

Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение
инклюзивного высшего образования
«Московский государственный гуманитарно-экономический университет»

Факультет иностранных языков
Кафедра романо-германских языков

УТВЕРЖДАЮ

И.о. проректора по учебно-
методической работе

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«30» августа 2021 г.

РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

Перевод художественного текста (второй иностранный язык)

Образовательная программа по специальности	45.05.01	Перевод и переводоведение
	шифр	наименование специальности
цикл Б1.В.05		
шифр	Вариативная	часть
	наименование части	

Специализация

Лингвистическое обеспечение межгосударственных отношений

Квалификация (степень) выпускника

Специалист

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«30» августа 2021 г.



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Заведующий библиотекой

«30» августа 2021 г.

(дата)



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РАССМОТРЕНО
ОДОБРЕНО И
УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКИМ
СОВЕТОМ
ПРМ 01 31 08 2021 г.

Содержание

1. ОРГАНИЗАЦИОННО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЙ РАЗДЕЛ.....	4
2. СТРУКТУРА И СОДЕРЖАНИЕ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ.....	5
3. ОСОБЕННОСТИ ОБУЧЕНИЯ ИНВАЛИДОВ И ЛИЦ С ОВЗ.....	9
4. УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ САМОСТОЯТЕЛЬНОЙ РАБОТЫ ОБУЧАЮЩИХСЯ.....	10
5. ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНЫЕ ТЕХНОЛОГИИ.....	11
6. ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ СРЕДСТВА ДЛЯ ТЕКУЩЕГО КОНТРОЛЯ УСПЕВАЕМОСТИ И ПРОМЕЖУТОЧНОЙ АТТЕСТАЦИИ.....	11
7. УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ И ИНФОРМАЦИОННОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ УЧЕБНОЙ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ.....	14
8. МАТЕРИАЛЬНО-ТЕХНИЧЕСКОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ УЧЕБНОЙ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ.....	31

1. ОРГАНИЗАЦИОННО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЙ РАЗДЕЛ

1.1. Цели и задачи изучения дисциплины:

Цель дисциплины – ознакомить студентов с основными моделями и трудностями художественного перевода на основе сопоставления текстов русского и английского языков.

Достижение данной цели предполагает решение задач:

- развить навык определения общей стратегии перевода и преодоления конкретных переводческих трудностей;
- развить умение распознавать основные функционально-стилистические и жанровые разновидности художественного перевода;
- сформировать представление о культурологической интерпретации художественного текста;
- развить навык использования моделей перевода художественного текста.

1.2. Место дисциплины в структуре образовательной программы специальности: Б1.В.05

«Перевод художественного текста (первый второй язык)» представляет собой дисциплину по выбору. Для освоения данной дисциплины студент должен освоить такие дисциплины, как «Практический курс перевода второго иностранного языка», «Стилистика», «Теория перевода». Обучающийся должен владеть терминологическим аппаратом, знать следующие категории: эквивалентность и адекватность перевода; прагматическая адаптация перевода; модели перевода; переводческие трансформации; переводческие соответствия; способы передачи безэквивалентной лексики. Освоение дисциплины необходимо для успешной реализации переводческой практики, написания текста выпускной квалификационной работы.

1.3. Требования к результатам освоения учебной дисциплины

Процесс освоения учебной дисциплины направлен на формирование у обучающихся следующих компетенций:

Код компет енции	Содержание компетенции	Индикаторы достижения компетенции
ПК-1	Способен проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков	<i>Знает</i> принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. <i>Умеет</i> проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. <i>Владеет</i> навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.
ПК-8	Способен осуществлять саморедактирование текста перевода, использовать текстовые	<i>Знает</i> принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых

	редакторы и специализированное программное обеспечение для оформления текста перевода	редакторов. <i>Умеет</i> осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения. <i>Владеет</i> навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.
ПК-9	Способен осуществлять постредактирование машинного и (или) автоматизированного перевода, внесение необходимых смысловых, лексических, терминологических и стилистико-грамматических изменений	<i>Знает</i> принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода. <i>Умеет</i> обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности <i>Владеет</i> навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.

2. СТРУКТУРА И СОДЕРЖАНИЕ УЧЕБНОЙ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

2.1. Объем учебной дисциплины.

Объем дисциплины «Перевод художественного текста» составляет 2 зачетные единицы/ 72 часа.

<i>Вид учебной работы</i>	Очная форма	
	Семестр 8, часов	
Аудиторная работа обучающихся с преподавателем (по видам учебных занятий), всего в том числе:	36	
Лекции (Л)	8	
В том числе, практическая подготовка (ЛПП)		
Практические занятия (ПЗ)	28	
В том числе, практическая подготовка (ПЗПП)	8	
Самостоятельная работа обучающихся (СР)	36	
В том числе, практическая подготовка (СРПП)	10	
Промежуточная аттестация (подготовка и сдача), всего:		
Зачет		
Итого:	72 (2 з.е.)	

2.2. Содержание разделов учебной дисциплины

№ п/п	Наименование раздела (темы)	Содержание раздела (тематика занятий)	Формируемые компетенции (индекс)

1	Стиль художественной литературы.	Стилистические особенности художественного текста. Основная схема анализа эпического произведения. Понятия о большой и малой эпике. Роман. Новелла. Рассказ. Анекдот. Басня. Сказка. Эссе.	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9
2	Грамматические особенности художественной речи.	Тропы и стилистические фигуры языка. Смысловая, эмоциональная, эстетическая и коммуникативная функция тропов. Особенности адекватного перевода тропов.	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9
3	Перевод художественного текста	Художественная проза и художественная публицистика. Принципы перевода художественного текста. Полноценный синтез предметно-логического, функционально-коммуникативного и эмоционально-воздействующего содержания. Отражение стиля автора.	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9
4	Перевод авторского текста	Анализ содержания авторского замысла. Анализ внутритекстовых связей. Передача авторской концепции описываемых событий, ситуаций, действующих лиц. Стилистический анализ авторского текста. Передача авторских стилистических приемов. Степень допустимости использования в переводе иных приемов (например, сравнения вместо метафоры) ради достижения адекватного воздействия на читателя. Юмор в переводе. Проблема передачи игры слов.	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9
5	Передача авторской позиции	Определение оценочной позиции автора. Выявление идеологических взглядов автора. Вспомогательные средства определения переводчиком авторской позиции. Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста. Передача оценочных характеристик в переводе без искажения.	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9
6	Разнообразие переводческих решений	Допустимость разнообразия переводческих решений. Выработка переводческой стратегии. Выявление подтекста. Степень свободы перевода по отношению к оригиналу. Формирование переводчиком собственной, последовательной концепции текста. Анализ переводов, выполненных различными переводчиками, с точки зрения разных переводческих интерпретаций авторской концепции.	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9

2.3. Разделы дисциплин и виды занятий

№ п/п	Наименование раздела	Аудиторная работа		Внеауд. работа	Объем в часах
		Л	ПЗ/ЛР	СР	Всего
		в том числе, ЛПП	в том числе, ПЗПП/ ЛРПП	в том числе, СРПП	в том числе, ПП
1	Стиль художественной литературы.	2	4	6	12
2	Грамматические особенности художественной речи.	4	4	6	14
3	Перевод художественного текста.		4	6	10
4	Перевод авторского текста.		4	6	10
5	Передача авторской позиции.		4	6	10
6	Разнообразие переводческих решений	2	8	6	16
	<i>Итого:</i>	8	28	36	72
	<i>Всего:</i>	8	28	36	72

2.4. Планы лекционных занятий

№	Наименование тем лекций	Кол-во часов в 9 семестре по видам работы	
		Л	в том числе, ЛПП
	9 семестр		
1	Стиль художественной литературы. Понятия о большой и малой эпике. Основная схема анализа эпического произведения.	2	-
2	Грамматические особенности художественной речи. Тропы и стилистические фигуры языка. Смысловая, эмоциональная, эстетическая и коммуникативная функция тропов. Особенности адекватного перевода тропов.	4	-
3	Разнообразие переводческих решений. Выработка переводческой стратегии. Выявление подтекста. Степень свободы перевода по отношению к оригиналу. Формирование последовательной концепции текста. Анализ переводов, выполненных различными переводчиками.	2	-

2.5. Планы практических занятий

№	Наименование тем практических занятий	Кол-во часов в 9 семестре по видам работы	
		ПЗ	в том числе,

			ПЗПП
	9 семестр		
1.	Стиль художественной литературы. Стилистические особенности художественного текста. Основная схема анализа эпического произведения. Понятия о большой и малой эпике. Роман. Новелла. Рассказ. Анекдот. Басня. Сказка. Эссе.	4	1
2.	Грамматические особенности художественной речи. Тропы и стилистические фигуры языка. Смысловая, эмоциональная, эстетическая и коммуникативная функция тропов. Особенности адекватного перевода тропов.	4	1
3.	Перевод художественного текста. Художественная проза и художественная публицистика. Принципы перевода художественного текста. Полноценный синтез предметно-логического, функционально-коммуникативного и эмоционально-воздействующего содержания. Отражение стиля автора.	4	1
4.	Перевод авторского текста. Анализ содержания авторского замысла. Анализ внутритекстовых связей. Передача авторской концепции описываемых событий, ситуаций, действующих лиц. Стилистический анализ авторского текста. Передача авторских стилистических приемов. Степень допустимости использования в переводе иных приемов (например, сравнения вместо метафоры) ради достижения адекватного воздействия на читателя. Юмор в переводе. Проблема передачи игры слов.	4	1
5.	Передача авторской позиции. Определение оценочной позиции автора. Выявление идеологических взглядов автора. Вспомогательные средства определения переводчиком авторской позиции. Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста. Передача оценочных характеристик в переводе без искажения.	4	1
6.	Разнообразие переводческих решений. Допустимость разнообразия переводческих решений. Выработка переводческой стратегии. Выявление подтекста. Степень свободы перевода по отношению к оригиналу. Формирование переводчиком собственной, последовательной концепции текста. Анализ переводов, выполненных различными переводчиками, с точки зрения разных переводческих интерпретаций авторской концепции.	8	3

2.6. Планы практической подготовки

№	Наименование тем и элементов работ, связанных с будущей профессиональной деятельностью	Форма проведения (ЛПП, ПЗПП, ЛРПП, СРПП)	Кол-во часов в 9 семестре
	9 семестр		

1.	Стиль художественной литературы. Стилистические особенности художественного текста. Основная схема анализа эпического произведения. Понятия о большой и малой эпике. Роман. Новелла. Рассказ. Анекдот. Басня. Сказка. Эссе.	ПЗПП	1
		СРПП	-
2.	Грамматические особенности художественной речи. Тропы и стилистические фигуры языка. Смысловая, эмоциональная, эстетическая и коммуникативная функция тропов. Особенности адекватного перевода тропов.	ПЗПП	1
		СРПП	2
3.	Перевод художественного текста. Художественная проза и художественная публицистика. Принципы перевода художественного текста. Полноценный синтез предметно-логического, функционально-коммуникативного и эмоционально-воздействующего содержания. Отражение стиля автора.	ПЗПП	1
		СРПП	2
4.	Перевод авторского текста. Анализ содержания авторского замысла. Анализ внутритекстовых связей. Передача авторской концепции описываемых событий, ситуаций, действующих лиц. Стилистический анализ авторского текста. Передача авторских стилистических приемов. Степень допустимости использования в переводе иных приемов (например, сравнения вместо метафоры) ради достижения адекватного воздействия на читателя. Юмор в переводе. Проблема передачи игры слов.	ПЗПП	1
		СРПП	2
5.	Передача авторской позиции. Определение оценочной позиции автора. Выявление идеологических взглядов автора. Вспомогательные средства определения переводчиком авторской позиции. Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста. Передача оценочных характеристик в переводе без искажения.	ПЗПП	1
		СРПП	2
6.	Разнообразие переводческих решений. Допустимость разнообразия переводческих решений. Выработка переводческой стратегии. Выявление подтекста. Степень свободы перевода по отношению к оригиналу. Формирование переводчиком собственной, последовательной концепции текста. Анализ переводов, выполненных различными переводчиками, с точки зрения разных переводческих интерпретаций авторской концепции.	ПЗПП	3
		СРПП	2

3. ОСОБЕННОСТИ ОБУЧЕНИЯ ИНВАЛИДОВ И ЛИЦ С ОВЗ

При организации обучения студентов с ограниченными возможностями здоровья (ОВЗ) необходимо учитывать определенные условия:

- учебные занятия организуются исходя из психофизического развития и состояния здоровья лиц с ОВЗ совместно с другими обучающимися в общих группах, а также индивидуально, в соответствии с графиком индивидуальных занятий;
- при организации учебных занятий в общих группах используются социально-активные и рефлексивные методы обучения, технологии социокультурной реабилитации с целью оказания помощи в установлении полноценных межличностных отношений, создания комфортного психологического климата в группе;
- в процессе образовательной деятельности применяются материально-техническое оснащение, специализированные технические средства приема-передачи учебной информации в доступных формах для студентов с различными нарушениями, электронные образовательные ресурсы в адаптированных формах.
- обеспечение студентов текстами конспектов (при затруднении с конспектированием);
- использование при проверке усвоения материала методик, не требующих выполнения рукописных работ или изложения вслух (при затруднениях с письмом и речью) – например, тестовых бланков.

При проведении процедуры оценивания результатов обучения инвалидов и лиц с ограниченными возможностями здоровья по дисциплине обеспечивается выполнение следующих дополнительных требований в зависимости от индивидуальных особенностей обучающихся:

1. Инструкция по порядку проведения процедуры оценивания предоставляется в доступной форме (устно, в письменной форме, на электронном носителе, в печатной форме увеличенным шрифтом и т.п.);
2. Доступная форма предоставления заданий оценочных средств (в печатной форме, в печатной форме увеличенным шрифтом, в форме электронного документа);
3. Доступная форма предоставления ответов на задания (письменно на бумаге, набор ответов на компьютере, устно, др.).

При необходимости для обучающихся с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидов процедура оценивания результатов обучения по дисциплине может проводиться в несколько этапов.

В освоении дисциплины инвалидами и лицами с ограниченными возможностями здоровья большое значение имеет индивидуальная работа. Под индивидуальной работой подразумевается две формы взаимодействия с преподавателем: индивидуальная учебная работа (консультации), т.е. дополнительное разъяснение учебного материала и углубленное изучение материала с теми обучающимися, которые в этом заинтересованы, и индивидуальная воспитательная работа. Индивидуальные консультации по предмету являются важным фактором, способствующим индивидуализации обучения и установлению воспитательного контакта между преподавателем и обучающимся инвалидом или обучающимся с ограниченными возможностями здоровья.

4. УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ САМОСТОЯТЕЛЬНОЙ РАБОТЫ ОБУЧАЮЩИХСЯ

Для подготовки к практическим занятиям обучающиеся должны перевести отрывки художественных текстов разных жанров на следующих сайтах:

https://www.bookfrom.net/john-berendt/page,35,35712-midnight_in_the_garden_of_good_and_evil.html

<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/maughamws-ashenden/maughamws-ashenden-00-h.html>

<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/maughamws-booksandyou/maughamws-booksandyou-00-h.html>

<https://onlinereadfreenovel.com/tony-abbott/page,2,63116-sorcerer.html>

5. ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНЫЕ ТЕХНОЛОГИИ

При реализации программы дисциплины «Перевод художественного текста (первый иностранный язык)» используются следующие интерактивные образовательные технологии:

Семестр	Вид занятия	Используемые интерактивные образовательные технологии	Количество часов
8	Л	ИКТ - технологии	2
	ПР	Обучение в сотрудничестве	8
Итого:			10

6. ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ СРЕДСТВА ДЛЯ ТЕКУЩЕГО КОНТРОЛЯ УСПЕВАЕМОСТИ И ПРОМЕЖУТОЧНОЙ АТТЕСТАЦИИ

6.1. Организация входного, текущего и промежуточного контроля обучения:

В начале обучения проводится входное тестирование с целью определения уровня владения студентами приёмами перевода. Раз в семестр проводится общая промежуточная аттестация (рубежный контроль), в конце дисциплины - зачёт

6.2. Организация контроля:

(пример)

- Входное тестирование –

Give the written translation of the episode:

https://www.bookfrom.net/john-berendt/page,35,35712-midnight_in_the_garden_of_good_and_evil.html

Berendt J. Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil (1999, Ch.25)

Mrs. Strong's own daughter, Dutton, was an angel-faced beauty with long red hair and not the slightest inclination to be a princess or a ballerina, both of which Mrs. Strong had set her heart on. Dutton obediently started ballet lessons at the age of four, and soon she was dancing with her mother's ballet company. Dutton's debutante party was the only one ever held at the Telfair museum; Vera Strong hired Peter Duchin and his orchestra and commissioned a twelve-foot ice sculpture of the Eiffel Tower to highlight the "April in Paris" theme of the party. It was not until

Dutton went away to school that a streak of independence began to assert itself. She skipped classes, stopped dancing, and finally dropped out of school. She came back home to Savannah, where she spent a year aimlessly hanging around the house and doing battle with her mother. "I never wanted to be a ballerina!" Dutton would bellow. "You're the one who wanted to be a ballerina!" But Mrs. Strong would have none of it. "That's nonsense! You loved dancing, or you never would have been so good at it!" After one especially energetic quarrel, Dutton stormed out of the house and moved into an apartment with an older woman who had been her mother's poodle breeder. Dutton cut her long hair short, took to wearing jeans instead of skirts, put on weight, and stopped wearing lipstick. Then one afternoon she came to see her mother to announce that she had at long last decided on a career. She would go to the police academy and become a Savannah cop. Vera Strong took the news with uncharacteristic calm. "If that's what you really want," she said, "I pray it turns out to be everything you're hoping for." Mrs. Strong attended her daughter's graduation at the police academy with a pasted-on smile. She wore the same smile at Christmas dinner when her daughter, the former ballerina-debutante, arrived wearing a navy-blue polyester pants suit with a .38 revolver on one hip and a Mace can and handcuffs on the other. Refusing to admit defeat, Vera Strong decided to view her daughter's choice of profession as a selfless gesture of civic-mindedness rather than a betrayal of the family heritage. In the spring, she called the Oglethorpe Club to reserve a table for Easter dinner, making a point of telling the club manager that Dutton would be going on duty immediately afterward and would therefore be in uniform. Sensing a crisis of protocol, the manager demurred and said he would have to confer with the board. Ten minutes later he called back with profound apologies: The no-trousers rule for women had never been lifted before and the board dared not do it now. Mrs. Strong forthwith denounced the manager, the board, and the Oglethorpe Club as only she could do. She then slammed down the telephone and booked a table at the more amenable but less exclusive Chatham Club. The Savannah Morning News proved to be more tractable than the Oglethorpe Club. Stung by Mrs. Strong's vituperative letter, the paper reinstated its society gossip column. Understandably, the column never made reference to the red-headed ballerina and her astonishing leap from Coppélia to cop, or to the continuing anguish that it caused her mother.

- Текущий контроль –

Give the written translation of the episode:

J.R.R. Tolkien "The Hobbit"

Suddenly Bilbo understood. Forgetting all danger he stood on the ledge and hailed the dwarves, shouting and waving. Those that were nearest came tumbling over the rocks and as fast as they could along the ledge to him, wondering what on earth was the matter; the others shouted to be hauled up the ropes [...]

Quickly Bilbo explained. They all fell silent: the hobbit standing by the grey stone, and the dwarves with wagging beards watching impatiently. The sun sank lower and lower, and their hopes fell. It sank into a belt of reddened cloud and disappeared. The dwarves groaned, but still Bilbo stood almost without moving. The little moon was dipping to the horizon. Evening was coming on. Then suddenly when their hope was lowest a red ray of the sun escaped like a finger through a rent in the cloud. A gleam of light came straight through the opening into the bay and

fell on the smooth rock-face. The old thrush, who had been watching from a high perch with beady eyes and head cocked on one side, gave a sudden trill. There was a loud crack. A flake of rock split from the wall and fell. A hole appeared suddenly about three feet from the ground.

Quickly, trembling lest the chance should fade, the dwarves rushed to the rock and pushed – in vain.

“The key! The key!” cried Bilbo. “Where is Thorin?”

Thorin hurried up.

“The key!” shouted Bilbo. “The key that went with the map! Try it now while there is still time!”

Then Thorin stepped up and drew the key on its chain from round his neck. He put it to the hole. It fitted and it turned! Snap! The gleam went out, the sun sank, the moon was gone, and evening sprang into the sky.

Now they all pushed together, and slowly a part of the rock-wall gave way. Long straight cracks appeared and widened. A door five feet high and three broad was outlined, and slowly without a sound swung inwards. It seemed as if darkness flowed out like a vapour from the hole in the mountain-side, and deep darkness in which nothing could be seen lay before their eyes, a yawning mouth leading in and down.

6.3. Вопросы к зачёту:

Переведите отрывок аутентичного англоязычного текста.

Примеры текстов:

Pelham G. Wodehouse: “Do Thrillers Need Heroines?”

Whoever first got the idea that anyone wants a beastly girl messing about and getting in the way when the automatics are popping I am at a loss to imagine. Nobody has a greater respect than myself for girls in their proper place. Apart from anything else, woman seems to me to lose her queenly dignity when she is being shoved into cupboards with a bag over her head. And something of that sort will be happening to the heroine of a thriller. For, though beautiful, with large grey eyes and hair the colour of ripe corn, the heroine of the thriller is almost never a very intelligent girl. Indeed, it would scarcely be overstating it to say that her mentality is that of a cockroach – and not an ordinary cockroach, but one which has been dropped on its head as a baby. She may have escaped death a dozen times. She may know perfectly well that the notorious Blackbird Gang is after her to secure the papers. The police may have warned her on no account to stir outside her house. But when a messenger calls at half-past two in the morning with an unsigned note saying “Come at once”, she just snatches at her hat and goes. The messenger is a one-eyed Chinaman with a pock-marked face and an evil grin, so she trusts him immediately and, having accompanied him to the closed car with steel shutters over the windows, bowls off in it to ruined cottage in the swamp. And when the hero, at great risk and inconvenience to himself, comes to rescue her, she will have nothing to do with him because she has been told by a mulatto with half a nose that it was he who murdered her brother Jim.

This girl must go. We readers demand it. We know that the publishers want a female in the story so that they can put her on the jacket with her hands clasped and a wild look of agony in her eyes, but nevertheless we stick to it that she must go. Better a jacket with only a masked man pushing a paper-knife into a millionaire in his library than this continued poisoning of fiction with imbeciles like Myrtle or Gladys or Elaine or whatever her name may be.

W. Irving: “Rip Van Winkle”

The following are the traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

“The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers. If displeased, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils upon the red men. The favorite abode of this Manitou is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains. Near the foot of it there is a small lake. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds. One of these he seized and made off with, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.”

Ayn Rand: “We the Living”

It was St. Petersburg; the war made it Petrograd; the revolution made it Leningrad. It is a city of stone, and those living in it think not of stone brought upon a green earth and piled block on block to raise a city, but of one huge rock carved into streets, bridges, houses, and earth brought in handfuls, scattered, ground into the stone to remind them of that which lies beyond the city. Its trees are rare strangers, sickly foreigners in a climate of granite, forlorn and superfluous. Its parks are reluctant concessions. In spring a rare dandelion sticks a bright yellow head through the stones of its embankments, and men smile at it incredulously as at an impudent child. Its spring does not rise from the soil; its first violets, and very red tulips, and very blue hyacinths come in the hands of men, on street corners. Petrograd was not born; it was created. The will of a man raised it where men did not choose to settle.

In 1924, a man named Lenin died and the city was ordered to be called Leningrad. The revolution also brought posters to the city’s walls, and red banners to its houses, and sunflower-seed shells to its cobblestones. It cut a proletarian poem into the pedestal of the statue of Alexander III, and put a red rag on a stick into the hands of Catherine II in a small garden off Nevsky. It called Nevsky “Prospect of October 25th”, and Sadovaya, a cross street – “Street of July 3rd”, in honor of dates it wanted remembered. In the early summer of 1925 the State Textile Trust put out new cotton prints. And women smiled in the streets, women wearing dresses made of new materials for the first time in many years. But there were only half-a-dozen patterns of prints in the city. Women in black and white checks passed women in black and white checks; women in red-dotted white met women in green-dotted white; women with spirals of blue on a grey dress met women with the same spirals of brown on a tan dress. They passed by like inmates of a huge orphanage, frowning, sullen, uncomfortable, losing all joy in their new garments.

6.4. Контроль освоения компетенций

Вид контроля	Контролируемые	темы	Компетенции, компоненты
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	(разделы)	которых контролируются
Устный опрос	1,2,3,4,5,6	ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9

7. УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ И ИНФОРМАЦИОННОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ УЧЕБНОЙ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

7.1. Основная литература

1. Технология последовательного перевода: учебное пособие / Л.А. Гаврилов, Р.И. Зарипов. — 2-е изд., испр. и доп. — Москва: ФОРУМ : ИНФРА-М, 2019. — 146 с. - www.dx.doi.org/10.12737/24842. - Текст: электронный. - URL: <https://new.znaniy.com/catalog/product/1002045>

2. Гарбовский Н. К. Теория перевода: учебник и практикум для академического бакалавриата / Н. К. Гарбовский. — 3-е изд., испр. и доп. — Москва : Издательство Юрайт, 2019. — 387 с. — (Бакалавр. Академический курс). — ISBN 978-5-534-07251-8. — Текст: электронный // ЭБС Юрайт [сайт]. — URL: <https://biblio-online.ru/bcode/432812>

7.2. Дополнительная литература

1. Прошина З. Г. Теория перевода: учебное пособие для вузов / З. Г. Прошина. — 4-е изд., испр. и доп. — Москва : Издательство Юрайт, 2019. — 320 с. — (Высшее образование). — ISBN 978-5-534-11444-7. — Текст: электронный // ЭБС Юрайт [сайт]. — URL: <https://urait.ru/bcode/445357>

2. Синельникова Л. Н. Стихотворный текст: междисциплинарная интерпретация : монография / Л.Н. Синельникова. — Москва: ИНФРА-М, 2019. — 267 с. — (Научная мысль). — www.dx.doi.org/10.12737/monography_5bf2857d4ef7c7.78706997. - ISBN 978-5-16-107074-1. - Текст : электронный. - URL: <https://new.znaniy.com/catalog/product/991858>

7.3. Интернет-ресурсы

- 1) Гарифуллина А. М. Культурологическая маркированность аллюзий в рамках художественного дискурса Д. Фаулза : монография / А.М. Гарифуллина. — 2-е изд., испр. и доп. — Москва : ИНФРА-М, 2019. — 120 с. — (Научная мысль). — www.dx.doi.org/10.12737/monography_5c3c4cb22b7ea2.30369821. - ISBN 978-5-16-106644-7. - Текст : электронный. - URL: <https://new.znaniy.com/catalog/product/967570>
- 2) Латышев Л. К. Технология перевода: учебник и практикум для академического бакалавриата / Л. К. Латышев, Н. Ю. Северова. — 4-е изд., перераб. и доп. — Москва : Издательство Юрайт, 2019. — 263 с. — (Бакалавр. Академический курс). — ISBN 978-5-534-00493-9. — Текст : электронный // ЭБС Юрайт [сайт]. — URL: <https://urait.ru/bcode/432097>
- 3) Лушникова Г. И. Современная англоязычная литература: традиции и эксперимент : монография / Г.И. Лушникова, Т.Ю. Осадчая. — Москва : ИНФРА-М, 2018. — 170 с. — (Научная мысль). — www.dx.doi.org/10.12737/monography_5b34b79865e664.44235113. - ISBN 978-5-16-106579-2. - Текст: электронный. - URL: <https://new.znaniy.com/catalog/product/961979>
- 4) Мусат Р. П. Художественная картина мира в универсуме мировоззренческих феноменов: Монография / Мусат Р.П. - Красноярск: СФУ, 2016. - 172 с.: ISBN 978-5-7638-3544-1. - Текст : электронный. - URL: <https://new.znaniy.com/catalog/product/967089>

- 5) Шуверова Т. Д. Reading, Translation and Style: лингвостилистический и предпереводческий анализ текста: Учебное пособие / Шуверова Т.Д. - Москва: Прометей, 2012. - 146 с.: ISBN 978-5-7042-2443-3. - Текст: электронный. - URL: <https://new.znanium.com/catalog/product/524609>
- 6) Истоки переводческой концепции К.И. Чуковского. - Магадан: Кордис, 2011. - Вып. 7: Теория и история перевода - С. 53-65. URL <http://www.chukfamily.ru/Kornei/Biblio/tchaikovsky.htm>
- 7) Портал переводчиков. Художественный перевод. <http://translations.web-3.ru/intro/kinds/literary/>
- 8) Русский поэтический перевод XX-XXI веков <http://vekperevoda.com/>

Для подготовки к практическим занятиям обучающиеся должны перевести отрывки текста и определить приемы использованных трансформаций:

Тема 1.

https://royallib.com/read/Burke_James/last_car_to_elysian_fields.html#20

Burke J. L. The Last Car to Elysian Fields (2003, Ch.1)

Long before Hispanic and black caricatures acted out self-created roles as gangsters on MTV] white street gangs in New Orleans fought with chains, steel pipes, and zip guns over urban territory that a self-respecting Bedouin wouldn't live in. During the 1950s, the territorial war was between the Cats and the Frats. Frats lived uptown, in the Garden District and along St. Charles Avenue. Cats lived in the Irish Channel, or downtown or in the projects or out by the Industrial Canal. Cats were usually Irish or Italian or a mixture of both, parochial school bust-outs who rolled drunks and homosexuals and group-stomped their adversaries, giving no quarter and asking for none in return. In a back-alley, chain-swinging rumble, their ferocity and raw physical courage could probably be compared only to that of their historical cousins in Southie, the Five Points, and Hell's Kitchen. Along Bourbon Street, after twelve on Saturday nights, the Dixieland bands would pack up their instruments and be replaced by rock 'n' roll groups that played until sunrise. The kids spilling out the front doors of Sharkey Bonnano's Dream Room, drinking paper cup beer and smoking cigarettes on the sidewalks, their motorcycle caps and leather jackets rippling with neon, made most tourists wet their pants. But Jumpin' Merchie Flannigan could not be easily categorized as a blue-collar street kid who had made good in the larger world. In fact, I always had suspicions that Jumpin' Merchie joined a gang for reasons very different from his friends in the Iberville. Unlike most of them, he was not only streetwise but good in school and naturally intelligent. Merchie's problem really wasn't Merchie. It was his parents. In New Iberia Merchie's father was thought of as a decent but weak and ineffectual man whose rundown religious store was almost an extension of its owner's personality. Many nights a sympathetic police officer would take Mr. Flannigan out the back door of the Frederic Hotel bar and drive him to his house by the railroad tracks. Merchie's mother tried to compensate for the father's failure by constantly treating Merchie as a vulnerable child, protecting him, making him wear short pants at school until he was in the fifth grade, denying him entry into a world that to her was as unloving as her marriage. But I always felt her protectiveness was of a selfish kind, and in reality she was not only sentimental rather than loving, she could also be

terribly cruel. After the family moved to New Orleans and took up life in the Iberville, Merchie became known as a mama's boy who was anybody's punching bag or hard-up pump. But at age fifteen, he threw a black kid from the Gird Town Deuces off a fire escape onto the cab of a passing produce truck, then outraced a half dozen cops across a series of rooftops, finally leaping out into space, plummeting two stories through the ceiling of a massage parlor. His newly acquired nickname cost him a broken leg and a one-bit in the Louisiana reformatory, but Jumpin' Merchie Flannigan came back to Canal Street and the Iberville Project with magic painted on him. When I called him at home he was gregarious and ingratiating, and said he wanted to see me. In fact, he said it with such sincerity that I believed him. His home, of which he was very proud, was a gray architectural monstrosity designed to look like a medieval castle, inside acres of pecan and live oak trees, all of it in an unzoned area that mixed pipe yards and welding shops with thoroughbred horse barns and red-clay tennis courts. He greeted me in the front yard, athletic, trim, wearing pleated tan slacks, half-top, slip-on boots, and a polo shirt, his long hair so blond it was almost white, a V-shaped receded area at the part the only sign of age I could see in him. The yard was covered in shadow now, the chrysanthemums denting in the wind, the sky veined with electricity. In the midst of it all Merchie seemed to glow not so much with health and prosperity as confidence that God was truly in His heaven and there was justice in the world for a kid from the Iberville. He meshed his fingers, as though making a tent, then pointed the tips at me.

"You were out at the Crudup farm in St. James Parish today," he said.

"Who told you?" I asked.

"I'm trying to clean up the place," he replied.

"Think it might take a hydrogen bomb?"

"So give me the gen on it," he said.

Tema 2

<https://onlinereadfreenovel.com/tony-abbott/page,2,63116-sorcerer.html>

Abbott T. Sorcerer (2015, Ch 1.)

"Much worse!" added Kem. "I've seen him in action. I know. He does terrible stuff." The troll gasped at Kem. "Did your dog just say something? It sounded almost like ... words!" Kem grumbled. "Oh, let him hear me, Sparr. It's so boring talking only to you." I chuckled, then snapped my fingers with a brief whisper. When Kem spoke this time, repeating what he had first said, the troll understood every word. Beffo's eyes went wide. "Well, you're certainly both very strange. And magical! Perhaps if I offer you soup you won't put a spell on us? Besides, with this storm, there's no getting off the island until nightfall, so you might as well share our meal with us!" I narrowed my eyes at the troll. "How do you know how long the storm will last?" He took the ladle from the monkey and stirred his giant pot so vigorously that it hissed. "I study the clouds, you know. That's my thing. So, now, tell me. What is your name?" "Lord Sparr," I said. "Sorcerer! Magician!" "Magician!" he yelped. "I love magic! In fact, I like to imagine I'm a great and powerful wizard who can change shape and travel around in time! But, hee-hee, I'm simply a troll!" At that moment, the doors creaked open and four more green monkeys trotted in. They chirped and chattered to one another when they saw Kem and me, then settled by the

fire next to Beffo. “You know,” I said, observing the monkeys closely, “if we weren’t almost halfway across the world, I’d say your friends are monkeys from the Bangedorn Forest». A sudden wind moved over the jungle outside and, as before, it sang with the sound of chimes. What caused me to clutch the stone in my pocket then, I cannot say. But as I did, the troll’s fire leaped up around the pot, licking its sides with tongues of gold. Whether the flames suddenly affected me, or I was influencing them, or it was the bump on my head, or the strange and beautiful island itself, I do not know. But I could not take my eyes from the fire. And it seemed to me that the tighter I held that black stone, the more I began to see shapes appearing among the hearth’s dancing wisps of flame. At once, I began to remember things from when I was a boy. I was overcome with recollections of times gone by. A long-forgotten story surfaced from the depths of my memory. My eyes stung, and I closed them. “What is it?” said the troll, sipping from his ladle, then continuing to stir. “You want to travel in time, old fellow? Well, I’ll take you back. I’m beginning to remember something ... about myself....” “Oh, wonderful,” snorted Kem. “This is all he needs. An audience to listen to him talk about himself. You’ll never stop him now.” The more the flames flitted up the sides of the pot, the more I seemed to see a figure. No ... two figures. They were running....

Tema 3

<https://www.storyshares.org/book/169/read/>

Solomon S. Sabbath (2018, Ch 1.)

“Damn, rush hour traffic’s brutal,” my father complained, though the words he actually used were a bit more colorful. Forehead wrinkled, he slammed his hand on the steering wheel. For all the movement on it, the Belt Parkway to Brooklyn might as well have been a sculpture garden. Car engines revved next to us, in front of us, behind us. That September afternoon was unseasonably hot. As if the rubber had melted and fused to the pavement, tires tried fruitlessly to inch ahead. With no air-conditioning in our 1961 Buick Roadmaster, the windows were cranked down so that an ocean breeze could cool us. Except there was no breeze. The only relief from the monotony of an endless train of cars was a few billowing sails on the Atlantic Ocean beyond the wide sandbar that lined the road. “Damn!” Dad leaned on the horn. The smell of smoke from tailpipes drifted through my window. Maybe the carbon monoxide would kill me, I thought. Hoped. I wasn’t looking forward to what loomed ahead. Dinner with my grandparents. Boring. Instead of a night with my friends, I’d wind up watching television while my parents and grandparents talked about old people I didn’t know. If my prayer was answered, the traffic would annoy my father enough that he’d turn us around and head back home. «Knock off the attitude,” Dad said. I screwed up my face. How did he always know what I was thinking? One day short of fifteen, I sulked in the back seat. My brother, four years younger, squirmed next to me, his hair Brillcreamed back, his shirttail pulled from his chinos. “Get off me!” I hissed at him. He reached for my hair. “Ouch! Make him stop.” I smacked his hand. Without turning around, my mother said, “Robert, don’t tease your sister.” My brother stuck his tongue out then tried to hug me. There was a bump when I shoved him against the door, as far from me as he could get and still be in the car. “Stop it, Susan.” My father eyed me in the rearview mirror. Fine. Now it was my fault? “Put your lip back in,” my mother said. “What’s the matter with you?” Robert started

acting up and I got blamed—what did she think was the matter? “Can’t you do something about this, Lou?” My mother leaned forward, as if that would propel us past the line of cars blocking our way. “Pull off at the next exit, and take side streets. We’re going to be so late.” Dad stared straight ahead. «Wouldn’t be caught in this traffic if you’d have let me stay home,” I muttered. “Susan!” Dad said. “What? It’s Friday. All the kids are gonna be at Kathy’s house. Not me. I’m gonna have dinner with Grandma and Grandpa.” I saw my father’s shoulders tense. “Knock of the sarcasm.” Reflected in the rearview mirror, his lips were as tight as the line of cars in front of us. Mom touched his arm, then twisted to look at me over the back of her seat. “Grandma specifically asked to see you.” In the silent language of mothers and daughters, her eyes added, Please stop complaining. Three weeks ago my grandmother had been rushed to Downstate Medical Center, her lungs filled with fluid. Congestive heart failure, my parents had called it. That morning the doctor had signed her release. “I can see her any time. Why’d it have to be tonight? Kathy’s having a party.” “Because tomorrow’s your birthday,” Mom said. “She’s afraid she might not be here for many more.” “Yeah, but...” “That’s enough, Susan!” Dad’s voice, sounding like that of my high school’s principal, warned that his patience had worn as thin as his lips. His blue eyes were locked on the road ahead, searching for a break in the line of traffic. A clear space he could race into and get to his mother a moment sooner.

Tema 4

<https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/66671/pg66671-images.html>

Belloc H. Mr. Clutterbuck's Election (1908, Ch.1)

TOWARDS the end of the late Queen Victoria's reign there resided in the suburban town of Croydon a gentleman of the name of Clutterbuck, who, upon a modest capital inherited from his father, contrived by various negotiations at his office in the City of London to gain an income of now some seven hundred, now more nearly a thousand, pounds in the year. It will be remembered that a war of unprecedented dimensions was raging, at the time of which I speak, in the sub-continent of South Africa. The President of the South African Republic, thinking the moment propitious for a conquest of our dominions, had invaded our territory after an ultimatum of incredible insolence, and, as though it were not sufficient that we should grapple foe to foe upon equal terms, the whole weight of the Orange Free State was thrown into the scale against us. The struggle against the combined armies which had united to destroy this country was long and arduous, and had we been compelled to rely upon our regular forces alone things might have gone ill. As it was, the enthusiasm of Colonial manhood and the genius of the generals prevailed. The names of Kitchener, Methuen, Baden-Powell, and Rhodes will ever remain associated with that of the Commander-in-Chief himself, Lord Roberts, who in less than three years from the decisive victory of Paardeburg imposed peace upon the enemy. Their territories were annexed in a series of thirty-seven proclamations, and form to-day the brightest jewel in the Imperial crown. These facts—which must be familiar to many of my readers—I only recall in order to show what influence they had in the surprising revolutions of fortune which enabled Mr. Clutterbuck to pass from ease to affluence, and launched him upon public life. The business which Mr. Clutterbuck had inherited from his father was a small agency chiefly concerned with the Baltic trade. This business had declined; for Mr. Clutterbuck's father had failed to follow the rapid concentration of commercial effort which is the mark of our time. But Mr. Clutterbuck had inherited, besides the

business, a sum of close upon ten thousand pounds in various securities: it was upon the manipulation of this that he principally depended, and though he maintained the sign of the old agency at the office, it was the cautious buying and selling of stocks which he carefully watched, various opportunities of promotion in a small way, commissions, and occasional speculations in kind, that procured his constant though somewhat irregular income. To these sources he would sometimes add private advances or covering mortgages upon the stock of personal friends. It was a venture of the latter sort which began the transformation of his life. The last negotiations of the war were not yet wholly completed, nor had the coronation of his present Majesty taken place when, in the early summer of 1902, a neighbour of the name of Boyle called one evening at Mr. Clutterbuck's house.

Mr. Boyle, a man of Mr. Clutterbuck's own age, close upon fifty, and himself a bachelor, had long enjoyed the acquaintance both of Mr. Clutterbuck and of his wife. Some years ago, indeed, when Mr. Boyle resided at the Elms, the acquaintance had almost ripened into friendship, but Mr. Boyle's ill-health, not unconnected with financial worries, and later his change of residence to John Bright Gardens had somewhat estranged the two households. It was therefore with a certain solemnity that Mr. Boyle was received into the neat sitting-room where the Clutterbucks were accustomed to pass the time between tea and the hour of their retirement. They were shocked to see how aged Mr. Boyle appeared: he formed, as he sat there opposite them, the most complete contrast with the man whose counsel and support he had come to seek. For Mr. Clutterbuck was somewhat stout in figure, of a roundish face with a thick and short moustache making a crescent upon it. He was bald as to the top of his head, and brushed across it a large thin fan of his still dark hair. His forehead was high, since he was bald; his complexion healthy. But Mr. Boyle, clean-shaven, with deep-set, restless grey eyes, and a forehead ornamented with corners, seemed almost foreign; so hard were the lines of his face and so abundant his curly and crisp grey hair. His gestures also were nervous. He clasped and unclasped his hands, and as he delivered—at long intervals—his first common-place remarks, his eyes darted from one object to another, but never met his host's: he was very ill. His evident hesitation instructed Mrs. Clutterbuck that he had come upon some important matter; she therefore gathered up the yellow satin centre, upon the embroidery of which she had been engaged, and delicately left the room. When she had noiselessly shut the door behind her, Mr. Boyle, looking earnestly at the fire, said abruptly: "What I have come about to-night, Mr. Clutterbuck, is a business proposition." Having said this, he extended the fore and middle fingers of his right hand in the gesture of an episcopal benediction, and tapped them twice upon the palm of his left; which done, he repeated his phrase: "A business proposition"; cleared his throat and said no more.

Tema 5

<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/maughamws-booksandyou/maughamws-booksandyou-00-h.html>

W. Somerset Maugham Books and you 1940 (Ch.1)

One isn't always as careful of what one says as one should be. When I stated in a book of mine called *The Summing Up* that young people often came to me for advice on the books they

would do well to read, I did not reckon with the consequences. I received a multitude of letters from all manner of persons, asking me what the advice was that I gave. I answered them as best I could, but it is not possible to deal fully with such a matter in a private letter; and as many people seem to desire such guidance as I can offer, it has occurred to me that they might like to have a brief account of what suggestions I have to make from my own experience for pleasant and profitable reading. The first thing I want to insist on is that reading should be enjoyable. Of course, there are many books that we all have to read, either to pass examinations or to acquire information, from which it is impossible to extract enjoyment. We are reading them for instruction, and the best we can hope is that our need for it will enable us to get through them without tedium. Such books we read with resignation rather than with alacrity. But that is not the sort of reading I have in mind. The books I shall mention in due course will help you neither to get a degree nor to earn your living, they will not teach you to sail a boat or get a stalled motor to run, but they will help you to live more fully. That, however, they cannot do unless you enjoy reading them. The "you" I address is the adult whose avocations give him a certain leisure and who would like to read the books which cannot without loss be left unread. I do not address the bookworm. He can find his own way. His curiosity leads him along many unfrequented paths and he gathers delight in the discovery of half-forgotten excellence. I wish to deal only with the masterpieces which the consensus of opinion for a long time has accepted as supreme. We are all supposed to have read them; it is a pity that so few of us have. But there are masterpieces which are acknowledged to be such by all the best critics and to which the historians of literature devote considerable space, yet which no ordinary person can now read with enjoyment. They are important to the student, but changing times and changing tastes have robbed them of their savour and it is hard to read them now without an effort of will. Let me give one instance: I have read George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, but I cannot put my hand on my heart and say that it was with pleasure. I read it from a sense of duty: I finished it with a sigh of relief.

Now of such books as this I mean to say nothing. Every man is his own best critic. Whatever the learned say about a book, however unanimous they are in their praise of it, unless it interests you it is no business of yours. Don't forget that critics often make mistakes, the history of criticism is full of the blunders the most eminent of them have made, and you who read are the final judge of the value to you of the book you are reading. This, of course, applies to the books I am going to recommend to your attention. We are none of us exactly like everyone else, only rather like, and it would be unreasonable to suppose that the books that have meant a great deal to me should be precisely those that will mean a great deal to you. But they are books that I feel the richer for having read, and I think I should not be quite the man I am if I had not read them. And so I beg of you, if any of you who read these pages are tempted to read the books I suggest and cannot get on with them, just put them down; they will be of no service to you if you do not enjoy them. No one is under an obligation to read poetry or fiction or the miscellaneous literature which is classed as *belles-lettres*. (I wish I knew the English term for this, but I don't think there is one.) He must read them for pleasure, and who can claim that what pleases one man must necessarily please another? But let no one think that pleasure is immoral. Pleasure in itself is a great good, all pleasure, but its consequences may be such that the sensible person eschews certain varieties of it. Nor need pleasure be gross and sensual. They are wise in their generation who have discovered that intellectual pleasure is the most satisfying and the most enduring. It is well to acquire the habit of reading. There are few sports in which you can

engage to your own satisfaction after you have passed the prime of life; there are no games except patience, chess problems and crossword puzzles that you can play without someone to play them with you. Reading suffers from no such disadvantages; there is no occupation—except perhaps needlework, but that leaves the restless spirit at liberty—which you can more easily take up at any moment, for any period, and more easily put aside when other calls press upon you; there is no other amusement that can be obtained in these happy days of public libraries and cheap editions at so small a cost. To acquire the habit of reading is to construct for yourself a refuge from almost all the miseries of life. Almost all, I say, for I would not go so far as to pretend that to read a book will assuage the pangs of hunger or still the pain of unrequited love; but half a dozen good detective stories and a hot-water bottle will enable anyone to snap his fingers at the worst cold in the head. But who is going to acquire the habit of reading for reading's sake, if he is bidden to read books that bore him?

Tema 6

<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/maughamws-ashenden/maughamws-ashenden-00-h.html>

W. Somerset Maugham «Ashenden or the British Agent» (1928, Ch. 1)

It was not till the beginning of September that Ashenden, a writer by profession, who had been abroad at the outbreak of the war, managed to get back to England. He chanced soon after his arrival to go to a party and was there introduced to a middle-aged Colonel whose name he did not catch. He had some talk with him. As he was about to leave this officer came up to him and asked:

"I say, I wonder if you'd mind coming to see me. I'd rather like to have a chat with you."

"Certainly," said Ashenden. "Whenever you like."

"What about to-morrow at eleven?"

"All right."

"I'll just write down my address. Have you a card on you?"

Ashenden gave him one and on this the Colonel scribbled in pencil the name of a street and the number of a house. When Ashenden walked along next morning to keep his appointment he found himself in a street of rather vulgar red-brick houses in a part of London that had once been fashionable, but was now fallen in the esteem of the house-hunter who wanted a good address. On the house at which Ashenden had been asked to call there was a board up to announce that it was for sale, the shutters were closed and there was no sign that anyone lived in it. He rang the bell and the door was opened by a non-commissioned officer so promptly that he was startled. He was not asked his business, but led immediately into a long room at the back, once evidently a dining-room, the florid decoration of which looked oddly out of keeping with the office furniture, shabby and sparse, that was in it. It gave Ashenden the impression of a room in which the brokers had taken possession. The Colonel, who was known in the Intelligence Department, as Ashenden later discovered, by the letter R., rose when he came in and shook hands with him. He was a man somewhat above the middle height, lean, with a yellow, deeply-lined face, thin grey hair and a toothbrush moustache. The thing immediately noticeable about him was the closeness with which his blue eyes were set. He only just escaped a squint. They were hard and cruel eyes, and very wary; and they gave him a cunning, shifty look. Here was a man that you

could neither like nor trust at first sight. His manner was pleasant and cordial. He asked Ashenden a good many questions and then, without further to-do, suggested that he had particular qualifications for the secret service. Ashenden was acquainted with several European languages and his profession was excellent cover; on the pretext that he was writing a book he could without attracting attention visit any neutral country. It was while they were discussing this point that R. said:

"You know you ought to get material that would be very useful to you in your work."

"I shouldn't mind that," said Ashenden.

"I'll tell you an incident that occurred only the other day and I can vouch for its truth. I thought at the time it would make a damned good story. One of the French ministers went down to Nice to recover from a cold and he had some very important documents with him that he kept in a dispatch-case. They were very important indeed. Well, a day or two after he arrived he picked up a yellow-haired lady at some restaurant or other where there was dancing, and he got very friendly with her. To cut a long story short, he took her back to his hotel—of course it was a very imprudent thing to do—and when he came to himself in the morning the lady and the dispatch-case had disappeared. They had one or two drinks up in his room and his theory is that when his back was turned the woman slipped a drug into his glass."

R. finished and looked at Ashenden with a gleam in his close-set eyes.

"Dramatic, isn't it?" he asked.

https://www.bookfrom.net/john-berendt/page,26,35712-midnight_in_the_garden_of_good_and_evil.html

Berendt J. *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* (1999, Ch.18)

Minerva looked across the table at Williams. "You done, baby?"

"Yes," he said.

"Okay. Now, you know how dead time works. Dead time lasts for one hour—from half an hour before midnight to half an hour after midnight. The half hour before midnight is for doin' good. The half hour after midnight is for doin' evil."

"Right," said Williams.

"Seems like we need a little of both tonight," said Minerva, "so we best be on our way. Put the paper in your pocket where the dimes is, and take your bottle of water. We goin' to the flower garden."

Minerva picked up her shopping bag and headed out the back door. We followed close behind as she made her way down the lane with a slow and ponderous stride. As she approached the next house, an old man got up from a chair on the porch and went inside. A window in another house closed. A door shut somewhere. Two men standing beside an oleander bush parted when they caught sight of Minerva and withdrew into the darkness. In a few moments, we reached the end of the lane. The sliver of a new moon hung like a slender cradle over a grove of tall, dark trees. We were at the edge of a graveyard. On the far side, a hundred yards beyond the trees, a floodlit basketball court cast a pale gray light into the graveyard. A boy was bouncing a ball and taking shots at the basketball hoop. Thunk, thunk, thunk ... proinnng. Otherwise, the graveyard was deserted.

"A lot a people does this kind of work," Minerva said. "But it look like we got the garden all to ourselves tonight."

We walked single file into the graveyard, taking a winding route and stopping finally at a grave under a large cedar tree. My first thought was that this was a new grave, because unlike the others the soil appeared to be freshly spread on top of it. Minerva knelt by the headstone. She reached into the shopping bag and gave Williams a trowel.

"Go to the other end and dig a hole four inches deep with this spade," she said. "Drop one of the dimes into it and cover it up." Williams did as she said. The earth came up with no effort at all. The grave had clearly been dug into and churned so often that the soil was as loose as sand in a sandbox.

I stood a few yards back and watched. Minerva and Williams were like two people kneeling at the opposite ends of a picnic blanket. They faced each other over the bones of Dr. Buzzard.

"Now's the time for doin' good," said Minerva. "First we gotta get that boy to ease off a little. Tell me somethin' about him."

"He tried to kill me," said Williams.

"I know that. Tell me something before that."

"Well." Williams cleared his throat. "Danny was always getting into fights. He got mad at his landlord once and threw a chair through the man's window. Then he went outside and tore up his car with a brick. Another time, he got angry at an exterminator who'd been hired to spray his apartment, so he punched him in the eye, banged his head on the pavement and then later, after the man had sworn out a police warrant against him, took a baseball bat and chased him around Madison Square, screaming that he was going to kill him. He bragged to me once that he'd fired five shots from a pistol at some guy on a motorcycle because the guy was trying to date the same barmaid Danny was seeing at the time. One bullet hit the guy in the foot. His mother had to get police protection from him. She took out a peace warrant against him, which meant if he came within fifty feet of her he'd be arrested."

Minerva wrapped her arms around herself and shivered. "It ain't doin' no good," she said. "That boy is still workin' hard against you." She thought for a moment. "Tell me somethin' good he done."

"I can't think of anything," said Williams.

"All he ever done was bad things? What made him happy?"

"His Camaro," said Williams. "He loved that Camaro. He used to zoom around in it and see how many wheels he could get off the ground at once. If he turned a corner real fast, he could usually get two wheels in the air. When he drove out to Tybee, he liked to shoot up over that bump in the road leading onto the Lazaretto Creek Bridge, because if he hit it just right he could get all four wheels off the ground at the same time. He loved doing that. He wouldn't let anybody touch that car. It was his pride and joy. He painted it with a spray can, flat black, just the way he wanted it. He'd spend hours fixing it and cleaning it and painting those racing stripes on it. And he was very good at that, painting those stripes and the little curlicues. He was very creative. That's something most people didn't understand about Danny. He was an artist. He flunked every subject in school but art. He always got an A in art. Of course, his talent wasn't developed. He didn't have the patience. I have a couple of his paintings. They're full of fantasy and they're wild, but you can see he had talent. I used to tell him, 'Danny, do something with this. You're good at it.' But he could never apply himself to anything. He never got past the eighth grade, but he was quickwitted and bright. One time I paid him to dismantle two crystal

chandeliers at Mercer House and clean them. When he was just about finished reassembling them, I noticed he'd attached all the little prisms backwards. There were hundreds of them. I explained that each of the prisms was like a diamond ring and that the flat surface had to face out and the pointed surface had to face inward, otherwise it wouldn't sparkle. I told him he'd have to take them all off and put them back on the right way. I said I'd pay him for the extra time it took. Well, he looked at that chandelier. He looked at it real long like it was a rattlesnake. Then he climbed down from the ladder and said, 'The hell with it. I'm outta here. I ain't servin' no prism sentence!' I laughed at his pun. I thought it was delightful. He turned around and stormed out of the house, but I could see the corner of his mouth was turned up in a little grin. It pleased him that I'd laughed at his joke."

Minerva smiled. "I felt him backin' off a little," she said.

"What do you mean?" asked Williams.

"I felt it just as you was sayin' those things about him. I felt that boy ease up some."

"Why do you suppose that happened?" Williams asked.

"He heard you say you loved him," Minerva said.

"What?! But that's ... he tried to kill me!"

Sting Lyrics (1985, "Dream of the Blue Turtles" album)

<https://www.azlyrics.com/s/sting.html>

"Love Is the Seventh Wave"

In the empire of the senses
You're the queen of all you survey
All the cities, all the nations
Everything that falls your way, I say
There is a deeper world than this that you don't understand
There is a deeper world that this tugging at your hand
Every ripple on the ocean
Every leaf on every tree
Every sand dune in the desert
Every power we never see
There is a deeper wave than this, swelling in the world
There is a deeper wave than this, listen to me girl

Feel it rising in the cities
Feel it sweeping overland
Over borders, over frontiers
Nothing will its power withstand, I say
There is no deeper wave than this rising in the world
There is no deeper wave than this listen to me girl

All the bloodshed, all the anger
All the weapons, all the gree
All the weapons, all the greed
All the armies, all the missiles
All the symbols of our fear, I say
There is a deeper wave than this rising in the world
There is a deeper wave than this, listen to me girl

At the still point of destruction
At the centre of the fury
All the angels, all the devils
All around us, can't you see?
There is a deeper wave than this rising in the land
There is a deeper wave than this nothing will withstand

I say love is the seventh wave
I say love is the seventh wave
I say love is the seventh wave
I say love is the seventh wave
I say love is the seventh wave
I say love is the seventh wave
I say love

Every ripple on the ocean
Every leaf on every tree
Every sand dune in the desert
Every breath you take with me
Every breath you take, every move you make
Every cake you bake, every leg you break

"Fortress Around Your Heart"

Under the ruins of a walled city
Crumbling towers in beams of yellow light
No flags of truce, no cries of pity
The siege guns had been pounding through the night
It took a day to build the city
We walked through its streets in the afternoon
As I returned across the fields I'd known
I recognised the walls that I once made
I had to stop in my tracks for fear
Of walking on the mines I'd laid
And if I've built this fortress around your heart
Encircled you in trenches and barbed wire
Then let me build a bridge
For I cannot fill the chasm
And let me set the battlements on fire

Then I went off to fight some battle
That I'd invented inside my head
Away so long for years and years
You probably thought, or even wished that I was dead
While the armies all are sleeping
Beneath the tattered flag we'd made
I had to stop in my tracks for fear
Of walking on the mines I'd laid

And if I've built this fortress around your heart
Encircled you in trenches and barbed wire
Then let me build a bridge
For I cannot fill the chasm
And let me set the battlements on fire

This prison has now become your home
A sentence you seem prepared to pay
It took a day to build the city
We walked through its streets in the afternoon
As I returned across the lands I'd known
I recognised the fields where I'd once played
I had to stop in my tracks for fear
Of walking on the mines I'd laid

And if I've built this fortress around your heart
Encircled you in trenches and barbed wire
Then let me build a bridge
For I cannot fill the chasm
And let me set the battlements on fire

"If You Love Somebody Set Them Free"

Free, free, set them free
Free, free, set them free
Free, free, set them free
If you need somebody
Call my name
If you want someone
You can do the same
If you want to keep something precious
You got to lock it up and throw away the key
If you want to hold onto your possession
Don't even think about me

If you love somebody
If you love someone
If you love somebody
If you love someone, set them free
Set them free
Set them free
Set them free

If it's a mirror you want
Just look into my eyes
Or a whipping boy
Someone to despise
Or a prisoner in the dark
Tied up in chains you just can't see
Or a beast in a gilded cage
That's all some people ever want to be

If you love somebody
If you love someone
If you love somebody
If you love someone, set them free
Set them free
Set them free
Set them free

You can't control an independent heart
Can't tear the one you love apart
Forever conditioned to believe that we can't live
We can't live here and be happy with less
So many riches
So many souls
With everything we see that we want to possess

If you need somebody
Call my name
If you want someone
You can do the same
If you want to keep something precious
You got to lock it up and throw away the key
You want to hold onto your possession
Don't even think about me

If you love somebody
If you love someone
If you love somebody
If you love someone, set them free
Set them free
Set them free
Set them free
Set them free

Freddie Mercury - Queen lyrics

<https://www.stlyrics.com/songs/f/freddiemercury7874/theshowmustgoon278793.html>

The Show Must Go On

Empty spaces - what are we living for
Abandoned places - I guess we know the score
On and on
Does anybody know what we are looking for
Another hero another mindless crime
Behind the curtain in the pantomime
Hold the line
Does anybody want to take it anymore
The show must go on
The show must go on

Inside my heart is breaking
My make-up may be flaking
But my smile still stays on
Whatever happens I'll leave it all to chance
Another heartache another failed romance
On and on
Does anybody know what we are living for
I guess I'm learning
I must be warmer now
I'll soon be turning round the corner now
Outside the dawn is breaking
But inside in the dark I'm aching to be free
The show must go on
The show must go on - yeah
Ooh inside my heart is breaking
My make-up may be flaking
But my smile still stays on
Yeah, oh oh oh
My soul is painted like the wings of butterflies
Fairy tales of yesterday will grow but never die
I can fly - my friends
The show must go on - yeah
The show must go on
I'll face it with a grin
I'm never giving in
On with the show

I'll top the bill
I'll overkill
I have to find the will to carry on
On with the
On with the show
The show must go on, go on, go on, go on, ...

Bohemian Rhapsody

Is this the real life-
Is this just fantasy-
Caught in a landslide-
No escape from reality-
Open your eyes
Look up to the skies and see-
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy-
Because I'm easy come, easy go,
A little high, little low,
Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me,
To me
Mama, just killed a man,
Put a gun against his head,
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead,
Mama, life had just begun,
But now I've gone and thrown it all away-
Mama ooo,

Didn't mean to make you cry-
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow-
Carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters-
Too late, my time has come,
Sends shivers down my spine-
Bodys aching all the time,
Goodbye everybody-I've got to go-
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth-
Mama ooo- (any way the wind blows)
I don't want to die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all-
I see a little silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouche, scaramouche will you do the fandango-
Thunderbolt and lightning-very very frightening me-
Galileo, galileo,
Galileo galileo
Galileo figaro-magnifico-
But I'm just a poor boy and nobody loves me-
He's just a poor boy from a poor family-
Spare him his life from this monstrosity-
Easy come easy go-, will you let me go-
Bismillah! no-, we will not let you go-let him go-
Bismillah! we will not let you go-let him go
Bismillah! we will not let you go-let me go
Will not let you go-let me go
Will not let you go let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no-
Mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go-
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me-
So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye-
So you think you can love me and leave me to die-
Oh baby-cant do this to me baby-
Just gotta get out-just gotta get right outta here-
Nothing really matters,
Anyone can see,
Nothing really matters-, nothing really matters to me,
Any way the wind blows...

I Was Born To Love You (Original 1985 Extended Version)

An amazing feeling coming through...
I was born to love you
With every single beat of my heart
Yes, I was born to take care of you
Every single day of my life
You are the one for me, I am the man for you,
You were made for me, you're my ecstasy
If I was given every opportunity I'd kill for your love
So take a chance with me
Let me romance with you
I'm caught in a dream, and my dreams come true

It's so hard to believe this is happening to me
 An amazing feeling coming through...
 I was born to love you
 With every single beat of my heart
 Yes, I was born to take care of you
 Every single day of my life
 I wanna love you, I love evry little thing about you
 I wanna love you, love you, love you
 Born to love you, born to love you, yes I was born to love you
 Born to love you, born to love you every single day of my life
 I was born to take care of you every single day of my life
 My life, Hay hay, every single day of my life
 I was born to love you
 With every single beat of my heart
 Yes, I was born to take care of you, honey
 Every single day of my life.

8. МАТЕРИАЛЬНО-ТЕХНИЧЕСКОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ УЧЕБНОЙ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

№ п/п	Наименование оборудованных учебных кабинетов, лабораторий	Перечень оборудования и технических средств обучения
1	Компьютерный класс Аудитория 302	11 компьютеров Системный блок: Процессор Intel(R) Core(TM) i3-2100 CPU @ 3.10GHz 4096 МБ ОЗУ HDD Объем: 320 ГБ Монитор Acer P206HL - 20 дюймов Акустическая система Sven Интерактивная доска Smart Board Проектор Epson EH-TW535W 1. ЭБС НЭБ 2. Электронный каталог АИБС «MARK – SQL» 3. Электронная библиотека МГГЭУ 4. Лингафонный кабинет
2	Лекционная аудитория Аудитория 304	Системный блок: Процессор Intel(R) Core(TM) i3-2100 CPU @ 3.10GHz 4096 МБ ОЗУ HDD Объем: 320 ГБ Монитор Acer P206HL - 20 дюймов Акустическая система Sven Интерактивная доска Smart Board Проектор Epson EH-TW535W 1. ЭБС НЭБ 2. Электронный каталог АИБС «MARK – SQL» 3. Электронная библиотека МГГЭУ
3	Аудитория 511	Системный блок: Процессор Intel(R) Core(TM) i3-2100 CPU @

		3.10GHz 4096 МБ ОЗУ HDD Объем: 320 ГБ Монитор Acer P206HL - 20 дюймов Акустическая система Sven Интерактивная доска Smart Board Проектор Epson EH-TW535W 1. ЭБС НЭБ 2. Электронный каталог АИБС «MARK – SQL» 3. Электронная библиотека МГГЭУ
4	Аудитории 309, 310, 311, 410, 411, 412	Проектор переносной Epson EB-5350 (1080p) -1 шт. Экран переносной Digis 180x180 - 1 шт. Ноутбук HP ProBook 640 G3 (Intel Core i5 7200U, 4gb RAM, 250 SSD) -1 шт.