

Lecture 1. General notions of Stylistics

1. Object and subject matter of Stylistics.
2. Types and kinds of Stylistics.
3. General scientific fundamentals.
4. Expressive means and Stylistic devices.
5. Context. Types of context
6. Meaning in Stylistics
7. The notion of “image”
8. Norm
9. Style. Speech functional styles. Individual style

Workshop 1. Basic notions of Stylistics

1. What are the major approaches to Stylistics in the post-Soviet and Western linguistic studies?
2. What is the definition of Stylistics? What does it investigate?
3. What types and kinds of Stylistics do different scholars differentiate? What is the difference in the object and subject matter of research?
4. What is Poetics? How does it correlate with Stylistics? What is Cognitive Poetics / Stylistics?
5. How is speech and thought represented in language? What are coherence and cohesion? What is secondary nomination?
6. What is style / register / dialect?
7. What is imagery? What is the difference between image, symbol, sign, icon? What types of images can there be?
8. What are expressive means and stylistic devices?
9. How are images analyzed?
10. What is idiostyle and idiolect?

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Lecture 2. Phonostylistics. Graphical phonemics. Graphics

1. Phonetic means of Stylistics
2. Graphico-phonetic means of Stylistics
3. Graphical means of Stylistics

Workshop 2. Means of Phonostylistics.

1. Subject matter and basic notions of Phonostylistics.
 - a. Versification and its patterns.
 - b. Instrumentation.
 - c. Patterns of sounds and their interpretation.
 - d. Renderring of phonetic means into Ukrainian.
2. Practical assignments.
 - a. Analyze the rhymes in the following verses.

A Poet to His Beloved

I bring you with reverent hands
 The books of my numberless dreams,
 White woman that passion has worn
 As the tide wears the dove-grey sands,
 And with heart more old than the horn
 That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:
 White woman with numberless dreams,
 I bring you my passionate rhyme.
 (W.B.Yeats)

Love's Philosophy

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister-flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea -
 What are all these kissings worth
 If thou kiss not me? (P.B. Shelly)

The Definition of Love

As lines (so loves) oblique may well
 Themselves in every angle greet:
 But ours so truly parallel,
 Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
 But Fate so enviously debars,
 Is the conjunction of the mind,
 And opposition of the stars. (A. Marvell)

Romance

Romance, who loves to nod and sing
 With drowsy head and folded wing
 Among the green leaves as they shake
 Far down within some shadowy lake,
 To me a painted paroquet
 Hath been—most familiar bird—
 Taught me my alphabet to say,
 To lisp my very earliest word
 While in the wild wood I did lie,
 A child—with a most knowing eye. (E.A. Poe)

Touched by an Angel

We are weaned from our timidity
 In the flush of love's light
 we dare be brave
 And suddenly we see
 that love costs all we are
 and will ever be.
 Yet it is only love
 which sets us free. (M. Angelou)

I held a Jewel in my fingers --
 And went to sleep --
 The day was warm, and winds were prosy --
 I said "'Twill keep" --

I woke -- and chid my honest fingers,
 The Gem was gone --
 And now, an Amethyst remembrance
 Is all I own -- (E. Dickinson)

b. Analyze the rhythm of the following poems.

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love -- put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind. (S. Teasdale)

Green Eggs and Ham

Do you like green eggs and ham?
I don't like them, Sam-I-am.
I do not like green eggs and ham!

Would you like them here or there?
I would not like them here or there.
I would not like them anywhere.

I do so like green eggs and ham!
Thank you! Thank you,
Sam-I-am! (Dr. Seuss)

The Cloud

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,...
Are each paved with the moon and these....
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl...
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march...
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair...
While the moist Earth was laughing below.
(P.B. Shelly)

Little Girl with a Curl

There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

Banbury Cross

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.
(Mother Goose Rhymes)

c. Analyze instrumentation patterns and their impact upon the perception of the poem and its tone.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languished for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate" she altered with an end,
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying "not you."
(W. Shakespeare)

Written for a Musician

Hungry for music with a desperate hunger
I prowled abroad, I threaded through the town;
The evening crowd was clamoring and drinking,
Vulgar and pitiful--my heart bowed down--
Till I remembered duller hours made noble
By strangers clad in some suprising grace.
Wait, wait my soul, your music comes ere
midnight
Appearing in some unexpected place
With quivering lips, and gleaming, moonlit face.
(V. Lindsay)

A pretty a day
(and every fades)
is here and away
(but born are maids
to flower an hour
in all,all)

o yes to flower
until so blithe
a doer a wooer
some limber and lithe
some very fine mower
a tall;tall

some jerry so very
(and nellie and fan)
some handsomest harry
(and sally and nan
they tremble and cower
so pale:pale)

for betty was born
to never say nay
but lucy could learn
and lily could pray
and fewer were shyer
than doll. doll (E.E. Cummings)

Спини мене отямся і отям
така любов буває раз в ніколи
вона ж промчить над зламаним життям
за нею ж будуть бігти видноколи
вона ж порве нам спокій до струни
вона ж слова поспалює вустами
спини мене спини і схамени
ще поки можу думати востанне
ще поки можу але вже не можу
настала черга й на мою зорю
чи біля тебе душу відморожу
чи біля тебе полум'ям згорю
(Л. Костенко)

Cold-Blooded Creatures

Man, the egregious egoist
(In mystery the twig is bent)
Imagines, by some mental twist,
That he alone is sentient

Of the intolerable load
That on all living creatures lies,
Nor stoops to pity in the toad
The speechless sorrow of his eyes.

He asks no questions of the snake,
Nor plumbs the phosphorescent gloom
Where lidless fishes, broad awake,
Swim staring at a nightmare doom. (E. Wylie)

Upon Julia's Clothes

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
Oh, how that glittering taketh me! (R. Herrick)

Стихії

По-перше камінь. Твердь. І підмурівок.
Холодна перепона. Тож мета
втікає від зарюмсаних корівок,
а зостається творення хвоста.

Коли, розбивши камінь, з порожнечі
ти витвориш, мов іскру, чистий шал,
Вона тобі — рожеві нігті в плечі,
Се — у вогні розжарений метал.

Але коли ти Майстер, то з металу
ти витнеш золоті кружала зір
і понесеш її, легку й повсталу,
і се — стихія леткості: ефір.
(Ю. Андрухович)

- d. Analyze a poem of your choice from linguostylistic perspective. See sample below.

Poem analysis sample

ON THE BEACH AT FONTANA

by James Joyce

Wind whines and whines the shingle, U _ / U _ / U _
 The crazy pier stakes groan; U _ / U - / U _
 A senile sea numbers each single
 Slimesilvered stone.

Whom whining wind and colder
 Gray sea I wrap him warm
 And touch his trembling fine-boned shoulder
 And boyish arm.

Around us fear, descending
 Darkness of fear above
 And in my heart how deep unending
 Ache of love!

**Whine* – жалібно скавучати, кричати. Wind wines the shingle – вітер перекочує гальку зі звуком, що нагадує стогін

**Crazy* – несповна розуму; тут старий, хиткий, старезний

**Slimesilvered* – від *slime* – мул, слиз, *to silver* – вкривати сріблом; сріблити; тут сріблений мул

The poem written by a postmodernist writer J. Joyce is an iambic verse which consists of three quatrains. It begins with the description of a windy, cold seashore. The words "descending / darkness of fear above" in the third stanza indicate that it is the sunset; the expression "darkness of fear" seem to refer not only to the feeling but to connect metaphorically the fear and the approaching night. Later the reader learns that the narrator attempts to protect some boy (seemingly, his son) from cold wind, that he fears for him and loves him with the painful love. The sense of the poem is somewhat implicit; however, we may think that the boy is ill and stays by the sea to get better. Yet, what is more important for appreciation of the poetry is the feeling created by the poet – the striving to protect dear and humble creature from the evil tempest.

Euphony created in the text starts with alliteration in the first and second lines. It is aimed at imitating the whining sound of the wind, rustling of gables, squeaking of cutwater, splashing of the waves. Sound images are created both by the meaning of the words used and by their form. The only visual image in the poem is created by the word *slimesilvered*. Nevertheless, even in this image we can trace a synesthesia of tactile and visual images of a slimy beach. At the same time the word is also interwoven into the system of alliterations of the whole verse. Thus, the repetition of the /w/ sound creates the sound of the whining wind, as in *wind whines and whines* in the first and fifth lines. The consonant rhyming sounds also make the picture complete: *wind whines and whines the shingle* - /nd/-/nz/-/nz/-/ŋl/. We also hear the sound of the squeaking wood in rolling sounds like /kr/-/gr/: *crazy-groan*. The sounds of rustling and splashing are created with the help of alliterated /s/; for instance, it is repeated eight times in the fourth and fifth lines – *senile, sea, single, slimersilvered*. The impression of the splash is made more prominent with the help of /l/ sound repetition: *shingle, senile, single, slimesilvered*. The same effect is also achieved with the alteration of feminine and masculine rhymes in each stanza.

Onomatopoeic words *whine* and *groan* are used to give the text a hint of complain. The scenery in the poem is gloomy: cold grey sea, slippery stones, approaching darkness. The metaphorical

epithet describing sea – *senile* – is no less bleak. What is more, the alliteration makes the effect of the poem upon the reader even more profound. The image of the sea turns into a symbol of hostile, angry world where we live; and the antipode of this evil world is the pure love that one human being feels towards another, the yearning to protect him from malice.

- e. Analyze the poem and its translation from Phonostylistics perspective. How adequate is the translation? Why?

The Cornelian
By Lord Byron

Сердолік
Пер. Д. Паламарчук

No specious splendour of this stone,
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
and blushes modest as the giver.

Не блиском вабить він мене,
Не в барвах сила таємнича!
Він сяє скромно, мов ясне
Його дарителя обличчя.

Some who can sneer of friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reprov'd me,
Yet still the simple gift I prize,
For I am sure, the giver lov'd me.

Хай кпить із мене всяк пліткар,
І ганить дружбу безнастанно,
А я люблю цей скромний дар:
Мені ж його з любов'ю дано!

He offer'd it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it,
I told him when the gift I took,
My only fear should be to lose it.

Злякавсь, що дару не прийму,
Й поник даритель головою,
Та я тоді сказав йому,
Що дар цей буде вік зі мною.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've lov'd a tear.

Лиш в руки взяв я дружби знак,
Засяла іскорка в кристалі,
Мов крапелька роси. Відтак
Мені і сльози любі стали.

Still to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield,
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
Must quit the garden for the field.

Не визначався, друже, ти
Багатством, знатністю ніколи:
По квітку дружби треба йти
Не в пишній сад, а в дике поле.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shews, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

В зела, що в лінощах зроста,
Краса і пахощі фальшиві,
А квітка над усі – проста,
Між диких скель, на голій ниві.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportioned to his mind.

Сліпа фортуно, глянь згори,
Допоможи хоч раз природі -
І друг дістане всі дари,
Належні мудрості і вроді.

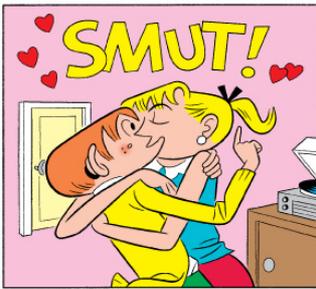
But had the Goddess clearly seen,
His form had fixed her fickle breast,
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest.

Якби ж прозріла ти, якби
В ту душу подивилась глибше,-
Всі б оддала йому скарби,
Нічого іншим не лишивши.

- f. Analyze the following graphical means and the reasons for their use.



(a)



(b)



(c)

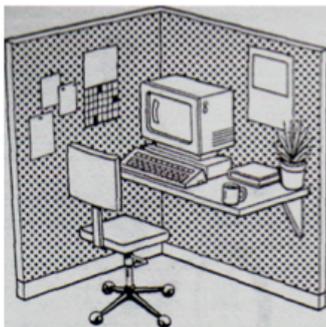
(d)



(e) Apollinaire



(f)



VEAL-FATTENING PEN:
Small, cramped office workstations built of fabric-covered disassemblable wall partitions and inhabited by junior staff members. Named after the small preslaughter cubicles used by the cattle industry.

(g) D. Coupland *Generation X*

fattening pens next to me (we called our area the junior stockyard or the junior ghetto, alternately) weren't feeling well or producing much, either. As I remember, Karen was spooked about the Sick Building business more than any of us. She had her sister, who worked as an X-ray technician in Montreal, give her a lead apron, which she wore to protect her ovaries when she was doing her keyboarding work. She was going to quit soon to pick up work as a temp: 'More freedom that way—easier to date the bicycle couriers.'

"Anyway, I remember I was working on a hamburger franchise campaign, the big goal of which, according to my embittered ex-hippie boss, Martin, was to 'get the little monsters so excited about eating a burger that they want to vomit with excitement.' Martin was a forty-year-old man saying this. Doubts I'd been having about my work for months were weighing on my mind.

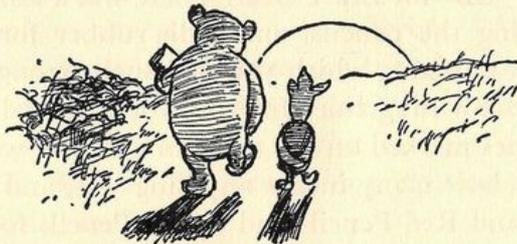
"As luck would have it, that was the morning the public health inspector came around in response to a phone call I'd made earlier that week, questioning the quality of the working environment.

"Martin was horrified that an employee had called the inspectors, and I mean *really* freaked out. In Toronto they can force you to make architectural changes, and alterations are ferociously expensive—fresh air ducts and the like—and health of the office workers be damned,

“When you wake up in the morning, Pooh,” said Piglet at last, “what’s the first thing you say to yourself?”

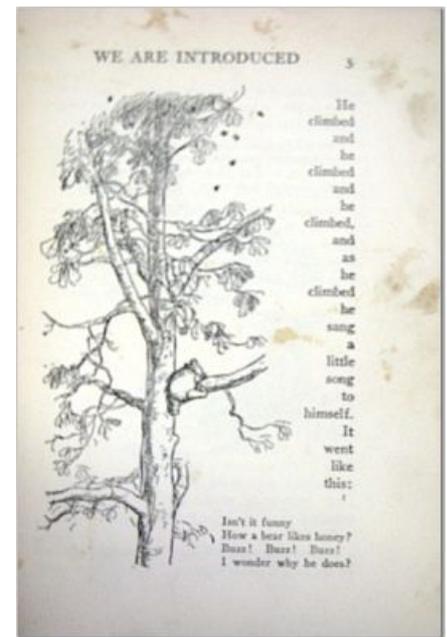
“What’s for breakfast?” said Pooh. “What do *you* say, Piglet?”

“I say, I wonder what’s going to happen exciting *today*?” said Piglet.



Pooh nodded thoughtfully.
“It’s the same thing,” he said.

(h) A. Milne *Winnie the Pooh*



Reading:

1. Simpson P. *Stylistics: A Resource Book for Students*. 2004. – P. 66-70.
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Lecture 3. Stylistic Lexicology

1. Stylistic differentiation of vocabulary
2. Words having lexico-stylistic paradigm
3. Words having no lexico-stylistic paradigm
4. Stylistic functions of phraseology

Workshop 3. Stylistic Lexicology

1. Approaches to classification of the English vocabulary.
2. Stylistic potential of phraseology.
3. Translation of terms.
4. Translation of coinages.
5. Translation of colloquial vocabulary.
6. Equivalence in translation of the stylistically-marked English vocabulary.
7. Analyze the function of stylistically-marked vocabulary in the following sentences and comment on the translation adequacy.

a) "You know what I'd like to be?" I said. "You know what I'd like to be? I mean if I had my goddam choice?" (D. Salinger *Catcher in the Rye*) - - Знаєш, ким би я хотів бути? - кажу.- Знаєш, ким? Ну, якби можна було вибирати, хай йому грець!

b) "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." (O'Henry "The Last Leaf") - - Що, - кричав він з жахливим німецьким акцентом, - хіба ще є такі дурні, щоб умирати через листя, яке осипається з клятого плюща? Вперше чую. Ні, не хочу позувати для вашого йолопа відлюдька! Як це ви дозволяєте їй забивати голову такими дурницями? Ах, маленька бідолашна міс Джонсі!

c) "Look at her! Just look at her! Cowardy-custard! Crybaby!" (P.Travers *Mary Poppins*) - Поглянь на неї! Ти тільки поглянь на неї! Плаксійка-тюхтійка! Ревуня-манюня!

d) А далі зайчика-побігайчика піймали (Казка). - And after that they caught Pussy Swift-foot likewise.

e) Приходять додому - аж у них і варенички зварені, і починочок стоїть на віконці (Казка). - Next day, when they return home after a walk in the forest looking for berries, they discover a big bowl full of freshly boiled varenyky (stuffed dumplings) sprinkled with sour cream sitting on the table.

f) Ні холодно було, ні душно, / А саме так, як в сіряках (І. Котляревський "Енеїда"). - Here cold and hot days never come, / But right ones, like a woolen suit.

g) Дівчатка, порозсідавшись невеличкими купками, граються в крем'яхи (С. Черкасенко "Маленький горбань") - The girls are playing jacks with some round pebbles.

h) Steiner didn't have the guts of a sick cat (R. Chandler *Killer in the Rain*) - «У нього б не стало для цього духу.

i) The cases were small and open and packed any old way. A man in very new overalls was fussing withthem. ... There were about a dozen boxes on the truck when the man in the very new overalls got upin front and gunned his motor (R. Chandler *Killer in the Rain*). - Коробки були відкриті й напаковані якимисьстарими книжками. Навколо них метушився чоловік у новому робочому халаті. ...Коли на ваговозуку вже стояло з десяток коробок, чоловік у новому робочомухалаті сів за кермо й запустив двигун.

j) I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The Antipathies, I think - (L. Carroll *Alice in Wonderland*) - А що, як я провалюся наскрізь? Ото буде кумедно - вигулькнути серед

людей, що ходять униз головою! Антипади, чи як їх там (вона була навіть рада, що ніхто зараз її не чує, бо слово пролунало якось трохи не так.

k) Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes / Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated (W. Shakespeare *Hamlet*) ... - Ще кажуть, ніби теж перед Різдом, / Коли чекаєм на появу Спаса ...

l) Sometimes during eternity some guys show up and one of them who shows up real late is a kind of carpenter from square-type place like Galilee (F. O'Hara "Sometimes During Eternity")... - Буває під час вічності на світ вилазять деякі пацани і один з них що продуплився пізніше за інших такий тіпа плотнік з нормального району тіпа Галілеї...

m) I'll miss you, who did better than I did at keeping the faith of poets, staying true. It's as if you couldn't do otherwise, had always an appetite waiting to lead. (R. Creeley "For Gregory Corso") - Я тужитиму за тобою, котрий робив усе краще за мене, в дотриманні справи поетів лишаючись найвірнішим. Це було так, ніби ти не міг чинити інакше, бо завжди мав потяг, ішов за нею.

n) Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed (W. Shakespeare *Hamlet*)... - Нехай король затягне вас у ліжко...

o) The paramount sign of pseudo faith is to worship the golden calves of Jeroboam (P. Jong *The Will of Holy Trinity*). - Головною ознакою псевдо віри є поклоніння золотим тельцям Єровоама (наступника Соломона, який відступив від Бога і вилив золотих тельців, щоб їм поклонятися).

p) ...therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce every thing of that kind; particularly a paragraph about her majesty Queen Anne, of most pious and glorious memory; although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of human species (J. Swift *Gulliver's Travels*). - Отож я мушу рішуче відмежуватися від цих додатків, зокрема від того, що стосується блаженної та славної пам'яті її величності небіжчиці королеви Анни, хоч я й шанував і цінував її більше, ніж будь-кого з людей.

q) I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition (J. Swift *Gulliver's Travels*). - Я докладав усіх зусиль, щоб підтримувати це прихильне ставлення до себе.

r) Quite possibly true, quite possibly Carl Litchfield was a peach of a guy and a helluva doctor, but Ralph still found himself calling Litchfield's office again half an hour later (S. King *Insomnia*). - Цілком можливо, що це так, цілком може бути, що Карл Лічфільд незлецький чолов'яга і лікар – чудотворець, але все ж за пів години Ральф знов телефонував у приймальню доктора Лічфільда.

s) "Breathe through your eyes," she said. – "I'm sorry?" – "It relaxes the muscles. It's called pranayama" (D. Brown *Angels & Demons*). – Дихайте очима, – порадила Вітторія. – Як ви сказали? – Це розслаблює м'язи. Цей прийом називається пранаяма.

t) The church's front stairs were ventaglio – a welcoming, curved fan-ironic in this case because they were blocked with scaffolding, construction equipment, and a sign warning: CONSTRUZIONE. NON ENTRARE (D. Brown *The Da Vinci Code*). – Сходи, що вели до церкви мали форму ventaglio – заокругленого віяла, що неначе запрошувало парафіян досередини. Однак зараз цей архітектурний задум виглядав недоречно, бо сходи були заблоковані риштованням і будівельним обладнанням. Спереду стояв знак: «БУДІВЕЛЬНІ РОБОТИ. НЕ ЗАХОДИТИ».

8. Analyze the following texts from the point of view of Stylistic Lexicology. Comment on the effect of the vocabulary choice. Offer a translation of one of the texts. Explain your translation choice.

A) There once was a blonde who was very tired of blonde jokes and insults directed at her intelligence. So she cut and dyed her hair, got a make-over, got in her car, and began driving around in the country. Suddenly, she came to a herd of sheep in the road. She stopped her car and went over to the shepherd who was tending to them.

"If I can guess the exact number of sheep here will you let me have one?" she asked. The shepherd, thinking this was a pretty safe bet, agreed. "You have 171 sheep," said the blonde in triumph. Surprised, the shepherd told her to pick out a sheep of her choice. She looked around for a while and finally found one that she really liked.

She picked it up and was petting it when the shepherd walked over to her and asked, "If I can guess your real hair color, will you give me my sheep back?" The blonde thought it was only fair to let him try.

You're a blonde! Now give me back my dog.

B) The Director opened a door. They were in a large bare room, very bright and sunny; for the whole of the southern wall was a single window. Half a dozen nurses, trousered and jacketed in the regulation white viscose-linen uniform, their hair aseptically hidden under white caps, were engaged in setting out bowls of roses in a long row across the floor. Big bowls, packed tight with blossom. Thousands of petals, ripe-blown and silkily smooth, like the cheeks of innumerable little cherubs, but of cherubs, in that bright light, not exclusively pink and Aryan, but also luminously Chinese, also Mexican, also apoplectic with too much blowing of celestial trumpets, also pale as death, pale with the posthumous whiteness of marble. (A. Huxley *Brave New World*)

C) INTERNET firms want to gather as much information as possible about web users' browsing habits, so they can serve more accurately targeted (and hence more lucrative) advertisements. But consumers don't like being spied on. As a result, modern web browsers have built-in features to prevent some of the most common forms of tracking, in order to maintain users' privacy. That has not deterred marketers, who have come up with ever more inventive ways of keeping tabs on people's online behaviour. Their latest trick is to exploit web browsers' ability to draw elaborate graphics in order to identify users. How does it work?

The traditional approach to tracking involves sending a tracking code, stored in a small file called a "cookie", to a web browser when a website is first visited. (Economist.com, like many other sites, uses this approach.) On subsequent visits, the browser sends this code back to the website along with page requests. Modern browsers make it easy to disable such tracking, either by blocking the delivery of cookies altogether or erasing them when the browser window is closed. Marketers have therefore developed cleverer ways to stash the tracking code using so-called "evercookies", which hide the code in various virtual nooks and crannies that exist in modern web browsers. If a user deletes a cookie, an evercookie script can then recreate it. There is, in other words, an ongoing cat-and-mouse battle between browser manufacturers, who want to block the storage of tracking codes on users' computers, and marketers, who continue to find new places to hide them. (The Economist)

d) Odyssée de Cartier – Parcours d'un Style is a high jewellery collection that is rooted in the very heart of Cartier's culture and expertise. Through the richness and diversity of colourful and sparkling stones, the creative path is opened up.

A true odyssey that revisits Cartier's cherished inspirations and presents the orchid, Tutti Frutti, Oriental motifs and the emblematic panther in a new perspective. This collection also marks Cartier's encounter with new worlds: the city, its pure, geometric lines and the powerful and generous realm of Africa. (cartier.co.uk)

e) I am writing to inform you that the goods we ordered from your company have not been supplied correctly.

On 29 July 2014 we placed an order with your firm for 12,000 ultra super long-life batteries. The consignment arrived yesterday but contained only 1,200 batteries.

This error put our firm in a difficult position, as we had to make some emergency purchases to fulfil our commitments to all our customers. This caused us considerable inconvenience.

I am writing to ask you to please make up the shortfall immediately and to ensure that such errors do not happen again. Otherwise, we may have to look elsewhere for our supplies.

I look forward to hearing from you by return.

Yours sincerely

f) **Invictus**

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.
 In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.
 Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.
 It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll.
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul. (W.E. Henley)

9. Translate the following sentences containing polysemantic words. Comment on the context in which they are used and how it influences the choice of translation.

a) Ben: "Who's that cutie over there?"

Dan: "Oh, that's my *honey* Amanda; isn't she beautiful?"

b) *Honey* gets its sweetness from the monosaccharides fructose and glucose, and has approximately the same relative sweetness as granulated sugar.

c) With the invention of the telescope and microscope there was a great deal of *experimentation* with lens shapes in the 17th and early 18th centuries trying to correct chromatic errors seen in lenses.

d) The issue of animal *experimentation* is an *emotive* subject.

e) The final feature of Emotive is a geo interface to point to the location of the *emotionally* charged traffic.

f) Emo music is *emotive* music. Now quit trying to justify your mass-marketed non-conformism and listen to some "TOOL".

g) Visiting the nazi death camp was an *emotional* experience for all of the people.

h) "Kneecap, singlehanded, sheetmusic, lottery, gooble gaable orf orf."

"Dammit, will you just stop that *babble*?!!"

i) Pay no attention to her. She's just *babbling*.

j) They rested a while by the *babbling* brook.

k) She is a history *major*.

l) This is so *major* I love it.

m) My husband's goal was *major*.

n) I don't like it; it's *majorly* shit.

o) That *tramp* wore a tight little skirt so Billy would ask her to the prom.

p) He had *tramped* all over the city.

q) Today the *tramp* trade includes all types of vessels, from bulk carriers to tankers.

r) The *dough* will rise until it is double in *bulk*.

s) The *bulk* density of soil depends greatly on the mineral make up of soil and the degree of compaction.

t) Despite his *bulk*, he's a very fast runner.

u) Distribute Dem *dough*, nigga!

v) He was charged with demanding money with *menaces*.

w) There was a sense of *menace* as the sky grew darker.

- x) My stupid pot head friend was driving off from this *joint* and he had that new *joint* by fiddy cent playing on the radio when the cops got behind.
y) Something is out of *joint* in our society.
z) What should I use to seal the *joint* between a carport roof and the house wall?

10. Rewrite the text as a) a letter; b) a science fiction piece; c) a love story; d) children's tale; d) article in a newspaper.

On my way to work on route 193. There is work going on and the road has been reduced to one lane.

As I near an intersection a garbage truck makes a right turn on to the road. It is too big to negotiate the turn gracefully and it strikes one of the orange cones that closed the other lanes. The truck stops, backs up and keeps going.

I honk. Only to let the driver know that he could have just waited for me to pass before attempting the turn in a hurry, a maneuver which was so clearly a mistake.

The driver honks back, a clear signal to get lost. I am following it for another 20 meters when I notice that the orange cone is actually stuck underneath the truck and is being dragged down the road.

The truck is flagged down by the workers on the side of the road and forced to stop. Someone crawls underneath and grabs the cone. We are all watching. (simplestories.blogspot.com)

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Lecture 4. Stylistic Semasiology

1. General characteristics of the English semasiological means of stylistics
2. Secondary nomination and cognition
3. Figures of substitution as expressive means of semasiology
 - a. EM based on the notion of quantity
 - b. EM based on the notion of quality
4. Figures of combination as stylistic devices of semasiology
 - a. Figures of identity
 - b. Figures of opposition
 - c. Figures of inequality

Workshop 4. Stylistic Semasiology

1. Cognitive Poetics: definition, subject matter and objectives.
2. Thought in language representation.
3. Conceptual metaphor and metonymy theories.
4. Foregrounding and defamiliarization theories.
5. Tropes in literary texts.
6. Translation of tropes.
7. Conceptual shift in translation.
8. Analyze the tropes and their effects in the following texts:
 - a) Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune—without the words,
And never stops at all, (E. Dickinson)



- b)
- c) Руту не шукай — твоя вона,
Не даруй речей, даруй сина.
Як тобі не знаю припасти до душі.
Річ одну ти знати повинна:
Ні на що це зовсім не схоже.
Я немов маленька дитина,
Що без тебе жити не може. (Бумбокс "Дитина")
- d) SOUTH KOREA, a dynamo of growth, is also afire with faith. (The Economist)
- e) Words are themselves viewed as constructions, and lexical meaning is an intricate web of connected frames. (G. Fauconnier, M. Turner "Conceptual Integration Networks")

- f) Pills made all my dreams come through. (TV series "House, MD")
- g) When I eventually met Mr. Right I had no idea that his first name was Always. (R. Rudner)
- h) Your dog is so ugly; we had to pay the fleas to live on him.
- i) I'd love to take a poem to lunch
or treat it to a wholesome brunch
of fresh cut fruit and apple crunch. (D. Rodgers "Take a Poem to Lunch")
- j) Did you hear about the guy who got hit in the head with a can of soda? He was lucky it was a soft drink.
- к) Сорока Орлові казала: — Скажи мені, чи тобі не набридло невпинно вихором шугати у безкраїх небесних просторах — то вгору, то вниз, наче по гвинтових сходах?..
— Я б нізащо на землю не спустився,— відповів Орел,— коли б тілесна потреба не приневолювала мене до того.
— А я б нізащо не залишала міста, коли б була орлом,— сказала Сорока.
— Я б теж так робив,— мовив Орел,— коли б був лише Сорокою. (Г. Сковорода)
- l) We were partners, not soul mates, two separate people who happened to be sharing a menu and a life. (A. Tan "The Hundred Secret Senses")
- m) Samsung has announced a new smartphone with a metal frame that is smaller and thinner than its flagship model. (BBC)
- n) Good we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still;
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent. (J. Donne "Community")
- o) The story line was fiction, but the jokes rang true to life: "Politicians are like diapers, they should be changed frequently," Dobbs quips in one scene. (Washington Post)
- p) The ship docks in Limassol. Sunlight falls like a chrome guillotine. Gleaming. Sharp. Lethal. I stagger into it, walking down the iron gangway toward beaches pink with Russians on holiday, past the frozen coffee drinks sold at every corner shop, atop smooth flat asphalt everywhere (this inescapable feature of affluent societies will raise my first blisters since Africa), into the island of Cyprus. (National Geographic)
- q) Насправді достовірно відомо, що старенький Грабал знехтував і медициною, і хворобою, і неміччю. (Т. Прохасько "ФМ Галичина")

9. What conceptual metaphors and/or metonymies were the following tropes developed from?

- a) This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,--
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me! (E. Dickinson)

- b) My crude exploitation of Richard Parker's [*a lion who the boy is trapped in the open sea with*] weak sea legs is not the only explanation. There is another: I was the source of food and water. Richard Parker had been a zoo animal as long as he could remember, and he was used to sustenance coming to him without lifting a paw. True, when it rained and the whole boat became a rain catcher, he understood where the water came from. And when we were hit by a school of flying fish, there too my role was not apparent. But these events did not change the reality of

things, which was that when he looked beyond the gunnel, he saw no jungle that he could hunt in and no river from which he could drink freely. Yet, I brought him food and I brought him fresh water. My agency was pure and miraculous. It conferred power upon me. (J. Martell *Life of Pi*)

c) On a verdant slope of Mount Maenalus, in Arcadia, there stands an olive grove about the ruins of a villa. Close by is a tomb, once beautiful with the sublimest sculptures, but now fallen into as great decay as the house. At one end of that tomb, its curious roots displacing the time-stained blocks of Panhellenic marble, grows an unnaturally large olive tree of oddly repellent shape; so like to some grotesque man, or death-distorted body of a man, that the country folk fear to pass it at night when the moon shines faintly through the crooked boughs. Mount Maenalus is a chosen haunt of dreaded Pan, whose queer companions are many, and simple swains believe that the tree must have some hideous kinship to these weird Panisci; but an old bee-keeper who lives in the neighboring cottage told me a different story. (H.P. Lovecraft "The Tree")

d) Також є сни, переповнені людськими фізіономіями: цілі натовпи друзів, друзяк, друганів і подруг (причому в багатьох зовнішність аж ніяк не така, як насправді), якісь пиятики, танці, сигаретний дим, гвалт, маски, регіт, тіснота, я намагаюся розшукати в цьому кодлиці її, мене хапають за руки, мені наливають, я продираюся через цю спітнілу хащу, мене спокушають розмовами, співами, і я вдаю (уві сні, так), що Вона найменше мене цікавить, що я не її шукаю, але в той же час панічно вираховую, скільки ще часу в моєму розпорядженні (до пробудження), аби подолати всі ці незліченні перелюднені приміщення і таки знайти її. Одного разу мені приснилося, що я її знайшов, але Вона увесь час поверталася до мене спиною, й перед самим пробудженням я подумав, що не покличу її - це ризиковане, адже насправді істота, яку бачу лише зі спини, може виявитись не Нею, і що тоді? (Ю. Андрухович "Перверзія")

e) БІЛА СИМФОНІЯ

Було нам тоді не до сміху.
Ніч підняла завісу –

біла симфонія снігу
пливла над щоглами лісу.

А ліс, як дрейфуюча шхуна,
скрипів, у льоди закутий...
І хлопець, зворушливо юний,
сказав із дорослим смутком:

– Ти пісня моя лебедина,
останнє моє кохання...

В такому віці людина
завжди кохає востаннє.

Бо то уже справа гідности –
життя, бач, як сон, промайнуло.
Підлітки для солідности
мусять мати минуле.

Завіяні снігом вітрила
звисали, як біла гичка...
Я теж йому щось говорила,
і теж, певно, щось трагічне.

Було кохання фатальне,
майже з драми Ростана...
Я тільки сніг пам'ятаю,
отой, що давно розтанув.

Білу симфонію снігу,
шхуну, в льоди закуту...

А нам з тобою – до сміху!
А нам з тобою не смутно!

І добре тобі, і весело
на білому світі жити.
Ти тільки, як всі воскреслі,
не любиш про смерть говорити.

І маєш, напевно, рацію.
Минуле вмерзає в кригу.
І це вже не декорація...

Біла симфонія снігу.

Стогне завія до рання,
зламавши об ліс крило...
Ти – моє перше кохання.
Останнє уже було. (Л. Костенко)

f) "You just won't believe how vastly, hugely, mind-bogglingly big space is," said the author Douglas Adams. "I mean, you may think it's a long way down the road to the chemist's, but that's just peanuts to space." By our best estimates there are around 100 billion stars in the Milky Way and at least 140 billion galaxies across the Universe. If galaxies were frozen peas, there would be enough to fill an auditorium the size of the Royal Albert Hall.

So how was this unimaginably giant Universe created? For centuries scientists thought the Universe always existed in a largely unchanged form, run like clockwork thanks to the laws of physics. But a Belgian priest and scientist called George Lemaitre put forward another idea. In 1927, he proposed that the Universe began as a large, pregnant and primeval atom, exploding and sending out the smaller atoms that we see today. (BBC)

10. Analyze conceptual shift in the given translations.

'Your majesty shouldn't purr so loud,' Alice said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. 'You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you've been along with me, Kitty -- all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?'

It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they Always purr. 'If they would only purr for "yes" and mew for "no," or any rule of that sort,' she had said, 'so that one could keep up a conversation! But how can you talk with a person if they always

- Не гоже твоїй Чорній Величності так голосно мурчати, - шанобливо, хоч і не без суворості, мовила Аліса до кошеняти і протерла очі. - Ти перебила мені такий гарний сон! Ти теж там була, Кицюню. Там, у Задзеркальному світі. Пам'ятаєш?

Усі кошенята мають одну погану звичку (як зазначила якось Аліса): *що* їм не кажи – вони у відповідь *завжди* муркочуть.

- От якби вони мурчали замість "так", і нявчали замість "ні", - казала вона, - тоді з ними ще можна було б вести сяку-таку розмову! А яка ж то розмова, коли тобі завжди кажуть одне і те саме!

say the same thing?'

On this occasion the kitten only purred: and it was impossible to guess whether it meant 'yes' or 'no.'

So Alice hunted among the chessmen on the table till she had found the Red Queen: then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. "Now, Kitty!" she cried, clapping her hands triumphantly. 'Confess that was what you turned into!' (L. Carroll Through the Looking Glass")

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;
And frogs in the pool singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;
Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;
And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;
And Spring herself when she woke at dawn
Would scarcely know that we were gone.
(S. Teasdale)

Мені однаково, чи буде
Той син молитися, чи ні...
Та не однаково мені,
Як Україну злії люди
Присплять лукаві в огні
Її обкраденною, збудять...
Ох, не однаково мені! (Т. Шевченко)

Сказали, що на похорон придуть Непрості. Чому вони не з'явилися всі ті роки, коли були по-справжньому потрібні, ніхто не знав. Видно, це не було потрібно їм. Значить, смерть французького інженера їх цікавить більше, ніж Ялівець під час війни. А може, справжня війна поза Ялівцем була їм цікавішою. Тут, зрештою, не діялося нічого такого, за чим не вслідкував би французький інженер. Якщо вони ще справді прив'язані до Ялівця, то придуть для того, щоб зробити дві дії: по-перше, отримати щось, що залишилося від французького інженера, по-друге, залишити когось на його місці. Франциск казав, що вони зацікавлені у деяких людях. Себастьянові яскраво згадалося, як

Цього разу кошения таки муркнуло, але годі було вгадати, чи це "так" чи "ні".

Аліса стала порпатися серед шахових фігур, що лежали на столику. Нарешті вона знайшла Чорну Королеву, вклякла на килимок під каміном і поставила її віч-на-віч із кошениям.

- Ну що, Кицюню?! – вигукнула вона, радісно плескаючи в долоні. – Ось на кого ти там перекинулась, - зізнаєшся? (пер. В. Корнієнко)

Прийде лагідний дощ і запахне земляця,
Закружляє із щебетом ластівка-птиця,
Із нічного ставка зринуть жаб'ячі співи,
Білим трепетом знов зацвітуть дикі сливи.
Спалахнуть, наче іскри, вільшанки в польоті,
Що примхливо співатимуть на живоплоті.
І нікого в природі не буде обходити,
Що примара війни, може, досі тут бродить.
Не помітять птахи, і дерева, і ріки,
Якщо людство загине в тім вирі навіки.
І Весна, умиваючись зранку росою,
Не помітить, що більше нема нас з тобою.
(пер. Лавинюкова Т.)

I care no longer if the child
Shall pray for me, or pass me by.
One only thing I cannot bear:
To know my land, that was beguiled
Into a death – trap with a lie,
Trampled and ruined and defiled...
Ah, but I care, dear God; I care!
(tr. by E. Voinich)

They said the Unsimple would come to the funeral. Why they hadn't appeared for all those years, when they had been truly needed, nobody knew. Apparently, it wasn't something they needed. It meant that the death of the French engineer interested them more than Ialivets during the war. Or perhaps the real war, outside Ialivets, was more interesting to them. Here, after all, nothing happened that the French engineer couldn't keep an eye on. If they really are still tied to Ialivets, then they will come in order to do two things: first, to collect something the French engineer had left behind, and second, to leave somebody in his place. Franzysk had said that they were interested in certain people. Sebastian vividly recalled how Franzysk had shielded Anna from

Франциск оберігав від них Анну, як говорив про переслідування Непростими їхньої родини. Страх, що хтось може забрати в нього дочку (ще й дочку його Анни), з'являвся — хоча б на кілька секунд — кожної години. Тепер він став розпростертим і відтискав Себастьяна до меж. Треба кудись втікати. (Т. Прохасько "НепрОсті")

them, how he had spoken of the persecution of their family by the Unsimple. The fear that someone might take his daughter (and his Anna's daughter) from him came—at least for a few seconds—every hour. Now it had become all-consuming and pushed Sebastian to his limits. They had to escape somewhere. (tr. by U. Blacker)

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Lecture 5. Stylistic Syntax

1. The notion of EMs and SDs on syntactical level
2. Stylistically marked models of sentences as EMs of syntax
 - a. EMs based on reduction of sentence structure
 - b. EMs based on redundancy of sentence structure
 - c. EMs based on the violation of word order
3. The notion of SD on the syntactical level
 - a. SDs based on the formal and semantic interaction of syntactical structures in a certain context
 - b. SDs based on the transposition of syntactical meaning in a given context
 - c. SDs based on the transposition of means and types of syntactic connection

Workshop 5. Stylistic Syntax

1. Syntactical arrangements for stylistic purposes.
2. Particular use of colloquial constructions.
3. Syntax as style.
4. Translation of syntactical patterns.
5. Analyze syntactical figures in the given sentences. Comment on their stylistic effect.

a) I have found the warm caves in the woods,
filled them with skillets,
carvings, shelves,

closets, silks, innumerable goods. (A. Sexton "Her kind")

b) I don't care a fig for his sense of justice--I don't care a fig for the wretchedness of London; and if I were young, and beautiful, and clever, and brilliant, and of a noble position, like you, I should care still less. (H. James *The Princess Casamassima*)

c) By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair shorn in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names. (F.S. Fitzgerald *The Great Gatsby*)

d) Shylock: If you prick us, do we not bleed?

If you tickle us, do we not laugh?

If you poison us, do we not die?

And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? (W. Shakespeare *The Merchant of Venice*)

e) It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair. (Ch. Dickens *A Tale of Two Cities*)

f) And now when I sway to a fitful wind, alone and listing, I will think, maple key. When I see a photograph of earth from space, the planet so startlingly painterly and hung, I will think, maple key. When I shake your hand or meet your eyes I will think, two maple keys. If I am a maple key falling, at least I can twirl. (A. Dillard *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*)

g) I am Sam
Sam I am

That Sam-I-am
That Sam-I-am!
I do not like
that Sam-I-am

Do you like
green eggs and ham

I do not like them,
Sam-I-am.
I do not like
green eggs and ham. (Dr. Seuss)

h) ...Сонце підіб'ється
і чорні заворушаться жуки...
Сміється світ. Недобре так сміється. (В. Стус)

i) Народ мій є! Народ мій завжди буде!
Ніхто не перекареслить мій народ! (В. Симоненко)

j) Довбиш і Довбишка слухали, слухали Кайдашиху, аж роти пороззявляли, а Кайдаша брала злість. Він усе ждав, щоб його жінка хутчій стулила рота та щоб хазяїн наливав по чарці. Червоний перець у горілці дражнив його, неначе цяцька малу дитину, а жінка розпустила розмову на всю губу. Він не видержав.

- І годі тобі хвалитись дітьми. Хвалила ж сова своїх дітей, що нема кращих на світі, а яка ж там совина краса? - сказав Кайдаш.

- Авжеж, що правда, то не гріх, - притакнула Довбишка й неначе підлила масла в вогонь. (І. Нечуй-Левицький "Кайдашева сім'я")

k) Tonight, we are a country awakened to danger and called to defend freedom. Our grief has turned to anger, and anger to resolution. (G.W.Bush)

6. Analyze the text and its translation from the point of view of Stylistic Syntax.
How adequate is the translation.

From two thousand feet, where Claudette Sanders was taking a flying lesson, the town of Chester's Mill gleamed in the morning light like something freshly made and just set down. Cars trundled along Main Street, flashing up winks of sun. The steeple of the Congo Church looked sharp enough to pierce the unblemished sky. The sun raced along the surface of Prestile Stream as the Seneca V overflowed it, both plane and water cutting the town on the same diagonal course.

'Chuck, I think I see two boys beside the Peace Bridge! Fishing!' Her very delight made her laugh. The flying lessons were courtesy of her husband, who was the town's First Selectman. Although of the opinion that if God had wanted man to fly,

З висоти двох тисяч футів, де Клодетт Сендерс навчалася пілотувати літак, місто Честер Мілл грало у вранішньому світлі полисками, мов новенька цячечка. Котилися, виблискуючи на сонці, автомобілі магістральною Мейн-стрит. Гостро сяяв, ніби ось-ось прохромить бездоганно чисте небо, шпиль церкви Конго. Бігли наввипередки з річкою Престіл сонячні зайчики, але «Сенека-V» обганяв і їх, і саму річечку, перетинаючи місто діагональним курсом у тому ж напрямку, що й потік.

— Ой, Чаку, здається, я бачу отам двох хлопчиків, біля моста Миру! Вони рибалять!

Це була така щира радість, що жінка аж розсміялась. Уроки пілотування вона брала з люб'язної згоди свого чоловіка, першого виборного їхнього міста. Хоча той і тримався опінії, що якби Бог хотів, аби людина літала, Він

He would have given him wings, Andy was an extremely coaxable man, and eventually Claudette had gotten her way. She had enjoyed the experience from the first. But this wasn't mere enjoyment; it was exhilaration. Today was the first time she had really understood what made flying great. What made it cool.

Chuck Thompson, her instructor, touched the control yoke gently, then pointed at the instrument panel. 'I'm sure,' he said, 'but let's keep the shiny side up, Claudie, okay?' 'Sorry, sorry'

'Not at all.' He had been teaching people to do this for years, and he liked students like Claudie, the ones who were eager to learn something new. She might cost Andy Sanders some real money before long; she loved the Seneca, and had expressed a desire to have one just like it, only new. That would run somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars. Although not exactly spoiled, Claudie Sanders had undeniably expensive tastes which, lucky man, Andy seemed to have no trouble satisfying.

Chuck also liked days like this: unlimited visibility, no wind, perfect teaching conditions. Nevertheless, the Seneca rocked slightly as she overcorrected. 'You're losing your happy thoughts. Don't do that. Come to one-twenty. Let's go out Route 119. And drop on down to nine hundred.' She did, the Seneca's trim once more perfect. Chuck relaxed. They passed above Jim Rennie's Used Cars, and then the town was behind them. There were fields on either side of 119, and trees burning with color. The Seneca's cruciform shadow fled up the blacktop, one dark wing briefly brushing over an ant-man with a pack on his back. The ant-man looked up and waved. Chuck waved back, although he knew the guy couldn't see him.

'Beautiful goddam day!' Claudie exclaimed. Chuck laughed. Their lives had another forty seconds to run. (S. King *Under the Dome*)

дав би їй крила, Енді був згідливим чоловіком і поступово Клодетт добилася свого. Вона отримала задоволення від першого ж уроку. І це задоволення було чимось більшим за просту насолоду, бо п'янило. Сьогодні ж вона вперше по справжньому зрозуміла, що робить політ таким захоплюючим. Чому літати — це так класно.

Чак Томпсон, її інструктор, делікатно торкнувшись штурвала, кивнув на панель.

— Чудово, Клоді, але давай не будемо ризикати, вирівняй авіагоризонт, окей?

— Вибач, вибач.

— Нема за що.

Він не перший рік навчав людей цієї справи, і йому подобалися такі учні, як Клодетт, котрі щиро прагнули навчатися чогось нового. Невдовзі її радість коштуватиме Енді Сендерсу серйозних грошей; їй сподобався літак, і вона висловила бажання й собі мати такого ж, тільки нового, «Сенеку». Це вийде приблизно в мільйон доларів. Не сказати, щоб надуже розбалувана, Клоді Сендерс безперечно мала дорогі смаки, які її Енді — от же щасливчик! — задовольняв без проблем.

Чаку також подобалися такі дні, як сьогоднішній: необмежена видимість, ані вітреця, перфектні умови для тренувального польоту. Однак від того, як вона виправила курс, «Сенеку» таки трусонуло.

— Ти розлітаєшся думками. Перестань. Швидкість сто двадцять. Давай триматися напрямку сто дев'ятнадцятого шосе. І спустися до дев'ятисот[5].

Вона виконала інструкції. «Сенека» знову полетів рівно. Чак розслабився.

Вони промайнули над салоном «Уживані автомобілі Джима Ренні», і місто залишилося позаду. Обабіч шосе 119 попливли поля, яскравими кронами пломеніли дерева. Схожа на розп'яття тінь «Сенеки» бігла асфальтованою трасою, одним темним крилом тінь мазнула по мурашиній фігурці чоловіка з рюкзаком на спині. Чоловік-мураха поглянув угору й помахав рукою. Чак махнув йому у відповідь, хоча й знав, що пішохід його не може побачити.

— Який же, чорт забирай, сьогодні чудесний день! — проходила Клоді.

Чак розсміявся.

Жити їм залишалося ще сорок секунд.

7. Translate the text. What transformations on a syntactical level have you made? How did they change the text?

Next I called Elliot McCluskie and asked after his delightful kiddies. "Fine, thank you." He asked after my delightful business. I asked for a loan of eighty thousand pounds. He began with a thoughtful "Right ..." I lowered my ceiling to sixty. Elliot pointed out that my performance-linked credit stream still had a twelve-month flow horizon before resizing could be feasibly optioned. Oh, I miss the days when they'd laugh like a hyena, tell you to go to hell, and hang up. I traced Magellan's voyage across my globe and longed for a century when a fresh beginning was no further than the next clipper out of Dept-ford. My pride already in tatters, I gave Madame X a bell. She was having her A.M. soak. I explained the gravity of my situation. She laughed like a hyena, told me to go to hell, and hung up. I spun my globe. I spun my globe.

Mrs. Latham eyeballed me like a hawk watching a bunny as I stepped outside. "No, not a loan shark, Mr. Cavendish. It just isn't worth it."

"Never fear, Mrs. Latham, I'm just going to pay a call on the one man in this world who believes in me, fair weather or foul." In the lift I reminded my reflection, "Blood is thicker than water," before spiking my palm on the spoke of my telescopic umbrella.

"Oh, Satan's gonads, not you. Look, just get lost and leave us in peace." My brother glared across his swimming pool as I stepped down his patio. Denholme's never swum in his pool, as far as I know, but he does all the chlorinating and whatnot every week just the same, even in blustery drizzle. He trawled for leaves with a big net on a pole. "I'm not lending you a ruddy farthing until you pay back the last lot. Why must I forever be giving you handouts? No. Don't answer." Denholme scooped a fistful of soggy leaves from the net. "Just get back in your taxi and bugger off. I'll only ask you nicely once."

"How's Georgette?" I brushed aphids off his shriveled rose petals.

"Georgette's going bonkers surely and steadily, not that you ever evince an ounce of genuine interest when you don't want money."

I watched a worm return to soil and wished I was it. "Denny, I've had a minor run-in with the wrong sort. If I can't get my hands on sixty thousand pounds, I'm going to take an awful beating."

"Get them to video it for us."

"I'm not joking, Denholme."

"Nor am I! So, you're shoddy at being duplicitous. What of it? Why is this my problem?"

"We're brothers! Don't you have a conscience?"

"I sat on the board of a merchant bank for thirty years."

An amputated sycamore tree shed once green foliage like desperate men shed once steadfast resolutions. "Help, Denny. Please. Thirty grand would be a start." (D. Mitchel *Cloud Atlas*)

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Lecture 6. Functional Styles

1. The notions of aim and function.
2. Functional and non-functional varieties of language.
3. Stylistics of Language. Types and forms of language. Utterance vs Text.
4. Stylistics of Speech Activity. The notion of speech functional styles. Style-forming factors.
5. Classification of speech functional styles.
6. Stylistics of Speech. Types of texts and genres of texts.

Lecture 7. General Characteristics of Linguostylistic Analysis

1. Literary text
2. Meaning and sense of the text
3. Linguostylistics, text linguistics, and text interpretation as related disciplines
4. Pattern of linguostylistic analysis

Workshop 6-7. Text Analysis.

1. Approaches to understanding what "text" and "discourse" are.
2. Literary narrative.
3. Fictional worlds and mental spaces.
4. Textual worlds.
5. Genre and style.
6. Study the sample of Linguostylistic analysis offered by a 4-year student of Kyiv National Linguistics University. Compare your perception of the text with the student's one.

Student's Sample of Linguostylistic Analysis

Практический курс английского языка для IV курса / ред. В.Д.Аракин, И.А.Новикова и др. – М.: Высшая школа, 1991.

E.L. Doctorow Ragtime

One afternoon, a Sunday, a new model T-Ford slowly came up the hill and went past the house. The boy, who happened to see it from the porch, ran down the steps and stood on the sidewalk. The driver was looking right and left as if trying to find a particular address; he turned the car around at the corner and came back. Pulling up before the boy, he idled his throttle and beckoned with a gloved hand. He was a Negro. His car shone. The brightwork gleamed... I am looking for a young woman of color whose name is Sarah, he said. She is said to reside in one of these houses.

The boy realized he meant the woman in the attic. She's here. The man switched off the motor, set the brake and jumped down.

When Mother came to the door the colored man was respectful, but there was something disturbingly resolute and self-important in the way he asked her if he could please speak with Sarah. Mother could not judge his age. He was a stocky man with a red-complected shining brown face, high cheekbones and large dark eyes so intense as to suggest they were about to cross. He had a neat moustache. He was dressed in the affection of wealth to which colored people lent themselves.

She told him to wait and closed the door. She climbed to the third floor. She found the girl Sarah not sitting at the window as she usually did but standing rigidly, hands folded in front of her, and facing the door. Sarah, Mother said, you have a caller. The girl said nothing. Will you come to the kitchen? The girl shook her head. You don't want to see him? No, ma'am, the girl finally said softly, while she looked at the floor. Send him away, please. This was the most she had said in all the months she had lived in the house. Mother went back downstairs and found the fellow not at the back door but in the kitchen where, in the

warmth of the corner near the cookstove, Sarah's baby lay sleeping in his carriage. The black man was kneeling beside the carriage and staring at the child. Mother, not thinking clearly, was suddenly outraged that he had presumed to come in the door. Sarah is unable to see you, she said and she held the door open. The colored man took another glance at the child, rose, thanked her and departed.

Such was the coming of the colored man in the car to Broadview Avenue. His name was Coalhouse Walker Jr. Beginning with that Sunday he appeared every week, always knocking at the back door. Always turning away without complaint upon Sarah's refusal to see him. Father considered the visits a nuisance and wanted to discourage them. I'll call the police, he said. Mother laid her hand on his arm. One Sunday the colored man left a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums, which in this season had to have cost him a pretty penny.

The black girl would say nothing about her visitor. They had no idea where she had met him, or how. As far as they knew she had no family nor any friends from the black community in the downtown section of the city. Apparently she had come by herself from New York to work as a servant. Mother was exhilarated by the situation. She began to regret Sarah's intransigence. She thought of the drive from Harlem, where Coalhouse Walker Jr. lived, and the drive back, and she decided the next time to give him more of a visit. She would serve tea in the parlor. Father questioned the propriety of this. Mother said, he is well-spoken and conducts himself as a gentleman. I see nothing wrong with it. When Mr Roosevelt was in the White House he gave dinner to Booker T. Washington. Surely we can serve tea to Coalhouse Walker Jr.

And so it happened on the next Sunday that the Negro took tea. Father noted that he suffered no embarrassment by being in the parlor with a cup and saucer in his hand. On the contrary, he acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The surroundings did not awe him nor was his manner deferential. He was courteous and correct. He told them about himself. He was a professional pianist and was now more or less permanently located in New York, having secured a job with the Jim Europe Clef Club Orchestra, a well-known ensemble that gave regular concerts at the Manhattan Casino on 155th Street and Eighth Avenue. It was important, he said, for a musician to find a place that was permanent, a job that required no travelling... I am through travelling, he said. I am through going on the road. He spoke so fervently that Father realized the message was intended for the woman upstairs. This irritated him. What can you play? he said abruptly. Why don't you play something for us?

The black man placed tea, on the tray. He rose, patted his lips with the napkin, placed the napkin beside his cup and went to the piano. He sat on the piano stool and immediately rose and twirled it till the height was to his satisfaction. He sat down again, played a chord and turned to them. This piano is badly in need of a tuning, he said. Father's face reddened. Oh, yes, Mother said, we are terrible about that. The musician turned again to the keyboard. "Wall Street Rag," he said. Composed by the great Scott Joplin. He began to play. Ill-tuned or not the Aeolian had never made such sounds. Small clear chords hung in the air like flowers. The melodies were like bouquets. There seemed to be no other possibilities for life than those delineated by the music. When the piece was over Coalhouse Walker turned on the stool and found in his audience the entire family: Mother, Father, the boy, Grandfather and Mother's Younger Brother, who had come down from his room in shirt and suspenders to see who was playing. Of all of them he was the only one who knew ragtime. He had heard it in his nightlife period in New York. He had never expected to hear it in his sister's home.

Coalhouse Walker Jr. turned back to the piano and said "The Maple Leaf". Composed by the great Scott Joplin. The most famous rag of all rang through the air. The pianist sat stiffly at the keyboard, his long dark hands with their pink nails seemingly with no effort producing the clusters of syncopating chords and the thumping octaves. This was a most robust composition, a vigorous music that roused the senses and never stood still a moment. The boy perceived it as light touching various places in space, accumulating in intricate patterns until the entire room was made to glow with its own being. The music filled the stairwell to the third floor where the mute and unforgiving Sarah sat with her hands folded and listened with the door open.

The piece was brought to a conclusion. Everyone applauded. Mother then introduced Mr Walker to Grandfather and to Younger Brother, who shook the black man's hand and said I am pleased to meet you. Coalhouse Walker was solemn. Everyone was standing. There was a silence. Father cleared his throat. Father was not knowledgeable in music. His taste ran to Carrie Jacobs Bond. He thought Negro music had to have smiling and cakewalking. Do you know any coon songs? he said. He did not intend to be rude, coon songs was what they were called. But the pianist responded with a tense shake of the head. Coon songs are made for minstrel shows, he said. White men sing them in black face. There was another silence. The black man looked at the ceiling. Well, he said, it appears as if Miss Sarah will not be able to

receive me. He turned abruptly and walked through the hall to the kitchen. The family followed him. He had left his coat on a chair. He put it on and ignoring them all, he knelt and gazed at the baby asleep in its carriage. After several moments he stood up, said good day and walked out of the door.

The roaring twenties growl in the streets of New York. Flappers demonstrate their outrageous knees. T-Fords blow strident horns. Skyscrapers are ill with gigantism. Spirits foam in the bars. The brightest flower of this bouquet, the strongest ingredient of this midnight cocktail is music – the exploding chamomiles of jazz, the double-blues in the cut glass, the blinding rag cornflowers drunk to the dregs.

The dramatic loosening of immigration restrictions in the mid-1960s set the stage for the rich multicultural writing of the 1970s and '80s. New Jewish voices were heard in the fiction of E.L. Doctorow. He graduated from Kenyon College and later attended Columbia University. He worked for a time as a script reader for Columbia Pictures in New York City. In 1959 Mr. Doctorow joined the editorial staff of New American Library, leaving that post five years later to become editor in chief at Dial Press. He subsequently taught at several colleges and universities. He was a visiting senior fellow at Princeton University in 1980 and the following year became Glucksman Professor of English and American Letters at New York University. Doctorow's first novel, *Welcome to Hard Times*, is a philosophical turn on the western genre. In his next book, *Big As Life*, he used science fiction to explore the human response to crisis. *The Book of Daniel* is a fictionalized treatment of the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for espionage in 1953. In *Ragtime*, his most commercially successful work, actual figures of early 20th-century America share the spotlight with emblematic Anglo, Jewish, and African-American characters.

The scene is laid in America at the beginning of the twentieth century. The protagonist is Coalhouse Walker Jr., an Afro-American pianist. In the opening scene of the passage he is looking for a house where Sarah, his beloved who he abandoned, lives. As he succeeds in his search, the girl does not want to see him, and Coalhouse leaves. Being persistent, he appears in the house every week without any complaint upon Sarah's irreconcilable refusal to see him. One Sunday the hostess of the house invites Mr. Walker for a cup of tea. Since he understands that this visit is a perfect chance for him, he tells more about himself, pointing at his financial stability, emphasizing his manners knowingly. Then he plays some rags. Being about to leave, he enters the kitchen, bends over the baby in the carriage and goes away.

The excerpt is third person objectivized narration. Although the narrator is not indicated directly, one can presume that Mr. Doctorow himself is a fictional witness of the events. The narrative is interlaced with the elements of uttered represented speech. The author also enriches the text with the dissemination of graphic dynamic descriptions.

The slant of the narration is varied and fully correlates with the structure of the passage. It starts with the neutral descriptive opening scene of Coalhouse Walker Jr. driving around the area in search of the right house. His realistic portrait of "a stocky man with a red-complected shining brown face, high cheekbones and large dark eyes" is written-painted directly, with no symbolic "half-tints" and no emotional overtones. As the narration develops, the tune becomes more dramatic. Sarah, an abandoned woman, is "standing rigidly, hands folded in front of her", resolute and impregnable, petrified in her pride. Her statue-like tragic figure, worth of Rodin, is a starting point which draws the reader to the climax. Sarah's sullen chord is interrupted by the carefree though climactic "Wall Street Rag", performed by Coalhouse. At this point the slant as well as the narration reaches its highest dramatic quality. The denouement is abrupt and a bit unexpected as Mr. Walker was meant to stay longer after his musical triumph. However, it does not lose its solemnity and concealed tension. "He stood up, said good day and walked out of the door."

The piece of text can be viewed as a contential and emotional clue to tapestry of possibilities delineated or expressed in ragtime music. The emotional resonance effect which underlies the readers' literary response is generally grounded in two types of mental images that are there, in or beyond the text, - a visual image of some sort, an icon, a spiral, a spring... and an

auditory image - a melody, a tune, or the ragtime beat, moving along at an often vigorous, sometimes relaxed, pace.

The black man placed his tea on the tray. He rose, patted his lips with the napkin, placed the napkin beside his cup and went to the piano. He sat on the piano stool and immediately rose and twirled it till the height was to his satisfaction. He sat down again, played a chord and turned to them. This piano is badly in need of a tuning, he said. Father's face reddened. Oh yes, Mother said, we are terrible about that. The musician turned again to the keyboard. "Wall Street Rag," he said. Composed by the great Scott Joplin.

The relaxed pace of this part of the text highlighted by the *bl-pl* alliteration creates a steady, even twin-rhythm accompaniment to a bouncy, strongly syncopated melody accented by the syntactic parallelism of *He rose... He sat... He sat down again* and the intermittent length of the sentences. Against this background a somewhat bizarre combination of *sat-satisfaction-sat* brings us closer to the key-words of the passage - *the piano-stool* and *turned* that embody a virtual switch between two virtual spaces, that of the audience and that of the pianist, - the two spaces the room where the action is set can be split into.

The title of the rag played ("Wall Street Rag" here and "The Maple Leaf" later in the text as well as the phrase "*Composed by the great Scott Joplin*", repeated further in passage that follows) serve as a "pass-word" giving access from the seemingly colorless and nameless spectators' space to the space of music whose description abounds in colourful imagery.

Moving slowly but steadily to the virtual space of irregular and jerky classic ragtime and then turning quite a few times to the piano and back (*sat on the piano stool - turned to them - turned again to the keyboard - turned on the stool - turned back to the piano - sat stiffly at the keyboard*), the black man, Coalhouse Walker Jr., become a magician whose chords first fill the air in the room with bouquets of flowers, then bring into play the NYC vision from the past of the Mother's Younger Brother who was the only one to know ragtime, and, eventually, spurring the boy's interest, ma' through the accumulation of intricate musical patterns, the whole room, now like, coherent space, glow with an unbelievably insightful and intuitively empathetic feeling for the sense of life.

The ragtime tune that never stands still a moment, touches various places in space and accumulates in intricate patterns is personified in the text as an embodiment of LIFE itself. And whether it is an entertaining tune, or a jerky beat, or a dynamic march, or a well-crafted waltz depends to a great extent on its creator and its performer.

He began to play. Ill-tuned or not the Aeolian had never made such sounds. Small clear chords hung in the air like flowers. The melodies were like bouquets. There seemed to be no other possibilities for life than those delineated by the music.

The floristic imagery here (*flowers, bouquets*) is grounded in synaesthesia of auditory (*sounds, clear chords*), visual and tactile (*solid objects that hung in the air*), and, probably, smell sensorics (*flowers that smell*).

When the piece was over Coalhouse Walker turned on the stool and found in his audience the entire family, Mother, Father, the boy, Grandfather and Mother's Younger Brother, who had come down from his room in shirt and suspenders to see who was playing. Of all of them he was the only one who knew ragtime. He had heard it in his nightlife period in New York. He had never expected to hear it in his sister's home.

Coalhouse Walker Jr. turned back to the piano and said "The Maple Leaf." Composed by the great Scott Joplin. The most famous rag of all rang through the air.

The syncopated alliteration of the last phrase brings home to the reader the famous lines of the "Maple Leaf Rag" lyrics, "*Oh go 'way man I can hypnotize dis nation, /I can shake de earth's foundation wid de Maple Leaf Rag*".

The stylistic means favoured by the author are varied and can be compared with the rhythmic blooming of the ragtime, played by a black ballroom pianist in some shabby cinema: grand chords of emphatic repetitions ("*Composed by the great Scott Joplin.*"), exquisite short sentences sharp, sudden gradations flat, reprise of anaphora ("*...the job that required no*

travelling.. I am through travelling"). The dexterity of delicate fingers is fascinating: sonorous drops of details ("*...his long dark hands with their pink nails...*") and brilliant improvisation of epithets and similes ("*The melodies were like bouquets*", "*...clear chords hung in the air like flowers*", "*...robust composition, a vigorous music....*").

The bulk of the phraseology is predominantly neutral words, naturally used in realistic prose. Since the novel is partly connected with music, the author does not avoid different musical terms (e.g., "*...with no effort producing the clusters of syncopating chords and thumping octaves.*"). These words, however, are neither specific, nor profound; therefore, they do not distract the reader's attention and serve as a genuine setting, as well as different people and objects that Mr. Doctorow alludes to (e.g. *T- Ford, coon songs, Carrie Jacobs Bond* and the others).

The black-and-white life is gleaming on the screen; the funny little Charlie is walking like a penguin towards the talkies, million dollars Hollywood blockbusters, and the dust on music stand. But we shall always remember a little Texas boy, sitting at the battered piano, which his father bought working extra hours, and maturing the rag tune of "The Entertainer".

- Analyze the texts from the Linguostylistics and Cognitive Poetics perspectives. How does your analysis influence translation choices?

Text A

***Hills Like White Elephants* By Ernest Hemingway**

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

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

'It's pretty hot,' the man said.

'Let's drink beer.'

'Dos cervezas,' the man said into the curtain.

'Big ones?' a woman asked from the doorway.

'Yes. Two big ones.'

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

'They look like white elephants,' she said.

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

'No, you wouldn't have.'

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

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

'Anis del Toro. It's a drink.'

'Could we try it?'

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

'Four reales.' 'We want two Anis del Toro.'

'With water?'

'Do you want it with water?'

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

'It's all right.'

'You want them with water?' asked the woman.

'Yes, with water.'

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

'That's the way with everything.'

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

'Oh, cut it out.'

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

'Well, let's try and have a fine time.'

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

'That was bright.'

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

'I guess so.'

The girl looked across at the hills.

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

'Should we have another drink?'

'All right.'

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

'The beer's nice and cool,' the man said.

'It's lovely,' the girl said.

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

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

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

The girl did not say anything.

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

'Then what will we do afterwards?'

'We'll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.'

'What makes you think so?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

'And you really want to?'

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

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

'I love you now. You know I love you.'

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

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

'If I do it you won't ever worry?'

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

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

'What do you mean?'

'I don't care about me.'

'Well, I care about you.'

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

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

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

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

'What did you say?'

'I said we could have everything.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can have the whole world.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can go everywhere.'

'No, we can't. It isn't ours any more.'

'It's ours.'

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

'But they haven't taken it away.'

'We'll wait and see.'

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

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

'I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do -'

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

'All right. But you've got to realize -'

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

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

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

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

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

'Yes, you know it's perfectly simple.'

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

'Would you do something for me now?'

'I'd do anything for you.'

'Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?'

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

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

'I'll scream,' the girl said.

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

'What did she say?' asked the girl.

'That the train is coming in five minutes.'

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

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

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

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

'Do you feel better?' he asked.

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

Text B.
DIGGING THE DANCING CRANE



Where the Wild Things Are: for this elegant bird, romance is for life and all its world is a stage. Patrick Morris watches a Japanese icon put on a show

From INTELLIGENT LIFE magazine, July/August 2014

Dawn is breaking on the Setsuri river in Hokkaido, northern Japan. As the sun starts to climb, vapour rises off the water encrusting the trees in glittering white crystal. I watch from a bridge as the silhouettes of some of the rarest and most revered creatures on Earth emerge from the mist: the red-crowned or Japanese crane, *Grus japonensis*.

These birds stand five feet tall on long, slender legs, with feathers of snow white, save for the black flashes on their wings and the patch of red skin on their crown, which gives them the local name *tancho*, meaning “red peak”. They choose to roost in this river at night because the water protects them from predators, and because it’s that bit warmer than the biting winter air.

Japanese cranes can live for 40 years or more and, like swans, they pair off for life. At dawn, as the pale sun starts to warm the land, the pairs stretch, preen and greet each other, their bugle calls echoing down the river valley. Then, their morning routine complete, they start to run, lifting themselves from the water with slow, almost hypnotic beats, on wings eight feet wide. When they have reached sufficient height, they hold firm in a long glide, just their white wingtips ruffling in the breeze.

The first known sightings of red-crowned cranes in Japanese art date back to the fifth century. For over 1,500 years, they have been revered as symbols of fidelity, longevity, happiness and good fortune. They’ve been written into myths and folklore, painted and sculpted, folded and woven, featured on bank notes and the tail fins of Japanese aeroplanes. Today they are classified as a “Special Natural Monument”, a national icon.

Despite this legendary status, Japan’s red-crowned cranes suffered heavily at the beginning of the last century from habitat loss and hunting: their feathers were prized as hat adornments. The Setsuri population fell from thousands to fewer than three dozen individuals. Since then, through efforts to conserve their breeding grounds in the Kushiro wetlands and a winter-feeding programme, the population has steadily grown, to about 1,200.

But over the years these birds have become increasingly sedentary, cosseted into abandoning any form of migration. They are now isolated from the dwindling populations of around 1,500 other red-crowned cranes that live in south-eastern Russia, north-east China and Mongolia, and which still migrate to their winter grounds in China and the uneasy borderlands between North and South Korea. All the groups remain highly vulnerable to ever-increasing human pressure and the loss of habitat.

After leaving their winter roost site on the Setsuri river, the Japanese red-crowned cranes fly the short distance to special sanctuaries to feed. There, on the open snowfields, especially in the month of February, they perform a remarkable ritual that draws visitors from around the world. With wings slightly raised and heads held high, a pair of red-crowned cranes begin to march, their broad, three-toed feet puncturing the snow as they trumpet loudly and steam rises from their beaks. The male calls first, followed closely by the female—several notes in quick succession, strengthening their bond. But this vocal parade is just the prelude.

Now the pair begin to dance, bowing heads, flapping wings, leaping up and down and spinning around, sometimes picking up sticks and leaves and tossing them in the air. Their momentum triggers other couples to do the same, then the juveniles join in, until the whole flock is in motion—mesmerising flashes of red, black and white, flickering across the snowfields. It's a sight worth going a long way to see.

Patrick Morris makes nature documentaries, including the BBC series "Wild Africa" and "Galapagos"

Text C.
Song For The Last Act
by Louise Bogan

Now that I have your face by heart, I look
Less at its features than its darkening frame
Where quince and melon, yellow as young flame,
Lie with quilled dahlias and the shepherd's crook.
Beyond, a garden. There, in insolent ease
The lead and marble figures watch the show
Of yet another summer loath to go
Although the scythes hang in the apple trees.

Now that I have your face by heart, I look.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read
In the black chords upon a dulling page
Music that is not meant for music's cage,
Whose emblems mix with words that shake and bleed.
The staves are shuttled over with a stark
Unprinted silence. In a double dream
I must spell out the storm, the running stream.
The beat's too swift. The notes shift in the dark.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see
The wharves with their great ships and architraves;
The rigging and the cargo and the slaves
On a strange beach under a broken sky.
O not departure, but a voyage done!
The bales stand on the stone; the anchor weeps
Its red rust downward, and the long vine creeps
Beside the salt herb, in the lengthening sun.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see.

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Lecture 8. Text Interpretation

1. The notion of “text interpretation” and major approaches to it
2. U.Eco: Interpretation and overinterpretation
3. Basic notions of text interpretation
 - a. Intertextuality
 - b. Artistic model of the world
 - c. Fictitious time and space
 - d. Implication
 - e. Artistic detail

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