enough food for thought for those who is able to think it over. What concerns me, the extract revised me the proverb “After the dinner comes the reckoning” which proves that before having something one should make it. The fellows must have forgotten that even preparing the meal needs time and effort, that’s why were so wondered. So, I guess Jerome K. Jerome gives a wise lesson to those who are lazy-bones and afraid of hard work.

Тема 3. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?

2) Как реализуется в тексте компрессия? Приведите пример.

3) Почему заголовок относят к сильным позициям?

4) Что такое «карусельный тип художественной системы»?

5) Какова роль пейзажа в а) лирике; б) прозе; в) сказке?

Б.1. Переведите фрагмент поэтического художественного текста: (3 балла)

<I know> that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,

And that a keelson of the creation is love… (W. Whitman).

Какой словесный образ выражает основную мысль поэта в этих строках? Почему?

II. Проанализируйте нижеприведенный текст на английском языке (прим. 100 сл.), предварительно ответив на вопросы:

1. On whose behalf is the story told in the poem? What two narrators may be singled out? How does the choice of the tense-forms prove it?

2. Did the boy know he came across the dead animal? How did his parents react to the event?
3. Why do you think the boy's feelings are described as "a moderate pity"? Why does it seem "a godlike feeling" to the adult narrator?
4. What message does the poem carry? (Can it be rooted in perception of reality?)
5. What text categories work in the poem?
6. What verbalized concept related to the event described would you single out? What other words in the poem appertain to the "thematic" (associative) field of the same concept?

Dead Dog

One day I found a lost dog in the street.
The hairs about its grin were spiked with blood,
And it lay still as stone. It must have been
A little dog, for though I only stood
Nine inches for each one of my four years
I picked it up and took it home. My mother
Squealed, and later father spaded out
A bed and tucked my mongrel down in mud.
I can't remember any feeling but
A moderate pity, cool not swollen-eyed;
Almost a godlike feeling now it seems.
My lump of dog was ordinary as bread.
I have no recollection of the school
Where I was taught my terror of the dead.

Тема 4. Порождение и восприятие художественного текста. Моделирование художественной действительности.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:
1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?
2) Как реализуется в тексте компрессия? Приведите пример.
3) Почему заголовок относят к сильным позициям?
4) Что такое «карусельный тип художественной системы»?
5) Какова роль пейзажа в а) лирике; б) прозе; в) сказке?

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II. Проанализируйте нижеприведенный текст на английском языке (прим. 100 сл.), предварительно ответив на вопросы:
1. On whose behalf is the story told in the poem? What two narrators may be singled out? How does the choice of the tense-forms prove it?
2. Did the boy know he came across the dead animal? How did his parents react to the event?
3. Why do you think the boy's feelings are described as "a moderate pity"? Why does it seem "a godlike feeling" to the adult narrator?
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Тема 5. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?

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Тема 6. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.

А. Дайте развернутые ответы на вопросы:

1) Что такое квантование в литературе? Как Вы понимаете значение слова «квант»?
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Филологический анализ текста

Тема 1. Основы теории интерпретации.

Анализ "Snow" by Ann Beattie

The story under the title “Snow” was written by an American short story writer and novelist – Ann Beattie. Born on September 8, 1947 she has received an award for excellence from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters and a PEN/Bernard Malamud Award for excellence in the short story form. Her work has been compared to Alice Adams, J.D. Salinger, John Cheever, and John Updike. She holds an undergraduate degree from American University and a masters degree from the University of Connecticut.

Born in Washington, D.C., Beattie grew up in Chevy Chase, Maryland. She gained attention in the early 1970s with short stories published in The Western Humanities Review, Ninth Letter, the Atlantic Monthly, and The New Yorker. Critics have praised her writing for its keen observations and dry, matter-of-fact irony which chronicle disillusionments of the upper-middle-class generation that grew up in the 1960s.

In 1976, she published her first book of short stories, Distortions, and her first novel, Chilly Scenes of Winter, later made into a film. She has taught at Harvard College and the University of Connecticut and presently teaches at the University of Virginia, where she is the Edgar Allan Poe Chair of the Department of English and Creative Writing.

The story under the study is written in the form of a letter. It depicts the things happened with a couple, having had a rest in the country during a winter time. The narrator revizes every little unimportant thing happened at the place they stayed with her own estimation and value, so that everything acquires new meaning and interpretation. Though there is no mentioning names or protagonists, we realize the narrator is female writing to her lover. The author’s prompts prove this, we can easily notice it in the metaphor “like a crazy king of snow”.

Reading the story we observe the pair enjoyed their time together, but something must have occurred and for the time being they are apart. No inclinations about how it came to be, just a letter with informative facts and recollections.

Besides, the narrator underlines that the addressee remembered everything in his own way, not paying attention at such significant details as snow and some others, as the narrator did. In general, there is a multiple apply of the word snow in the novel: the day of the big snow, knee-deep in snow, newly fallen snow, field of snow.

Snow plays a symbolic role of love between the two. There was snow and there was love. At the moment it’s not a time for snow and accordingly love is absent in the hearts of the two. Though this letter may be the result of a hope calling for love, an approval that one of the two hearts still beats with passion and belief. Perhaps she still loves and wants to replay those days again.

Giving a general definition of the text under the study we should note it is written in the 1st person narrative. The narration is interlaces with descriptive passages. It comes as no surprise that there are no dialogues at all, as the letter can’t include them. The narration is broken by lyrical digressions which come like stream of consciousness. The prevailing mood of the story is quite sentimental, as it carries the memories of the loving person.

In expressing the narrator’s thoughts the author used metaphor in the following sentences, making the language of lover more sentimental and revealing her emotional attitude:

“In the kitchen, a pattern of white-gold trellises supported purple grapes as big and round as Ping-Pong balls.”, “…you, in white towel turban, like a crazy king of snow”.

Among the other stylistic devices we should also mark the case of asyndeton: “the child who happened to be standing on the right corner when the door of the ice-cream truck came open and hundreds of Popsicles crashed out; the man standing on the beach, sand sparkling in the sun, one bit glinting more than the rest, stooping to find a diamond ring.” Reading this sentence we observe the narrator conveying an individual perception of the things described.

The case of anaphora as if reflects the narrator’s warm feelings of the past, enhancing the expressiveness of the text: “You remember it differently. You remember that the cold settled in stages…”

All in all, the story is marked with pessimism, perhaps even giving us the constant reason to hope. It is a remarkable insight into human nature still full of secrets and mysticism.

Тема 2. Интерпретация текста: вводные положения

Stylistic analysis "On The American Dead In Spain" by Ernest Hemingway

The story under the title "On the American Dead in Spain" was written by Ernest Hemingway, who was one of the most famous American novelists, short-story writer and essayist, whose deceptively simple prose style have influenced wide range of writers.

The whole story is very short and resembles a tale spoken by an old military man. So, the subject matter of the story is the recollections of the events of the war on the Spanish area where the Lincoln Battalion held for four and a half months along the heights of the Jarama River, described by the author as eulogy (of /to) those who gave their lives in the sake of the freedom. The controlling idea deduced by the author is that not a single soldier of that fight is forgotten, all of them live in the hearts of people they protected. If to revise that Hemingway visited Spain not once and liked this country, we can underline that the given idea is quite patriotic.

What concerns the text itself, it is told in the 1st person narrative, though we don't have any obvious evidences of Hemingway's presence, usually marked by the personal pronoun "I". But on the other hand, we always feel as if the author narrates us the story right now, we feel how passion, sorrow and hate boils in him, as if ready to return everything to fight again: "The Spanish people will rise again as they have always risen before against tyranny."

The narration is interlaced with descriptive, historical and lyrical passages. We can be convinced of that for example by reading the first passage of the story:

"The dead sleep cold in Spain tonight. Snow blows through the olive groves, sifting against the tree roots. Snow drifts over the mounds with small headboards. (When there was time for headboards.) The olive trees are thin in the cold wind because their lower branches were once cut to cover tanks, and the dead sleep cold in the small hills above the Jarama River. It was cold that February when they died there and since then the dead have not noticed the changes of the seasons."

What matters here is that there are no dialogues of personages and no individual characters at all. Just the common reference to people: the dead, the Spanish people, the fascists, the Spanish peasants, the Spanish workers. This also proves the type of narration being close to the recollection.

The prevailing mood of the story is rather gloomy and sometimes lyrical, coming into more optimistic at the end. Such words as dead, die, slavery, war – make it gloomy. The sentences like "The black trees will come to life with small green leaves, and there will be blossoms on the apple trees along the Jarama River" add some lyrical tone to the narration. And the assurance of the author in the future supplements the text with some kind of the optimism.

The style of the author is colloquial, he doesn't applies here pompous bookish words or professionalisms, as the coloquial style fully corresponds the given situation. This fact demonstrates the talent of Hemingway as an outstanding writer.

The logical structure of the text is not simple, as while reading we come across the passages of different length. The last paragraph for example consists of only one sentence. And the logical argumentation of the paragraphs needs also deep considering of the reader, as the sentences of different passages are closely combined with the certain subject line.

Among the stylistic devices used by the author we would name the repetition, which aims to stress the things important for the narrator: "For our dead are a part of the earth of Spain now and the earth of Spain can never die", "and there is forever for them to remember them in".

The cases of parallel construction also contain some implied sense: "Each winter it will seem to die and each spring it will come alive again."

All in all, the story reflects the author's preoccupation with the moral self and can give food for thought to anyone who is able to think.

Тема 3. Текст. Интерпретация. Проблемы интерпретации текста. Информационная природа текста.

Christina Rossetti

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;

Come in the speaking silence of a dream;

Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright

As sunlight on a stream;

Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.
Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad song for me;
Plant no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise or set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply I may forget.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of thought that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than you should remember and be sad.

The Beginning of Spring

In 1913 the journey from Moscow to Charing Cross, changing at Warsaw, cost fourteen pounds, six shillings and threepence and took two and a half days. In the March of 1913 Frank Reid's wife Nellie started out on this journey from 22 Lipka Street in the Khamovniki district, taking the three children with her – that is Dolly, Ben and Annushka. Annushka (or Annie) was two and three-quarters and likely to be an even greater nuisance than the others. However Dunyasha, the nurse who looked after the children at 22 Lipka Street, did not go with them.

Dunyasha must have been in the know, but Frank Reid was not. The first he heard about it, when he came back from the Press to his house, was from a letter. This letter, he was told by the servant Toma, had been brought by a messenger.

'Where is he now?' asked Frank, taking the letter in his hand. It was in Nellie's writing.

'He's gone about his business. He belongs to the Guild of Messengers, he's not allowed to take a rest anywhere.'

Frank walked straight through to the back right hand quarter of the house and into the kitchen, where he found the messenger with his red cap on the table in front of him, drinking tea with the cook and her assistant.

'Where did you get this letter?'

'I was called to this house,' said the messenger, getting to his feet, 'and given the letter.'

'Who gave it to you?'

'Your wife, Elena Karlovna Reid.'

'This is my house and I live here. Why did she need a messenger?'

The shoe-cleaning boy, known as the Little Cossack, the washerwoman, who was on her regular weekly call, the maid, and Toma had, by now, all come into the kitchen. 'He was told to deliver it to your office,' Toma said, 'but you have come home earlier than usual and anticipated him.' Frank had been born and brought up in Moscow, and though he was quiet by nature and undemonstrative, he knew that there were times when his life had to be acted out, as though on a stage. He sat down by the window, although at four o'clock it was already dark, and opened the letter in front of them all.

Тема 5. Прагматическая интерпретация художественного текста. Речь и уровень персонажа в художественном тексте.

Hitting Trees with Sticks

Jane Rogers

As I am walking home from the shops I pass a young girl hitting a tree. I should say she is about ten years old. She's using a stout stick, quite possibly a broom handle, and she is methodically and repeatedly whacking the trunk, as if it is a job she has to do. There is a boy who stands and watches her. The tree is Prunus subhirtella, flowering cherry, growing in the strip of grass that separates the pavement from the dual carriageway.

I know that when I speculate about such things, I am on treacherous ground. But as I look at her I do have a flicker, like the quick opening of a camera shutter, of Henry crouched on the bonnet of the old green Ford, bashing it with a rock. We were at the farm then, so he must have been nine. The flicker is not so much of what he did (because of course I remember the incident perfectly well) as of my own furious older-sister indignation.

Watching the girl today I feel simply puzzled. So many things are puzzling. The only thing that is certain is that I cannot trust myself to get it right. That flicker of indignant fury runs through my veins like a shot of cognac. Wonderful. I can walk on with a spring in my step. Hitting trees with sticks makes me think of the way they sometimes feed remains of animals to the same species; pigs, for example. Hitting the poor tree with wood, making it beat itself. It is against nature, it adds insult to injury. But maybe I am missing something.

When I come to unlock the front door, I can't find my keys. I find a set of keys in my bag but they aren't mine. Mine have two shiny wooden balls like conkers attached to the key-fob; boxwood and yew, golden and blood red. I've had them for years. They came from trees that were uprooted in the great gale. There is no fob at all with these keys, they are simply attached to a cheap metal ring. I search carefully through my coat pockets and the compartments of my bag. I check in my purse. My own keys are definitely missing – and as for these new ones, I have never seen them in my life before. It is worth trying them, obviously, since they must have appeared in my bag for a reason; and lo and behold, they open my door.

All I can think is that Natalie must have put them there when she had an extra set cut. She must have forgotten, and hung onto the old ones by mistake. I have to have a little chuckle over that, since she's always so keen to point out my lapses of memory.

The post has come while I was out. The council writes about the almond tree.

Your tree which stands 0.5 metres from the neighbouring garden, no 26 Chapel St, is aged and diseased, with consequent danger of falling branches. Our inspector is unable to recommend a preservation order. A tree surgeon will call on Oct 29 to fell this tree and remove the timber. Thank you for your co-operation.

Their thanks are a little premature, since I have no intention of co-operating. I find the whole thing perfectly extraordinary. Last spring the almond tree, Prunus dulcis, was smothered in blossom; the petals carpeted the garden like pink snow. I can only assume they've made a mistake. Well, clearly they have made a mistake, because nobody has been to inspect the tree. I'd know if they had because I would have had to let them through the house to get into the garden.

There is always this nagging doubt, however. I have Natalie to thank for that. I know she has my best interests at heart but one can feel undermined. Frankly, one does feel undermined, to the point where I find it safer to tell her very little about my affairs, to save myself the confusion and humiliation of her interference.

I let myself out into the garden to be perfectly sure. It is not a patch on its former glory but there are a few sweet roses still, Rosa Mundi and Madame Alfred Carrière. And at the edge of the lawn the dear little autumn croci, my last present from Neil. Now, the almond tree. Undoubtedly it is alive: the leaves are turning. There are a couple of bare branches over next door's garden but those leaves may well have dropped early. It might be an idea to take a look. I am in the process of dragging one of the garden chairs to the fence when I hear the doorbell. It rings repeatedly, as if an impatient person were stabbing at it without pause.

At the door there's a woman in jeans which are too young and too tight.

'Meals on Wheels. Was you asleep love?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Mrs Celia Benson?'

'Yes.'

'Let me bring it in, love, it'll be stone cold.'

'Certainly not.'

'It's your dinner, love. Shepherds pie.'

'Is it for number 26? They're away, you know.'

'I'll tell you what, you give your Natalie a ring. She'll remind you. And let me just pop this on the kitchen table.' She deposits her tray, leaving the kitchen filled with the thick odour of school canteen. Is it possible Natalie has ordered Meals on Wheels without consulting me? Even for Natalie, that would be going a little far. What on earth am I supposed to do with it? There'll be some poor old dear somewhere down the road waiting for her dinner, while this sits here getting cold. I should ring Meals on Wheels, I suppose.

When I go to pick up the phone, it's not in its cradle. Somebody has moved it. Unless of course I left it by my bed. That's quite possible, I do take it up with me at night, and I'm not always one hundred percent about bringing it down again in the morning. You see I am aware that I'm not perfect at remembering. In fact it's only as I'm making my way upstairs that I remember the girl. There is a girl who stays in the back bedroom. How she has slept through all this racket I can't imagine. Her door is slightly ajar, so I can peep in without disturbing her. But she's gone. She must have slipped out while I was in the garden. She's not a spot of trouble, that girl, she's so quiet and tidy you'd hardly know she was there. I can scarcely remember the last time I spoke to her. My legs are playing up, so I sit on her bed and try to remember; it is important to try. As Natalie says, in her rather brutal way, use it or loose it. I do remember looking in the room just before I went to bed. And she was sleeping then, I saw her dark hair on the pillow. Now I would only have looked in if I was checking she was there, which would suggest that she returned fairly late, while I was watching television, and that she slipped quietly upstairs without me knowing. It would have been the un-certainty which led me to check on her.

When I stand up and look out of her window my eye is drawn to the almond tree. Its leaves are turning, some are yellow and some are red. But there's a suspiciously bare branch above the fence. I hope it's not diseased. Someone has left a garden chair next to it, right on the flower bed. I shall have to go and move it when I've had my dinner. I fancy a cheese salad sandwich, but when I look in the breadbin I am astonished. There is no bread at all, not even a crust! Instead there is a neat brown paper parcel. It looks the sort of parcel which might have been delivered by the postman; brown paper, sellotape, edges neatly folded in. But most curious of all, there is no address. It is much too small to contain bread, so what is it doing in the breadbin? I wonder if I am the victim of some kind of practical joke. Or – I hope I haven't done something foolish.

It is important Natalie should not find out; unless of course it is another of her attempts to be helpful, backfiring. I have to hunt for the scissors to get through the sellotape, it really is extremely well wrapped. It makes me think of pass the parcel. Imagine my astonishment at discovering inside - my doorkeys! They are definitely mine, they have the two shiny wooden marbles from the yew and the box. I pop them into my coat pocket directly, in order not to mislay them. Then I sit down to my dinner which is rather cool by this point. I eat half the shepherds pie but leave the peas. I have never been able to understand the attraction of mushy peas. I can't think why they gave them to me, whoever it was, the person who made my dinner. They have been quick about it, I must say. Tidy too; I wonder if it was the girl upstairs? I could ask Natalie – or perhaps just leave a thank you note by the cooker, that might be the best plan, cut out the middleman.

I put the kettle on and then I realise the phone is ringing. It is rather difficult to hear when the kettle is roaring away, so I turn it off. Definitely the phone is ringing. But when I go to pick it up somebody has moved it. I look on the table, the dresser, down the arms of the sofa. It has simply vanished. When it stops ringing I turn the kettle back on and to my annoyance the phone starts up all over again. I have the sudden inspiration that someone may have put it in the breadbin; but no, the breadbin is empty. That in itself is strange, because I must have been shopping this morning. I take the weight off my legs and try to remember what I bought. Bread, obviously, since I have run out; and very likely fruit, because the fruit bowl is empty. I probably bought a nice little piece of cod or chicken for my tea. Where is my shopping? Is it possible someone has nipped in and stolen it? I know that is unlikely. In fact, that is the sort of thing I am quite determined not to think, because it is paranoid, and whilst it is one thing to be forgetful, it is entirely another to be paranoid and irritating to others. As I have said to Natalie, if I ever get like Grandma, shoot me.

The telephone recommences its ringing and I recall that I have perhaps not fetched it down from beside my bed. I am toiling up the stairs to see, when the doorbell rings.

It is Natalie with her mobile clamped to her ear. 'Why can't you answer the phone, Mum?'

'Why are you phoning me when you're standing on my doorstep?'

'I've been phoning you all day, you never answer. I thought something was wrong.'

'I've been out.'

'Where?' She follows me into the kitchen.

'Shopping.'

'Yes but you must've come back hours ago. You've had your lunch! What's this?' She picks up a letter and begins to read it. 'Thank god, at last they're dealing with that wretched tree.'

'What does it say?'

‘Haven’t you read it?’

‘I don’t believe I have.’

‘They’re going to chop down the old almond tree that next door keep going on about.’

I am not sure who ‘they’ are, who plan to chop down my tree, but Natalie can be a little impatient so I shall wait till she has gone, then read that letter for myself. I ask her if she would like some tea but she is in a hurry.

‘Mum, where’s the phone? That’s why you didn’t answer, isn’t it.’

‘I don’t know what you mean.’

‘Where’s the phone?’ She presses her mobile and the phone begins to ring.

‘Please don’t do that, Natalie.’

Natalie goes upstairs and after a minute the ringing stops. She comes back down with the phone. ‘You need to get an extension.’

‘That’s rather an extravagance, isn’t it?’

‘Mum. I have to come and check on you because you can't answer the phone because you don’t know where it is.’

‘There really isn’t any need for you to check on me, you know.’

Natalie opens the fridge. ‘What are you having for tea?’

‘Chops.’

‘Where are they?’

‘I haven’t unpacked my shopping yet.’

She sits down at the table. ‘Look, I worry about you. You forget things. I know you want to be independent but sometimes -’

‘What do you want me to do?’

‘Get another phone. I’ll get it for you, you can pay me back. Alright?’

‘Alright.’

‘Good. Shall I unpack your shopping before I go?’

‘It’s fine thank you. I can do it myself.’

‘OK. I’ll call in tomorrow after work. See you Mum.’ She kisses me and lets herself out. Lucky about that shopping; now, I have to find it, quick sticks, before it slips my mind again. I have an inkling I’ve put it in the breadbin – but no. It isn't in the fridge or the cooker; I wonder if the girl upstairs has taken it to her room by mistake? But a thorough search upstairs draws a blank. I have to sit on her bed for a little rest, I really am feeling quite done in.

When I come back down to the kitchen I notice a letter from the council on the table. They want to cut down the almond tree! It was here when Neil and I bought this house in 1951. It must be nearly as old as I am, I should be very sad to see it go. But I must concentrate on the shopping. I might have left it in the garden. My legs are painful and it seems to me that the joy has rather gone out of the day. Maybe I could go to bed early and not bother with tea.

No, that would not be sensible. Break your routine and where are you? Adrift on a wide wide sea. I let myself out into the garden; it is already dusk, with a chill in the air. Someone has left one of the garden chairs on the flowerbed near the tree. I move it, and then I have a good look under the bushes for my shopping. If it isn’t there it’s nowhere; and that’s what I am forced to conclude. It is a relief to feel certain about it. At least now I can sit down in the warm and stop worrying. But when I try to go back inside the door won't budge. I know I haven’t locked it. I check my pockets – no keys. That proves it. But it is definitely locked. I sit on a garden chair and try to decide what to do. Who has locked me out? I peer into the sitting room but it is too dark to see.

I wonder if the girl upstairs has come in. I tap on the sitting room window. There is no reply. Then I hear the phone begin to ring. I hope she might answer it, but it rings and rings, more than 20 times. Who could be ringing me? Natalie. I am decidedly chilly. I feel around in the blackness of the garden shed and manage to lay my hands on the picnic cloth, which I wrap around my shoulders. It smells rather sweetly of grass clippings. The outdoor broom topples over, so I take it for a walking stick. I hobble back to the sitting room window and listen to the phone ringing again. I expect she will come round in a while. She will be cross with me.

I don't want to be any trouble and everything seems to conspire against it. I can see I am nothing but trouble. Perhaps I can make them hear me next door. But when I look up at their house, I remember they're away. They leave that bright bathroom light on to fool robbers, though any robber worth his salt wouldn't take long to work out that the bathroom light has been left on for a fortnight. They think nothing of wasting electricity, the bulb must be 200 watts. It shines straight down onto my almond tree, as if it were the star of the stage. That tree has been nothing but trouble.

When Natalie comes, she'll not only be cross about the phone, she'll also be cross about the tree. It has been diseased for years. If it wasn't for that tree I would never have had to come into the garden in the first place. The trouble it's caused: the letters, the telephone calls, the stream of people coming and going about that tree - Why can't they just chop it down and have done with it?

I am a patient woman, I believe I am. I try to be patient. Not like Henry, he always had a horrible temper on him. I can see him now, hitting and hitting that old green Ford, just because they wouldn't let him ride the tractor. But I have to ask where it has got me. Look at me now, trapped in my own garden in the cold and the dark, with my swollen legs really quite troublesome, having to face Natalie being angry with me yet again. Natalie is angry. I should be angry. First Grandma, and now this. I have to wonder, you know; is she me? Am I my mother?

I think about being angry. I think about feeling a hot flicker of rage, coursing through my veins like a shot of cognac. I think I am angry. Really, I have had enough of all this, I have had it up to here. Grasping the garden broom firmly I stride over to that wretched tree. It's time I taught it a lesson. I raise my broom and begin to whack it, good solid ringing blows on the trunk. Yes! My anger is warming me through and through. It is time that old tree knew it was beaten.

The Terrible Old Man

Howard Phillips Lovecraft

It was the design of Angelo Ricci and Joe Czanek and Manuel Silva to call on the Terrible Old Man. This old man dwells all alone in a very ancient house on Water Street near the sea, and is reputed to be both exceedingly rich and exceedingly feeble; which forms a situation very attractive to men of the profession of Messrs. Ricci, Czanek, and Silva, for that profession was nothing less dignified than robbery.

The inhabitants of Kingsport say and think many things about the Terrible Old Man which generally keep him safe from the attention of gentlemen like Mr. Ricci and his colleagues, despite the almost certain fact that he hides a fortune of indefinite magnitude somewhere about his musty and venerable abode. He is, in truth, a very strange person, believed to have been a captain of East India clipper ships in his day; so old that no one can remember when he was young, and so taciturn that few know his real name. Among the gnarled trees in the front yard of his aged and neglected place he maintains a strange collection of large stones, oddly grouped and painted so that they resemble the idols in some obscure Eastern temple. This collection frightens away most of the small boys who love to taunt the Terrible Old Man about his long white hair and beard, or to break the small-paned windows of his dwelling with wicked missiles; but there are other things which frighten the older and more curious folk who sometimes steal up to the house to peer in through the dusty panes. These folk say that on a table in a bare room on the ground floor are many peculiar bottles, in each a small piece of lead suspended pendulum-wise from a string. And they say that the Terrible Old Man talks to these bottles, addressing them by such names as Jack, Scar-Face, Long Tom, Spanish Joe, Peters, and Mate Ellis, and that whenever he speaks to a bottle the little lead pendulum within makes certain definite vibrations as if in answer.

Those who have watched the tall, lean, Terrible Old Man in these peculiar conversations, do not watch him again. But Angelo Ricci and Joe Czanek and Manuel Silva were not of Kingsport blood; they were of that new and heterogeneous alien stock which lies outside the charmed circle of New England life and traditions, and they saw in the Terrible Old Man merely a tottering, almost helpless grey-beard, who could not walk without the aid of his knotted cane, and whose thin, weak hands shook pitifully. They were really quite sorry in their way for the lonely, unpopular old fellow, whom everybody shunned, and at whom all the dogs barked singularly. But business is business, and to a robber whose soul is in his profession, there is a lure and a challenge about a very old and very feeble man who has no account at the bank, and who pays for his few necessities at the village store with Spanish gold and silver minted two centuries ago.

Messrs. Ricci, Czanek, and Silva selected the night of April 11th for their call. Mr. Ricci and Mr. Silva were to interview the poor old gentleman, whilst Mr. Czanek waited for them and their presumable metallic burden with a covered motor-car in Ship Street, by the gate in the tall rear wall of their hosts grounds. Desire to avoid needless explanations in case of unexpected police intrusions prompted these plans for a quiet and unostentatious departure.

As prearranged, the three adventurers started out separately in order to prevent any evil-minded suspicions afterward. Messrs. Ricci and Silva met in Water Street by the old man's front gate, and although they did not like the way the moon shone down upon the painted stones through the budding branches of the gnarled trees, they had more important things to think about than mere idle superstition. They feared it might be unpleasant work making the Terrible Old Man loquacious concerning his hoarded gold and silver, for aged sea-captains are notably stubborn and perverse. Still, he was very old and very feeble, and there were two visitors. Messrs. Ricci and Silva were experienced in the art of making unwilling persons voluble, and the screams of a weak and exceptionally venerable man can be easily muffled. So they moved up to the one lighted window and heard the Terrible Old Man talking childishly to his bottles with pendulums. Then they donned masks and knocked politely at the weather-stained oaken door.

Waiting seemed very long to Mr. Czanek as he fidgeted restlessly in the covered motor-car by the Terrible Old Man's back gate in Ship Street. He was more than ordinarily tender-hearted, and he did not like the hideous screams he had heard in the ancient house just after the hour appointed for the deed. Had he not told his colleagues to be as gentle as possible with the pathetic old sea-captain? Very nervously he watched that narrow oaken gate in the high and ivy-clad stone wall. Frequently he consulted his watch, and wondered at the delay. Had the old man died before revealing where his treasure was hidden, and had a thorough search become necessary? Mr. Czanek did not like to wait so long in the dark in such a place. Then he sensed a soft tread or tapping on the walk inside the gate, heard a gentle fumbling at the rusty latch, and saw the narrow, heavy door swing inward. And in the pallid glow of the single dim street-lamp he strained his eyes to see what his colleagues had brought out of that sinister house which loomed so close behind. But when he looked, he did not see what he had expected; for his colleagues were not there at all, but only the Terrible Old Man leaning quietly on his knotted cane and smiling hideously. Mr. Czanek had never before noticed the colour of that mans eyes; now he saw that they were yellow.

Little things make considerable excitement in little towns, which is the reason that Kingsport people talked all that spring and summer about the three unidentifiable bodies, horribly slashed as with many cutlasses, and horribly mangled as by the tread of many cruel boot-heels, which the tide washed in. And some people even spoke of things as trivial as the deserted motor-car found in Ship Street, or certain especially inhuman cries, probably of a stray animal or migratory bird, heard in the night by wakeful citizens. But in this idle village gossip the Terrible Old Man took no interest at all. He was by nature reserved, and when one is aged and feeble, one's reserve is doubly strong. Besides, so ancient a sea-captain must have witnessed scores of things much more stirring in the far-off days of his unremembered youth.

Тема 6. Когнитивный подход к интерпретации художественного текста. Парадигма исследования художественного текста.

A Respectable Woman

Kate Chopin

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gouvernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.

They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tete-a-tete with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two.

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eyeglasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.

But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem.

Once settled at the plantation he seemed to like to sit upon the wide portico in the shade of one of the big Corinthian pillars, smoking his cigar lazily and listening attentively to Gaston's experience as a sugar planter.

"This is what I call living," he would utter with deep satisfaction, as the air that swept across the sugar field caressed him with its warm and scented velvety touch. It pleased him also to get on familiar terms with the big dogs that came about him, rubbing themselves sociably against his legs. He did not care to fish, and displayed no eagerness to go out and kill grosbecs when Gaston proposed doing so.

Gouvernail's personality puzzled Mrs. Baroda, but she liked him. Indeed, he was a lovable, inoffensive fellow. After a few days, when she could understand him no better than at first, she gave over being puzzled and remained piqued. In this mood she left her husband and her guest, for the most part, alone together. Then finding that Gouvernail took no manner of exception to her action, she imposed her society upon him, accompanying him in his idle strolls to the mill and walks along the batture. She persistently sought to penetrate the reserve in which he had unconsciously enveloped himself.

"When is he going--your friend?" she one day asked her husband. "For my part, he tires me frightfully."

"Not for a week yet, dear. I can't understand; he gives you no trouble."

"No. I should like him better if he did; if he were more like others, and I had to plan somewhat for his comfort and enjoyment."

Gaston took his wife's pretty face between his hands and looked tenderly and laughingly into her troubled eyes.

They were making a bit of toilet sociably together in Mrs. Baroda's dressing-room.

"You are full of surprises, ma belle," he said to her. "Even I can never count upon how you are going to act under given conditions." He kissed her and turned to fasten his cravat before the mirror.

"Here you are," he went on, "taking poor Gouvernail seriously and making a commotion over him, the last thing he would desire or expect."

"Commotion!" she hotly resented. "Nonsense! How can you say such a thing? Commotion, indeed! But, you know, you said he was clever."

"So he is. But the poor fellow is run down by overwork now. That's why I asked him here to take a rest."

"You used to say he was a man of ideas," she retorted, unconciliated. "I expected him to be interesting, at least. I'm going to the city in the morning to have my spring gowns fitted. Let me know when Mr. Gouvernail is gone; I shall be at my Aunt Octavie's."

That night she went and sat alone upon a bench that stood beneath a live oak tree at the edge of the gravel walk.

She had never known her thoughts or her intentions to be so confused. She could gather nothing from them but the feeling of a distinct necessity to quit her home in the morning.

Mrs. Baroda heard footsteps crunching the gravel; but could discern in the darkness only the approaching red point of a lighted cigar. She knew it was Gouvernail, for her husband did not smoke. She hoped to remain unnoticed, but her white gown revealed her to him. He threw away his cigar and seated himself upon the bench beside her; without a suspicion that she might object to his presence.

"Your husband told me to bring this to you, Mrs. Baroda," he said, handing her a filmy, white scarf with which she sometimes enveloped her head and shoulders. She accepted the scarf from him with a murmur of thanks, and let it lie in her lap.

He made some commonplace observation upon the baneful effect of the night air at the season. Then as his gaze reached out into the darkness, he murmured, half to himself:

"`Night of south winds--night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night--'"

She made no reply to this apostrophe to the night, which, indeed, was not addressed to her.

Gouvernail was in no sense a diffident man, for he was not a self-conscious one. His periods of reserve were not constitutional, but the result of moods. Sitting there beside Mrs. Baroda, his silence melted for the time.

He talked freely and intimately in a low, hesitating drawl that was not unpleasant to hear. He talked of the old college days when he and Gaston had been a good deal to each other; of the days of keen and blind ambitions and large intentions. Now there was left with him, at least, a philosophic acquiescence to the existing order--only a desire to be permitted to exist, with now and then a little whiff of genuine life, such as he was breathing now.

Her mind only vaguely grasped what he was saying. Her physical being was for the moment predominant. She was not thinking of his words, only drinking in the tones of his voice. She wanted to reach out her hand in the darkness and touch him with the sensitive tips of her fingers upon the face or the lips. She wanted to draw close to him and whisper against his cheek--she did not care what--as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman.

The stronger the impulse grew to bring herself near him, the further, in fact, did she draw away from him. As soon as she could do so without an appearance of too great rudeness, she rose and left him there alone.

Before she reached the house, Gouvernail had lighted a fresh cigar and ended his apostrophe to the night.

Mrs. Baroda was greatly tempted that night to tell her husband--who was also her friend--of this folly that had seized her. But she did not yield to the temptation. Beside being a respectable woman she was a very sensible one; and she knew there are some battles in life which a human being must fight alone.

When Gaston arose in the morning, his wife had already departed. She had taken an early morning train to the city. She did not return till Gouvernail was gone from under her roof.

There was some talk of having him back during the summer that followed. That is, Gaston greatly desired it; but this desire yielded to his wife's strenuous opposition.

However, before the year ended, she proposed, wholly from herself, to have Gouvernail visit them again. Her husband was surprised and delighted with the suggestion coming from her.

"I am glad, chere amie, to know that you have finally overcome your dislike for him; truly he did not deserve it."

"Oh," she told him, laughingly, after pressing a long, tender kiss upon his lips, "I have overcome everything! you will see. This time I shall be very nice to him."

Hearts And Hands

by O. Henry

At Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound B. & M. Express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a re-versed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet, and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; "it's otherwise engaged just at present."

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but, I see you're acquainted with the marshal here. If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it, and it'll make things easier for me there. He's taking me to Leavenworth prison. It's seven years for counterfeiting."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. "So that is what you are doing out here? A marshal!"

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton, calmly, "I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and--well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but--"

"The ambassador," said the girl, warmly, "doesn't call any more. He needn't ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That's different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd."

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

"Don't you worry about them, miss," said the other man. "All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business."

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.

"Not soon, I think," said Easton. "My butterfly days are over, I fear."

"I love the West," said the girl irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out the car window. She began to speak truly and simply without the gloss of style and manner: "Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn't everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid--"

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man. "This isn't quite fair. I'm needing a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day. Haven't you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won't you? I'm half dead for a pipe."

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said, lightly. "It's the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know." He held out his hand for a farewell.

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, reclothing herself with manner and style. "But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Easton, "I must go on to Leavenworth."

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

The two passengers in a seat near by had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: "That marshal's a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right."

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why--Oh! didn't you catch on? Say--did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his right hand?"

4.3 Промежуточная аттестация по дисциплине проводится в форме зачета, экзамена

Типовые вопросы зачета (ОПК-4)

1. Понятие текста в современной лингвостилистике.
2. Художественный текст, его свойства и категории.
3. Структура художественного текста.
4. Средства выдвижения (актуализации) языковых единиц в тексте.
5. Фонологический уровень текстовой организации.

Типовые задания для зачета (ОПК-4)

Проанализируйте следующие стихотворения к. Розетти

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;

Come in the speaking silence of a dream;

Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.
Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad song for me;
Plant no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise or set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply I may forget.

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of thought that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than you should remember and be sad.

Типовые вопросы экзамена (ОПК-4)

Типовые вопросы для зачета

1. Понятие текста в современной лингвостилистике.
2. Художественный текст, его свойства и категории.
3. Структура художественного текста.
4. Средства выдвижения (актуализации) языковых единиц в тексте.
5. Фонологический уровень текстовой организации.

Вопросы для экзамена

1. Понятие текста в современной лингвостилистике.
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4. Средства выдвижения (актуализации) языковых единиц в тексте.
5. Фонологический уровень текстовой организации.
6. Морфологический уровень текстовой организации.
7. Семантическая структура слова и возможности актуализации автосемантичной лексики.
8. Структурно-семантическая и тематическая организация текста.
9. Синтаксический уровень художественного текста. Длина и структура предложения как факторы актуализации художественного смысла.
10. Понятие синтаксического ритма текста. Методы его анализа.

Типовые задания для экзамена (ОПК-4)

Типовые задания для экзамена

Осуществите филологический анализ текста

First Confession (F. O'Connor)

It was pitch-dark and I couldn't see priest or anything else. Then I really began to be frightened. In the darkness it was a matter between God and me, and He had all the odds. He knew what my intentions were before I even started; I had no chance. All I had ever been told about confession got mixed up in my mind, and I knelt to one wall and said: "Bless me, father, for I have sinned; this is my first confession." I waited for a few minutes, but nothing happened, so I tried it on the other wall. Nothing happened there either. He had me spotted all right.

It must have been then that I noticed the shelf at about one height with my head. It was really a place for grown-up people to rest their elbows, but in my distracted state I thought it was probably the place you were supposed to kneel. Of course, it was on the high side and not very deep, but I was always good at climbing and managed to get up all right. Staying up was the trouble. There was room only for my knees, and nothing you could get a grip on but a sort of wooden moulding a bit above it. I held on to the moulding and repeated the words a little louder, and this time something happened all right. A slide was slammed back; a little light entered the box, and a man's voice said "Who's there?"

"Tis me, father," I said for fear he mightn't see me and go away again. I couldn't see him at all. The place the voice came from was under the moulding, about level with my knees, so I took a good grip of the moulding and swung myself down till I saw the astonished face of a young priest looking up at me. He had to put his head on one side to see me, and I had to put mine on one side to see him, so we were more or less talking to one another upside-down. It struck me as a queer way of hearing confessions, but I didn't feel it my place to riticize.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned ; this is my first confession" I rattled off all in one breath, and swung myself down the least shade more to make it easier for him.

"What are you doing up there?" he shouted in an angry voice, and the strain the politeness was putting on my hold of the moulding, and the shock of being addressed in such an uncivil tone, were too much for me. I lost my grip, tumbled, and hit the door an unmerciful wallop before I found myself flat on my back in the middle of the aisle. The people who had been waiting stood up with their mouths open. The priest opened the door of the middle box and came out, pushing his biretta back from his forehead; he looked something terrible. Then Nora came scampering down the aisle.

“Oh, you dirty little caffler! “she said. “I might have known you’d do it. I might have known you’d disgrace me. I can’t leave you out of my sight for one minute.”

Before I could even get to my feet to defend myself she bent down and gave me a clip across the ear. This reminded me that I was so stunned I had even forgotten to cry, so that people might think I wasn’t hurt at all, when in fact I was probably maimed for life. I gave a roar out of me.

“What’s all this about? “the priest hissed, getting angrier than ever and pushing Nora off me. “How dare you hit the child like that, you little vixen?”

“But I can’t do my penance with him, father,” Nora cried, cocking an outraged eye up at him.

“Well, go and do it, or I’ll give you some more to do,” he said, giving me a hand up. “Was it coming to confession you were, my poor man?” he asked me.

“’Twas, father,” said I with a sob.

“Oh,” he said respectfully, “a big hefty fellow like you must have terrible sins. Is this your first?”

‘Tis, father,” said I.

“Worse and worse,” he said gloomily. “The crimes of a lifetime. I don’t know will I get rid of you at all today. You’d better wait now till I’m finished with these old ones. You can see by the looks of them they haven’t much to tell.”

“I will, father,” I said with something approaching joy.

The relief of it was really enormous. Nora stuck out her tongue at me from behind his back, but I couldn’t even be bothered retorting. I knew from the very moment that man opened his mouth that he was intelligent above the ordinary. When I had time to think, I saw how right I was. It only stood to reason that a fellow confessing after seven years would have more to tell than people that went every week. The crimes of a lifetime, exactly as he said. It was only what he expected, and the rest was the cackle of old women and girls with their talk of hell, the bishop, and the penitential psalms. That was all they knew. I started to make my examination of conscience, and barring the one bad business of my grandmother, it didn’t seem so bad.

The next time, the priest steered me into the confession box himself and left the shutter back, the way I could see him get in and sit down at the further side of the grille from me.

“Well, now,” he said, “what do they call you?”

“Jackie, father,” said I.

“And what’s a-trouble to you, Jackie?”

Father,” I said, feeling I might as well get it over while I had him in good humour, “I had it all arranged to kill my grandmother.”

He seemed a bit shaken by that, all right, because he said nothing for quite a while.

“My goodness,” he said at last, “that’d be a shocking thing to do. What put that into your head?”

Father,” I said, feeling very sorry for myself, “ she’s an awful woman.

Is she? “ he asked. “ What way is she awful?

She takes porter, father,” I said, knowing well from the way Mother talked of it that this was a mortal sin, and hoping it would make the priest take a more favourable view of my case.

“Oh, my ! “ he said, and I could see he was impressed.

“And snuff, father,” said I.

“That’s a bad case, sure enough, Jackie,” he said.

“And she goes round in her bare feet, father,” I went on in a rush of self-pity, “and she knows I don’t like her, and she gives pennies to Nora and none to me, and my da sides with her and flakes me, and one night I was so heart-scalded I made up my mind I’d have to kill her.”

“And what would you do with the body? “he asked with great interest.

“I was thinking I could chop that up and carry it away in a barrow I have,” I said.

“Begor, Jackie,” he said, “do you know you’re a terrible child?

“I know, father,” I said, for I was just thinking the same thing myself. “I tried to kill Nora too with a bread-knife under the table, only I missed her.”

Is that the little girl that was beating you just now?” he asked.

Tis, father.”

“Someone will go for her with a bread-knife one day, and he won’t miss her,” he said rather cryptically. “You must have great courage. Between ourselves, there’s a lot of people I’d like to do the same to, but I’d never have the nerve. Hanging is an awful death.”

Is it, father? “I asked with the deepest interest-I was always very keen on hanging. “Did you ever see a fellow hanged?”

“Dozens of them,” he said solemnly. “And they all died roaring.”

“Jay ! “ I said.

Oh, a horrible death ! “ he said with great satisfaction.

“Lots of the fellows I saw killed their grandmothers too, but they all said ‘twas never worth it.”

He had me there for a full ten minutes talking, and then walked out the chapel yard with me. I was genuinely sorry to part with him, because he was the most entertaining character I’d ever met in the religious line. Outside, after the shadow of the church, the sunlight was like the roaring of waves on a beach; it dazzled me; and when the frozen silence melted and I heard the screech of trams on the road, my heart soared. I knew now I wouldn’t die in the night and come back, leaving marks on my mother’s furniture. It would be a great worry to her, and the poor soul had enough.

Nora was sitting on the railing, waiting for me, and she put on a very sour puss when she saw the priest with me. She was mad jealous because a priest had never come out of the church with her.

“Well,” she asked coldly, after he left me, “what did he give you?”

“Three Hail Marys,” I said.

“Three Hail Marys,” she repeated incredulously. “You mustn’t have told him anything.”

“I told him everything,” I said confidently.

“About Gran and all?”

“About Gran and all.”

(All she wanted was to be able to go home and say I’d made a bad confession.)

“Did you tell him you went for me with the bread-knife?” she asked with a frown.

“I did to be sure.”

“And he only gave you three Hail Marys?”

“That’s all.”

She slowly got down from the railing with a baffled air. Clearly, this was beyond her. As we mounted the steps back to the main road, she looked at me suspiciously.

“What are you sucking?” she asked. Bullseyes.”

“Was it the priest gave them to you? ‘Twas.”

“Lord God,” she wailed bitterly, “some people have all the luck! ‘Tis no advantage to anybody trying to be good. I might just as well be a sinner like you.”

4.4. Шкала оценивания промежуточной аттестации

Зачет

Оценка	Компетенции	Дескрипторы (уровни) – основные признаки освоения (показатели достижения результата)
«зачтено» (50 - 100 баллов)	ОПК-4	Отлично выделяет этапы комплексного анализа текста, владеет навыком выявления различных текстовых единиц и осмысливает их в синтетическом единстве, самостоятельно и творчески осуществляет анализ пространственно-временной организации произведения, образов текста, различные виды интертекстуальности, обладает навыками анализа различного типа текстов, а также его звуковой, ритмической, семантической организации, структурно-содержательных компонентов.

«не зачтено» (0 - 49 баллов)	ОПК-4	Не разбирается в методах и приемах анализа различных видов текстов, не умеет выделить различные текстовые единицы, не может осуществить анализ текста, как комплексный, так и на уровне его отдельных компонентов, не понимает соотношения структурной и содержательной текстовой базы, не имеет представление об интертекстуальном анализе.

Экзамен

Оценка	Компетенции	Дескрипторы (уровни) – основные признаки освоения (показатели достижения результата)
«отлично» (85 - 100 баллов)	ОПК-4	Отлично выделяет этапы комплексного анализа текста, владеет навыком выявления различных текстовых единиц и осмысливает их в синтетическом единстве, самостоятельно и творчески осуществляет анализ пространственно-временной организации произведения, образов текста, различные виды интертекстуальности, обладает навыками анализа различного типа текстов, а также его звуковой, ритмической, семантической организации, структурно-содержательных компонентов.
«хорошо» (70 - 84 баллов)	ОПК-4	На хорошем уровне осмысливает различные этапы, методы и приемы анализа текста, отмечает различные текстовые единицы, обладает способностью оценивать пространственно – временное соотношение в различных типах текстов, умеет дифференцировать различные методы и приемы анализа разнообразных типов текста.
«удовлетворительно» (50 - 69 баллов)	ОПК-4	Удовлетворительно разбирается в различных методах и приемах с разными типами текстов, удовлетворительно выделяет различные текстовые единицы, удовлетворительно осуществляет комплексный анализ текста, имеет удовлетворительное представление о различных компонентах и уровнях интертекстуальности.
«неудовлетворительно» (менее 50 баллов)	ОПК-4	Не разбирается в методах и приемах анализа различных видов текстов, не умеет выделить различные текстовые единицы, не может осуществить анализ текста, как комплексный, так и на уровне его отдельных компонентов, не понимает соотношения структурной и содержательной текстовой базы, не имеет представление об интертекстуальном анализе.

5. Методические указания для обучающихся по освоению дисциплины (модуля)

5.1 Методические указания по организации самостоятельной работы обучающихся:

Приступая к изучению дисциплины, в первую очередь обучающимся необходимо ознакомиться содержанием рабочей программы дисциплины (РПД), которая определяет содержание, объем, а также порядок изучения и преподавания учебной дисциплины, ее раздела, части.

Для самостоятельной работы важное значение имеют разделы «Объем и содержание дисциплины», «Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины» и «Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины, программное обеспечение, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы».

В разделе «Объем и содержание дисциплины» указываются все разделы и темы изучаемой дисциплины, а также виды занятий и планируемый объем в академических часах.

В разделе «Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины» указана рекомендуемая основная и дополнительная литература.

В разделе «Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины, программное обеспечение, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы» содержится перечень профессиональных баз данных и информационных справочных систем, необходимых для освоения дисциплины.

5.2 Рекомендации обучающимся по работе с теоретическими материалами по дисциплине

При изучении и проработке теоретического материала необходимо:

- просмотреть еще раз презентацию лекции в системе MOODLe, повторить законспектированный на лекционном занятии материал и дополнить его с учетом рекомендованной дополнительной литературы;

- при самостоятельном изучении теоретической темы сделать конспект, используя рекомендованные в РПД источники, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы:

- ответить на вопросы для самостоятельной работы, по теме представленные в пункте 3.2 РПД.

- при подготовке к текущему контролю использовать материалы фонда оценочных средств (ФОС).

5.3 Рекомендации по работе с научной и учебной литературой

Работа с основной и дополнительной литературой является главной формой самостоятельной работы и необходима при подготовке к устному опросу на семинарских занятиях, к дебатам, тестированию, экзамену. Она включает проработку лекционного материала и рекомендованных источников и литературы по тематике лекций.

Конспект лекции должен содержать реферативную запись основных вопросов лекции, в том числе с опорой на размещенные в системе MOODLe презентаци, основных источников и литературы по темам, выводы по каждому вопросу. Конспект может быть выполнен в рамках распечатки выдачи презентаций лекций или в отдельной тетради по предмету. Он должен быть аккуратным, хорошо читаемым, не содержать не относящуюся к теме информацию или рисунки.

Конспекты научной литературы при самостоятельной подготовке к занятиям должны содержать ответы на каждый поставленный в теме вопрос, иметь ссылку на источник информации с обязательным указанием автора, названия и года издания используемой научной литературы. Конспект может быть опорным (содержать лишь основные ключевые позиции), но при этом позволяющим дать полный ответ по вопросу, может быть подробным. Объем конспекта определяется самим студентом.

В процессе работы с основной и дополнительной литературой студент может:

- делать записи по ходу чтения в виде простого или развернутого плана (создавать перечень основных вопросов, рассмотренных в источнике);

- составлять тезисы (цитирование наиболее важных мест статьи или монографии, короткое изложение основных мыслей автора);

- готовить аннотации (краткое обобщение основных вопросов работы);

- создавать конспекты (развернутые тезисы).

5.4. Рекомендации по подготовке к отдельным заданиям текущего контроля

Собеседование предполагает организацию беседы преподавателя со студентами по вопросам практического занятия с целью более обстоятельного выявления их знаний по определенному разделу, теме, проблеме и т.п. Все члены группы могут участвовать в обсуждении, добавлять информацию, дискутировать, задавать вопросы и т.д.

Устный опрос может применяться в различных формах: фронтальный, индивидуальный, комбинированный. Основные качества устного ответа подлежащего оценке:

- правильность ответа по содержанию;

- полнота и глубина ответа;

- сознательность ответа;

- логика изложения материала;

- рациональность использованных приемов и способов решения поставленной учебной задачи;

- своевременность и эффективность использования наглядных пособий и технических средств при ответе;

- использование дополнительного материала;

- рациональность использования времени, отведенного на задание.

Устный опрос может сопровождаться презентацией, которая подготавливается по одному из вопросов практического занятия. При выступлении с презентацией необходимо обращать внимание на такие моменты как:

- содержание презентации: актуальность темы, полнота ее раскрытия, смысловое содержание, соответствие заявленной темы содержанию, соответствие методическим требованиям (цели. ссылки на ресурсы. соответствие содержания и литературы), практическая направленность, соответствие содержания заявленной форме, адекватность использования технических средств учебным задачам, последовательность и логичность презентуемого материала;

- оформление презентации: объем (оптимальное количество), дизайн (читаемость, наличие и соответствие графики и анимации, звуковое оформление, структурирование информации, соответствие заявленным требованиям), оригинальность оформления, эстетика, использование возможности программной среды, соответствие стандартам оформления;

- личностные качества: ораторские способности. соблюдение регламента, эмоциональность, умение ответить на вопросы, систематизированные, глубокие и полные знания по всем разделам программы:

- содержание выступления: логичность изложения материала, раскрытие темы, доступность изложения, эффективность применения средств ИКТ, способы и условия достижения результативности и эффективности для выполнения задач своей профессиональной или учебной деятельности, доказательность принимаемых решений, умение аргументировать свои заключения, выводы.

6. Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины

6.1 Основная литература:

1. Казарин Ю. В., Бабенко Л. Г. Лингвистический анализ текста : учебник для вузов. - 2-е изд.. - Москва: Юрайт, 2025. - 119 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «ЮРАЙТ» [сайт]. - URL: https://urait.ru/bcode/564037

2. Маслова В. А., Бахтикиреева У. М. Филологический анализ художественного текста : учебник для вузов. - Москва: Юрайт, 2025. - 147 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «ЮРАЙТ» [сайт]. - URL: https://urait.ru/bcode/563847

3. Хайруллина Р. Х. Филологический анализ художественного текста: лингвокультурологический аспект : учебное пособие. - Уфа: БГПУ имени М. Акмуллы, 2025. - 138 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС "ЛАНЬ" [сайт]. - URL: https://e.lanbook.com/book/508480

6.2 Дополнительная литература:

1. Драбкина И. В., Голубых А. А. Филологический анализ текста на английском языке на материале романа “Chocolat” by Joanne Harris: практикум : учебное пособие. - Самара: Самарский университет, 2023. - 76 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС "ЛАНЬ" [сайт]. - URL: https://e.lanbook.com/book/406709

2. Болотнова Н. С. Филологический анализ текста : учебное пособие. - 5-е изд., стер.. - Москва: Флинта, 2016. - 520 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «Университетская библиотека онлайн» [сайт]. - URL: http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=83071

3. Шанский Н. М., Махмудов Ш. А. Филологический анализ художественного текста: книга для учителя : методическое пособие. - 2-е изд. - Москва: Русское слово — учебник, 2013. - 257 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «Университетская библиотека онлайн» [сайт]. - URL: http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=485516

4. Купина Н. А., Николина Н. А. Филологический анализ художественного текста : практикум. - 3-е изд., стер.. - Москва: Флинта, 2016. - 406 с. - Текст : электронный // ЭБС «Университетская библиотека онлайн» [сайт]. - URL: http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=83376

6.3 Иные источники:

1. Britannica Online - http://www.britannica.com/
2. BBC podcasts - https://www.bbc.co.uk/podcasts
3. Русский филологический портал - www.philology.ru

4. Электронная лингвистическая энциклопедия - http://www.krugosvet.ru/

7. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины, программное обеспечение, профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы

Для проведения занятий по дисциплине необходимо следующее материально-техническое обеспечение: учебные аудитории для проведения занятий лекционного и семинарского типа, групповых и индивидуальных консультаций, текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации, помещения для самостоятельной работы.

Учебные аудитории и помещения для самостоятельной работы укомплектованы специализированной мебелью и техническими средствами обучения, служащими для представления учебной информации большой аудитории.

Помещения для самостоятельной работы укомплектованы компьютерной техникой с возможностью подключения к сети "Интернет" и обеспечением доступа в электронную информационно-образовательную среду Университета.

Для проведения занятий лекционного типа используются наборы демонстрационного оборудования, обеспечивающие тематические иллюстрации (проектор, ноутбук, экран/ интерактивная доска).

Лицензионное и свободно распространяемое программное обеспечение:

Microsoft Office Профессиональный плюс 2007

Kaspersky Endpoint Security для бизнеса - Стандартный Russian Edition. 1500-2499 Node 1 year Educational Renewal Licence

Adobe Reader XI (11.0.08) - Russian Adobe Systems Incorporated 10.11.2014 187,00 MB 11.0.08

7-Zip 9.20

LiteManager Pro - Server

Adobe Creative Suite 3 Web Standard Russian Version Win Educ

CorelDRAW Graphics Suite X3

QuarkXPress 7.2

Профессиональные базы данных и информационные справочные системы:

1. Scopus: база данных . – URL: https://www.scopus.com

2. Web of Science: политематическая реферативно-библиографическая и наукометрическая база данных . – URL: https://apps.webofknowledge.com

3. Springer Open (ресурсы Springer открытого доступа): база данных. – URL: https://www.springeropen.com

4. Электронная библиотека РФФИ. – URL: https://www.rfbr.ru/rffi/ru/library

5. Научная электронная библиотека eLIBRARY.ru. – URL: https://elibrary.ru

Электронная информационно-образовательная среда

https://auth.tsutmb.ru/authorize?response_type=code&client_id=moodle&state=xyz

Взаимодействие преподавателя и студента в процессе обучения осуществляется посредством мультимедийных, гипертекстовых, сетевых, телекоммуникационных технологий, используемых в электронной информационно-образовательной среде университета.