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[2, c. 148].

[3, c. 98].

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[4, c. 13].

”() [5, c. 60].

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c.315].

[4, c. 10].

[8, c. 208].

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 5) [9, c. 20].
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 [10, c. 216].
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 [7, c. 308].

“The Kugelmass Episode”

“...Persky, are you some kind of outpatient?” Kugelmass remained skeptical “What are you telling me – that this cheesy homemade box can take on a ride like you’re describing? Persky tucked the bills in his pants pocket and turned toward this bookcase.” “So who do you want to meet? Sister Carrier? Hester Prynne? Ophelia? Maybe someone by Saul Bellow? Hey what about Temple Drake? Although for a man your age she’d be a workout. ‘French. I want to have an affair with a French lover.’
 ‘Nana?’
 ‘I don’t want to have to pay for it.’
 ‘What about Natasha in War and Peace?’
 ‘I said French. I know! What about Emma Bovary? That sounds to me perfect.’
 ...Kugelmass was gone. At the same moment, he appeared in the bedroom of Charles and Emma Bovary’s house at Yonville. Before him was a beautiful woman standing alone with her back turned to him as she folded some linen. I can’t believe this, thought Kugelmass staring at the doctor’s ravishing wife. This is uncanny. I’m here. It’s her.

Emma turned in surprise. 'Goodness, you startled me', she said. 'Who are you?' She spoke in the same fine English translation as the paperback.

...He embraced her passionately, and the two walked back to house. He held Emma's face cupped in his palms, kissed her again.

What he didn't realize was that at this very moment students in various classrooms across the country were saying to their teachers, 'Who is this character on page 100? A bald Jew is kissing Madame Bovary?' (Woody Allen "The Kugelmass Episode") [11, c. 81].

“...The instructor of the beauty training school had to top off these soggy clumps to make my hair even again. 'Peter Pan is very popular these days', the instructor assured my mother. I now had hair the length of the boy's, with straight-across bangs that hung as a slant, two inches above my eyebrows...” (Amy Tan "Two Kinds") [11, c. 32].

“...I was a dainty ballerina give standing by the curtains, waiting to hear the right music that would sent me floating on my tiptoes. I was like the Christ child lifted out of the straw manger, crying with holy indignity, I was Cinderella stepping from her pumpkin carriage with sparkly cartoon music filling the air” (Countee Cullen "Incident") [11, c. 58].

“...I met Harriet Prentice at one audition, four months ago. We were both up for the part of Postman Pat's cat. Neither of us was considered suitable. After our humiliation I suggested we go for a coffee at Starbucks. There, we discovered that we were both reading Wilkie Collins. The Moonstone. She, like me, left the front of her cappuccino to liquefy, as we discussed literature.

...I laugh, remembering Harriet's description of the reading group before it was made women-only. The men were crudely competitive. How many Thomas Hardys had they read? How many themes could they count in Tess of the d'Uberville? Why did Hardy write Far From the Madding Crowd? Boys need to swamp facts to be accepted. This is something they learned in the playground. There, they exchanged football cards, and star wars memorabilia...” (Sarah Harris "Mother Figure") [12, c. 215].

“...Ivan isn't nervous until he sets a damp foot in the bookshop, but the moment he crosses the threshold, two weights of literature and competition is suddenly upon him. Thousands and thousands and thousands of books. Half of them appear to be about a young boy called Harry Potter. Ivan admires anyone who can make that much money, and hates Her with a vengeance. He wanders if She will ever writ Harry Potter and the Provisional IRA, or Harry Potter and the Palestinian Question. He loves corrupting popular titles and idles. His favourites are Love In The Time of a Really Bad Flu, The Day of the Jack Russell and A Quarter To Three in the Garden of Good and Evil...

...The reading of the previous week's assignments continues. Mairaidis, Ann-Marie, Bethany, some of the Albanian names he cannot pronounce. He stares out of the window

and fumes. Francesca Brady. That it should come to this. She has the Holy Trinity: money, fame and now respect. He seethes.

'The light of the Ark surrounds me, the dark of the night astounds me...'

He moves swiftly up the aisle and makes a grab for Donna's exercise book, she tries to hold onto it, but he pulls it free. 'Don't be shy now, Donna! Let me read it for you!' She's on the verge of tears as he begins to read it, but not like a poem, he gives it the rhythm of a rap he has heard spewing out of the radio. 'The light of the ark...surrounds me...the dark of the night...astounds me... You make me smile like Jesus...and fight like...' He closes the book, shakes his head, then slaps it back down on her desk. 'This isn't poetry, Donna, these are lyrics'... (Colin Bateman "Chapter and Verse") [12, c. 119, c. 139-130].

REALIZATION OF INTERTEXTUALITY IN POSTMODERN DISCOURSE (on the material of short American stories)

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The article focuses on the phenomenon of intertextuality in postmodern discourse which is realized in the form of the precedential texts.

Key words: postmodern discourse, intertextuality, precedential text.

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