

Сучасний літературний процес: основні тенденції розвитку

(навчально-методичний посібник для
семінарських занять)

**ЗАКАРПАТСЬКИЙ УГОРСЬКИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ ІМЕНІ ФЕРЕНЦА РАКОЦІ ІІ
II. RÁKÓCZI FERENC KÁRPÁTALJAI MAGYAR EGYETEMÉI**

Кафедра філології
Filológia Tanszék

Szerző(k)/Készítők / Автор(и)/Разработчик(и):

Горенко Олена Павлівна, доктор філологічних наук, доцент кафедри філології
Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці ІІ

Баняс Наталія Юліанівна, кандидат філологічних наук, доцент кафедри філології
Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці ІІ

Сучасний літературний процес: основні тенденції розвитку
Навчально-методичний посібник для семінарських занять

Другий (магістерський) / Mesterképzés (MA)
(ступінь вищої освіти / felsőoktatás szintje)

В «Культура, мистецтво та гуманітарні науки» /
В „Kultúra, művészet és humán tudományok”
(галузь знань / képzési ág)

A4 «Середня освіта» / A4 „Középfokú oktatás”
B11 «Філологія» / B11 „Filológia”
(спеціальність / szak)

Філологія (мова і література англійська
(освітня програма / képzési program)



Берегове / Beregszász

2026

УДК 82(100).09(07)

Навчально-методичний посібник, укладений Горенко О.П., доктором філологічних наук доцентом та Баняс Н.Ю, кандидатом філологічних наук, доцентом кафедри філології Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II, призначений для вивчення курсу «Сучасний літературний процес: основні тенденції розвитку» студентами магістерського рівня освіти Спеціальності В11 «Філологія». Спеціалізація В11.041 Філологія. Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська). Видання охоплює матеріали та завдання до 9 семінарських занять з сучасного літературного процесу, його основних тенденцій розвитку.

Затверджено до використання у навчальному процесі на засіданні кафедри філології
Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II
(протокол № 121 від «20» квітня 2026 року)

Розглянуто та рекомендовано Радою із забезпечення якості освіти
Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II
(протокол № 4 від «29» квітня 2026 року)

Рекомендовано до видання у електронній формі (PDF)
рішенням Вченої ради Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II
(протокол № 4 від «30» квітня 2026 року)

Підготовлено до видання в електронній формі (PDF) кафедрою філології
спільно з Видавничим відділом УР
Розробник(и):

Наталія БАНЯС - кандидат філологічних наук, доцент кафедри філології
Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II
Рецензенти:

Наталія ЧЕТОВА - кандидат філологічних наук, доцент кафедр іноземних мов
технічного спрямування інституту гуманітарних та соціальних наук Національного
університету «Львівська політехніка»

Еніко НАДЬ-КОЛОЖВАРИ, доктор філософії, доцент кафедри філології Закарпатського
угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II
Відповідальні за випуск:

Аніко БЕРЕГСАСІ — доктор гуманітарних наук, доцент, завідувач кафедри філології
Закарпатського угорського університету імені Ференца Ракоці II

Олександр ДОБОШ — начальник Видавничого відділу УР

За зміст навчального посібника несуть відповідальність розробники.

Видавництво: Закарпатський угорський університет імені Ференца Ракоці II (адреса:
пл. Кошута 6, м. Берегове, 90202. Електронна пошта: foiskola@kmf.org.ua)

CONTENTS

Seminar 1. Implications of psychoanalysis and analytical psychology in.....	5
Seminar 2. Anthroponymic approach to R. Bradbury’s novella “Fahrenheit 451”	12
Seminar 3. Ecofeminism in Ursula le Guin’s story.....	13
Seminar 4. Magic realism.....	17
Seminar 5. Structural approach to John Updike’s novel “Gertrude and Claudius”.....	26
Seminar 6. Deconstruction in John Gardner’s novel “Grendel”.....	27
Seminar 7. H. Melville’s novel “Moby Dick” and film Avatar -2 in the context of blue ecocriticism and intermedial perspective.....	28
Seminar 8. Archetypes in World Literary process.....	30
Seminar 9. Multiculturalism.....	32
Literature.....	43

Seminar 1

Implications of psychoanalysis and analytical psychology in

K. Capek's story "The poet".

Task 1. Read the story "The Poet" by K. Capek.

TALES FROM TWO POCKETS

by Karel Capek

Translated from the Czech and with an introduction by

Norma Comrada

CATBIRD PRESS

A Garrigue Book

The Poet

85

It was a routine police matter: at four o'clock in the morning, an automobile knocked down an old, drunken woman on Zitna Street and drove off at high speed. And now Dr. Mejlík had to determine which automobile it was. Such responsibilities weigh heavily on a young police captain. "Hm," Dr. Mejlík said to Officer 141, "from a distance of thirty paces, then, you saw a fast-moving car and a body lying in the street. What did you do first?"

"First, I ran over to the victim," the policeman reported, "to apply first aid."

"First, you should have identified the car," Dr. Mejlík grumbled, "and then worried about the old lady. But perhaps," he added, scratching his head with a pencil, "I would have done the same thing. At any rate, you didn't see the number on the license plate; was there anything else about the car — ?"

"I think," Officer 141 said slowly, "that it was a dark color of some kind. Possibly dark blue or dark red. It wasn't easy to see because of the exhaust fumes."

"Oh, Christ," Dr. Mejlík despaired, "then how am I going to find that car? Am I supposed to chase after all the drivers in the city and ask them ever so kindly to tell me whether or not they ran over an old lady? What do you expect me to do?"

The policeman shrugged his shoulders with the helplessness of a subordinate. "Sir," he said, "one witness has reported in to me, but he doesn't know anything, either. He's

waiting outside, sir.”

“Well, bring him in,” Dr. Mejlík said with disgust, and

86

he searched in vain for some clue to spring forth from the meager accident report. “Name and address, please,” he said mechanically, without so much as looking at the witness.

“Kralík, Jan, engineering student,” the witness said stolidly.

“And you were present, sir, when at four o’clock this morning an unknown automobile knocked down Božena Macháková?”

“Yes, and I’d have to say it was the driver’s fault. You see, Captain, the street was completely empty; if the driver had slowed down at the intersection — ”

“How far away were you standing?” Dr. Mejlík interrupted him.

“Ten paces. I was seeing a friend home from a — a coffee house, and while we were walking along Zitná Street — ”

“Who is your friend?” Dr. Mejlík interrupted again. “I don’t see his name here.”

“Jaroslav Nerad, the poet,” the witness said with a certain amount of pride. “But I doubt if he could tell you anything — ”

“Why not?” Dr. Mejlík grumbled again, clutching at any straw.

“Because he . . . he’s the sort of poet that, if something unpleasant happens, he bursts into tears like a little child and runs home to hide. Anyway, while we were on Zitná Street, suddenly there came rushing up from behind us, at an insane speed, this car — ”

“License number what?”

“I don’t know, sir, I didn’t notice it. I was watching that insane driving, and I immediately said to myself that — ”

“And what kind of car was it?” Dr. Mejlík interrupted.

“Four-cylinder internal combustion engine,” the expert witness answered. “Of course, I’m no good at makes of cars — ”

“And what color was it? Who was in it? Was it a

87

convertible or a sedan?”

“I don’t know,” the witness said in confusion. “I think it was a sort of black car, but I can’t come any closer than

that, because when the accident happened I said to Nerad: Look, those bastards knocked somebody down and didn't even stop!"

"Hm," Dr. Mejlík commented with dissatisfaction.

"That is, admittedly, a fitting and no doubt correct moral reaction, but I would rather you'd gotten the license number. I am amazed, sir, how incapable people are of simple observation. You're absolutely convinced that the driver is at fault, you're absolutely convinced that people like that are bastards, but as for systematic, practical observation — Thank you, Mr. Kralík; I won't delay you any longer."

Within the hour, Officer 141 had rung the bell at the lodgings of the poet Jaroslav Nerad. Yes, the poet Nerad was at home, but he was sleeping. Moments later, the poet himself was at the doorway, rolling small, astonished eyes at the policeman; he couldn't remember, exactly, just what wrongdoing he had committed.

At length he was able to grasp why they wanted him at the police station. "Must I go?" he asked suspiciously. "The fact is, I don't remember anything at all; that night I was a bit —"

"Smashed," the policeman said understandingly. "I've known many poets, sir. So get dressed, sir; I'll wait for you." Whereupon the poet and the policeman began to chat about neighborhood bars, life in general, various celestial phenomena, and many other matters; only politics was alien to both. Thus, in friendly and instructive conversation, the poet arrived at the station house.

"You are Mr. Jaroslav Nerad, poet," Dr. Mejlík said to him, "and witness. You were present when an unidentified automobile knocked down Božena Macháková."

"Yes," the poet sighed.

"Can you tell me what kind of car it was? Whether it

88

was a sedan or a convertible, what color, who was in it, what the license number was?"

The poet struggled with his thoughts. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't notice."

"You don't recall any details?" Dr. Mejlík pressed.

"Not a one," the poet said candidly. "I never pay attention to details, you see."

"Thank you," Dr. Mejlík fired off with considerable irony. "Just what, if may I ask, were you paying attention to?"

“The total mood,” the poet replied vaguely. “You know, the long, deserted street . . . at dawn . . . and how that woman lay there on the ground — ” Suddenly he leaped to his feet. “But I wrote something about it after I got home!” He fumbled in his pockets and began to pull out an increasing number of wrappers, bills, and other scraps of paper. “No, that’s not it,” he kept muttering, “that’s not it, either — Wait, maybe this is it,” he said, absorbed in studying the back of an envelope.

“Show it to me,” Dr. Mejlík said indulgently.

“It’s nothing,” the poet objected. “But if you like, I’ll read it to you.” Whereupon, rolling his eyes rapturously and melodiously elongating the syllables, he recited:

march of dark houses once twice to stop to stand
aurora plays upon a mandolin
why girl why do you blush
with oncoming car 120 HP to the end of the earth
or to Singapore
stop stop the car flies

Oh, no, our great love sprawls in dust
a girl a broken blossom
swan’s neck bosom drum and cymbal
why do I weep so much

“And that’s all of it,” Jaroslav Nerad declared.

“Excuse me,” said Dr. Mejlík, “but what does it mean?”

89

“Well, it’s the automobile accident, of course,” the poet said in astonishment. “You mean you don’t understand it?”

“I don’t think so,” Dr. Mejlík said with a frown.

“Somehow it doesn’t convey to me that on July 15, at four o’clock in the morning, on Zitna Street, an automobile with license number such-and-such knocked down a sixty-year-old drunken beggar woman, Bozena Machackova; and that she was injured and taken to the General Hospital, and that she nearly died. Your poem, sir, insofar as I can tell, did not mention those particular facts. No.”

“Sir,” the poet said, rubbing his nose, “that is only raw, surface reality. A poem is inner reality. Poems are unfettered, surreal images which reality evokes in the subconscious of the poet, you see? Visual and aural associations, you might say. And the reader must yield himself to them,” Jaroslav Nerad proclaimed reprovingly. “Then he will understand.”

“I beg your pardon,” Dr. Mejlík erupted. “No, wait a

minute, loan me your opus. Thank you. All right then, here we have, hm: ‘March of dark houses once twice to stop to stand.’ Please explain to me, if you will — ”

“But that’s Zitna Street,” the poet said serenely. “Those two rows of buildings, you see.”

“And why isn’t it, say, Narodni Avenue?” Dr. Mejzlik asked skeptically.

“Because it isn’t as straight,” came the answer with conviction.

“All right. ‘Aurora plays upon a mandolin’ — Well, we’ll grant that one. ‘Why girl why do you blush’ — Please, where does this girl come into it?”

“The red sunrise,” the poet said laconically.

“Aha. Excuse me. ‘With oncoming car 120 HP to the end of the earth’ — Well?”

“Maybe that was when the car arrived,” the poet explained.

“It was 120 horsepower?”

“I don’t know about that; it means that it was coming

90

fast. As if it wanted to soar to the end of the earth.”

“I see. ‘Or to Singapore’ — Why exactly Singapore, for heaven’s sake?”

The poet shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know. I suppose it’s because the Malays are there.”

“And what is the relationship between the car and the Malays? Hm?”

The poet fidgeted uneasily. “Maybe the car was brown, could that be it?” he pondered. “Certainly something there was brown. Why else would it have been Singapore?”

“Look,” said Dr. Mejzlik, “that car has already been red, blue, and black. What am I supposed to choose from all that?”

“Choose brown,” the poet advised. “It’s a nice color.”

“Our great love sprawls in dust / a girl a broken blossom,” Dr. Mejzlik read on. “This broken blossom, is that the drunken beggarwoman?”

“I wouldn’t write about a drunken beggarwoman,” the poet said, offended. “She was simply a woman, do you see?”

“Aha. And what is this: ‘swan’s neck bosom drum and cymbal’ — is that free association?”

“Show it to me,” the poet said in confusion, and he bent over the piece of paper. “‘Swan’s neck bosom drum and cymbal’ — What can that be?”

“I just asked that,” Dr. Mejzlik grumbled somewhat

touchily.

“Wait,” the poet reflected, “there must have been something that reminded me — Listen, doesn’t it strike you that sometimes the numeral two looks like a swan’s neck? Look at this,” and with Mejzlik’s pencil he wrote a 2. “Aha,” Dr. Mejzlik said attentively. “And what of the bosom?”

“Surely that’s a three, two curves, right?” the poet marveled.

“You still have the drum and cymbal,” the police captain burst out, his voice taut with suspense.

91

“Drum and cymbal,” the poet Nerad said thoughtfully, “drum and cymbal . . . that might just possibly be a five, mightn’t it? Watch,” he said, and he drew the numeral 5. “That little belly is like a drum, and the cymbal above it —”

“Wait,” Dr. Mejzlik said, and he wrote down 235 on the piece of paper. “Are you certain that the car had the license number 235?”

“I paid no attention whatsoever to any numbers,” Jaroslav Nerad proclaimed resolutely. “But something like that must have been there — Or why else would it be here?” he marveled, inspecting his little composition. “And, you know, this is the best part of the entire poem.”

* * *

Two days later, Dr. Mejzlik called on the poet. This time the poet was not asleep, for he had a girlfriend of some sort there, and he began a futile search for a vacant chair to offer the police captain.

“I can’t stay,” said Dr. Mejzlik. “I only came to tell you that it really was a car with license number 235.”

“What car?” the poet wondered.

“Swan’s neck bosom drum and cymbal,” Dr. Mejzlik poured out in a single breath. “And Singapore, too.”

“Oh, of course; now I know,” the poet remarked. “So you see, here you have inner reality. Would you like me to read you a couple of other poems? You’ll understand them now.”

“Some other time,” the police captain answered without hesitation. “When I have another case.”

Task 2. Answer the following questions.

1. What can you say about the story (its genre, the time of its first publication)?
2. What methods can be applied for the analysis of this story? Can we regard the end of the 20-ies of the XX century as the apex of psychoanalysis and analytical psychology? Outline in few sentences the main ideas of these revolutionary methods.
3. What is author's interpretation of Freud's "spontaneous association"? What did Freud mean by technique of spontaneous association?
4. Try to prove that in the story Dr. Mejzlik's interrogation of Jaroslav Nerad bears a resemblance to the procedure of "spontaneous association".
5. In what way is "raw, surface reality" different from a poem's "inner reality"? (p.89)
6. With what are the Poems compared in the story?
7. Is there a sort of connection between real and "surreal images"? How does poetic imagination work?
8. Does the technique of spontaneous association introduced by Freud correspond to visual and aural associations evoked "in the subconscious of the poet"? (p.89)
9. What is author's interpretation of Freud's "artistic fantasy"?
10. Can we claim that in the story the same is true about Nerad's technique of creating poetry?
11. Read information about C. Jung's active and passive types of imagination. Choose the proper type used in this story.
12. What other examples of Myth criticism can be found here?
13. Why do poets pay so much attention to "total mood"?
14. What type of fantasy, passive or active, is applicable in this story?
15. What episode is the culmination of the story and what is its denouement?
16. What is Capek's attitude to the techniques of spontaneous association and artistic fantasy?
17. Can we define the style of this story as humorous and comical?
18. What is K. Capek's attitude to the above principles of psychoanalysis and analytical psychology? Does he support or criticize them?

Task 3. Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an essay or an abstract of an article. Entitle it.

Literature:

1. K. Capek "The poet"
2. Н. Зборовська. Психологія і літературознавство. Посібник. Київ. Академвидав. 2003

Seminar 2.

Anthroponymic approach to R. Bradbury's novella "Fahrenheit 451".

Task 1. Read the novella.

Task 2. Answer the following questions.

1. Can you decipher, if possible, the following names: Mildred, Beatty, Granger, Faber, and Clarisse? Use the dictionary for this purpose.
2. What is the level of their functioning: sign, allegory, metaphor, myth, precedential name?
3. What content does each name have in the context of Archetypal Criticism?
4. In what way are the above names connected with the narrative line of the novella, influence the unfolding of the plot, or even predict its finale?
5. Decipher each part of the name Guy Montag.
6. What is the meaning of the name Guy?
7. Can we regard it as an allegory, like in medieval morality "Every man"?
8. What is the meaning of such an allegory?
9. What do you know about Guy Fawkes?
10. In what way does the first part of protagonist's name – Guy- resonate with this historical person?
11. What does it symbolize?
12. What precedence does it have?
13. How can we define the content of this precedence in one word?
14. Can we interpret this novella as opposition to the Promethean myth?
15. In what way is this characteristic feature relevant to Guy's profession?
16. What association can we find in the second part of the name?
17. Why did the author choose this word as a second part of his character's name?
18. How is it connected with the finale and the general message of the novel?

Task 3.

Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an essay or an abstract of an article. Entitle it.

Supplement to the Seminar

"In deciding on names for his characters, an author has an unfair advantage over other parents. He knows so much better how his child will turn out" (R. Davis "what's in a name?" The New York Times Book Review, Nov. 13, 1966)

Literature:

1. Bradbury, Ray Douglas. Fahrenheit 451
2. Gorenko, Olena. Anthroponymic dimension of American Romanticism. Kyiv: "Pan-Tot", 2008. 312p. (Горенко О. Антропонімічний вимір американського романтизму. Монографія. Інститут філології КНУ імені Тараса Шевченка. Київ: ТОВ «ПанТот», 2008. 312 с.)

Seminar 3.

Ecofeminism in Ursula le Guin's story

Task 1. Read the story attentively

She Unnames Them

Ursula K. Le Guin

The New Yorker, 21 January 1985

MOST of them accepted namelessness with the perfect indifference with which they had so long accepted and ignored their names. Whales and dolphins, seals and sea otters consented with particular alacrity, sliding into anonymity as into their element. A faction of yaks, however, protested. They said that "yak" sounded right, and that almost everyone who knew they existed called them that. Unlike the ubiquitous creatures such as rats and fleas, who had been called by hundreds or thousands of different names since Babel, the yaks could truly say, they said, that they had a *name*. They discussed the matter all summer. The councils of elderly females finally agreed that though the name might be useful to others it was so redundant from the yak point of view that they never spoke it themselves and hence might as well dispense with it. After they presented the argument in this light to their bulls, a full consensus was delayed only by the onset of severe early blizzards. Soon after the beginning of the thaw, their agreement was reached and the designation "yak" was returned to the donor.

Among the domestic animals, few horses had cared what anybody called them since the failure of Dean Swift's attempt to name them from their own vocabulary. Cattle, sheep, swine, asses, mules, and goats, along with chickens, geese, and turkeys, all agreed enthusiastically to give their names back to the people to whom, as they put it, they belonged. A couple of problems did come up with pets. The cats, of course, steadfastly denied ever having had any name other than those self-given, unspoken, ineffably personal names which, as the poet named Eliot said, they spend long hours daily contemplating although none of the contemplators has ever admitted that what they contemplate is their names and some onlookers have wondered if the object of that meditative gaze might not in fact be the Perfect, or Platonic, Mouse. In any case, it is a moot point now. It was with the dogs, and with some parrots, lovebirds,

ravens, and mynahs, that the trouble arose. These verbally talented individuals insisted that their names were important to them, and flatly refused to part with them. But as soon as they understood that the issue was precisely one of individual choice, and that anybody who wanted to be called Rover, or Froufrou, or Polly, or even Birdie in the personal sense, was perfectly free to do so, not one of them had the least objection to parting with the lowercase (or, as

regards German creatures, uppercase) generic appellations "poodle," "parrot," "dog," or "bird," and all the Linnaean qualifiers that had trailed along behind them for two hundred years like tin cans tied to a tail.

The insects parted with their names in vast clouds and swarms of ephemeral syllables buzzing and stinging and humming and flitting and crawling and tunnelling away.

As for the fish of the sea, their names dispersed from them in silence throughout the oceans like faint, dark blurs of cuttlefish ink, and drifted off on the currents without a trace.

NONE were left now to unname, and yet how close I felt to them when I saw one of them swim or fly or trot or crawl across my way or over my skin, or stalk me in the night, or go along beside me for a while in the day. They seemed far closer than when their names had stood between myself and them like a clear barrier: so close that my fear of them and their fear of me became one same fear. And the attraction that many of us felt, the desire to feel or rub or caress one another's scales or skin or feathers or fur, taste one another's blood or flesh, keep one another warm -- that attraction was now all one with the fear, and the hunter could not be told from the hunted, nor the eater from the food.

This was more or less the effect I had been after. It was somewhat more powerful than I had anticipated, but I could not now, in all conscience, make an exception for myself. I resolutely put anxiety away, went to Adam, and said, "You and your father lent me this, gave it to me, actually. It's been really useful, but it doesn't exactly seem to fit very well lately. But thanks very much! It's really been very useful."

It is hard to give back a gift without sounding peevish or ungrateful, and I did not want to leave him with that impression of me. He was not paying much attention, as it happened, and said only, "Put it down over there, O.K.?" and went on with what he was doing.

One of my reasons for doing what I did was that talk was getting us nowhere, but all the same I felt a little let down. I had been prepared to defend my decision. And I thought that perhaps when he did notice he might be upset and want to talk. I put some things away and fiddled around a little, but he continued to do what he was doing and to take no notice of anything else. At last I said, "Well, goodbye, dear. I hope the garden key turns up."

He was fitting parts together, and said, without looking around, "O.K., fine, dear. When's dinner?"

"I'm not sure," I said. I'm going now. With the... " I hesitated, and finally said, "With them, you know," and went on out. In fact, I had only just then realized how hard it would have been to explain myself. I could not chatter away as I used to do, taking it all for granted. My words must be as slow, as new, as single, as tentative as the steps I took going down the path away from the house, between the dark--branched, tall dancers motionless against the winter shining.

Task 2. Read the extract from the Bible's Genesis.

19 And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought *them* unto **Adam** to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that *was* the name thereof.

20 And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.

21 And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

22 And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

23 And Adam said, This *is* now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

24 Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

Task 3. Answer the following questions.

1. What Biblical allusions can we find in this story? How would you define them – as borrowing, inheritance, or parody?
2. In what way does the heroine of the story contradict the process of nomination described in the Bible?
3. How is the title of the story correlated with the Bible (Genesis 19-24).
4. How is the expert in the names - called in the story?
5. What is the name of the heroine?
6. What are the feministic implications in the story?
7. What makes the paradox of the finale?
8. What is meant by the title of the story?
9. How would you interpret it?
- 10.10. What content does this title have in the paradigm of feminist criticism
11. What reference to the problem of communication is made in the story?
12. How is this problem of communication connected with feminist approach?
13. Why does the story «She Unnames Them» permit ecofeminist reading?
14. Is the heroine endowed with the power of intuitive ability – to feel the pulse of Nature?
- 15.15. Can we say that Ursula Le Guin's story «She Unnames Them» (1985) surveys the similarities between the rights of women and animals?
16. Why can we define the author's approach as Ecofeminism, a critical method that examines the relationship between feminism and ecology

Task 4. Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an essay or an abstract of an article. Entitle it.

Literature:

1. Bible. Genesis.
2. 1. Антологія світової літературно-критичної думки ХХ ст./ за редакцією М.Зубрицької .Львів: Літопис, 2002, -882с.
3. Abram, David: Becoming Animal: An Earthly Cosmology Pantheon, 2010; Vintage 2011: [ISBN 978-0-375-71369-9](https://www.isbn-international.org/product/978-0-375-71369-9)
4. Johansson, Swen Anders Why Art? The Anthropocene, Ecocriticism, and Adorno's Concept of Natural Beauty. Adorno Studies. Volume 3, Issue 1, July 2019. P 65-68.

Seminar 4.

Magic realism

Task 1. Read Isaak Bashevis Zinger's story "Teibele and her demon"

Taibele and Devil

Isaac Bashevis Singer

In the town of Lashnik, not far from Lublin, there lived a man and his wife. His name was Chaim Nossen, hers—Taibele. They had no children. Not that the marriage was barren; Taibele had borne her husband a son and two daughters, but all three had died in infancy—one of whooping cough, one of scarlet fever, and one of diphtheria. After that Taibele's womb closed up, and nothing availed: neither prayers, nor spells, nor potions. Grief drove Chaim Nossen to withdraw from the world. He kept apart from his wife, stopped eating meat, and no longer slept at home, but on a bench in the prayer house. Taibele owned a dry-goods store, inherited from her parents, and she sat there all day, with a yardstick on her right, a pair of shears on her left, and the Women's Prayer Book in Yiddish in front of her. Chaim Nossen, tall, lean, with black eyes and a wedge of a beard, had always been a morose, silent man even at the best of times. Taibele was small and fair, with blue eyes and a round face. Although punished by the Almighty, she still smiled easily, the dimples playing on her cheeks. She had no one else to cook for now, but she lit the stove or the tripod every day and cooked some porridge or soup for herself. She also went on with her knitting—now a pair of stockings, now a vest; or else she would embroider something on canvas. It wasn't in her nature to rail at fate or cling to sorrow.

One day Chaim Nossen put his prayer shawl and phylacteries, a change of underwear, and a loaf of bread into a sack and left the house. Neighbours asked where he was going; he answered: "Wherever my eyes lead me."

When people told Taibele that her husband had left her, it was too late to catch up with him. He was already across the river. It was discovered that he had hired a cart to take him to Lublin. Taibele sent a messenger to seek him out, but neither her husband nor the messenger was ever seen again. At thirty-three, Taibele found herself a deserted wife.

After a period of searching, she realized that she had nothing more to hope for. God had taken both her children and her husband. She would never be able to marry again; from now on she would have to live alone. All she had left was her house, her store, and her belongings. The townspeople pitied her, for she was a quiet woman, kind-hearted and honest in her business dealings. Everyone asked: how did she deserve such misfortunes? But God's ways are hidden from man.

Taibele had several friends among the town matrons whom she had known since

childhood. In the daytime housewives are busy with their pots and pans, but in the evening Taibele's friends often dropped in for a chat. In the summer, they would sit on a bench outside the house, gossiping and telling each other stories. One moonless summer evening when the town was as dark as Egypt, Taibele sat with her friends on the bench, telling them a tale she had read in a book bought from a peddler. It was about a young Jewish woman, and a demon who had ravished her and lived with her as man and wife. Taibele recounted the story in all its details. The women huddled closer together, joined hands, spat to ward off evil, and laughed the kind of laughter that comes from fear. One of them asked:

"Why didn't she exorcise him with an amulet?"

"Not every demon is frightened of amulets," answered Taibele.

"Why didn't she make a journey to a Holy Rabbi?"

"The demon warned her that he would choke her if she revealed the secret."

"Woe is me, may the Lord protect us, may no one know of such things!" a woman cried out.

"I'll be afraid to go home now," said another.

"I'll walk with you," a third one promised.

While they were talking, Alchonon, the teacher's helper who hoped one day to become a wedding jester, happened to be passing by. Alchonon, five years a widower, had the reputation of being a wag and a prankster, a man with a screw loose. His steps were silent because the soles of his shoes were worn through and he walked on his bare feet. When he heard Taibele telling the story, he halted to listen. The darkness was so thick, and the women so engrossed in the weird tale, that they did not see him. This Alchonon was a dissipated fellow, full of cunning goatish tricks. On the instant, he formed a mischievous plan.

After the women had gone, Alchonon stole into Taibele's yard. He hid behind a tree and watched through the window. When he saw Taibele go to bed and put out the candle, he slipped into the house. Taibele had not bolted the door; thieves were unheard of in that town. In the hallway, he took off his shabby caftan, his fringed garment, his trousers, and stood as naked as his mother bore him. Then he tiptoed to Taibele's bed. She was almost asleep, when suddenly she saw a figure looming in the dark. She was too terrified to utter a sound.

"Who is it?" she whispered, trembling. Alchonon replied in a hollow voice:

Don't scream, Taibele. If you cry out, I will destroy you. I am the demon Hurmizah, ruler over darkness, rain, hail, thunder, and wild beasts. I am the evil spirit who espoused the young woman you spoke about tonight. And because you told the story with such relish, I heard your words from the abyss and was filled with lust for your body. Do not try to resist, for I drag away those who refuse to do my will beyond the Mountains of Darkness—to Mount Sair, into a wilderness where man's foot is unknown, where no beast dares to tread, where the earth is of iron and the sky of copper. And I roll them in thorns and in fire, among adders and scorpions, until every bone of their body is ground to dust, and they are lost for eternity in the nether depths. But if

you comply with my wish, not a hair of your head will be harmed, and I will send you success in every undertaking. . .

Hearing these words, Taibele lay motionless as in a swoon. Her heart fluttered and seemed to stop. She thought her end had come. After a while, she gathered courage and murmured:

What do you want of me? I am a married woman!

“Your husband is dead. I followed in his funeral procession myself.” The voice of the teacher’s helper boomed out. “It is true that I cannot go to the Rabbi to testify and free you to remarry, for the Rabbis don’t believe our kind. Besides, I don’t dare step across the threshold of the Rabbi’s chamber—I fear the Holy Scrolls. But I am not lying. Your husband died in an epidemic, and the worms have already gnawed away his nose. And even were he alive, you would not be forbidden to lie with me, for the laws of the *Shulhan Aruch* do not apply to us.” Hurmizah the teacher’s helper went on with his persuasions, some sweet, some threatening. He invoked the names of angels and devils, of demonic beasts and of vampires. He swore that Asmodeus, King of the Demons, was his step-uncle. He said that Lilith, Queen of the Evil Spirits, danced for him on one foot and did every manner of thing to please him. Shibtah, the she-devil who stole babies from women in childbed, baked poppy-seed cakes for him in Hell’s ovens and leavened them with the fat of wizards and black dogs. He argued so long, adducing such witty parables and proverbs, that Taibele was finally obliged to smile, in her extremity. Hurmizah vowed that he had loved Taibele for a long time. He described to her the dresses and shawls she had worn that year and the year before; he told her the secret thoughts that came to her as she kneaded dough, prepared her Sabbath meal, washed herself in the bath, and saw to her needs at the outhouse. He also reminded her of the morning when she had wakened with a black and blue mark on her breast. She had thought it was the pinch of a ghou! But it was really the mark left by a kiss of Hurmizah’s lips, he said.

After a while, the demon got into Taibele’s bed and had his will of her. He told her that from then on he would visit her twice a week, on Wednesdays and on Sabbath evenings, for those were the nights when the unholy ones were abroad in the world. He warned her, though, not to divulge to anyone what had befallen her, or even hint at it, on pain of dire punishment: he would pluck out the hair from her skull, pierce her eyes, and bite out her navel. He would cast her into a desolate wilderness where bread was dung and water was blood, and where the wailing of Zalmaveth was heard all day and all night. He commanded Taibele to swear by the bones of her mother that she would keep the secret to her last day.

Taibele saw that there was no escape for her. She put her hand on his thigh and swore an oath, and did all that the monster bade her.

Before Hurmizah left, he kissed her long and lustfully, and since he was a demon and not a man, Taibele returned his kisses and moistened his beard with her tears. Evil spirit though he was, he had treated her kindly. . . .

When Hurmizah was gone, Taibele sobbed into her pillow until sunrise.

Hurmizah came every Wednesday night and every Sabbath night. Taibele was afraid that she might find herself with child and give birth to some monster with tail and horns—an imp or a mooncalf. But Hurmizah promised to protect her against shame. Taibele asked whether she need go to the ritual bath to cleanse herself after her impure days, but Hurmizah said that the laws concerning menstruation did not extend to those who consorted with the unclean host.

As the saying goes, may God preserve us from all that we can get accustomed to. And so it was with Taibele. In the beginning she had feared that her nocturnal visitant might do her harm, give her boils or elflocks, make her bark like a dog or drink urine, and bring disgrace upon her. But Hurmizah did not whip her or pinch her or spit on her. On the contrary, he caressed her, whispered endearments, made puns and rhymes for her. Sometimes he pulled such pranks and babbled such devil's nonsense, that she was forced to laugh. He tugged at the lobe of her ear and gave her love-bites on the shoulder, and in the morning she found the marks of his teeth on her skin. He persuaded her to let her hair grow under her cap and he wove it into braids. He taught her charms and spells, told her about his night-brethren, the demons with whom he flew over ruins and fields of toadstools, over the salt marshes of Sodom, and the frozen wastes of the Sea of Ice. He did not deny that he had other wives, but they were all shedevils; Taibele was the only human wife he possessed. When Taibele asked him the names of his wives, he enumerated them: Namah, Machlath, Aff, Chuldah, Zluchah, Nafkah, and Cheimah. Seven altogether.

He told that Namah was black as pitch and full of rage. When she quarreled with him, she spat venom and blew fire and smoke through her nostrils. Machlath had the face of a leech, and those whom she touched with her tongue were forever branded.

Aff loved to adorn herself with silver, emeralds, and diamonds. Her braids were of spun gold. On her ankles she wore bells and bracelets; when she danced, all the deserts rang out with their chiming.

Chuldah had the shape of a cat. She meowed instead of speaking. Her eyes were green as gooseberries. When she copulated, she always chewed bear's liver. Zluchah was the enemy of brides. She robbed bridegrooms of potency. If a bride stepped outside alone at night during the Seven Nuptial Benedictions, Zluchah danced up to her and the bride lost the power of speech or was taken by a seizure.

Nafkah was lecherous, always betraying him with other demons. She retained his affections only by her vile and insolent talk, which delighted his heart.

Cheimah should have, according to her name, been as vicious as Namah should have been mild, but the reverse was true: Cheimah was a she-devil without gall. She was forever doing charitable deeds, kneading dough for housewives when they were ill, or bringing bread to the homes of the poor.

Thus Hurmizah described his wives, and told Taibele how he disported himself with them, playing tag over roofs and engaging in all sorts of pranks. Ordinarily,

a woman is jealous when a man consorts with other women, but how can a human be jealous of a female devil? Quite the contrary. Hurmizah's tales amused Taibele, and she was always plying him with questions. Sometimes he revealed to her mysteries no mortal may know—about God, his angels and seraphs, his heavenly mansions, and the seven heavens. He also told her how sinners, male and female, were tortured in barrels of pitch and cauldrons of fiery coals, on beds studded with nails and in pits of snow, and how the Black Angels beat the bodies of the sinners with rods of fire.

The greatest punishment in hell was tickling, Hurmizah said. There was a certain imp in hell by the name of Lekish. When Lekish tickled an adulteress on her soles or under the arms, her tormented laughter echoed all the way to the island of Madagascar.

In this way, Hurmizah entertained Taibele all through the night, and soon it came about that she began to miss him when he was away. The summer nights seemed too short, for Hurmizah would leave soon after cockcrow. Even winter nights were not long enough. The truth was that she now loved Hurmizah, and though she knew a woman must not lust after a demon, she longed for him day and night.

II.

Although Alchonon had been a widower for many years, matchmakers still tried to marry him off. The girls they proposed were from mean homes, widows and divorcees, for a teacher's helper was a poor provider, and Alchonon had besides the reputation of being a shiftless ne'er-do-well. Alchonon dismissed the offers on various pretexts: one woman was too ugly, the other had a foul tongue, the third was a slattern. The matchmakers wondered: how could a teacher's helper who earned nine *groschen* a week presume to be such a picker and chooser? And how long could a man live alone? But no one can be dragged by force to the wedding canopy.

Alchonon knocked around town—long, lean, tattered, with a red disheveled beard, in a crumpled shirt, with his pointed Adam's apple jumping up and down. He waited for the wedding jester Reb Zekele to die, so that he could take over his job. But Reb Zekele was in no hurry to die; he still enlivened weddings with an inexhaustible flow of quips and rhymes, as in his younger days.

Alchonon tried to set up on his own as a teacher for beginners, but no householder would entrust his child to him. Mornings and evenings, he took the boys to and from the *cheder*. During the day he sat in Reb Itchele the Teacher's courtyard, idly whittling wooden pointers, or cutting out paper decorations

which were used only once a year, at Pentecost, or modeling figurines from clay. Not far from Taibele's store there was a well, and Alchonon came there many times a day, to draw a pail of water or to take a drink, spilling the water over his red beard. At these times, he would throw a quick glance at Taibele. Taibele pitied him: why was the man knocking about all by himself? And Alchonon would say to himself each time: "Woe, Taibele, if you knew the truth! . . ."

Alchonon lived in a garret, in the house of an old widow who was deaf and halfblind. The crone often chided him for not going to the synagogue to pray like other Jews. For as soon as Alchonon had taken the children home, he said a hasty evening prayer and went to bed. Sometimes the old woman thought she heard the teacher's helper get up in the middle of the night and go off somewhere. She asked him where he wandered at night, but Alchonon told her that she had been dreaming. The women who sat on benches in the evenings, knitting socks and gossiping, spread the rumor that after midnight Alchonon turned into a werewolf. Some women said that he was consorting with a succubus. Otherwise, why should a man remain so many years without a wife? The rich men would not trust their children to him any longer. He now escorted only the children of the poor, and seldom ate a spoonful of hot food, but had to content himself with dry crusts.

Alchonon became thinner and thinner, but his feet remained as nimble as ever. With his lanky legs, he seemed to stride down the street as though on stilts. He must have suffered constant thirst, for he was always coming down to the well. Sometimes he would merely help a dealer or peasant to water his horse. One day, when Taibele noticed from the distance how his caftan was torn and ragged, she called him into her shop. He threw her a frightened glance and turned white.

"I see your caftan is torn," said Taibele. "If you wish, I will advance you a few yards of cloth. You can pay it off later, a *grivnik* a week."

"No."

"Why not?" Taibele asked in astonishment. "I won't haul you before the Rabbi if you fall behind. You'll pay when you can."

"No."

And he quickly walked out of the store, fearing she might recognize his voice. In summertime it was easy to visit Taibele in the middle of the night. Alchonon made his way through back lanes, clutching his caftan around his naked body. In winter, the dressing and undressing in Taibele's cold hallway became increasingly painful. But worst of all were the nights after a fresh snowfall. Alchonon was worried that Taibele or one of the neighbors might notice his tracks. He caught cold and began to cough. One night he got into Taibele's bed with his teeth chattering; he could not warm up for a long time. Afraid that she

might discover his hoax, he invented explanations and excuses. But Taibele neither probed nor wished to probe too closely. She had long discovered that a devil had all the habits and frailties of a man. Hurmizah perspired, sneezed, hiccuped, yawned. Sometimes his breath smelled of onion, sometimes of garlic. His body felt like the body of her husband, bony and hairy, with an Adam's apple and a navel. At times, Hurmizah was in a jocular mood, at other times a sigh broke from him. His feet were not goose feet, but human, with nails and frostblisters. Once Taibele asked him the meaning of these things, and Hurmizah explained:

When one of us consorts with a human female, he assumes the shape of a man. Otherwise, she would die of fright.

Yes, Taibele got used to him and loved him. She was no longer terrified of him or his impish antics. His tales were inexhaustible, but Taibele often found contradictions in them. Like all liars, he had a short memory. He had told her at first that devils were immortal. But one night he asked:

“What will you do if I die?”

“But devils don't die!”

“They are taken to the lowest abyss. . . .”

That winter there was an epidemic in town. Foul winds came from the river, the woods, and the swamps. Not only children, but adults as well were brought down with the ague. It rained and it hailed. Floods broke the dam on the river. The storms blew off an arm of the windmill. On Wednesday night, when Hurmizah came into Taibele's bed, she noticed that his body was burning hot, but his feet were icy. He shivered and moaned. He tried to entertain her with talk of she-devils, of how they seduced young men, how they cavorted with other devils, splashed about in the ritual bath, tied elflocks in old men's beards, but he was weak and unable to possess her. She had never seen him in such a wretched state. Her heart misgave her. She asked:

“Shall I get you some raspberries with milk?”

Hurmizah replied: “Such remedies are not for our kind.”

“What do you do when you get sick?”

“We itch and we scratch. . . .”

He spoke little after that. When he kissed Taibele, his breath was sour. He always remained with her until cockcrow, but this time he left early. Taibele lay silent, listening to his movements in the hallway. He had sworn to her that he flew out of the window even when it was closed and sealed, but she heard the door creak. Taibele knew that it was sinful to pray for devils, that one must curse them and blot them from memory; yet she prayed to God for Hurmizah.

She cried out in anguish: “There are so many devils, let there be one more. . . .”

On the following Sabbath Taibele waited in vain for Hurmizah until dawn; he never came. She called him inwardly and muttered the spells he had taught her, but the hallway was silent. Taibele lay benumbed. Hurmizah had once boasted

that he had danced for Tubal-cain and Enoch, that he had sat on the roof of Noah's Ark, licked the salt from the nose of Lot's wife, and plucked Ahasuerus by the beard. He had prophesied that she would be reincarnated after a hundred years as a princess, and that he, Hurmizah, would capture her, with the help of his slaves Chittim and Tachtim, and carry her off to the palace of Bashemath, the wife of Esau. But now he was probably lying somewhere ill, a helpless demon, a lonely orphan—without father or mother, without a faithful wife to care for him. Taibele recalled how his breath came rasping like a saw when he had been with her last; when he blew his nose, there was a whistling in his ear. From Sunday to Wednesday Taibele went about as one in a dream. On Wednesday she could hardly wait until the clock struck midnight, but the night went, and Hurmizah did not appear. Taibele turned her face to the wall. The day began, dark as evening. Fine snow dust was falling from the murky sky. The smoke could not rise from the chimneys; it spread over the roofs like ragged sheets. The rooks cawed harshly. Dogs barked. After the miserable night, Taibele had no strength to go to her store. Nevertheless, she dressed and went outside. She saw four pallbearers carrying a stretcher. From under the snow-swept coverlet protruded the blue feet of a corpse. Only the sexton followed the dead man. Taibele asked who it was, and the sexton answered:

Alchonon, the teacher's helper.

A strange idea came to Taibele—to escort Alchonon, the feckless man who had lived alone and died alone, on his last journey. Who would come to the store today? And what did she care for business? Taibele had lost everything. At least, she would be doing a good deed. She followed the dead on the long road to the cemetery. There she waited while the gravedigger swept away the snow and dug a grave in the frozen earth. They wrapped Alchonon the teacher's helper in a prayer shawl and a cowl, placed shards on his eyes, and stuck between his fingers a myrtle twig that he would use to dig his way to the Holy Land when the Messiah came. Then the grave was closed and the gravedigger recited the Kaddish. A cry broke from Taibele. This Alchonon had lived a lonely life, just as she did. Like her, he left no heir. Yes, Alchonon the teacher's helper had danced his last dance. From Hurmizah's tales, Taibele knew that the deceased did not go straight to heaven. Every sin creates a devil, and these devils are a man's children after his death. They come to demand their share. They call the dead man Father and roll him through forest and wilderness until the measure of his punishment is filled and he is ready for purification in hell. . . .

From then on Taibele remained alone, doubly deserted—by an ascetic and by a devil. She aged quickly. Nothing was left to her of the past except a secret that could never be told and would be believed by no one. There are secrets that the heart cannot reveal to the lips. They are carried to the grave. The willows murmur of them, the rooks caw about them, the gravestones converse about them silently, in the language of stone. The dead will awaken one day, but their

secrets will abide with the Almighty and His Judgment until the end of all generations.

Task 2. Answer the following questions.

1. When was this story written?
2. When and where is the scene set? Is it important here?
3. What are the main themes of the story?
4. Can we draw a parallel between the love motif of this story and the fairy tale “The scarlet flower”/ animated cartoon “The beauty and the beast”?
5. In what sense is such an allusion being relevant?
6. Can we find some connection with myth about Orpheus and Eurydice?
7. Wasn't Taibele after her husband's “departure” destined to slow death, as she had no right to marry again?
8. What archetypal traits does the character of Alchonon acquire?
9. What archetypal traits does the character of Taibele acquire?
10. Did she understand who her visitor was?
11. Which elements of Magical realism are incorporated into the story?
12. What is the purpose of introducing these elements into narrative frame of the story?
13. How do the magical and realistic layers interact?
14. Which is predominant?
15. Which is more important from the point of view of poetics?

Task 3. Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an essay or an abstract of an article. Entitle it.

Literature

1. J.E.H. Heuscher. A psychiatric study of myths and fairy tales: their origin, meaning and usefulness. Tomas, 1974. 422p.
2. Горенко О. Міфологічна та езотерична традиція Власного імені в контексті постмодерного дискурсу // Антропонімічний вимір постмодерної літератури. ЗУІ ім. Ф.Ракоці II – ТОВ «РІК-У» Берегове–Ужгород. 2020 с. 11

Seminar 5.

Structural approach to John Updike's novel "Gertrude and Claudius"

Task 1. Read the novel "Gertrude and Claudius" once again.

Task 2. Answer the following questions:

1. When was this novel written?
2. What is peculiar about its narrative structure?
3. Why is it possible to define this novel as a palimpsest?
4. What types of codes can we distinguish in the novel?
5. Can the proper name become a code?
6. What is symbolic meaning of Gertrude's three names? (Gerutha, Geruthe, Gertrude)? Is there any substantial difference in them? Can we say that they are quite different codes?
7. Can we say that these names/codes promote deep probation into heroine's mentality, world of feelings and emotions?
8. How does each version of the name reflect psychological status of a heroine?
9. Do these names help to widen the scope of Gertrude's personality?
10. Can we regard Horwendil's gift as a code? In what way does this gift characterise him? Can we define this code as psychological, cultural, symbolic?
11. What type of code does the gift of Feng have?
12. In what way does the she-falcon personify the heroine?
13. What other codes are included into this situation with Bathsheba (in Slavonic interpretation – Versavia)?
14. Can we regard she-falcon's name as precedential?
15. What does the code of closed eyes symbolize?
16. How is this symbol connected with the heroine's world perception?
17. Can we regard the dress given by Feng as a special code?
18. What is the symbolic meaning of the peacock's feathers?
19. Does the acceptance of this gift change Gertrude's behaviour?
20. What is the purpose of using these codes?
21. Does this technique help to emphasize a whole spectre of problems?

Task 3. Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an essay or an abstract of an article. Entitle it.

Literature:

1. John Updike. Gertrude and Claudius
2. Горенко О. Антропонімічна варіативність роману Дж. Апдайка «Гертруда і Клавдій» // Антропонімічний вимір постмодерної літератури. ЗУІ ім. Ф.Ракоці II – ТОВ «РІК-У» Берегове–Ужгород. 2020 с. 59-68
3. Барт Р. Текстуальний аналіз “Вальдемара” Е. По / Антологія світової літературно-критичної думки ХХ ст. – Львів.: Літопис, 2002. – С. 497–522.

Seminar 6.

Deconstruction in John Gardner's novel "Grendel"

Task 1. Read the novel Grendel

Task 2. Answer the following questions:

1. When was this novel written?
2. What is the specific feature of this novel which managed to reflect the interpretative character of postmodern discourse?
3. What is "deconstruction" as a literary device?
4. What change did John Gardner introduce into the text of the poem "Beowulf" in the process of its intertextual interpretation?
5. How is monster's position reinstated in the novel?
6. What leads to radical transformation of original text?
7. What is Gardner's approach to heroes and heroic status as compared with the ethos of heroic legend "Beowulf"?
8. What is Grendel's perception of Beowulf?
9. How would you characterize Grendel within deconstructive frames of Gardner's novel?
10. What transformation of dichotomy "protagonist/ villain" do we observe in this novel?
11. In what way is this transformation connected with de-heroization of an ancient epoch?
12. What other examples of dichotomy are given in the text of the novel?
13. What deeds of some characters (Grendel's mother, Wealhtheow, the old singer) provoke new emotional and philosophical interpretation?
14. How would you characterize the cultural scope of the novel?
15. In what way does deconstruction help to turn the name into simulacrum?

Task 3. Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an essay or an abstract of an article. Entitle it.

Literature:

1. Gardner, John "Grendel"
2. Горенко Олена. Горизонти деконструкції імені у романі Джона Апдайка «Грендель»// Антропонімічний вимір постмодерної літератури. ЗУІ ім. Ф.Ракоці II – ТОВ «РІК-У» Берегове–Ужгород. 2020 сс.71-78

Seminar 7

H. Melville's novel "Moby Dick" and film Avatar -2 in the context of blue ecocriticism and intermedial perspective.

Task 1. Read the novel "Moby Dick" by H. Melville.

Task 2. Watch the film "Avatar -2" by Cameron.

Task 3. Answer the following questions:

1. What is intermediality?
2. Can we regard Avatar -2 as a paradigmatic alternative of Herman Melville's novel "Moby Dick"?
3. Why is it relevant to compare the novel "Moby Dick" and the film Avatar-2?
4. What image unites both works?
5. Why both works can be analysed within the frames of ecocriticism and blue ecocriticism?
6. Can we consider that the novel's complex ideas and narrative structure are deeply intertwined with water, serving as both the existential backdrop of "Moby Dick" and a tool for exploring the characters' psyches?
7. What philosophical ideas laid the basis of the novel?
8. What is Melville's attitude to whaling?
9. How would you interpret the name Moby Dick?
10. What does the dubious meaning of this name refer to?
11. How is the theme of whaling interpreted in Avatar: The way of water?
12. What ideas come to the fore here?
13. What are the peculiarities of cinematographic version in delineating scenes of nature in general, and the ocean in particular?
14. How is human detrimental influence on Nature expressed here?
15. How are the tulkuns regarded in Cameron's film?
16. Are there any transformations in the groups of characters "Ahab/ Quaritch" and "Moby Dick/ Payakan"?
17. How is the question of real comprehension sorted out by the authors of film epic?
18. What is the main conclusion of the film "Avatar: The way of water"?

Literature

1. Melville H. Moby Dick or the white whale. – N.Y. : New American Library, 1961. – 544 p.
2. Dobrin, Sidney. Blue Ecocriticism and the Oceanic Imperative. Routledge. 2021. -239 p.
3. Global environment outlook GEO -6. Summary for policymakers. United Kingdom: Cambridge University Press: 2019
4. Gorenko, Olena . The mysteries of the White Whale. Introduction / Herman Melville. Moby Dick or the white whale. Kharkiv: Folio, 2008. P.3-16(Горенко О. Таємниці Білого кита. Передмова /Г. Мелвіл. Мобі Дік або Білий кит. Б.С.Л. Інститут літератури ім.Т.Г. Шевченка АН України. Харків: Фоліо, 2008. С.3-16 URL: https://shron1.chtyvo.org.ua/Herman_Melville/Mobi_Dik_abo_Bilyi_kyt_vyd_2008.pdf?)
5. Gorenko, Olena. Anthroponymic dimension of American Romanticism. Kyiv: “Pan-Tot”, 2008. 312p. (Горенко О. Антропонімічний вимір американського романтизму. Монографія. Інститут філології КНУ імені Тараса Шевченка. Київ: ТОВ «ПанТот», 2008. 312 с.)

Seminar 8.

Archetypes in World Literary process

Task 1. Read the essay.

Jorge Luis Borges

Four cycles

There are only four stories. One, the oldest, is about a fortified city, which is stormed and defended by heroes. Defenders know that the city is doomed to sword and fire, and resistance is useless; the most famous of the conquerors, Achilles, knows that he is doomed to perish before he reaches victory. Centuries brought elements of magic to the story. So, they began to believe that Elena, for which the armies were killed, was a beautiful cloud, a vision; the ghost was a huge hollow horse that sheltered the Achaeans. Homer will not be the first to retell this legend; from the poet of the fourteenth century there will remain a line that came to my memory: "The borgh brittened and brent to bronzes and asks." Dante Gabriel Rossetti will probably imagine that the fate of Troy was decided at the very moment when Paris was inflamed with passion for Elena; Yates will prefer the moment when Leda intertwines with God, who took the image of a swan. The second, related to the first, is about the return. About Ulysses, after ten years of wandering through the formidable seas and stopping on the enchanted islands, who sailed to his native Ithaca, and about the northern gods, after the destruction of the earth, seeing how she, green and shining, again rises from the sea, and finding chess pieces in the grass, with which they fought the day before. The third story is about search. It can be considered a variant of the previous one. This is Jason, sailing after the golden fleece, and thirty Persian birds crossing the mountains and seas to see the face of their god, the Simurgus, who is each of them and all of them at once. In the past, every endeavour was successful. One hero eventually stole the golden apples, the other managed to capture the Grail. Now the search is doomed to failure. Captain Ahab falls into the whale, but the whale still destroys him; the heroes of James and Kafka can only wait for defeat. We are so poor in courage and faith that we see in the happy end only a grossly fabricated indulgence of mass tastes. We cannot believe in heaven and even less in hell. The story of God's suicide. Atis in Phrygia mutilates and kills himself. One sacrifices himself to Odin, himself, for nine days hanging from a tree nailed with a spear. Christ is crucified by Roman legionaries.

There are only four stories. And no matter how much time we have left, we will retell them in one form or another. This line in medieval English means approximately the following: "Fortress, fallen and erased to flame and ashes." It is from the wonderful alliteration poem "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight", which preserves the primitive music of Saxon speech, although created several centuries after the conquest of England under the leadership of William the Illegitimate.

Task 2. Answer the following questions:

1. When was this essay written?
2. What is meant by four cycles?
3. What is the difference between archetypal characters and archetypal plots/stories, motifs?
4. How are they interconnected in the history of literature?
5. Why did Jorge Luis Borges define only four cycles of archetypal stories?
6. What role did his own individual style of artistic thinking, and his system of outlook play in such a choice?
7. What other classifications of archetypal motives, plots are known to you?
8. Can you give an example of individual artistic interpretation of the same or similar plot/motif by different writers or poets?
9. What is the role of archetypes in communicative process author/reader in particular?
10. What is the role of archetypes in cultural and civilizational development of mankind?
11. Give your interpretation of any literary text from the point of view of archetypal criticism.

Task 3. Structure the complete answers in accordance with your individual style and logics to get an introduction to your own analysis of a literary text chosen by you.

Seminar 9

Multiculturalism

Paul Yoon

Person of Korea

Task 1. Answer the following questions:

1. What is the main idea of the story?
2. What is its main conflict?
3. What is the difference between the father and the son in their attitude to national roots?
4. Why can we define this story as belonging to multiculturalism?
5. Can we describe the ethnic community delineated in the story as the mixed one? Is the main idea of multiculturalism preserved here?
6. How would you characterize the style of the story?

Task 2. Read the following abstract and try to comment on it.

“You know who it is?” Vasily says. “It’s always those Nivkhs. They break the law and get punished for it and they think they can just walk out. Because they think it’s their island and they can do whatever they want. We try, you know? We try to be good to them. We even hire some as guards. Then all they do is break one of their friends out.”

Maksim has stopped listening to his father. He is thinking of the two men he ran into on the trail. The duffel bag. One of the men grinning at him. The cadence of their language. Nivkh.

1. In what way is this episode illustrative of the whole idea of the story?
2. Why is the story entitled Person of Korea. In what way is it connected with the Nivks language? What does it symbolize?
3. Can you find in the text the proof that Maksim is intuitively involved into multicultural space?
4. What is meant by “we” in his father’s explanation. Does the boy share this “we”?
5. How can you explain the fact that when asked by the strangers, the boy denies that the dog is his?
6. What is symbolic implication of the dog in this story? Why does the author accentuate that “Maksim is like the dog”? What is the origin of the dog’s breed? Does this mean that both are homeless, deprived of their roots,

Task 3. Write an essay, trying to incorporate the answers to the above questions into its frame. In the beginning of your essay add some information about Paul Yoon.

PERSON OF KOREA

A short story

By [Paul Yoon](#)

[APRIL 2021 ISSUE](#)

His story was published online on March 13, 2021.

He waits three weeks for his father to respond. During that time, whenever he checks the mail, the dog follows him. She eyes the birds on the telephone wires. Then the migrant workers in the fields.

One day, the payphone near the mailboxes rings. He hurries to the booth. But it is a woman from Vladivostok conducting a survey of the Korean communities in the Russian Far East.

The surveyors have been calling ever since Russia's first president was elected. He usually hangs up, but today he doesn't. The dog lies down beside him as he answers all her questions.

No, I don't work on the barley farm. No, we rent the house.

Yes, the electricity goes out often. Yes, the water tastes tinny. Yes, we have a store for basic groceries, but the nearest town is an hour south.

Yes, he lies. I go to school.

No, I don't use the payphone often.

"Why?" the surveyor says.

"Because you have to pay."

He hears her writing. Listening to her voice, he tries to remember the voice of his father.

What's your name?" the surveyor asks.

"Maksim."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"How many people are in your household, Maksim?"

Maksim begins to count the people who live in the row of houses next to the farm until he realizes the woman is referring to only his family.

Maksim says, "Two in our household," knowing that is no longer true.

He hangs up. The noise startles the dog awake. The dog follows Maksim back to the house, and once he is safely inside, she bolts into the field toward the far woods. She is no one's dog, but for the past few weeks she has followed only him. He leaves the door open for her. His uncle would have never allowed that, but his uncle is three weeks dead, so what does it matter now?

Maksim is like the dog. He does what he wants. He wears what he wants to wear and eats when he wants to eat. He doesn't make up the mattress on the floor, and it doesn't matter if he knocks over a glass, waking himself up from a dream he keeps having in which people are speaking different languages he has never heard before. There is no one to explain the dream or to chastise him or to tell him to go to the corner store and see if there is work so that he can earn some money for the house.

There are only his uncle's things everywhere: his baseball cap on the wall hook, his tin mug and his stack of car magazines in this one-room house Maksim has lived in for longer than his father has been away. There is the door always swinging open from the wind that comes at the end of summer, and outside the barley that hasn't had rain in a long time, long enough for Maksim to know that it has been a bad year; a bad year after several and there is talk of the migrant workers not returning.

Through the doorframe, he can still see the tire tracks of his uncle's taxicab. The company came the other day and towed it. As his neighbors watched, the truck driver tossed a road map to Maksim and told him it had been in the taxi's glove compartment. Maksim waited until he was alone before opening the map, wondering if by chance something else was folded in it, some secret message for him. But it was only a map, one his uncle hardly ever used because he knew the roads.

In the mailbox yesterday was a letter telling Maksim that his uncle owes money for the cab. Next month, Maksim will owe rent for the house. For the fourth time this week, he heads out to the corner store to ask the owner if he can do anything today. The owner ignores him and opens boxes of instant ramen as the newscaster on the television describes a skirmish at the border with Chechnya. Then the man tosses Maksim a ramen pack and says, "Why do you all keep eating only this shit?"

Later, Maksim opens the map again, but Chechnya isn't there. Sakhalin Island is there. East of where he is, next to the Sea of Japan. It is 950 kilometers long and 160 kilometers wide. It is like a giant, leaping fish. He draws a route from the mainland coast to the island coast, 100 kilometers back and forth, he reckons, and then spots a town called Terney on the mainland that he can get to in a few hours.

Maksim doesn't know if his father still works on Sakhalin or if he got the letter telling him that his brother, Maksim's uncle, is dead. He doesn't know what his father's favorite food is anymore. Whether he is fat or thin or speaks in Russian or Korean most days.

Maksim's father left for the island five years ago. Or was told to leave. Maksim has not seen him since.

The wind blows in. He cooks the ramen in the microwave, staring at the calendar marked up with his uncle's handwriting, unable to decipher it. Today is the last day of August.

The month ends. The mailbox stays empty. Two days later, shutting the door

behind him, Maksim walks to where the migrant workers are climbing onto the bed of a pickup truck and asks whether he can catch a ride with them. The workers are Koreans from Uzbekistan, and they have been coming here for years. They are heading east, he knows, to another farm, before they head south for the winter.

Maksim is standing on the road with a backpack on his shoulders. He is wearing a denim jacket and his uncle's baseball cap. Maksim holds out some money he had been keeping under his mattress, but the Uzbek closest to him says to keep it. In Korean, the Uzbek says they were sorry to hear about Maksim's uncle, that the man used to give them free rides. Then the workers help Maksim up and ask where he wants to go.

"Terney," he says.

As the truck begins to move, the dog leaps up onto the bed. The Uzbeks laugh. The dog looks up again at the birds on the wires as they all leave the farm.

"Your father still on the island?" The Uzbek beside him is shouting over the wind. They are speeding through a forest with a high canopy. "Is he still at the camp?"

Maksim isn't sure what they think of his father, so he just nods, holding the dog as the truck shakes.

Maksim's father is a prison guard. Or the last time they spoke he was, working at the prison on the island. The older people call it "the camp" because it was a labor camp run by the Japanese, when the Japanese claimed the southern half of the island. They rounded up thousands of Koreans during wartime and brought them there to log, pulp paper, mine coal. Maksim's grandfather had been one of the laborers when he was in his 20s. When the war ended, many of them, including Maksim's grandfather, never went back home. They took a boat west, first to Vladivostok, then eventually headed inland, north, where they settled.

That is their family story. That is the story of almost all the families who rent on the farm.

Maksim has always been aware of the strangeness of his father going to work where his own father had been imprisoned. He once asked his uncle about it, but his uncle only said, "Better your father there than here," and left it at that.

They ride the rest of the way in silence. The forest turns into meadows and then into hills and dunes. Then, suddenly, the smell of the sea. Seabirds. When they pull into Terney, the Uzbek he was talking to hands him a piece of paper with an address near Vladivostok. He tells Maksim that they aren't sure there will be work at the farm next year—and that if things don't work out for Maksim, he should come to them.

"We will see each other again," the Uzbek says.

The dog leaps down, following Maksim. Together they enter the hill town, heading directly to the coast. The afternoon air is sandy and cold and full of a heavy sound he doesn't yet realize is the movement of water. He has been on the road for only two hours and already he feels a world away. He grips the

straps of his backpack and feels a rush of relief that the dog is here. He ducks under clotheslines. The dog steals some water from a bucket. Other dogs eye her, then vanish into alleys. He avoids looking at the windows.

It occurs to Maksim that he doesn't know the route his father took to the island. For many years now, he has imagined him in a guard uniform gripping a club and has wondered how the club has changed the way he strikes men. Maksim's greatest fear as a child was that his father would one day use a kitchen knife.

He finds a path to the beach. The dog is elated. She bounds into the water and back as Maksim walks on the sand, listening, watching. He comes upon some wooden houses, a restaurant, and then a garage in which surfboards lie stacked on a rack. He returns to the restaurant. A gray-haired woman stands behind the bar, wiping the counter. Her eyes have a steadiness that makes him feel at ease, and so he asks, in Russian, whether she knows of anyone with a boat. She considers him and then points out toward the cliff and says that if he keeps going, he'll find the fishermen. So he keeps going. He walks past some large rocks sticking up out of the water like miniature islands. When he reaches the base of the cliff, he spots the motorboats pulled up on the beach. In the shadow of the cliff is a cluster of shacks. The ocean sound is louder here, and everywhere. If someone were behind him, he wouldn't know. He turns. When he turns again, a group of people is approaching him from the shacks.

"That your dog?"

"She's no one's dog," Maksim says.

"Then I guess we can take her," a man says.

Maksim is silent. The dog stands rigid and is also silent. A woman is standing behind the group of men, smoking a cigarette, looking bored. Maksim asks if these are their boats. When the men don't respond, Maksim asks if one of them could take him to Sakhalin.

"I can pay," Maksim says.

Another man asks if he is Japanese. That the Japanese keep coming here with their surfboards and Jet Skis. "We don't want your Japanese money," they say. But then a moment later they say, "Prove you've got the money."

The dog snarls. Maksim quickly turns and hurries away. He counts to 30. For every number he takes a step. Twenty-eight ... step ... 29 ... step ... He spins around, his hands clenched. The group hasn't moved, but they've lost interest in him.

Now he is alone. He and the dog. He approaches the large rocks he passed and begins to walk out into the water. From the shore, the dog watches. The rocks are slippery, but Maksim keeps going, treading carefully. He goes as far as he can without the waves splashing all over him and squints out into the vast nothing, searching for the island or even Japan.

Maybe he will try heading farther down the beach in the opposite direction and ask someone else. Or maybe he will try another town on the coast. He thinks of his uncle trying to teach him to swim one year but can't remember which beach they were on. Only that his uncle ended up swimming on his own and Maksim

stayed on the sand, following him.

He thinks of moving here. Working at a restaurant. Buying a club and beating those fishermen one at a time, the others tied up and forced to watch.

He smiles. He hops back toward the sand where the dog is waiting, wagging her tail. Otherwise, the beach is empty. Stars are now visible and the sunset water is thick and undulating. He feels the strange pull of it. He asks the dog, "What next?"

He finds himself back at the restaurant. He steps onto the deck and peers in. The glass doors are locked, the lights off, and no one is inside. He sits on the steps facing the water and reaches inside his jacket pocket. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes that belonged to his uncle and smokes one. It helps his hunger. Then he realizes he has not fed the dog, has brought nothing for the dog. What a stupid thing to forget. He opens up his backpack as though food might magically appear. But by now, the dog has fallen asleep, and Maksim tucks his feet under her body to keep warm.

When he is awake he sees that the woman from the bar is leaning down. He has no idea what time it is—late enough that the water is lit by the night. He can see her there in the silver light. Then he wonders why the dog didn't bark and turns. "Where's my dog?"

"No dog," the woman says. "Did you find your boat?"

He shakes his head. He searches around him for tracks in the sand.

"You could try looking for a boat again in two days."

"Two days?"

"Rain tomorrow. Fog. Not good to see the sights, yes?"

"I'm not seeing the sights," Maksim says, and gets up.

Again, she considers him. "Come on," she says.

He says he needs to look for the dog, but she says, "The dog will come back."

She brings him inside the restaurant to the bar. She hands him a blanket and a glass of water and brings out a bowl for the dog, which she leaves outside. He asks if she has any food for the dog. She takes out a jar full of pretzels and peanuts.

"That's for you both," she says.

He twists open the gray lid and eats fistfuls of the snack. The salt wakes him. He drinks more water. She opens two beers and gives him one. He drinks it fast enough that it goes to his head. She sips hers and watches the television. Yeltsin is talking about Chechnya. She glances at him, presses mute, and switches the channel to a soccer game.

"I'm Sofia," she says.

"Maksim."

"How old are you, Maksim?"

He lies. "Eighteen. You?"

She chuckles. She tells Maksim it was her husband's restaurant, but doesn't go on.

"I wouldn't mind working at a restaurant," Maksim says.

“You might,” Sofia says, and taps her fingernails against her beer. He walks to the deck, looking for the dog. For the first time, Sofia asks what he is doing here, and he explains. He takes out the money, too. Sofia counts the money, returns it to him, and then says, “I know someone with a boat.”

“You didn’t say that earlier,” Maksim says.

“I didn’t know you earlier,” Sofia says.

He tries to give her the money again but she refuses. On the television, a goalie dives and catches the ball. Sofia tells him to get some sleep, that she will see him tomorrow, and she turns the lights off and steps out.

Maksim lies down against the bar. The floor is sticky and smells of old beer. But a tiredness that is much greater than the trip today settles inside him. He concentrates on the ocean swell, thinking again of his uncle in the water.

The dog does not come back the next day. Sofia arrives in the morning and brings him to an old, tiny fishing trawler on the dock. She says it is her nephew’s boat, and that she will take him herself. He hasn’t told her that he has never been on a boat before.

A curtain of fog has settled on the coast. The air sticks to him. Soon, they are off, pushing away from land and heading east into the Sea of Japan, into a fog that grows denser the farther they go. He sits on the floor beside her, his knees to his chest and his eyes closed, waiting for the nausea that has hit him to pass. The trip takes hours. At first he keeps his eyes closed. Then he grows used to the rhythm of the boat and the engine noise, and as the nausea recedes, he stands, peering over Sofia’s shoulder. He cannot see the island, because of the fog. Then glimpses of it appear, and he spots the port and the tall green hills near the water. The port is busier than he thought it would be. He can see fishermen on the dock and a cargo ship a little farther down, everything vanishing and then reappearing in the fog.

They find an empty space for her to dock quickly. She asks how long he needs. He hasn’t thought about that. But he feels a new energy as he picks up his backpack. His heart beats fast.

“I can’t stay here,” she says. “So I’ll come back tomorrow at noon. And if you’re not here tomorrow, I’m calling the police. Deal?”

He nods. He almost asks her to come. He jumps off and turns. “My dog,” Maksim says.

“Yes,” Sofia says. “I’ll find the dog.”

He tightens the straps of his backpack and hurries through the fog down the dock. Seabirds have flocked to the main street, eating crumbs in the middle of the road. Every time a car races out of the fog, the birds startle and scatter.

Maksim takes a trail up a hill. He knows the prison isn’t far from the dock; he wants to reach high ground, above the fog. But the higher he goes, the less he can see. A wind gusts over him. Rounding a bend, he stumbles upon two men kneeling beside a boulder. One of them is placing something into a duffel bag. He retreats, unsure if they have noticed him, but the language they are speaking

to each other catches his ear. He has never heard it before. Then he hears the men calling him over.

In Russian, Maksim asks if they know where the prison is.

“You turning yourself in?” The man closer to him grins.

“My father,” Maksim says. “He’s a guard.”

The man’s grin doesn’t break. He says the trail will end soon, at an intersection where three roads go three ways. “Take the far right,” he says. “It’ll get you there. But stay on the curb. People speed here.”

Maksim thanks them. Before he goes, he asks what language they were speaking.

Instead of answering, the man says, “You are *Koryo Saram*, yes?”

Koryo Saram. Person of Korea.

“Yes,” Maksim says.

“We were here long before you, my friend.”

The man keeps grinning. “So long,” he says. His companion lifts the duffel bag and they both take the trail down and vanish into the fog.

Maksim finds the three roads, takes the far-right one. He keeps to the side as the man said, following an empty field that reminds him of the farm. Almost half an hour later, the prison appears: high walls, barbed wire, and a tower. By the main entrance stands a booth with a guard inside.

When the guard notices him, Maksim says his father’s name. He says his father is also a guard and that he is looking for him and that it is important. He says if the guard doesn’t believe him, he should ask around.

The guard puts down the magazine he has been reading and leans forward. “You’re Vasily’s boy?”

Maksim nods.

The man checks a clipboard and says Vasily’s shift hasn’t started yet. “He’s home,” the guard says. “Go there.”

Maksim doesn’t know where that is.

The guard hesitates, then says, “Walk back to the road. Take a right and keep walking until you reach a hill where a cluster of houses overlooks the prison. If it weren’t for the fog, you’d see the houses from here. You’re really Vasily’s boy?”

Maksim doesn’t answer. He has been on the island now for over an hour. He pictures Sofia’s trawler well on its way back to the mainland. The more tired his legs grow, the more the fog is like an ocean and the land is floating on it.

He reaches the houses. They are well built, with sturdy, new roofs—the kind he would like to live in one day. He wonders which one is his father’s when almost at once, Maksim spots him behind the window of the first one. Vasily then steps out the back, lights a cigarette, and turns toward the road.

“Maksim!”

They stand facing each other. Maksim’s eyes do not leave his father as Vasily sits on a bench beside a picnic table in the backyard, facing the prison below, though it is barely visible right now.

Five years. All those days seem to collapse. He cannot remember a single one. Maksim sits across from him on the other bench. From here, he can see the back of the house, where a woman is staring at them through the doorway. She is wearing a bathrobe and when she steps out, his father tells her to go back inside. She doesn't listen. She is Vasily's age and has very long hair that she has washed and blow-dried. The cigarette smell around them mixes with the smell of her shampoo.

She says, "That your boy?" but Vasily doesn't respond. Maksim doesn't either. He is looking at his father, who is clean-shaven for the first time he can recall and wearing a pressed shirt.

"He doesn't look like you at all," the woman says.

"He's better looking than I am," Vasily says.

"That's the truth."

"You staying for a bit?" his father says.

The woman leans toward Vasily's ear. "I don't want no boy," she says, and walks back inside, taking the shampoo smell with her.

"You hungry? You want a beer?" his father says. Then he says, "How old are you now?"

A wind pushes over them, bringing the fog, erasing his father for a moment.

"It's a nice house," Maksim says.

"It's a good job. A steady one. Like I told you."

"You've lived here the whole time?"

Vasily shakes his head: He used to live farther away in an apartment complex. The houses here were built by the new government. A lottery was set up for guards who were interested; he was one of the winners and moved here last year.

Maksim pictures his father winning a house. He tries to think if they ever won anything. "That's some luck," Maksim says, and his father takes a drag of his cigarette, shutting one of his eyes so the smoke doesn't go in.

"I remember that hat," Vasily says.

Maksim takes off his uncle's baseball cap and places it on the tabletop.

"He knew nothing about baseball," his father says. "He just liked the hat."

"He knew a little," Maksim says.

His father looks down as though he is recalling something and then asks how the house is, who is living there these days on that farm road, and Maksim considers how to answer. He wants to say there have been bad years at the farm. The corner store isn't making enough money to hire him, and he can't pay next month's rent. He wants to say he isn't sure he will be there anymore and is thinking of going somewhere else, except he doesn't know where to go.

"Did you get the letter?" Maksim says.

"I did."

"You didn't come to the funeral."

"I didn't know if he would've wanted me there," Vasily says. "I didn't know if you would've, either."

Maksim breaks away from his stare, turns to the hillside. He points down below. "Was any of that the camp?" he says.

"The what?"

"The labor camp. Grandad."

His father doesn't know.

"Do you think of him?" Maksim says. "When you're working in there? I would think of him all the time. If I was working there."

"Then I'm glad you aren't working there," Vasily says. After a pause, he softens his voice and says there's too much going on inside the prison to think of much.

"Do you know why Grandad ended up where he did?" Maksim says. "Why he stayed in this country?"

"Yeah," Vasily says. "He got on the wrong boat."

He can't tell if his father is joking. Then his father laughs. Maksim is startled. He can't remember the last time he heard his father laugh. It is like ash being thrown over a small fire inside him.

"Do you remember a dog?" Maksim says. "At the farm?"

"I've got no use for dogs," his father says.

"It's a Rhodesian ridgeback. The breed came from Africa. The workers told me that. I caught a ride with them."

"What's Africa got to do with me? Or you?"

"I'd like to go to Africa," Maksim says.

Vasily stubs out his cigarette. "You came all this way to ask if I got your letter, to talk about your grandfather, and to tell me you're going to Africa?"

"No," Maksim says. "I came to say two other things."

His father waits.

Maksim's throat tightens. He looks down and grips the edge of the tabletop. He says, "I don't know if you were planning on coming back to check on me. But if you were, I don't need you to."

"You don't need me to, yeah?" his father says.

"Yeah," Maksim says. "I'm okay. I'm okay on my own."

His father reaches across and Maksim flinches. His father laughs some more and then, to Maksim's surprise, he reaches across more carefully and takes Maksim's hand. He takes his hand gently, as though they are praying together. Maksim fixes his gaze down at the fog slipping in under him. The way it floats there around his legs like something ancient and alien.

"Do you use a club?" Maksim says.

He says it quietly, but Vasily hears.

"What?"

"At the prison. Do you use a club?"

He feels the pressure of his father's hand against his own. He waits for the break in the silence, for his breath to be knocked away, for that sudden crack in the world, and it is like he wants it to happen. He doesn't understand why he would want that. It is like the way the dog bounds across the barley fields into the woods, as though being drawn there by something the dog can't control.

But nothing happens. His father does nothing. He lets go of Maksim's hand, and the wanting vanishes as quickly as it came. All of a sudden, the air fills with a foreign noise. A siren. An alarm. It fills this corner of the island. Maksim thinks perhaps it is an airplane, but then bright lights flicker down below at the prison. From inside the house the telephone rings, and the woman appears, waving the receiver.

His father goes inside. He comes back out a few minutes later, buttoning up his uniform.

"Someone broke out," he says. "It's all right. It's nothing to worry about. It happens a few times a year."

Maksim watches as below a pickup truck comes out of the prison and approaches the house.

"You know who it is?" Vasily says. "It's always those Nivkhs. They break the law and get punished for it and they think they can just walk out. Because they think it's their island and they can do whatever they want. We try, you know? We try to be good to them. We even hire some as guards. Then all they do is break one of their friends out."

Maksim has stopped listening to his father. He is thinking of the two men he ran into on the trail. The duffel bag. One of the men grinning at him. The cadence of their language. Nivkh.

The truck pulls up out front. Maksim walks around with his father. Vasily goes on: "Do you know? All they ever do is go home. The world changes, it will always change, and they will always stay the same. Why do you think that is? Stubborn fools."

Before Maksim can say anything back, his father says: "Maksim, what was the second thing?"

"The second thing?"

"That you wanted to say to me," his father says. "You said you came to say two things. What is the second thing?"

Two guards with rifles are in the cab, staring at Maksim.

"Is there anyone else?" Maksim says.

"Anyone else?"

"In our family," Maksim says. "Is there anyone else, somewhere else?"

"Hell if I know," Vasily says, and jumps onto the bed of the pickup.

The truck speeds away. The woman is by the front door, but Maksim ignores her. He feels a lingering heat where his father held his hand, focused there in his palm. He keeps feeling it as he passes the prison and gets back on the trail. At the port, he searches for Sofia's trawler, in case she never left. Some fishermen are staring up at the hills, at the noise.

It is then that he realizes he forgot his uncle's baseball cap on the picnic table. For a moment, the air goes quiet. He sees nothing in the fog but panning light—the dog in the field, his uncle swimming. He reaches out. Then a car rushes by, swift and dark, almost touching him as the alarm continues to sound, louder now, across the island.

Literature:

1. Abram, David: *Becoming Animal: An Earthly Cosmology*, New York : Pantheon Books, 2010, 344 p.
<https://archive.org/details/becominganimalea0000abra>
2. Bible. Genesis.
<https://www.bible.com/uk/bible/1/GEN.2.KJV?parallel=1>
3. Borges Jorge Luis, *Four cycles*
<https://ia600508.us.archive.org/11/items/collected-fictions-of-jorge-luis-borges-jorge-luis-borges-andrew-hurley-1999-penguin/Collected%20Fictions%20of%20Jorge%20Luis%20Borges%20--%20Jorge%20Luis%20Borges%3B%20Andrew%20Hurley%20--%201999%20--%20Penguin%20Classics%20Deluxe%20Edition%20--%209780140286809%20--%205c2afe8c38c3ce94f56cc9b15f573a7f%20--%20Anna%E2%80%99s%20Archive.pdf>
4. Bradbury, Ray Douglas. *Fahrenheit 451*, Literary Classics of the United States Ink., New York, N.Y., 2021, 180 p.
https://web.english.upenn.edu/~cavitch/pdf-library/Bradbury_Fahrenheit_451.pdf
5. Capek K. , *Tales from Two Pockets*, The Poet, Catbird Press, A Garrigue Book, 1994, p. 85-91
<https://adamancritique.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/07/capek-karel-ales-from-two-pockets-catbird-1994.pdf>
6. Dobrin, Sidney. *Blue Ecocriticism and the Oceanic Imperative*. Routledge. 2021. -239 p.
<https://www.routledge.com/Blue-Ecocriticism-and-the-Oceanic-Imperative/Dobrin/p/book/9781138315273>

7. Gardner, John , Grendel, Vintage Books, A Division of Random House, Inc, New York, 45 p.
<https://jghsenglish.edublogs.org/files/2015/10/Grendel-chapters-1-6-2fag3mj-20gob9g.pdf>
8. Global environment outlook GEO -6. Summary for policymakers. United Kingdom: Cambridge University Press: 2019
<https://www.unep.org/resources/global-environment-outlook-6>
9. Gorenko, Olena . The mysteries of the White Whale. Introduction / Herman Melville. Moby Dick or the white whale. Kharkiv: Folio, 2008. P.3-16(Горенко О. Таємниці Білого кита. Передмова /Г. Мелвіл. Мобі Дік або Білий кит. Б.С.Л. Інститут літератури ім.Т.Г. Шевченка АН України. Харків: Фоліо, 2008. С.3-16 URL:
https://shron1.chtyvo.org.ua/Herman_Melville/Mobi_Dik_abo_Bilyi_kyt_vyd_2008.pdf
- 10.Heuscher J.E.H., A psychiatric study of fairy tales: their origin, meaning and usefulness. Tomas, 1974. 242p.
<https://archive.org/details/psychiatricstudy0000heus#:~:text=There%20are%20no%20reviews%20yet.%20Be%20the%20first%20one%20to%20write%20a%20review%20>
- 11.Johansson, Swen Anders Why Art? The Anthropocene, Ecocriticism, and Adorno's Concept of Natural Beauty. Adorno Studies. Volume 3, Issue 1, July 2019. p 65-68.
<https://philpapers.org/rec/JOHWA-4>
- 12.Melville H. Moby Dick or the white whale. – N.Y. : New American Library,1961. – 544 p.
- 13.Updike John, Gertrude and Claudius, London; Penguin Books, 2000, 228 p.
https://archive.org/details/gertrudeclaudius0000updi_a0w4/page/n1/mode/2up

14. Антологія світової літературно-критичної думки ХХ ст./ за редакцією М.Зубрицької .Львів: Літопис, 2002, -882с.
https://bin.ua/elib.exe?Z21ID=&I21DBN=UKRLIB&P21DBN=UKRLIB&S21STN=1&S21REF=10&S21FMT=online_book&C21COM=S&S21CNR=20&S21P01=0&S21P02=0&S21P03=FF=&S21STR=ukr0001643
15. Барт Р. Текстуальний аналіз “Вальдемара” Е. По / Антологія світової літературно-критичної думки ХХ ст. – Львів.: Літопис, 2002. – С. 497–522.
16. Горенко Олена. Антропонімічний вимір постмодерної літератури.
https://real.mtak.hu/132772/1/olena-horenko-monograph_13-11-2020.pdf
17. Горенко Олена. Горизонти деконструкції імені у романі Джона Апдайка «Грендель»// Антропонімічний вимір постмодерної літератури. ЗУІ ім. Ф.Ракоці ІІ – ТОВ «РІК-У» Берегове–Ужгород. 2020 сс.71-78
18. Горенко О. Міфологічна та езотерична традиція Власного імені в контексті постмодерного дискурсу // Антропонімічний вимір постмодерної літератури. ЗУІ ім. Ф.Ракоці ІІ – ТОВ «РІК-У» Берегове–Ужгород. 2020 с. 11
19. Зборовська Н.В. Психологія і літературознавство, Академвидав, 2003, 390 с.
<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/48582405>

Горенко О.П., Баняс Н.Ю.

«Сучасний літературний процес: основні тенденції розвитку» , Навчально-методичний посібник для семінарських занять, Закарпатський угорський університету імені Ференца Ракоці II, 2026, 46 с. (українською мовою)

Навчально-методичний посібник для семінарських занять з дисципліни «Сучасний літературний процес: основні тенденції розвитку» призначений для студентів II курсу МА ОП Філологія (мова і література англійська). Метою викладання навчальної дисципліни «Сучасний літературний процес: основні тенденції розвитку» є розкриття закономірностей сучасного літературного процесу з'ясування своєрідностей його розвитку, поглиблення знань з теорії літератури та вміння аналізувати й інтерпретувати художні твори в контексті сучасних літературознавчих і культурологічних тенденцій.

Шрифт «Times New Roman».

Розмір сторінок: А4 (210х297мм).

Обсяг в авторських аркушах: 1,15 96092 знаків із пробілами).