APPRAISAL QUESTIONS:

Shoshana Dreyfus, Namala Tilakaratna, Tobin Bales

Department of Linguistics
University of Sydney
The project

A government funded research project
“Labelling appraisal states in web forum text”. 
Aim of project

- To identify evaluation in text in a data set of 91,000 lines of blog entries (one morpheme per line)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Phase 1 - 2012</th>
<th>Affect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Phase 2 - 2013</td>
<td>Judgement, Appreciation, Graduation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Methodology

• Two separate coders manually annotated the data.
• A third checked their coding, to deal with inconsistencies and other ‘issues’.
• An adequate methodology?????
Questions:

1. Is it possible there could be a **general category of positive and negative attitude**, where there is not enough information in the appraisal item or co-text to give a finer grained reading?
Some general terms of appreciation from this data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Positive</th>
<th>Negative</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>good</td>
<td>bad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>great</td>
<td>awful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nice</td>
<td>horrible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fun</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>awesome</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amazing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>best</td>
<td>worst</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Some positive instances

- **Good**: When we bubbled to our hosts that evening about their splendid beaches, they scoffed saying “The south side, that’s not even the good part”.
Some positive instances

- **Good**: When we bubbled to our hosts that evening about their splendid beaches, they scoffed saying “The south side, that’s not even the good part”.
- **Great**: He has a great kitchen and the best cooking stuff
Some positive instances

- **Good**: When we bubbled to our hosts that evening about their splendid beaches, they scoffed saying “The south side, that’s not even the **good** part”.
- **Great**: He has a **great** kitchen and the **best** cooking stuff.
- **Nice**: I’m finally reading the amazing adventures of kavalier & amp….it’s a **nice** change from the brutal/violent stuff I’ve just read.
Some positive instances

- **Good**: When we bubbled to our hosts that evening about their splendid beaches, they scoffed saying “The south side, that’s not even the **good** part”.
- **Great**: He has a **great** kitchen and the **best** cooking stuff.
- **Nice**: I’m finally reading the amazing adventures of kavalier & amp….it’s a **nice** change from the brutal/violent stuff I’ve just read.
- **Fun**: This was ridiculous amounts of **fun**
  
  Buskin is a really **fun** theatre company.
Some positive instances

- **Good**: When we bubbled to our hosts that evening about their splendid beaches, they scoffed saying “The south side, that’s not even the good part”.
- **Great**: He has a great kitchen and the best cooking stuff
- **Nice**: I’m finally reading the amazing adventures of kavalier & amp….it’s a nice change from the brutal/violent stuff I’ve just read
- **Fun**: This was ridiculous amounts of fun
  
  Buskin is a really fun theatre company
- **Awesome**: Oktoberfest was awesome. One of the best events I’ve been to in a while.
Some positive instances

- **Good**: When we bubbled to our hosts that evening about their splendid beaches, they scoffed saying “The south side, that’s not even the good part”.
- **Great**: He has a great kitchen and the best cooking stuff.
- **Nice**: I’m finally reading the amazing adventures of kavalier & amp….it’s a nice change from the brutal/violent stuff I’ve just read.
- **Fun**: This was ridiculous amounts of fun. Buskin is a really fun theatre company.
- **Awesome**: Oktoberfest was awesome. One of the best events I’ve been to in a while.
- **Amazing**: Everyone there is amazing. It’s like my second home.
Some negative instances

- **Bad**: It was written at the end of a very bad day, in a bad week
Some negative instances

• **Bad**: It was written at the end of a very **bad** day, in a **bad** week
• **Awful**: I didn’t get into bed till like 2.30 in the morning and woke up at 6.30 having the most **awful** contraction ever
Some negative instances

- **Bad**: It was written at the end of a very bad day, in a bad week
- **Awful**: I didn’t get into bed till like 2.30 in the morning and woke up at 6.30 having the most awful contraction ever
- **Horrible**: The light of the waning moon was pale, but after the rainfall of the evening, the wetness gave the darkness a bright shimmering contrast of pale blue silver. That was a horrible sentence but I’m not much for good compositions today.
Some negative instances

- **Bad**: It was written at the end of a very bad day, in a bad week.
- **Awful**: I didn’t get into bed till like 2.30 in the morning and woke up at 6.30 having the most awful contraction ever.
- **Horrible**: The light of the waning moon was pale, but after the rainfall of the evening, the wetness gave the darkness a bright shimmering contrast of pale blue silver. That was a horrible sentence but I’m not much for good compositions today.
- **Worst**: Last night had to be one of the worst nights of my entire life.
The rest of April passed rather uneventfully, and in May I went to see a production of Faust Part I at the Deutsches Theater. It was my first time in this particular theater, hailed as the best theater in Germany. And this particular piece was by far the best play I have EVER seen. It was breathtaking. The acting was more than phenomenal, it was virtuosic. It was also incredibly simple, cutting the normally huge cast down to only seven performers. I walked out of the theater that night completely dumbstruck and inspired. I still can't think of the show without getting goose bumps. It's moments like that that remind me why I've chosen theatre as a profession.
My next big adventure was a trip I took to London at the end of May. I had never been before, and had been planning on this trip for about six months.

I was lucky enough to be able to stay with some friends to cut down on the cost, and see a different side of London life.

It was sooooo much fun!
I saw most of the major sites on my own, and I went to the theater almost every night I was there.

This aspect of the trip was **hit and miss**. The first piece I saw was a new one by Peter Schaefer called 'Market Boy', directed by Trevor Nunn at the National Theater.

I thought: "wow, with that much talent behind it, it's gotta be good!"

Wrong. WRONG. Oh how wrong I was.

The show was trash.

Horrible.

Horribly acted, horribly directed, weak script.

And interminably long!

Three hours of horror.

I wanted to leave at intermission, but my date was really enjoying it (should have been a sign) so we stayed.

I guess the one **good** thing I took from it was that I know now that the British are just as capable as we are of producing really **awful** work.
One function of general appreciation in discourse: hyperthème & hypernew
Last night had to be one of the worst nights of my entire life.

First off, it’s a hike to get up to this place, and I can’t see worth shit in the dark. We were up there for a while and Idk why or how, but Ryan pushed me off this bench and I fell flat on my back scraping my hip up, which hurts ha. Then they were cutting this damn tree down, and they made me go with them by dragging me over since I didn’t want to go, and when i tried to sneak away, I guess I walked behind Ryan right when he swung this huge ass AXE and he swung it right into my face! God I swear I thought I got hit with like a brick. Luckily it wasn’t the metal part or I might be dead right now, but my face is swollen and cut up…Not only that I ended up calling Aubrey and balling like a baby….It was sooo cold…Plus I didn’t eat anything at all yesterday and I ended up getting really sick.

It was real lame.
This was the **best** summer I have **ever** experienced.

It was **crazy**, it was **drunken**, it was **new** and it was **damn fun** and I realised that there is less to learn from happy things but there are **important** messages you gain from **good** experiences.
APPRECIATION

Specific

General

Reaction

Impact (did it grab me?)

Quality (did I like it?)

Composition

Balance (did it hang together?)

Complexity (was it hard to follow?)

Valuation (was it worthwhile?)
Questions:

2. How can we expand appreciation categories to reflect what we find in our data?
This was the **best** summer I have **ever** experienced. It was **crazy**, it was **drunken**, it was **new** and it was **damn fun** and I realised that there is less to learn from **happy** things but there are **important** messages you gain from **good** experiences.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>word</th>
<th>reaction: quality</th>
<th>inscribed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>best</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>crazy</td>
<td>reaction: quality?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>composition: balance?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drunken</td>
<td>reaction: quality</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>new</td>
<td>reaction: quality</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fun</td>
<td>reaction: quality? impact?</td>
<td>inscribed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>happy</td>
<td>reaction: quality? impact?</td>
<td>inscribed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>important</td>
<td>valuation</td>
<td>inscribed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>good</td>
<td>reaction: quality</td>
<td>inscribed</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This was the **best** summer I have **ever** experienced. It was **crazy**, it was **drunken**, it was **new** and it was **damn fun** and I realised that there is less to learn from **happy** things but there are **important** messages you gain from **good** experiences.
Tomorrow we'll go somewhere special.”
And they weren't kidding.
The next morning, the last day of the festival, they piled us all into four wheel drive vehicles, and took us off the map to an area that I will henceforth be labeling The Blue Lagoon. Imagine the most incredible, horseshoe shaped cove, with unimaginably blue water, and a giant stone underneath the water, hundreds of meters long and wide, adding depth to the color.

What's more, we had the whole place to ourselves.

The good life
So many lies about who you’re talking to, where you’re going, what you’re doing. Having to hide it every single day, it’s such a struggle, there’s so many secrets, so many lies, it’s all so confusing and you start to lose yourself.
Yet there’s that group of people, that secret society, the people who know, know how it feels, why it hurts.
The people that just have to send a hug and it puts a smile on your face. Or those who tell you what to do, tell you it’s going to be okay, give advice, promise they’ll always be there and you know they will be. You don’t know their middle name or the age of their sister. Yet you know things about them that not even their parents know, and it doesn’t matter.
They don’t judge you, you’re not stereotyped.
They manage to save your life without ever actually seeing you.
They don’t care how pretty you are or what clothes you wear.
They are amazing.
And I love them.
I cannot understand how people pop pills.
I hate the way they make me feel. I hate the haze it creates.
The tingling of my fingers. The continuous itch. The fog that replaces my brain.
I hate that I cannot drive.
I hate that I cannot think.
I can only stare off into the tv. Almost past the tv.
I can only imagine my face looks like those people who try to throw their soul away.
Don't they understand that one must feel hurt to feel happiness.
That as they soak their pain, they inevitably drown their future happiness.
The pain pills are meant for physical pain, not emotional.
I cannot wait to be myself again.
I hate fucking pills.
I cannot understand how people pop pills. (neg capacity/propriety?)
I hate the way they make me feel. I hate the haze it creates. (antip)
The tingling of my fingers. The continuous itch. The fog that replaces my brain. (force+(repetition; afforded neg apprec?))
I hate that I cannot drive. (antipathy; neg capacity)
I hate that I cannot think. (antipathy; neg capacity)
I can only stare off into the tv. Almost past the tv. (neg capacity; focus-)
I can only imagine my face looks like those people who try to throw their soul away. (neg propriety)
Don't they understand that one must feel hurt to feel happiness. (a)
That as they soak their pain, they inevitably drown their future happiness. (misery; neg capacity)
The pain pills are meant for physical pain, not emotional.
I cannot wait to be myself again. (desire)
I hate fucking pills. (antipathy)
Questions:

3. How afforded can afford be?
So many lies about who you’re talking to, where you’re going, what you’re doing. Having to hide it every single day, it’s such a struggle, there’s so many secrets, so many lies, it’s all so confusing and you start to lose yourself. Yet there’s that group of people, that secret society, the people who know, know how it feels, why it hurts.
The people that just have to send a hug and it puts a smile on your face. Or those who tell you what to do, tell you it’s going to be okay, give advice, promise they’ll always be there and you know they will be. You don’t know their middle name or the age of their sister. Yet you know things about them that not even their parents know, and it doesn’t matter. They don’t judge you, you’re not stereotyped. They manage to save your life without ever actually seeing you. They don’t care how pretty you are or what clothes you wear. They are amazing. And I love them.
So many lies about who you’re talking to, where you’re going, what you’re doing. Having to hide it every single day, it’s such a struggle, there’s so many secrets, so many lies, it’s all so confusing and you start to lose yourself.

Yet there’s that group of people, that secret society, the people who know, know how it feels, why it hurts.

The people that just have to send a hug and it puts a smile on your face. Or those who tell you what to do, tell you it’s going to be okay, give advice, promise they’ll always be there and you know they will be. You don’t know their middle name or the age of their sister. Yet you know things about them that not even their parents know, and it doesn’t matter.

They don’t judge you, you’re not stereotyped. They manage to save your life without ever actually seeing you. They don’t care how pretty you are or what clothes you wear. They are amazing. And I love them.
Tomorrow we'll go somewhere special.”
And they weren't kidding.
The next morning, the last day of the festival, they piled us all into four wheel drive vehicles, and took us off the map to an area that I will henceforth be labeling The Blue Lagoon. Imagine the most incredible, horseshoe shaped cove, with unimaginably blue water, and a giant stone underneath the water, hundreds of meters long and wide, adding depth to the color.

What's more, we had the whole place to ourselves.
Questions

4. Is there a blurry line between force and focus for some graduation items?

eg
I’m not 100% optimistic about it…
You get made fun of. Well, sort of.
The speed was pretty fast
I was quite amused
he is quite the little photogenic looking type
References


Dreyfus, S. Tilakaratna, N. & Bales, T. (forthcoming) Dealing with difficult emotions: exploring the limits and expanding the scope of the AFFECT network in SFL.


