

ЗАДАНИЯ ДЛЯ КОНТРОЛЬНЫХ РАБОТ

Контрольная работа выполняется студентами заочной формы обучения и включает в себя: три теоретических вопроса по дисциплине, интерпретацию отрывка художественного произведения и доклад.

Ответы на вопросы и интерпретацию отрывка произведения следует выполнять на листах формата А-4. Для выполнения задания необходимо изучить литературу по теме, овладеть терминологией, применить знания по стилистике. Изложение должно отличаться композиционной четкостью, логичностью, грамотностью.

Доклад следует оформлять отдельным документом, он должен сопровождаться презентацией. Объем доклада – 10 – 15 страниц. Объем презентации – до 15 слайдов. Время доклада – 5-7 минут. Презентация предоставляется как демонстрация Power Point (расширение pps или ppsx). Выступление происходит на семинарских занятиях по данной дисциплине. Семинарское занятие, предшествующее экзамену, является последним для выступлений.

Вариант 1

1. Раскройте взаимосвязь интерпретации текста как науки и герменевтики.
2. Охарактеризуйте значения слова в художественном тексте.
3. Опишите значение и виды заголовка в тексте.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

And after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing.

Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honoured guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

("The Garden Party" by Katherine Mansfield)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 2

1. Раскройте понятие «художественный текст» как основной коммуникативной единицы.
2. Охарактеризуйте предложение как основную синтаксическую единицу, опишите его стилистические функции.
3. Опишите значение пунктуации в художественном тексте.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh – er – have you come – is it about the marquee?"

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckle fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. "That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned, they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him. (*"The Garden Party"* by Katherine Mansfield)

5. Подготовить доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 3

1. Раскройте понятия «образ», «актуализация», «доминанта».
2. Охарактеризуйте основные синтаксические фигуры речи, приведите примеры.
3. Дайте определение понятию «художественная деталь», опишите ее виды.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that – caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for her friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions.

Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom... And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Someone whistled, someone sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the – the – Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

(*"The Garden Party"* by Katherine Mansfield)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 4

1. Опишите эстетическую категорию образа в художественном тексте.
2. Охарактеризуйте стилистические особенности синтаксической транспозиции.
3. Раскройте стилистическое значение автосемантической лексики.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного художественного произведения.

Mother to Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.
But all the time
I've been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—
For I've still goin', honey,
I've still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair. *by Langston Hughes*

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 5

1. Охарактеризуйте систему образов в художественном произведении: образы действующих лиц, природы, вещей, собирательные и словесные образы.
2. Проанализируйте употребление имен собственных в художественном произведении.
3. Опишите характерные черты внутренней речи и ее видов: внутренний диалог, внутренний монолог, аутодиалог.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

I was Daddy's favourite of his seven kids, but still he sent me into exile when I was thirteen and refused to speak to me for twenty-seven years, nor would he allow me to return to our house on Crescent Avenue, Perrysburg, New York, even when Grandma died (though he couldn't keep me away from the funeral mass at St. Stephen's and afterward the burial in the

church cemetery, where I stood at a distance, crying) when I was twenty-two. Only in the final months of his life, when Daddy was weakened with emphysema and the anger leaked from him, was I allowed to return to help Mom sometimes. Because now Mom needed me. But it was never the same between us.

Daddy was only seventy-three when he died, but he looked much older, ravaged. Always he'd driven himself hard, working (plumber, pipe fitter), drinking heavily, smoking, raging. He'd been involved all his working life with union politics. Feuds with employers, and with other union members and organizers. Every election, Daddy was in a fever for weeks. One of those men involved behind the scenes. "Delivering the Perrysburg labor vote." A hard-muscled man with a roostery air of self-esteem, yet edgy, suspicious. Daddy was a local character, a known person. He'd been an amateur boxer, light heavy-weight, in the U.S. Army (1950-52), and worked out at a downtown gym, had a punching bag and a heavy bag in the garage, sparred with my brothers, who could never, swift on their feet as they were, stay out of reach of his "dynamite" right cross. When I was living with relatives across town, in what I call my exile, I knew my father at a distance: caught glimpses of him on the street, saw his picture in the paper. Then things changed, younger men were coming up in the union, Daddy and his friends lost power, Daddy got sick, and one sickness led to another. By the time I was allowed back in the house on Crescent Avenue, Daddy was under hospice care, and he'd turned into an old man, shrunken by fifty pounds, furrows in his face like you'd make in a piecrust with a fork. I stared and stared. Was this my father? That face I knew to be ruddy-skinned, good-looking, now gaunt and strangely collapsed about the mouth. Even his shrewd eyes were smaller and shifting worriedly in their sockets as if he was thinking, *Is it in the room with me yet?*

("Curly Red" by Joyce Carol Oates)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 6

1. Опишите стилистические особенности асиндетона и полисиндетона.
2. Проанализируйте понятие «сильная позиция» в контексте интерпретации.
3. Приведите примеры собственно авторского изложения в художественном тексте и опишите его композиционно-речевые формы.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

In April 1973, when Jadro Filer was beaten unconscious and died, and the lawyer my father hired to defend Leo and Mario pleaded their case to prosecutors, the defense of impulsive, hot-headed boys didn't work out so well for them, or for my cousin Walt and a neighborhood friend named Don Brinkhaus. And this time I was involved. Did I know Jadro Filer, or any of his family? Did I have Negro friends? ("Negro" was the polite, prescribed term.) There'd been a Negro girl in my fourth-grade class with the strange, beautiful name Skyla I'd been friends with, but not the kind of friend who invited you to her house, or vice versa. When Skyla dropped out of school I missed her, but never thought to ask where she'd gone.

Nigger lover, I'd be called. A girl of thirteen.

At this time Leo was nineteen, living in a walk-up apartment downtown and working for the plumbing contractor our daddy worked for; he'd been accepted into the union. (No Negroes be-longed. This would come out later, the union thought unfairly, in the media coverage of the case.) Mario was sixteen, a sophomore in high school, big for his age, bored. Leo and Mario were together a lot, cruising in Mario's car, drinking beer with guys mostly Leo's age. Leo was discovering what Daddy called "fucking-real life." He hated working full-time. His girlfriend had broken up with him because of his drinking and general evil temper. He pissed Daddy off saying he wished to hell the Vietnam War hadn't ended so fast, he'd have liked to go over and "see what that shit was all about."

At Perrysburg High there'd be isolated incidents involving white and Negro boys, especially following Friday night sports events, but none of these had involved Jadro Filer. In 1971 – 72, his senior year at the school, Leo had known Jadro but there'd been no "bad blood" between them, he insisted. Mario would deny it, too. Certainly they were aware of Jadro on the basketball team, who hadn't been? Perrysburg wasn't a large school: fewer than five hundred students. Everybody knew everybody else, in some way. But whites and Negroes didn't mix much. On sports teams and in the school band and chorus, in a few of the clubs, maybe. But not much.

("Curly Red" by Joyce Carol Oates)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 7

1. Охарактеризуйте типы изложения в художественном тексте.
2. Проанализируйте актуализацию языковых единиц в художественном тексте на фонетическом и графическом уровнях.
3. Опишите виды импликации и их функции.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

"Y'are very snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the great, green-leather armchair by his friend the boss's desk as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his...stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesday he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day. Though what he did there the wife and girls couldn't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed...Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added, "It's snug in here, upon my word!"

"Yes, it's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped the Financial Times with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the past -- how many? - weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings. "New furniture," and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating!" He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim remembering. "Now what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

("The Fly" by Katherine Mansfield)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 8

1. Опишите основные категории художественного текста.

2. Проанализируйте персонажную речь в художественном тексте. Опишите виды персонажной речи и их особенности.
3. Раскройте способы актуализации языковых единиц в художественном тексте на морфемном уровне.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly, "I tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That's the medicine," said he. "And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.T. it came from the cellars at Windor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It's whisky, ain't it?" he piped feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D'you know," said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." And he looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly, "It's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain -- he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems."

("The Fly" by Katherine Mansfield)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 9

1. Опишите характерные черты несобственно-прямой речи при передаче:
 - а) образов персонажей;
 - б) образа автора.
2. Раскройте композиционную схему художественного текста по треугольнику Г. Фрейтага. Определите суть и значение фабулы.
3. Раскройте особенности содержательно-фактуальной, концептуальной, имплицитной информации художественного текста.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

"THE MARVELLOUS THING IS THAT IT'S painless," he said.

"That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you."

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?"

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

“They’ve been there since the day the truck broke down,” he said. “Today’s the first time any have lit on the ground. I watched the way they sailed very carefully at first in case I ever wanted to use them in a story. That’s funny now.”

“I wish you wouldn’t,” she said.

“I’m only talking,” he said. “It’s much easier if I talk. But I don’t want to bother you.”

“You know it doesn’t bother me,” she said. “It’s that I’ve gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes.”

“Or until the plane doesn’t come.”

“Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do.”

“You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You’re a good shot now. I taught you to shoot, didn’t I?”

“Please don’t talk that way. Couldn’t I read to you?”

“Read what?”

“Anything in the book bag that we haven’t read.”

“I can’t listen to it,” he said. “Talking is the easiest. We quarrel and that makes the time pass.”

“I don’t quarrel. I never want to quarrel. Let’s not quarrel any more. No matter how nervous we get. Maybe they will be back with another truck today. Maybe the plane will come.”

“I don’t want to move,” the man said. “There is no sense in moving now except to make it easier for you.”

“That’s cowardly.”

“Can’t you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names? What’s the use of slanging me?”

“You’re not going to die.”

“Don’t be silly. I’m dying now. Ask those bastards.” He looked over to where the huge, filthy

birds sat, their naked heads sunk in the hunched feathers. A fourth planed down, to run quick-legged and then waddle slowly toward the others.

“They are around every camp. You never notice them. You can’t die if you don’t give up.”

“Where did you read that? You’re such a bloody fool.”

“You might think about some one else.”

“For Christ’s sake,” he said, “that’s been my trade.”

He lay then and was quiet for a while and looked across the heat shimmer of the plain to the edge of the bush. There were a few Tommies that showed minute and white against the yellow and, far off, he saw a herd of zebra, white against the green of the bush. This was a pleasant camp under big trees against a hill, with good water, and close by, a nearly dry water hole where sand grouse flighted in the mornings.

(“*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*” by Ernest Hemingway)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

Вариант 10

1. Охарактеризуйте виды значений слова в художественном тексте.
2. Охарактеризуйте такие стилистические средства как метафора, метонимия, синекдоха. Приведите примеры.
3. Раскройте особенности употребления разных слоев лексики, учитывая стили речи.
4. Выполните перевод и интерпретацию предложенного отрывка художественного произведения.

So now it was all over, he thought. So now he would never have a chance to finish it. So this was the way it ended, in a bickering over a drink. Since the gangrene started in his right leg he had no pain and with the pain the horror had gone and all he felt now was a great tiredness

and anger that this was the end of it. For this, that now was coming, he had very little curiosity. For years it had obsessed him; but now it meant nothing in itself. It was strange how easy being tired enough made it.

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting. Well he would never know, now.

"I wish we'd never come," the woman said. She was looking at him, holding the glass and biting her lip. "You never would have gotten anything like this in Paris. You always said you loved Paris. We could have stayed in Paris or gone anywhere. I'd have gone anywhere. I said I'd go anywhere you wanted. If you wanted to shoot we could have gone shooting in Hungary and been comfortable."

"Your bloody money," he said.

"That's not fair," she said. "It was always yours as much as mine. I left everything and I went wherever you wanted to go and I've done what you wanted to do. But I wish we'd never come here."

"You said you loved it."

"I did when you were all right. But now I hate it. I don't see why that had to happen to your leg. What have we done to have that happen to us?"

"I suppose what I did was to forget to put iodine on it when I first scratched it. Then I didn't pay any attention to it because I never infect. Then, later, when it got bad, it was probably using that weak carbolic solution when the other antiseptics ran out that paralyzed the minute blood vessels and started the gangrene." He looked at her, "What else?"

"I don't mean that."

"If we would have hired a good mechanic instead of a half-baked Kikuyu driver, he would have checked the oil and never burned out that bearing in the truck."

"I don't mean that."

"If you hadn't left your own people, your goddamned Old Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on—"

"Why, I loved you. That's not fair. I love you now. I'll always love you. Don't you love me?"

"No," said the man. "I don't think so. I never have."

"Harry, what are you saying? You're out of your head."

"No. I haven't any head to go out of."

"Don't drink that," she said. "Darling, please don't drink that. We have to do everything we can."

"You do it," he said. "I'm tired."

Now in his mind he saw a railway station at Karagatch and he was standing with his pack and that was the headlight of the Simplon-Orient cutting the dark now and he was leaving Thrace then after the retreat. That was one of the things he had saved to write, with, in the morning at breakfast, looking out the window and seeing snow on the mountains in Bulgaria and Nansen's Secretary asking the old man if it were snow and the old man looking at it and saying, No, that's not snow. It's too early for snow. And the Secretary repeating to the other girls, No, you see. It's not snow and them all saying, It's not snow we were mistaken. But it was the snow all right and he sent them on into it when he evolved exchange of populations. And it was snow they tramped along in until they died that winter.

(*"The Snows of Kilimanjaro"* by Ernest Hemingway)

5. Подготовьте доклад на одну из предложенных тем (см. перечень тем)

ТЕМЫ ДОКЛАДОВ

1. Способы передачи стилистического значения синтаксических единиц при переводе.
2. Стилистические особенности синтаксической транспозиции.
3. Диалог как средство характеристики персонажа.
4. Проблемы передачи тропов при переводе.
5. Система образов художественного произведения.
6. Авторская точка зрения и способы ее выражения в художественном произведении.
7. Структура классической драмы.
8. Жанровое разнообразие поэтических произведений.
9. проблема авторства и интерпретации художественного текста в постмодернизме.
10. Подтекст в художественном произведении.