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Лексикология английского языка

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TUTORIAL I

I. Lexicology as a science:

- Diachronic and synchronic approaches to the language system
- Branches of lexicology

II. Etymological survey of the English word stock:

1. Native words
2. Borrowings:
 - Latin borrowings
 - Scandinavian borrowings
 - Two layers of French borrowings
 - Borrowings from Greek, Italian, Spanish and other European languages

III. Assimilation of borrowings:

- Completely and partially assimilated words.
- Phonetic, lexical and grammatical assimilation.

IV. Non-assimilated words or barbarisms

VI. Hybrids and etymological doublets

Assignments

I. Using etymological dictionaries, determine the origin of the following words:

Dark, hour, skill, hero, waste, hair, earth, scare, rain, traffic, raise, anchor, lift, scrap, lady, lake, forest, reward, know, theory, atom, ephemeral, ride, catalyst.

II. State the origin and the source of borrowing for the following words. Comment on the degree of their assimilation:

Formula, guarantee, sorbet, soprano, corpus, canal, beige, ocean, mammoth, symbol, taiga, kitchen, violin, graffito, milieu, zeitgeist, plateau, church.

III. How should we classify the following words:

Granddaughter, beautifully, unjust, spectator, reshape, colourful.

IV. What is the term for the following pairs of words? Give grounds for it.

poison – potion
creep – crawl
cattle – chattel

canal – channel
gentle – genteel
fact – feat

Text Analysis

In the following text find at least 15 native words, 10 Latin, 1 Italian, 5 Scandinavian, 5 French borrowings. Comment on the degree of their assimilation.

THE MORNING I SPOTTED Tony Gardner sitting among the tourists, spring was just arriving here in Venice. We'd completed our first full week outside in the piazza – a relief, let me tell you, after all those stuffy hours performing from the back of the cafe, getting in the way of customers wanting to use the staircase. There was quite a breeze that morning, and our brand-new marquee was flapping all around us, but we were all feeling a little bit brighter and fresher, and I guess it showed in our music.

But here I am talking like I'm a regular band member. Actually, I'm one of the "gypsies," as the other musicians call us, one of the guys who move around the piazza, helping out whichever of the three cafe orchestras needs us. Mostly I play here at the Caffuadri boys, go over to the Florian, then back across the square to the Lavena. I get on fine with them all – and with the waiters too – and in any other city I'd have a regular position by now. But in this place, so obsessed with tradition and the past, everything's upside down. Anywhere else, being a guitar player would go in a guy's favour. But here? A guitar! The cafe managers get uneasy. It looks too modern, the tourists won't like it. Last autumn I got myself a vintage jazz model with an oval sound-hole, the kind of thing Django Reinhardt might have played, so there was no way anyone would mistake me for a rock-and-roller. That made things a little easier, but the cafe managers, they still don't like it. The truth is, if you're a guitarist, you can be Joe Pass, they still wouldn't give you a regular job in this square.

There's also, of course, the small matter of my not being Italian, never mind Venetian. It's the same for that big Czech guy with the alto sax. We're well liked, we're needed by the other musicians, but we don't quite fit the official bill. Just play and keep your mouth shut, that's what the cafe managers always say. That way the tourists won't know you're not Italian. Wear your suit, sunglasses, keep the hair combed back, no one will know the difference, just don't start talking.

But I don't do too bad. All three cafe orchestras, especially when they have to play at the same time from their rival tents, they need a guitar – something soft, solid, but amplified, thumping out the chords from the back. I guess you're thinking, three bands playing at the same time in the same square, that would sound like a real mess. But the Piazza San Marco's big enough to take it. A tourist strolling across the square will hear one tune fade out, another fade in, like he's shifting the dial on a radio. What tourists can't take too much of is the classical stuff, all these instrumental versions of famous arias. Okay, this is San Marco, they don't want the latest pop hits. But every few minutes they want something they recognise, maybe an old Julie Andrews number, or the theme from a famous movie. I remember once last summer, going from band to band and playing "The Godfather" nine times in one afternoon.

Anyway there we were that spring morning, playing in front of a good crowd of tourists, when I saw Tony Gardner, sitting alone with his coffee, almost directly in front of us, maybe six metres back from our marquee. We get famous people in the square all the time, we never make a fuss. At the end of a number, maybe a quiet word will go around the band members. Look, there's Warren Beatty. Look, it's Kissinger. That woman, she's the one who was in the movie about the men who swap their faces. We're used to it. This is the Piazza San Marco after all. But when I realised it was Tony Gardner sitting there, that was different. I did get excited.

Tony Gardner had been my mother's favourite. Back home, back in the communist days, it had been really hard to get records like that, but my mother had pretty much his whole collection. Once when I was a boy, I scratched one of those precious records. The apartment was so cramped, and a boy my age, you just had to move around sometimes, especially during those cold months when you couldn't go outside. So I was playing this game jumping from our little sofa to the armchair, and one time I misjudged it and hit the record player. The needle went across the record with a zip – this was long before CDs – and my mother came in from the kitchen and began shouting at me. I felt so bad, not just because she was shouting at me, but because I knew it was one of Tony Gardner's records, and I knew how much it meant to her. And I knew that this one too would now have those popping noises going through it while he crooned those American songs. Years later, when I was working in Warsaw and I got to know about black-market records, I gave my mother replacements of all her worn-out Tony Gardner albums, including that one I scratched. It took me over three years, but I kept getting them, one by one, and each time I went back to see her I'd bring her another.

TUTORIAL II

I. Morphological structure of English words:

- Semantic classification of morphemes
- Structural classification of morphemes
- Meaning in morphemes. Allomorphs

II. Morphemic and derivational analyses.

III. Affixation as a major means of words formation:

- Classification of prefixes
- Classification of suffixes

IV. Conversion:

- Major types of conversion
- Criteria of semantic derivation

Assignments

I. Divide the following words into morphemes.

Polyphonic, decentralization, categorically, outstanding, dampener, classifiable

II. Read the following text and find five words with a free morpheme and five words with a bound morpheme.

For authors of self-help guides, no human problem is too great or too small. Want to become fitter, richer or happier? There are books for it – shelves upon shelves of them. Hoping for increased efficiency, decisiveness and creativity in the months ahead? There are titles for that too.

Reading has been proven to sharpen analytical thinking, enabling us to better discern patterns – a handy tool when it comes to the often baffling behaviour of ourselves and others. But fiction in particular can make you more socially able and empathetic.

III. Analyze the following words on the derivational level.

Immortality, overdramatic, recollection, retractable/

IV. Say whether the underlined morphemes are derivational affixes or inflexions. Name the affixes which are homonymous to them.

Exciting, lyrics, unruly, smaller, binoculars, news, transported, briefing, best-loved, storied, astonished, cries.

V. Classify the affixes in the following words.

- Powerless, treatable, kindly;
- Recover, underpay, preview

VI. Analyze the underlined words. What means of word-formation were employed to build them? What words were they derived from?

1. La dolce vita sours for Italy's new poor. 2. Who hosts this radio show? 3. They are ready to police the streets. 4. This solar panel will power the whole house. 5. He was the then president. 6. The driver muscles the bus. 7. This job is an in to a career in publishing. 8. She surfaced from her dive. 9. They tend to barbecue during the summer. 10. Are you ready to brave storms? 11. She tries to turn negatives into positives.

TUTORIAL III

I. Word Compounding:

- Classification of compounds
- Criteria used to distinguish between compound words and free phrases

II. Shortening of words:

- Blending
- Clipping
- Acronymy

III. Backformation (deaffixation).

IV. Sound and stress interchange.

V. Eponymy.

VI. Onomatopoeia.

Assignments

I. Say whether the following words are compound words proper or derivational compounds.

Watershed, a stowaway, diehard, far-reaching, shell-shocked, a comeback, never-ending, silver-tongued, groundbreaking, a showdown, a showroom.

II. Classify the following compounds according to the degree of motivation.

Catfish, blackmail, roller skate, soapbox, tomboy, flatfooted, rug rat, hanky-panky, breathtaking, shooting star, bricks-and-mortar.

III. Classify the following compound words:

Statesman, a drive-in, otherworldly, a downturn.

IV. Divide the following words into three groups: acronyms, blends and clippings. Provide the full form of these units:

Veg, POTUS, robo-journalism, FAQ, showbiz, SWAT, permafrost, ZIP, hangry, carbs, bit, womenomics, bot.

V. Comment on the way the words are built.

Wellingtons, steel-gray, a downturn, to enthuse, to veto, a ref, backbencher, a permit, to splash, loran, to comb, dramatist, to buzz, gen Y, MP, to swag.

Text Analysis

In the text find words built through affixation, conversion, compounding, shortening, sound imitation, sound and stress interchange

THERE was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before. Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York – every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb. At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening

hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

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

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light. Suddenly one of the gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the "Follies.." The party has begun. I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited – they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks.

TUTORIAL IV

I. Saussure's treatment of a linguistic sign.

II. Types of meaning:

- Grammatical meaning vs lexical meaning
- Denotative meaning vs connotative meaning

III. Change of meaning scope:

- Generalization (widening) of meaning
- Specialization (narrowing) of meaning

IV. Elevation and degradation of meaning.

V. Transfer of meaning:

- Metaphor
- Metonymy

VI. Motivated and non-motivated words. Types of motivation:

- Phonetic
- Morphological
- Semantic

Assignments

I. Determine the type of semantic change that occurred in the following words.

Awful

1. Worthy of, or commanding, profound respect or reverential fear.
2. Causing dread; terrible, dreadful, appalling.

Homely

1. Of or belonging to home, domestic.
2. Plain, simple.
3. Physically unattractive.

Review

1. An inspection of military forces.
2. An inspection or examination for evaluation.

Bureau

1. Desk.
2. Office containing desks.
3. Institution responsible for desk work.

Arrive

1. To come to shore (about a ship).
2. To reach any destination.

Argument

1. A reason or a set of reasons that are used to persuade.
2. A subject of contention.
3. A quarrel.

Officious

1. Eager to please and dutiful.
2. Offensively zealous in duty.

II. Comment on the types of the transfer of meaning in the following cases:**Pipeline**

1. A line of pipe for conveying gases or liquids.
2. A channel of supply.

Olive

1. The Mediterranean ever-green tree.
2. The small fruit of the tree.
3. A dull yellowish green.

To crawl

1. To move in a prone position with the body resting on or close to the ground, as a worm or caterpillar, or on the hands and knees, as a young child.
2. (Of plants or vines) to extend tendrils; creep.
3. To move or progress slowly or laboriously: *The line of cars crawled behind the slow-moving truck. The work just crawled until we got the new machines.*
4. To behave in a remorseful, abject, or cringing manner: *Don't come crawling back to me asking for favors.*

Umbrella

1. A collapsible shade for protection against weather.
2. Something that covers or embraces a broad range of elements or factors.
3. The bell-shaped part of the body of a jellyfish.
4. Something that provides protection, such as a defensive air cover (as over a battlefield) or a heavy barrage.

Nose

1. The part of a face.
2. The sense of smell.
3. The forward end or projection of something.
4. A symbol of prying or curiosity.

Text Analysis

Find phonetically, morphologically and semantically motivated words in the text. Single out the cases of metaphor and metonymy.

Duncan made his way to the bathroom. He mustn't think he was going to get off the hook as easily as that. They would be bound to start on him again during the meal. Very likely they thought a dinner table a good place to hold an inquest. Still, he'd be ready for them, he'd done rather well up to now.

They were both waiting for him at the foot of the stairs to lead him into the dining room and again he saw the woman give her husband one of those looks that are the equivalent of prompting nudges. Hugo was probably getting cold feet. In these cases, of course, it was always the women who were more aggressive. Duncan gave a swift glance at the table and the plate of hors d'oeuvres, sardines and anchovies and artichoke hearts, most unsuitable for the time of the year.

"I'm afraid you've been to a great deal of trouble, Elizabeth," he said graciously.

She gave him a dazzling smile. He had forgotten that smile of hers, how it lit her whole face, her eyes as flashing blue as a kingfisher's plumage. "The labour we delight in," she said, "physics pain."

"Ah, Macbeth." Good, an excellent topic to get them through the first course. "Do you know, the only time we three ever went to the theatre together was to see Macbeth?"

"I remember," she said. "Bread, Duncan?"

"Thank you. I saw a splendid performance of Macbeth by that Polish company last week. Perhaps you've seen it?"

"We haven't been to the theatre at all this winter," said Hugo.

She must have kicked him under the table to prompt that one. Duncan took no notice. He told them in detail about the Polish Macbeth, although such was his mounting tenseness that he couldn't remember half the names of the characters, or, for that matter, the names of the actors.

"I wish Keith could have seen it," she said. "It's his set play for his exam."

She was going to force him to ask after her sons and be told they had had to take them away from that absurdly expensive boarding school. Well, he wouldn't. Rude it might be, but he wouldn't ask.

"I don't think you ever met our children, Duncan?"

"No, I didn't."

"They'll be home on half-term next week. I'm so delighted that their half-term happens to coincide with mine."

"Yours?" he said suspiciously.

"Elizabeth has gone back to teaching."

“Really?” said Duncan. “No, I won't have any more, thank you. That was delicious. Let me give you a hand. If I could carry something... ?”

“Please don't trouble. I can manage.” She looked rather offended. “If you two will excuse me I'll see to our main course.”

He was left alone with Hugo in the chilly dining room. He shifted his legs from under the cloth to bring them closer to the one-bar electric heater. Hugo began to struggle with the cork of the wine bottle. Unable to extract it, he cursed under his breath.

“Let me try.”

“I'll be able to cope quite well, thanks, if you don't watch me,” Hugo said sharply, and then, irrelevantly if you didn't know nothing those two said was irrelevant, “I'm doing a course in accountancy.”

“As a wine waiter, Hugo,” said Duncan, “you make a very good accountant, ha ha!”

Hugo didn't laugh. He got the cork out at last. “I think I'll do all right. I was always reasonably good at figures.”

“So you were, so you were. And more than reasonably good.” That was true. It had been with personnel that the man was so abysmally bad, giving junior executives and little typists ideas above their station. “I'm sure you will do well.” Why didn't the woman come back? It must have been ten minutes since she had gone off to that kitchen, down those miles of passages. His own wife, long dead, would have got that main course into serving dishes before they had sat down to the hors d'oeuvres. “Get a qualification, that's the thing,” he said. In the distance he heard the wheels of a trolley coming. It was a more welcome sound than that of the wheels of the train one has awaited for an hour on a cold platform. He didn't like the woman but anything was better than being alone with Hugo. Why not get it over now, he thought, before they began on the amazingly small roasted chicken which had appeared? He managed a smile. He said, “I can tell you've both fallen on your feet. I'm quite sure, Hugo, you'll look back on all this when you're a successful accountant and thank God you and Frasers parted company.”

And that ought to be that. They had put him through their inquisition and now they would perhaps let him eat this overcooked mess that passed for dinner in peace. At last they would talk of something else, not leave it to him who had been making the running all the evening.

But instead of conversation, there was a deep silence. No one seemed to have anything to say. And although Duncan, working manfully at his chicken wing, racked his brains for a topic, he could think of nothing. Their house, his flat, the workpeople at Frasers, his car, the cost of living, her job, Hugo's course, Christmas past, summer to come, all these subjects must inevitably lead by a direct route back to Hugo's dismissal. And Duncan saw with irritable despair

that all subjects would lead to it because he was he and they were they and the dismissal lay between them like an unavoidable spectre at their dismal feast. From time to time he lifted his eyes from his plate, hoping that she would respond to that famous smile of his, that smile that was growing stiff with insincere use, but each time he looked at her he saw that she was staring fixedly at him, eating hardly anything, her expression concentrated, dispassionate, and somehow dogged. And her eyes had lost their kingfisher flash. They were dull and dead like smoky glass.

So they hadn't had enough then, she and her subdued, morose husband? They wanted to see him abject, not merely referring with open frankness to the dismissal as he had done, but explaining it, apologizing. Well, they should have his explanation. There was no escape. Carefully, he placed his knife and fork side by side on his empty plate. Precisely, but very politely, he refused his hostess's offer of more. He took a deep breath as he often did at the beginning of a board meeting, as he had so very often done at those board meetings when Hugo Crouch pressed insistently for staff rises.

"My dear Elizabeth," he began, "my dear Hugo, I know why you asked me here tonight and what you've been hinting at ever since I arrived. And because I want to enjoy your very delightful company without any more awkwardness, I'm going to do here and now what you very obviously want me to do – that is, explain just how it happened that I suggested Hugo would be happier away from Frasers."

Elizabeth said, "Now, Duncan, listen..."

"You can say your piece in a moment, Elizabeth. Perhaps you'll be surprised when I say I am entirely to blame for what happened. Yes, I admit it, the fault was all mine." He lifted one hand to silence Hugo who was shaking his head vehemently. "No, Hugo, let me finish. As I said, the fault was mine. I made an error of judgment. Oh, yes, I did. I should have been a better judge of men. I should have been able to see when I promoted you that you weren't up to the job. I blame myself for not understanding – well, your limitations."

They were silent. They didn't look at him or at each other. "We men in responsible positions," he said, "are to blame when the men we appoint can't rise to the heights we envisage for them. We lack vision, that's all. I take the whole burden of it on my shoulders, you see. So shall we forgive and forget?"

He had seldom seen people look so embarrassed, so shamefaced. It just went to show that they were no match for him. His statement had been the last thing they had expected and it was unanswerable. He handed her his plate with its little graveyard of chicken bones among the potato skins and as she took it he saw a look of balked fury cross her face.

"Well, Elizabeth," he said, unable to resist, "am I forgiven?" "It's too late now. It's past," she said in a cold, stony voice. "It's too late for any of this."

(From "A Bad Heart" by Ruth Rendell)

TUTORIAL V

I. Stylistic classification of the basic word stock:

- Obsolete / current words / neologisms
- Superneutral / neutral / subneutral vocabulary

II. Main types of English dictionaries.

Assignments

I. Comment on the stylistic reference of the underlined words.

1. He was quite candid about his past. 2. Yesterday I saw my old high school crush for the first time in five years. 3. They laughed at us and we felt like morons. 4. Who swiped your keys? 5. The two judges concurred on the ruling. 6. The newspaper reporter revised the story's lead. 7. They bemoan extreme heat at the championship. 8. I was stumped by the final question on the exam paper. 9. This place is not conducive to studying. 10. I was feeling sad last week, so I splashed out on a new computer and I felt great! 11. This operation requires great manual dexterity. 12. I got hit in the beezer. 13. Was it the case of blue-on-blue?

II. Correct the stylistic mistakes in the following sentences.

1. The man stated that his new car was ripped off. 2. The audience got a kick out of the performance. 3. She wore a surprised expression on her visage. 4. The victims of the accident were rendered first help. 5. The police reported that they had locked him up and thrown out the key. 6. They got rid of the ban on overtime. 7. The animal passed away. 8. What is your standing address? 9. I regret to say you have blown the test. 10. You can buy football attire not far from here.

III. Say which of the following words are neologisms, obsolete or current words.

Spurious (illegitimate), betimes, shrinkflation, to reskill, heretofore, stage-phoning, food-born, charwoman, permafrost, sanctimonious, sarge, button-down, to unfriend, brougham, cyberchondriac, rooms, kismet, to binge-watch, albeit.

IV. Consider an entry from the Oxford Dictionary of New Words. Say what type of dictionary it is. Find the following sections in the entry: headword section, definition, etymology, history and usage, illustrative quotations. What information do they provide?

Dude (Youth Culture)

In urban street slang (originally in the US): a person, a guy, one of the "gang". Often used as a form of address: friend, buddy.

Etymology: Dude is a slang word of unknown origin that was first used in the US in the 1880s to mean “a dandy, a swell” or (as a Western cowboy’s word) a “city-dweller”. By the early 1970s it had been taken up in US Black English to mean “a man, a cool guy or cat” (and later “any person”), losing its original negative connotations.

History and Usage: This more general use of dude was popularized outside Black street slang through the blaxploitation films of the late seventies and, more particularly, through the explosion of hip hop during the eighties. Its spread into British English idiom, at least among children, was finally ensured by repeated use among the Teenage Mutant Turtles and other US cartoon characters in comic strips, cartoons, and games.

Dudes like that, they're totally dialled in. They can earn a quarter of a million a year, serious coin.

Richard Rayner Los Angeles Without a Map (1988), p. 68

It is the teenage Bart who has caught the public's imagination. With his skateboard and, touchingly, his catapult, he is a match for anyone, not least because of his streetwise vocabulary. “Yo, dude!” he says; “Aye caramba!” and – most famously – “Eat my shorts!”

Independent 29 July 1990, p. 17.

V. Which of the entries belongs to an encyclopedia? Give your grounds.

Elephant, (family Elephantidae), largest living land animal, characterized by its long trunk (elongated upper lip and nose), columnar legs, and huge head with temporal glands and wide, flat ears. Elephants are grayish to brown in colour, and their body hair is sparse and coarse. They are found most often in savannas, grasslands, and forests but occupy a wide range of habitats, including deserts, swamps, and highlands in tropical and subtropical regions of Africa and Asia.

The African savanna, or bush, elephant (*Loxodonta africana*) weighs up to 8,000 kg (9 tons) and stands 3 to 4 metres (10 to 13 feet) at the shoulder. The African forest elephant (*Loxodonta cyclotis*), which lives in rainforests, was recognized as a separate species in 2000 and is smaller than the savanna elephant. It has slender, downward-pointing tusks. The common belief that there existed “pygmy” and “water” elephants has no basis; they are probably varieties of the African forest elephants.

The Asian elephant (*Elephas maximus*) weighs about 5,500 kg and has a shoulder height of up to 3.5 metres. The Asian elephant includes three subspecies: the Indian, or mainland (*E. maximus indicus*), the Sumatran (*E. maximus sumatranus*), and the Sri Lankan (*E. maximus maximus*). African elephants have much larger ears, which are used to dissipate body heat.

el·e·phant (ělə-fənt)

n.

1. Any of several very large herbivorous mammals of the family Elephantidae native to Africa, South Asia, and Southeast Asia, having thick, almost hairless skin, a long, flexible, prehensile trunk, upper incisors forming long curved tusks of ivory, and, in the African species, large fan-shaped ears.

2. Any of various extinct animals of the family Elephantidae.

Idiom:

elephant in the room

A matter or problem that is obvious or of great importance but that is not discussed openly.

Text Analysis

Find stylistically coloured words in the following texts and classify them.

We live in time – it holds us and moulds us – but I’ve never felt I understood it very well. And I’m not referring to theories about how it bends and doubles back, or may exist elsewhere in parallel versions. No, I mean ordinary, everyday time, which clocks and watches assure us passes regularly: tick-tock, click-clock. Is there anything more plausible than a second hand? And yet it takes only the smallest pleasure or pain to teach us time’s malleability. Some emotions speed it up, others slow it down; occasionally, it seems to go missing – until the eventual point when it really does go missing, never to return. I’m not very interested in my schooldays, and don’t feel any nostalgia for them. But school is where it all began, so I need to return briefly to a few incidents that have grown into anecdotes, to some approximate memories which time has deformed into certainty. If I can’t be sure of the actual events any more, I can at least be true to the impressions those facts left. That’s the best I can manage.

There were three of us, and he now made the fourth. We hadn’t expected to add to our tight number: cliques and pairings had happened long before, and we were already beginning to imagine our escape from school into life. His name was Adrian Finn, a tall, shy boy who initially kept his eyes down and his mind to himself. For the first day or two, we took little notice of him: at our school there was no welcoming ceremony, let alone its opposite, the punitive induction. We just registered his presence and waited.

The masters were more interested in him than we were. They had to work out his intelligence and sense of discipline, calculate how well he’d previously been taught, and if he might prove “scholarship material”. On the third morning of that autumn term, we had a history class with Old Joe Hunt, wryly affable in his three-piece suit, a teacher whose system of control depended on maintaining sufficient but not excessive boredom.

“Now, you’ll remember that I asked you to do some preliminary reading about the reign of Henry VIII.” Colin, Alex and I squinted at one another, hoping that the question wouldn’t be flicked, like an angler’s fly, to land on one of our heads. “Who might like to offer a characterisation of the age?” He drew his own conclusion from our averted eyes. “Well, Marshall, perhaps. How would you describe Henry VIII’s reign?”

Our relief was greater than our curiosity, because Marshall was a cautious know-nothing who lacked the inventiveness of true ignorance. He searched for possible hidden complexities in the question before eventually locating a response.

“There was unrest, sir.”

An outbreak of barely controlled smirking; Hunt himself almost smiled.

“Would you, perhaps, care to elaborate?”

Marshall nodded slow assent, thought a little longer, and decided it was no time for caution. “I’d say there was great unrest, sir.”

“Finn, then. Are you up in this period?”

The new boy was sitting a row ahead and to my left. He had shown no evident reaction to Marshall’s idiocies.

“Not really, sir, I’m afraid. But there is one line of thought according to which all you can truly say of any historical event – even the outbreak of the First World War, for example – is that ‘something happened’.”

“Is there, indeed? Well, that would put me out of a job, wouldn’t it?” After some sycophantic laughter, Old Joe Hunt pardoned our holiday idleness and filled us in on the polygamous royal butcher.

At the next break, I sought out Finn. “I’m Tony Webster.” He looked at me warily. “Great line to Hunt.” He seemed not to know what I was referring to. “About something happening.”

“Oh. Yes. I was rather disappointed he didn’t take it up.”

That wasn’t what he was supposed to say.

Another detail I remember: the three of us, as a symbol of our bond, used to wear our watches with the face on the inside of the wrist. It was an affectation, of course, but perhaps something more. It made time feel like a personal, even a secret, thing. We expected Adrian to note the gesture, and follow suit; but he didn’t.

Later that day – or perhaps another day – we had a double English period with Phil Dixon, a young master just down from Cambridge. He liked to use contemporary texts, and would throw out sudden challenges. “‘Birth, and Copulation, and Death’ – that’s what T. S. Eliot says it’s all about. Any

comments?” He once compared a Shakespearean hero to Kirk Douglas in *Spartacus*. And I remember how, when we were discussing Ted Hughes’s poetry, he put his head at a donnish slant and murmured, “Of course, we’re all wondering what will happen when he runs out of animals.” Sometimes, he addressed us as “Gentlemen”. Naturally, we adored him.

That afternoon, he handed out a poem with no title, date or author’s name, gave us ten minutes to study it, then asked for our responses.

“Shall we start with you, Finn? Put simply, what would you say this poem is about?”

Adrian looked up from his desk. “Eros and Thanatos, sir.”

“Hmm. Go on.”

“Sex and death,” Finn continued, as if it might not just be the thickest in the back row who didn’t understand Greek. “Or love and death, if you prefer. The erotic principle, in any case, coming into conflict with the death principle. And what ensues from that conflict. Sir.”

I was probably looking more impressed than Dixon thought healthy.

“Webster, enlighten us further.”

“I just thought it was a poem about a barn owl, sir.”

This was one of the differences between the three of us and our new friend. We were essentially taking the piss, except when we were serious. He was essentially serious, except when he was taking the piss. It took us a while to work this out.

TUTORIAL VI

I. Synonymy:

- Absolute / relative synonyms
- Sources of synonymy
- Discrimination of synonyms according to the range and intensity of meaning
- Divergence in connotation
- Differences in applicability of synonyms

II. Antonymy:

- Contradictory terms
- Contrary terms
- Reverse terms

III. Polysemy:

- Diachronic and synchronic approaches to polysemy (the arrangement of meanings in a dictionary entry)
- The process of sense development: concatenation, radiation, a mixed type

IV. Homonymy:

- Sources of homonyms
- Classification of homonyms (homophones, homographs, homonyms proper)
- Homonyms vs. polysemantic words

Assignments

I. Comment on the type of homonymy in the following pairs of words.

Aisle – isle

To die – to dye

To sew – to sow

To row (= to argue) – to row (a boat)

Key – quay

Bow (a type of a knot) – bow (the front of a ship)

Mass – Mass

II. Explain the difference between the following synonyms.

Diminutive – teeny-weeny

Offspring – child

Bad – appalling

To punish – to discipline

Funny – hilarious

To say – to claim

Mob – crowd

Friend – mate

III. Prove that the following synonyms have different distribution.

To prohibit – to forbid

Afraid – fearful

Sick – ill

Live – alive

To offer – to suggest

Good-looking – handsome

IV. Classify the following antonyms according to their structure and meaning.

Dry – wet

Fresh – stale

To teach – to learn

To adore – to despise

Mechanical – human

To open – to shut

Speaker – listener

Logical – illogical

TUTORIAL VII

I. Phraseological units vs free collocations.

II. Properties of phraseological units.

III. Classifications of phraseological units:

- Thematic
- Stylistic
- According to semantic unity

IV. Modifications of phraseologisms.

Assignments

I. Say which of the following expressions are phraseological units. Classify them according to the degree of semantic unity.

Double standards, hair of the dog, to turn tables on somebody, to take into consideration, Bob's your uncle, free of charge, to thumb one's nose at somebody, not enough room to swing a cat, a catch 22, to role with the punches, too many chiefs and not enough Indians, the chattering classes, run the risk, off the back of a lorry, no hard feelings.

II. Which of the following idioms are not motivated synchronically? Render them in Russian.

To smell a rat, red herring, dead heat, pie in the sky, to go the whole hog, until the cows come home, in queer street, to beat someone to a pulp, slap on the wrist, not by a long chalk, to cut to the chase.

III. Say if the underlined expressions are free phrases or fraseologisms.

1. He was going to ask his girlfriend to marry him but lost his bottle at the last minute. She asked him instead.
2. He failed to hit the nail on the head and injured himself.
3. He is a dyed in the wool Yorskhireman.
4. The horse was the first to cross the line.
5. They are ready to change location at the drop of a hat.
6. The telephone company has got its wires crossed and now someone else has got the number we have had for the past 15 years.
7. Expedia booking got wires crossed.

IV. Find phraseologisms in the following sentences. Comment on the type of transformation they underwent.

1. I was so surprised to see him sign on with the devil.
2. Mark ruffled a few feathers when he suggested cutting teachers' salaries.
3. She is digging her heels in the sand.
4. The customer is always ripe – for fleecing.
5. Tunisian election: Birds of a feather?

Text Analysis

Find phraseological units in the following text and classify them according to the degree of semantic unity.

Mary was like a dark moth. She had the same texture of softness, and when she looked at you with her large dark eyes they spoke of the night: of the night hours in the Rectory garden, of night-scented stocks, the starry heavens above and the whirring yet soothing rattle of the nightjars in the glades of the New Forest close at hand. A rectory in the New Forest – that was where she had been brought up. It was an English setting; but Mary and her brother Simon never seemed very English, and it was scarcely a surprise that their mother had been a Persian.

The Reverend George Melchisedek Watson had spent ten years as a missionary in Kazvin. He had married an educated Persian lady and after her death had returned to England with his two children. His second cousin, Lord Carmine, had presented him with the living of Dry Moreton. There was nothing really unusual about all that.

Yes, Mary was like a dark moth, and yet you might suspect that if she lifted her wings to fly she would uncover brilliant red or purple underwings in dazzling contrast to the shy ambiguously patterned pair which she exhibited when at rest. A fanciful idea – but possibly it conveys her quality. Her brother Simon was a

big man, very dark and strong and silent, with the same big eyes as his sister. He had heavy black eyebrows also, like faces painted on Persian tiles. He went to Oxford, studied engineering and played rugby.

That was how Mary came to meet her husband, Nelson. He was at Oxford with Simon, played rugby and took Holy Orders. He was almost a neighbour – a curate in a Bournemouth parish. He was invited to the Rectory, and a terrible afternoon followed when they played tennis on the lawn – half moss, covered with warm casts and overshadowed by trees. Mary played atrociously and felt ashamed of herself. However, the young curate came back three days later, and she partnered him brilliantly in a game of croquet, winning easily against her brother and her father, although Nelson had the wrong temperament for that testing game. He was a big man, as big as Simon, but with sandy hair and blue eyes. He took his ideas from the *Daily Telegraph* and the books in his prep-school library, and his guiding rule in life was to play safe.

A few months later he proposed, and was accepted. She was not in love, indeed not much attracted, but she found it impossible to refuse him outright and her indefinite murmurs were interpreted as assent, after which she was taken possession of, not physically but morally. She was no longer herself – a lonely girl with only one intimate friend, and she in Dublin – but a part, a very small part of *we*. “Now we can really get a move on. We’ll have a lot of planning to do.” Nelson had asked Mary’s father’s consent before proposing and told him afterwards that Mary had agreed to their engagement. He asked his blessing, and while Mr. Watson was giving it, Mary found it impossible to say: “Wouldn’t it be better to wait a little?” Nor could she say anything to Nelson, for he left at once on his motorbike.

That evening after supper they had dolmas – her father had a taste for Middle Eastern food – Mary slipped out into the garden in great agitation. A voice was saying: “You have done for yourself, my girl. What do you know of this man?” When I say “a voice”, I mean that the words came from a source outside herself; not that they could have been heard by anyone else, or measured in decibels. She had often heard these “voices”. On this occasion her reaction was to pull her jacket tighter and to reply: this time in spoken words: “Well, anyway, if it hadn’t been him it would have been somebody else.” For the moment that disposed of the subject. But it seemed odd to her that Nelson never kissed her.

The stipend of a young curate is not sufficient to marry on, and Mary looked forward to an engagement of several months, or even years. But Nelson did not believe in letting the grass grow under his feet and applied for the headmastership of a Mission School that was being started in New Guinea. There was a decent salary and it was a great opportunity. Owing to his excellent sports records at Oxford, he got the job. Mary had to agree to an early wedding,

and after the ceremony they set off in one of the few liners to call at Port Moresby. They had a first-class stateroom. There was a Japanese captain and a Filipino crew.

Years after when her second husband asked her about first weeks of her honeymoon, she said: “You know what it is like. It is all so strange for a girl,” and she lifted her heavily-ringed hand and dropped it, unable to add another word.

But she did tell him later that she had been surprised by the contrast between her husband’s attitude to foreigners and that of her father. Her father had always shown a great interest in the ideas and culture, not only of the Persians, but also of the Turks, Armenians, Arabs and Georgians. But to Nelson all the races of the Middle East were “wogs”, Italians were “eye-ties” and all of them but little superior to the Papuan head-hunting “fuzzy-wuzzies” who were to be his pupils in New Guinea.

Nelson was on stiff formal terms with the fat little Japanese captain at whose table Mary and he dined. It was over this that their worst quarrel arose. One day, Mary, who had been drooping in the heat, was slow in dressing and had only just started making up her face when the bell for dinner rang. Nelson watched her with annoyance. He was not sure whether he altogether approved of mascara and eyeshade. Of course, lipstick was all right and a touch of powder. Suddenly he said: “I can’t bear to see you so slow. Didn’t you hear the bell? We shall be late at that little brown man’s table. You are letting the side down. I like to be on the dot.” Then, as Mary did not reply, he exploded. “Snap to it. You are being slow on purpose.” Mary said nothing and Nelson added, as though to himself but for Mary to hear: “I ought to have known what it would be when the old man confessed that you had a touch of the tar brush.”

It took Mary some time to realize that this was a reference to her mother.

TUTORIAL VIII

I. Standard English vs non-standard English.

II. Differences between British English and American English:

- In spelling
- In grammar
- In vocabulary

III. Canadian English.

IV. Australian English.

V. Non-standard dialects:

- Pidgin English
- Creole English
- Cockney

Assignments

I. Say whether the following vocabulary items belong to American or British English. Provide their counterparts in the other regional dialect (Br E or Am E)

Percent, favor, litre, storey, traveling, autumn, candies, petrol, pitcher, pavement, ground floor, snuck, faucet, bonnet, elementary school, mobile phone, a blank, cookie, research program, U.S.A.

II. Say whether the following grammar forms are British or American

1. He had a toothache yesterday. 2. They go to university. 3. She was taken to the hospital. 4. They demand that we should return to the city. 5. He usually takes a bath in the morning. 6. She burnt her hand while cooking. 7. Children aim to please their parents. 8. We usually meet with them on the week-ends. 9. You needn't go there tomorrow. 10. The staff are obviously underpaid. 11. They recommend that he stay at home. 12. We haven't seen her in years.

Final Text Analysis

Analyze the text according to the following guidelines:

1. Provide examples of the words which are native by origin.
2. Find some borrowings and comment on the degree of their assimilation.
3. Find words built through:
 - affixation
 - word compounding
 - conversion
 - shortening
 - sound imitation
 - backformation
 - stress and sound interchange
4. Single out the words that are:
 - non-motivated
 - phonetically motivated
 - semantically motivated
 - morphologically motivated

5. Find synonyms and antonyms and classify them.
6. Provide homonyms to some words from the text and classify them.
7. Find phraseological units and classify them.
8. Single out stylistically coloured words and classify them.

LIKE ME, EMILY LOVED old American popular songs. She'd go more for the up-tempo numbers, like Irving Berlin's "Cheek to Cheek" and Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine," while I'd lean towards the bitter-sweet ballads – "Here's That Rainy Day" or "It Never Entered My Mind." But there was a big overlap, and anyway, back then, on a university campus in the south of England, it was a near-miracle to find anyone else who shared such passions. Today, a young person's likely to listen to any sort of music. My nephew, who starts university this autumn, is going through his Argentinian tango phase. He also likes Edith Piaf as well as any number of the latest indie bands. But in our day tastes weren't nearly so diverse. My fellow students fell into two broad camps: the hippie types with their long hair and flowing garments who liked "progressive rock," and the neat, tweedy ones who considered anything other than classical music a horrible din. Occasionally you'd bump into someone who professed to be into jazz, but this would always turn out to be of the so-called crossover kind – endless improvisations with no respect for the beautifully crafted songs used as their starting points.

So it was a relief to discover someone else, and a girl at that, who appreciated the Great American Songbook. Like me, Emily collected LPs with sensitive, straightforward vocal interpretations of the standards – you could often find such records going cheap in junk shops, discarded by our parents' generation. She favoured Sarah Vaughan and Chet Baker. I preferred Julie London and Peggy Lee. Neither of us was big on Sinatra or Ella Fitzgerald.

In that first year, Emily lived in college, and she had in her room a portable record player, a type that was quite common then. It looked like a large hat box, with pale-blue leatherette surfaces and a single built-in speaker. Only when you raised its lid would you see the turntable sitting inside. It gave out a pretty primitive sound by today's standards, but I remember us crouching around it happily for hours, taking off one track, carefully lowering the needle down onto another. We loved playing different versions of the same song, then arguing about the lyrics, or about the singers' interpretations. Was that line really supposed to be sung so ironically? Was it better to sing "Georgia on My Mind" as though Georgia was a woman or the place in America? We were especially pleased when we found a recording – like Ray Charles singing "Come Rain or Come Shine" – where the words themselves were happy, but the interpretation was pure heartbreak.

Emily's love of these records was obviously so deep that I'd be taken aback each time I stumbled on her talking to other students about some pretentious rock band or vacuous Californian singer-songwriter. At times, she'd start arguing about a "concept" album in much the way she and I would discuss Gershwin or Harold Arlen, and then I'd have to bite my lip not to show my irritation.

Back then, Emily was slim and beautiful, and if she hadn't settled on Charlie so early in her university career, I'm sure she'd have had a whole bunch of men competing for her. But she was never flirty or tarty, so once she was with Charlie, the other suitors backed off.

"That's the only reason I keep Charlie around," she told me once, with a dead straight face, then burst out laughing when I looked shocked. "Just a joke, silly. Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling."

Charlie was my best friend at university. During that first year, we hung around together the whole time and that was how I'd come to know Emily. In the second year, Charlie and Emily got a house-share down in town, and though I was a frequent visitor, those discussions with Emily around her record player became a thing of the past. For a start, whenever I called round to the house, there were several other students sitting around, laughing and talking, and there was now a fancy stereo system churning out rock music you had to shout over.

Charlie and I have remained close friends through the years. We may not see each other as much as we once did, but that's mainly down to distances. I've spent years here in Spain, as well as in Italy and Portugal, while Charlie's always based himself in London. Now if that makes it sound like I'm the jet-setter and he's the stay-at-home, that would be funny. Because in fact Charlie's the one who's always flying off – to Texas, Tokyo, New York – to his high-powered meetings, while I've been stuck in the same humid buildings year after year, setting spelling tests or conducting the same conversations in slowed-down English. My-name-is-Ray. What-is-your-name? Do-you-have-children?

When I first took up English teaching after university, it seemed a good enough life – much like an extension of university. Language schools were mushrooming all over Europe, and if the teaching was tedious and the hours exploitative, at that age you don't care too much. You spend a lot of time in bars, friends are easy to make, and there's a feeling you're part of a large network extending around the entire globe. You meet people fresh from their spells in Peru or Thailand, and this gets you thinking that if you wanted to, you could drift around the world indefinitely, using your contacts to get a job in any faraway corner you fancied. And always you'd be part of this cosy, extended family of itinerant teachers, swapping stories over drinks about former colleagues, psychotic school directors, eccentric British Council officers.

In the late '80s, there was talk of making a lot of money teaching in Japan, and I made serious plans to go, but it never worked out. I thought about Brazil too, even read a few books about the culture and sent off for application forms. But somehow I never got away that far. Southern Italy, Portugal for a short spell, back here to Spain. Then before you know it, you're forty-seven years old, and the people you started out with have long ago been replaced by a generation who gossip about different things, take different drugs and listen to different music.

Meanwhile, Charlie and Emily had married and settled down in London. Charlie told me once, when they had children I'd be godfather to one of them. But that never happened. What I mean is, a child never came along, and now I suppose it's too late. I have to admit, I've always felt slightly let down about this. Perhaps I always imagined that being godfather to one of their children would provide an official link, however tenuous, between their lives in England and mine out here.

Anyway, at the start of this summer, I went to London to stay with them. It had been arranged well in advance, and when I'd phoned to check a couple of days beforehand, Charlie had said they were both "superbly well." That's why I'd no reason to expect anything other than pampering and relaxation after a few months that hadn't exactly been the best in my life.

In fact, as I emerged out of their local Underground that sunny day, my thoughts were on the possible refinements that might have been added to "my" bedroom since the previous visit. Over the years, there's almost always been something or other. One time it was some gleaming electronic gadget standing in the corner; another time the whole place had been redecorated. In any case, almost as a point of principle, the room would be prepared for me the way a posh hotel would go about things: towels laid out, a bedside tin of biscuits, a selection of CDs on the dressing table. A few years ago, Charlie had led me in and with nonchalant pride started flicking switches, causing all sorts of subtly hidden lights to go on and off: behind the headboard, above the wardrobe and so on. Another switch had triggered a growling hum and blinds had begun to descend over the two windows.

Glossary

Acronym – a word formed from the initial letters or parts of words constituting a phrase

African American Vernacular English – a non-standard variety of the English language, spoken by the African American minority group in the USA

Allomorph – any of the variant forms of a morpheme

Antonym – a word opposite in meaning to another

Archaisms – a word or expression formerly in general use but now ousted by a new word and used rarely, mainly for stylistic purposes

Argot / cant – the secret language of criminals whose function is to serve as a sign of recognition

Barbarism – a word that is not assimilated into the native vocabulary

Blending – a word made by putting together parts of other words

Clipping – a word formed by dropping one or more syllables from a longer word or phrase

Cockney – a non-standard dialect spoken by a native or inhabitant of the East End district of London

Colloquial words – words of the minimal degree of stylistic degradation which cannot be used in formal speech

Connotational meaning – the emotive charge and the stylistic value of the word

Contradictory terms – antonyms that are mutually exclusive

Contrary terms – gradable antonyms, one exists in comparison with the other

Conversion – type of word formation when the only word-building means is the change of paradigm

Creole English – a non-standard variety of English with its own grammatical rules that is not restricted in usage and serves as the mother tongue of a community

Degradation (pejoration) – the process of semantic change in which there is a deprecation or downward shift in the meaning

Denotational meaning – the direct meaning of a word, and devoid of stylistic, emotive and other shades

Derivational affixes – morphemes used to build a new word

Derivational analysis – the analysis that shows the consecutive stages of the formation of a certain word

Diachronic approach – the study of the vocabulary from the point of view of its development in the course of time

Elevation (amelioration) – a process of semantic change in which there is an improvement or upward shift in the word meaning

Eponymy – the formation of a common noun from a proper noun

Etymology – a branch of lexicology dealing with the origin of words

Etymological doublets – two or more words that originate from the same etymological source but have different phonetic shapes and meaning

Homographs – words that are similar in spelling but different in meaning and pronunciation

Proper homonyms – words that are similar in spelling and pronunciation but different in meaning

Homophones – words that are similar in pronunciation but different in spelling and meaning

Hybrid – a word composed of elements originally drawn from different languages

Idiom – an expression whose meaning cannot be understood from the individual meanings of its elements treated separately

Immediate constituents – any of the two meaningful parts forming a larger linguistic unity

Inflexion – a morpheme used to build a form of a word, a functional affix

Jargon words – words used in professional or social groups

Juxtaposition of stems – the formation of a compound word without a linking element

Metaphor – a figure of speech in which a word or phrase that originally designates one thing is used to designate another, thus making an implicit comparison

Metonymy – a figure of speech which designates something by the name of something associated with it

Morpheme – the smallest meaningful unit in the language system

Motivation – the relationship existing between the morphemic or phonemic composition and structural pattern of the word on the one hand, and its meaning on the other

Neologism – a newly coined term, word, or phrase that may be in the process of entering common use, but has not yet been accepted into mainstream language

Origin of borrowing – the language in which the word originated

Phraseological combinations – set expressions, containing components used in their direct meaning as well as components with metaphorical meaning

Phraseological fusions – non-motivated idioms, whose components are used in their figurative meaning

Phraseological unities – motivated idioms, whose components are used in their figurative meaning

Phraseology – a branch of lexicology dealing with idioms, proverbs, formulaic expressions

Pidgin English – a non-standard variety of English that has taken its vocabulary from English but has its own grammatical rules

Polysemy – the existence of two or more meanings to one word

Reverse terms – a pair of antonyms, in which one antonym signifies an act or state reversing the act or state of the other

Root – a common element of words within a word family, possessing a general and abstract lexical meaning common to a set of semantically related words

Semantics – a branch of lexicology dealing with word meaning

Slang – widely used words of humorous or derogatory character

Sound and stress interchange – a minor means of word formation based either on the change of the root vowel or consonant or the shift of the place of stress

Source of borrowing – the immediate donor language from which the borrowing was taken into the recipient language

Stem – a part of the word that remains when derivational or functional affixes are stripped away from the word

Synchronic approach – the study of the vocabulary at each particular stage of its development

Synonym – a word having the same or nearly the same meaning as another in the language

Absolute synonyms – words that have the same denotation, connotation and range of applicability

Relative synonyms – words that have nearly identical denotations and are different in connotation or application

Vulgar words – offensive words possessing the maximum degree of degradation

Focusing Questions

1. Etymological survey of the English word stock.
2. Native words.
3. Assimilation of borrowings.
4. Barbarisms.
5. Hybrids, etymological doublets, international words.
6. Classification of morphemes.
7. Morphemic and derivational analyses.
8. Motivation.
7. Affixation.
8. Conversion.
9. Word-compounding.
10. Shortening of words.
11. Minor ways of word-formation.
12. Word meaning.
13. Change of meaning.
14. Transfer of meaning.
15. Polysemy.
16. Homonymy.
17. Synonymy.
18. Antonymy.
19. Stylistic classification of the basic word stock.
20. Classification of phraseological units.
21. American and British English.
22. Non-standard dialects, pigeon, Creole English.

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