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ІЗОВА НАТАЛЯ**

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читаємо сучасну літературу**

Частина 2

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Підручник пропонує курс з розвитку англомовної комунікативної компетенції студентів на основі сучасного англомовного художнього дискурсу. Передбачається вдосконалення культури усного та писемного мовлення студентів за допомогою читання та обговорення аутентичних художніх текстів, аудіювання, виконання різноманітних комунікативно спрямованих завдань на збагачення словникового запасу і виправлення типових лексичних і граматичних помилок. Підручник містить завдання, що активують знання студентів з літературознавства і стилістики англійської мови з метою всебічного аналізу художнього дискурсу і надбання студентами індивідуального підходу до інтерпретації тексту. Для цього зроблено акцент на форматі рекомендації (усної та письмової) художнього твору різним групам адресатів. Для розвитку аналітичного мислення і здатності переконливо висловлювати свою думку також пропонуються оригінальні письмові завдання та теми дослідних проєктів для самостійної роботи.

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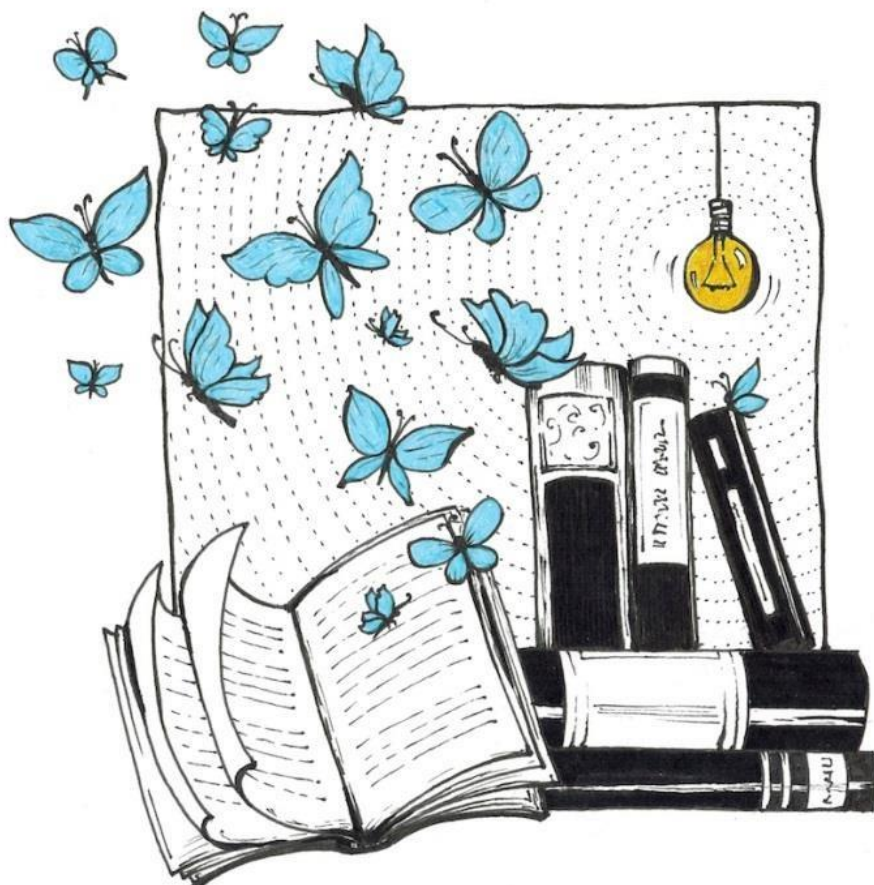
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PART ONE



UNIT 1

Don't Judge a Book by its Cover: Genres and Titles

Lead In

- ❖ Do you pay attention to the design of a book cover? What can you learn from it? Can you be deceived by it?
- ❖ How often do books fail to meet your expectations? Tell the class about a recent case.
- ❖ Look at the images of book covers below. What genres do you think they belong to? What would you expect from each one?



In which of these novels are you like to meet violence, romance, crime investigation, psychological insights, magic, humour? Which of these books would you like to read? Explain your choice.

Exploring Genres

The concept of **genre** is found across various media. It presupposes division of material into classes or types according to certain criteria or agreed-upon **conventions**. As a result, literary genres are **loosely defined** with regard to their content, tone, style, technique length, etc. A certain degree of **flexibility** in this matter is acceptable.

The most enduring literary genre division (known since the times of Plato and Aristotle) relies on the attribution of speech. It groups fictional works into three major classes: **lyric** (spoken in the first person), **epic / narrative** (the narrator speaks and lets other characters speak) and **drama** (all characters speak for themselves). The dichotomy of **tragedy** and **comedy** also goes back to the ancient times. Another common distinction is between **prose** and **poetry**, while the criterion of length accounts for such genres as **novel**, **novella** and **short story**. Content-related genre definitions are autobiography, biography, romance, gothic fiction, crime fiction, fantasy, science fiction, mysteries, historical novel, travel writing, etc.

When a fictional work is written with the intent of fitting within a certain genre, it is sometimes referred to as **genre fiction**, which is almost synonymous with **popular fiction**. It is assumed that these works are written mainly to entertain readers and gain commercial success. In contrast, **literary fiction** is uncategorised fiction that aspires to artistic expression. **Mainstream** literature is an ambiguous term which is used as the counterpart for both literary and popular fiction.

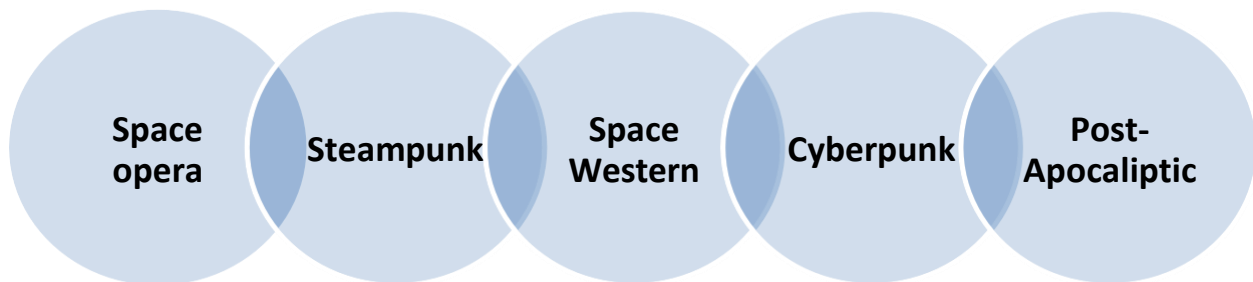
Each genre has its conventions and characteristic features, as well as **subgenres**. For example, fantasy fiction includes such varieties as epic, heroic, historic, comic, dark, urban and others. A **cross-genre** (or **hybrid** genre) relies on blending themes and elements from two or more different genres. Since genre attribution is conventional, it is sometimes problematic to establish the genre of a specific text, especially in cases when boundaries between genres are uncertain, as between fantasy and magic realism.

Task 1

- What is the difference between literary fiction and genre fiction? Provide examples of both.
- Have you read any cross-genre works? Did you enjoy them? Why / why not?

Task 2

Look at the subgenres of science fiction / fantasy below. Do you know their distinctive features? Use the Internet to help you.



Decide in which of these subgenres you are likely to come across...



- Victorian aesthetics
- interplanetary romance
- artificial intelligence
- robotic horses
- gritty urban settings
- sophisticated technology
- brilliant hackers
- intergalactic battles
- alternative life forms
- social chaos
- lawless frontiers
- zombies
- alternative versions of history

Task 3

Read the following review comments on Salman Rushdie's novel "The Enchantress of Florence". Which of them relate to the novel's genre? Do they inspire you to read the book? Why/why not?

"A romance of beauty and power from Italy to India... so delightful an homage to Renaissance magic and wonder."

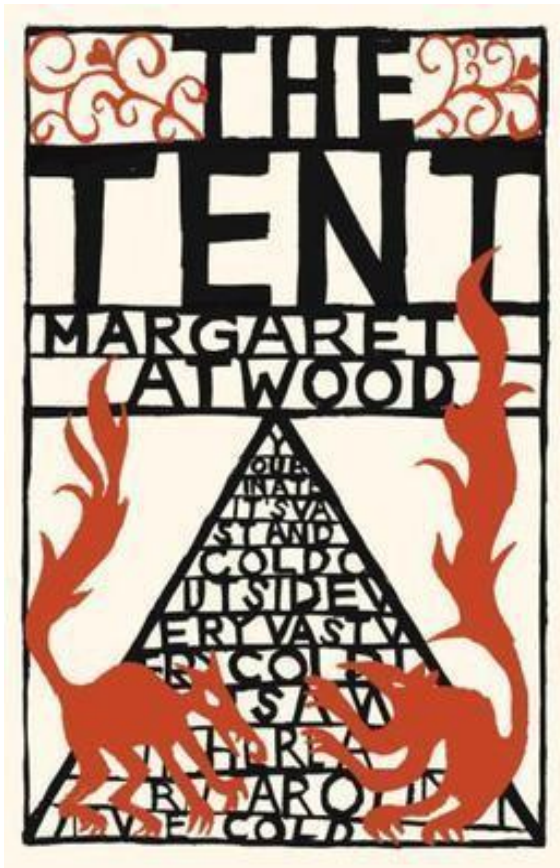
Michael Dirda, The Washington Post Book World

"This is 'history' jubilantly mixed with postmodernist magic realism."

Joyce Carol Oates, The New York Review of Books

"Brilliant... Rushdie's sumptuous mixture of history and fable is magnificent."

Ursula K. Le Guin, The Guardian



Margaret Atwood, a famous Canadian author, has always been experimenting with genres and pushing the boundaries in her fiction. Her collection **“The Tent”** (2006) contains diverse short pieces that are hard to categorise. They have been called “fictional essays” or “mini-fictions”, their prominent themes being feminism, ecology and fiction itself. Employing a number of metafictional strategies and reworking classical mythological and literary motifs, Atwood addresses the issues of fame, creativity and responsibility of a writer. Such stories as “Voice”, “Three Novels I Won’t Write Soon”, “But It Could Still”, “Plots for Exotics”,

“The Tent” are poignant and self-consciousness explorations of a writer’s mind, often with a bitter and satirical slant. Another satire in this collection, “Take Charge”, is directed at genre fiction and its limitations.

Read the story and say how the author attacks formulaic writing.

Take Charge by **Margaret Atwood**

I)

- Sir, their cannons have blown a hole in the ship. It’s below the waterline. Water is pouring into the hold, Sir.
- Don’t just stand there, you blockhead! Cut a piece of canvas, divedown, patch it!
- Sir, I can’t swim.
- Bloody hell and damn your eyes, what wetnurse let you go to sea? No help for it, I’ll have to do it myself. Hold my jacket. Put out that fire. Clear away those spars.
- Sir, my leg’s been shot off.
- Well do the best you can.

II)

- Sir, their anti-tank missiles have shredded the left tread on our tank.
- Don't just sit there, you nitwit! Take a wrench, crawl underneath the tank, fix it!
- Sir, I'm a gunner, not a mechanic. Anyway that wouldn't work.
- Why in hell do they send me useless twits like you? No help for it, I'll have to do it myself. Cover me with your machine gun. Stand by with grenades. Hand me that spanner.
- Sir, my arm's been burnt off.
- Well do the best you can.

III)

- Sir, their diabolical worm virus has infected our missile command system. It's eating the software like candy.
- Don't just lounge there, you dickhead! Get going with the firewalls, or whatever you use.
- Sir, I'm a screen monitor, not a troubleshooter.
- Shit in a bucket, what do they think we're running here, a beauty parlour? If you can't do it, where's the nerdy spot-faced geek who can?
- Sir, it was him wrote the virus. He was not a team player, Sir. The missiles have already launched and they're heading straight for us.
- No help for it, I'll have to do it myself. Hand me that sledgehammer.
- Sir, we've got sixty seconds.
- Well do the best you can.

IV)

- Sir, the makorin has malfunctioned and set off the pizzlewhistle. That has saddammed the glopzoid plapoodle. It may be the work of hostile nanobacons.
- Don't just hover there, you clonedrone! Dopples the magmatron, reboot the fragebender, and insert the hi-speed crockblade with the pessimal-point attachment! That'll captcha the nasty little biobots!
- Sir, the magmatron is not within my area of expertise.
- What pixelwit deployed you? No help for it, I'll have to do it myself. Hand me the mutesuck blandplaster!

– Sir, I have been brain-napped. My brain is in a jar in Uzbekistan, guarded by a phalanx of virtual gonkwarriors. I am speaking to you via simulation hologram.

– Well do the best you can.

V)

– Sir, the wild dogs have dug their way into the food cache and they're eating the winter supplies.



– Don't just squat there, you layabout! Pick up your stone axe and bash them on the head!

– Sir, these are not ordinary wild dogs. They are red-eyed demon-spirit dogs, sent by the angry ancestors. Anyway, my stone axe has a curse on it.

– By my mother's bones, what did I do to deserve such a useless duck-turd brother's nephew's son as you? No help for it, I'll have to do it myself. Recite the red-eyed demon-spirit dog-killing charm and hand me my consecrated sacred-fire-hardened spear.

– Sir, they've torn my throat out.

– Well do the best you can.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What happens in each of the five episodes of the story? 2. What is the relationship between the characters in the episodes?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What can you say about the genre of each episode? 2. Comment on the usage of nonce words (neologisms) in episode IV. What role do they play? 3. Why are the characters not named? 4. Which phrases are repeated in all five episodes and why? 5. What is the object of satire in "Take Charge"? What is the message of the story? 6. What is your attitude to genre fiction as opposed to literary fiction? 7. What other examples of satire in fiction can you remember?

Language Practice

Task 1: Pronunciation Tips

The final “e” in the English language is silent in the majority of cases, but not always. Some words of foreign origin retain their pronunciation, partially or completely. In certain cases this is marked diacritically, as in **café**, **cliché** or **fiancé**.

Decide how the final “e” is pronounced in the following words. Practise reading them aloud.

genre, café, simile, forte, apostrophe, Irene, cliché, recipe, epitome, hyperbole, fiancé, fiancée, Daphne, synecdoche, anemone, risqué, syncope, Hermione, catastrophe, manqué, finale

Which of the words are hard for you to pronounce? Make up tongue-twisters or rhymes to facilitate memorising of these words.

Task 2: Vocabulary



Study the words in the table below and translate the examples into your first language.

To evoke is to call up, trigger or produce an emotional reaction, a memory, an association, etc. The adjective evocative is often used to describe artistic elements.	The story abounds in descriptive passages that evoke the colours and smells of exotic lands. The author’s style is his forte: the language of the novel is richly evocative.
Poignant is an adjective used to refer to phenomena that evoke strong emotional reactions, especially sorrow, distress and compassion. It may imply keenness and intensity in certain contexts.	It’s a poignant coming-of-age story set in the post-war London. The film was subject to some poignant criticism. Revisiting the memories of his childhood gave him a poignant pleasure.
Atmospheric elements in fiction and art create a certain atmosphere and evoke an emotional and aesthetic response.	The book cover and illustrations are haunting and atmospheric. Atmospheric descriptions of autumnal landscapes lend the story a lyrical element.

Things that teasingly attract attention and arouse desire but stay out of reach are tantalising .	A tantalising book title piqued her curiosity. Have you seen the trailer of the “Game of Thrones” final season? Wasn’t it tantalising?
When artistic creations or their elements are shocking, suggestive or contain innuendos they may be called risqué or provocative .	The book has a risqué cover, but don’t let it put you off. George Carlin couldn’t think of a more provocative title for his book than “When Will Jesus Bring the Pork Chops?”: it offends three major religions in one go.
To catch one’s eye is to attract attention visually. The adjective is eye-catching .	The provocative title caught my eye, as well as the glaring pink of the cover. The cover artist had a hard time trying to produce an eye-catching design for this novel.
The term open loop is used in several spheres. As a rhetorical device, it means a phrase / text that instills curiosity and creates anticipation for what will come next. (Also known as “a tension loop”).	Stephen Colbert’s book “I Am America (And So Can You!)” cunningly employs an open loop in the title: one can’t help wondering how they might become America. A question in a book’s title often works as an open loop.

Work in pairs. What do you think of the three book covers on the next page?

Flip through the textbook and look at the covers and illustrations you’ll find there. Comment on them using the vocabulary above.

Task 3: Phrasal Verbs



Study the phrasal verbs in the table below and find equivalents for them in your language.

<p>To fall for something means to allow oneself to be persuaded, led or deceived by something. Another meaning is to be attracted, to come to admire someone or something.</p>	<p>The author uses open loops in the beginning of every story. I know it's a cliché, but I always fall for it anyway. I started watching the series and I soon fell for the main heroine. I hope she won't die in the finale.</p>
<p>To live up to (a promise, a claim, reputation, hype, etc.) is to reach the expected standard.</p>	<p>Despite the atmospheric artwork the graphic novel didn't live up to the expectation. Adaptations seldom live up to their source material.</p>
<p>To conjure up means to evoke or suggest (a visual image). It also means to summon something by magic.</p>	<p>The cover conjures up a vision of high-tech futuristic world. Do you expect me to just conjure up a diploma for you?</p>
<p>To have somebody on is to persuade someone that something is true when it is not, usually as a joke.</p>	<p>I don't believe it's a real title! You are having me on! They called her the epitome of beauty? I'm afraid they were having her on.</p>
<p>To draw someone in / into something means to cause (slowly but firmly) their involvement.</p>	<p>You won't stay away from the argument: they'll draw you into it sooner or later. I picked this book on a whim at the library because it had a funny title, and I soon got drawn in.</p>

Work in pairs. Discuss incidents from your experiences when you were drawn into something or fell for someone to your own surprise.

COLD COMFORT BOOKS



R. CLT

Exploring Titles

The title of a fictional work is its integral and significant part. It is one of the first elements to attract and intrigue potential readers by creating certain expectations. As the story unfolds, the reader may return to the title again to confirm or dismiss their initial perceptions and gain new insights. Since titles often rely on intertextuality, a broader context is sometimes needed to decipher its message.

Read the passage on titles taken from David Lodge's "The Art of Fiction" and say how the tradition of naming novels has changed with time:

"The titles of the earliest English novels were invariably the names of the central characters, *Moll Flanders*, *Tom Jones*, *Clarissa*. Fiction was modeling itself on, and sometimes disguising itself as, biography and autobiography. Later novelists realized that titles could indicate a theme (*Sense and Sensibility*), suggest an intriguing mystery (*The Woman in White*), or promise a certain kind of setting and atmosphere (*Wuthering Heights*). At some point in the nineteenth century they began to hitch their stories to resonant literary quotations (*Far From the Madding Crowd*), a practice that persists throughout the twentieth (*Where Angels Fear To Tread*, *A Handful of Dust*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*), though it is now perhaps regarded as a little corny. The great modernists were drawn to symbolic or metaphorical titles - *Heart of Darkness*, *Ulysses*, *The Rainbow* - while more recent novelists often favour whimsical, riddling, off-beat titles, like *The Catcher in the Rye*, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*, *For Black Girls Who Consider Suicide When The Rainbow Is Not Enough*."¹

Task 1

Symbolic and metaphorical titles are still widely used in contemporary fiction. Comment on the concepts and ideas expressed figuratively in the following titles of famous novels:

- ❖ "The Silence of the Lambs" by Thomas Harris
- ❖ "The Devil Wears Prada" by Lauren Weisberger
- ❖ "The Lovely Bones" by Alice Sebold.

What can you add to this list?

¹ David Lodge, *The Art of Fiction*, p. 193-194.

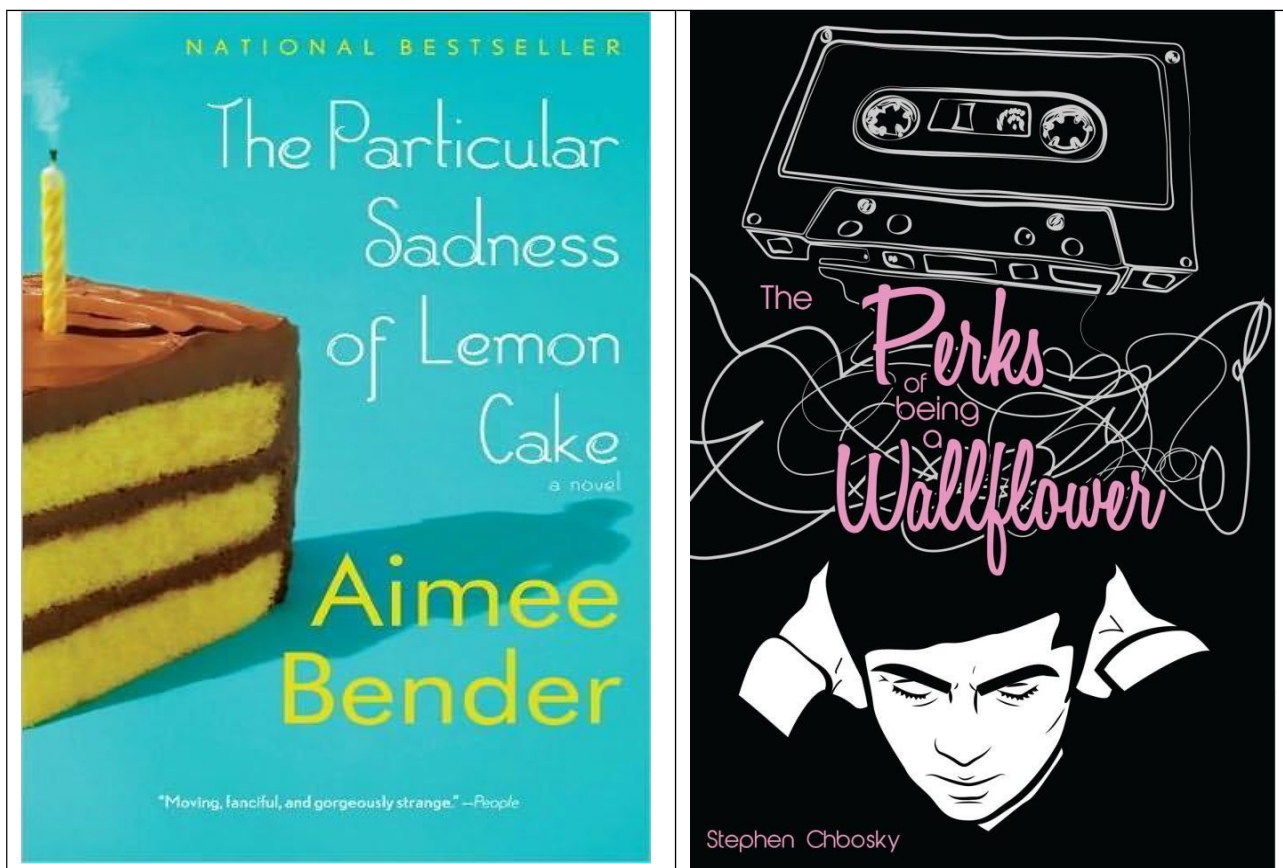
Task 2

Titles often contain various stylistic devices. Identify the tropes used in the titles of novels and plays given below and group them accordingly. There should be at least 5 groups. Some of the titles may belong to more than one group.

“Equal Rites” “Of Mice and Men” “How to Lose Friends and Alienate People” “Nostradamus Ate My Hamster” “The Importance of Being Earnest” “Alone Together” “A Dance with Dragons” “The Fifth Elephant” “Neverwhere” “The Hollow Chocolate Bunnies of the Apocalypse” “The Sound of Silence” “Deaf Sentence” “Pygmalion” “Up the Down Staircase” “Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?” “Cabbages and Kings” “This is Not a Novel” “Wintersmith” “Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?”

Task 3

Look at the covers and the titles and guess what these books are about:



Choose one of the books you have recently read and show its cover to the class. Can they guess the genre of the book and what it is about?

Use the words and expression from the vocabulary section above in your answers.

Writing

Task 1: Games with Titles



There are online generators of novel titles. Use one of those or make up your own title and give it to your classmate. They must choose the genre for this title and write a short summary of the plot.

Task 2: It Caught My Eye



Write a post for social media about a book with an intriguing title you have read. Explain what your expectations were and whether the book lived up to them.

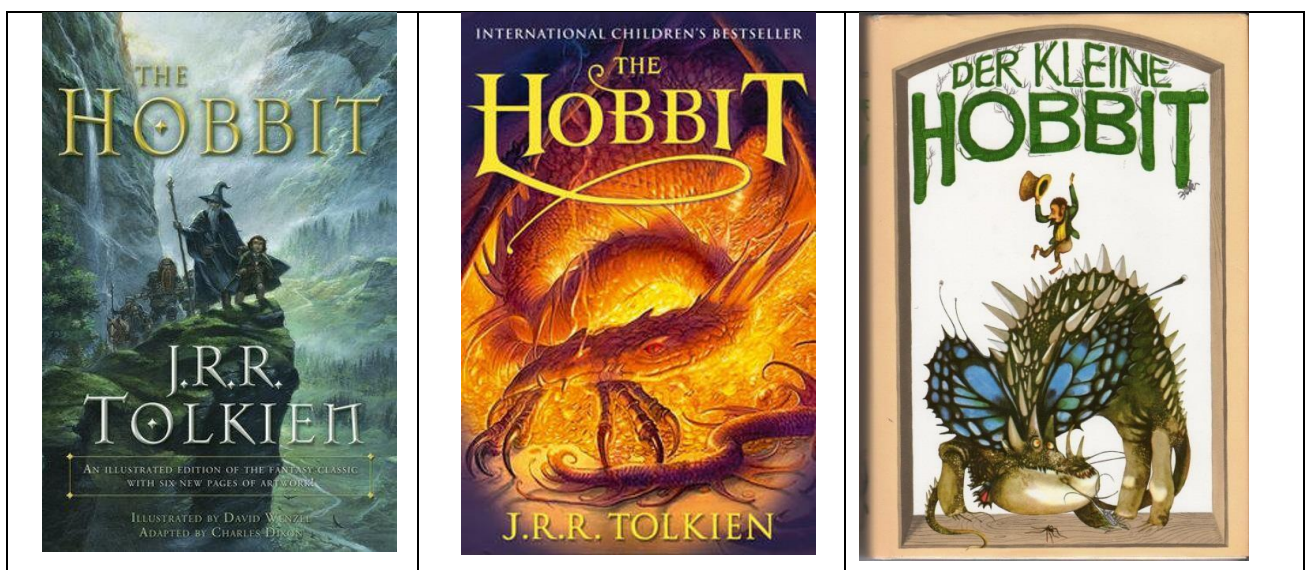
PROJECT

The Cover Code



Choose a famous book that has been published many times in different editions. Look at the selection of covers and study them from a multimodal perspective. What concepts does each cover represent? What images are used to convey these concepts? How are they connected with the story in the book? Do you think they reflect its tone / atmosphere / style? Do any of the covers evoke the feeling of cognitive dissonance? Which ones are your most and least favourite and why?

Answer these and other questions that may be relevant and present your ideas in class.

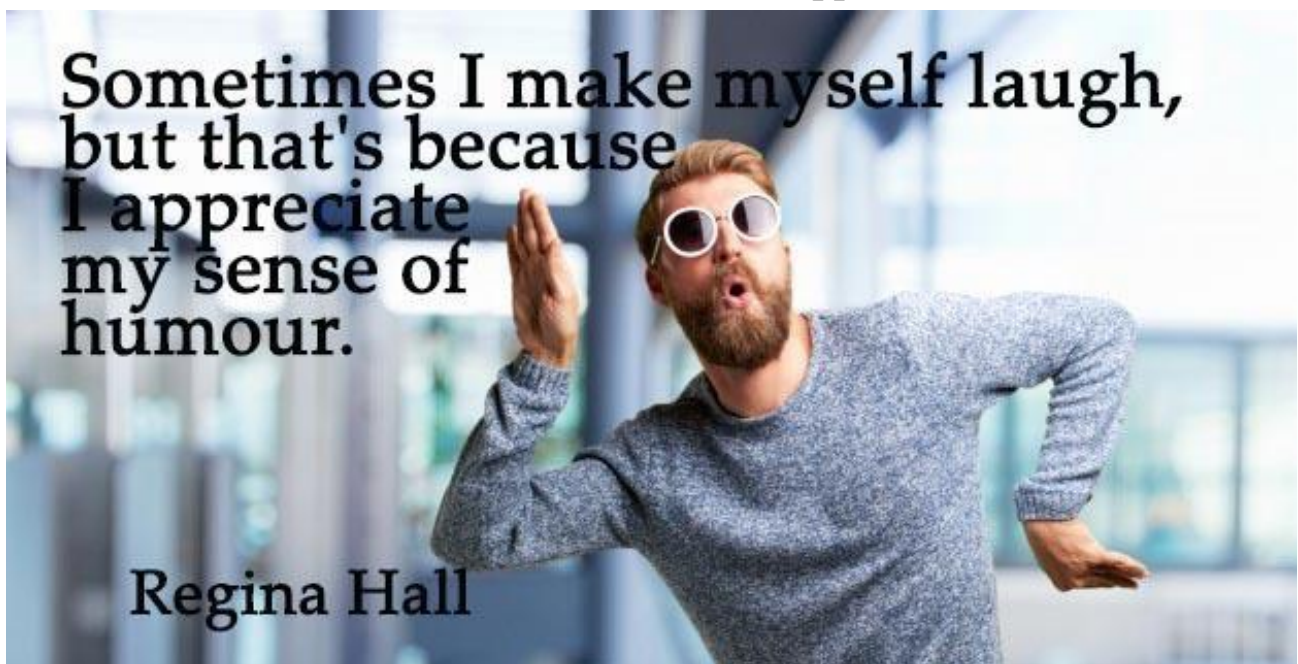


UNIT 2

What's So Funny? Humour in Contemporary Fiction

Lead In

- ❖ Remember a recent case when you heard, read or watched something funny. Tell the class how you felt in the situation.
- ❖ How would you define a “sense of humour”? Why does people’s appreciation of humour differ?
- ❖ Do people always laugh at your jokes? Describe a situation when the humour was lost on someone. Explain why it happened.



Explaining Humour

Attempts at defining and explaining humour have been made since the ancient times. The modern thought distinguishes between laughter and humour, the former being a physiological reaction to stimuli, while the latter is seen as cognitive experience characterised by the tendency to be amused. There are a number of theories explaining humour from different perspectives. Three principal groups of theories are Relief, Superiority and Incongruity theories. Psychoanalytical or **Relief theories**, associated with Sigmund Freud and Herbert Spencer, connect humour and laughter to the tension-release model of energy preservation. The main categories in this school of thought are repressed energy and mechanisms of its release. Tension, created by the

necessity of a serious emotional reaction, is thought to be dispelled when the situation is treated as humorous. This explanation accounts for the fact that so many jokes and other comic genres target taboo topics.

Sociological or **Superiority theories** connect humour to social disruption and aggressive feelings we have towards other people. Such views are found in the teachings of Plato and Aristotle, while the idea of superiority itself, or “sudden glory” that we experience when we feel our supremacy over others, was expressed by Thomas Hobbes in the 17th century. The concept of inferiority as a prerequisite of certain comic manifestations (such as self-deprecating humour) has been incorporated into their theories by modern thinkers (e.g., Robert Solomon).

The most influential theories are built on the notion of **incongruity**. This approach has been applied by philosophers, psychologists and linguists (James Beattie, Immanuel Kant, Søren Kierkegaard, Arthur Schopenhauer, Victor Raskin and others). The core concept of incongruity is defined differently by scholars, who connect it with **absurdity, irrelevance, ambiguity, logical impossibility**, etc., but the underlying idea is that our perception of certain phenomena is characterised by disruption of our regular cognitive processes and violation of our expectations. John Morreall refers to this experience as a “mental jolt” and he states that to make it humorous the state of **disengagement** is necessary: only in this case we are able to enjoy it and feel amusement.

It is important to understand that these theories are not mutually exclusive or competing: they look at the complex phenomenon of humour from different angles, singling out the aspects they consider to be crucial. Many premises relating to superiority, tension relief or incongruity models have been further developed in linguistic research, social psychology, theory of genres and other spheres.

Task 1

Go back to the situations you have discussed in the “Lead In” section. Decide whether your experience corresponds to the basic pattern of humour described by John Morreall:

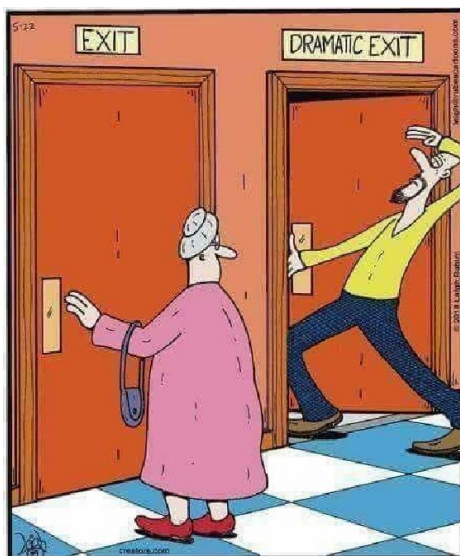
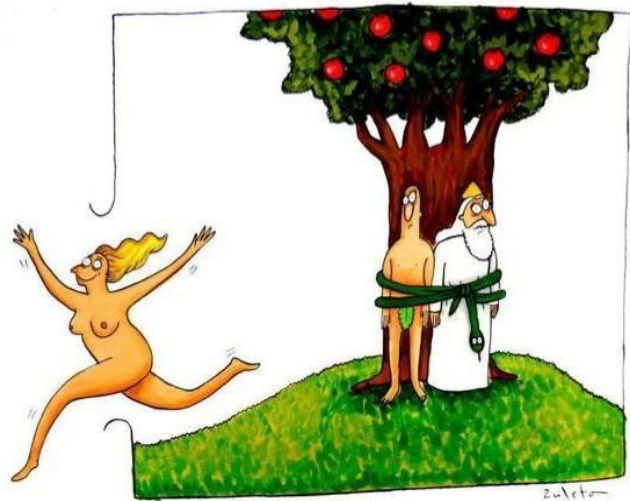
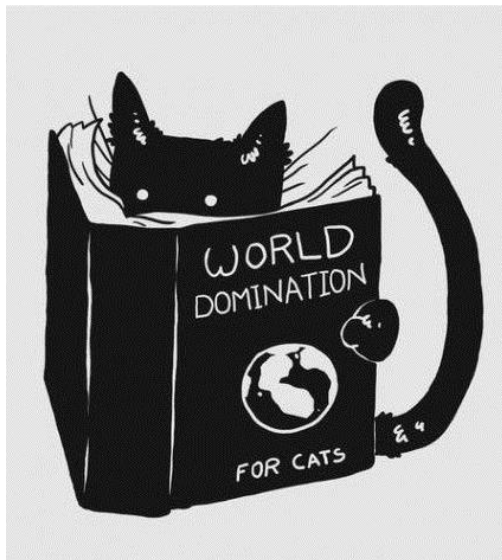
1. We experience a *cognitive shift* – a rapid change in our perceptions or thoughts.

2. We are in a *play mode* rather than a serious mode, disengaged from conceptual and practical concerns.
3. Instead of responding to the cognitive shift with shock, confusion, puzzlement, fear, anger, or other negative emotions, we *enjoy it*.
4. Our pleasure at the cognitive shift is expressed in *laughter*, which signals to others that they can relax and play too².

Which of the humour theories does Morreall's model correlate with?

Task 2

Work in pairs. Look at the images below and explain the comic effect in them applying humour theories. Find out whether your partner's reactions to the images are similar to yours or different.



Which of the images rely on intertextuality? Which one is satirical?

² John Morreall, *Comic Relief. A Comprehensive Philosophy of Humor*, p. 50.

Classifying Humour

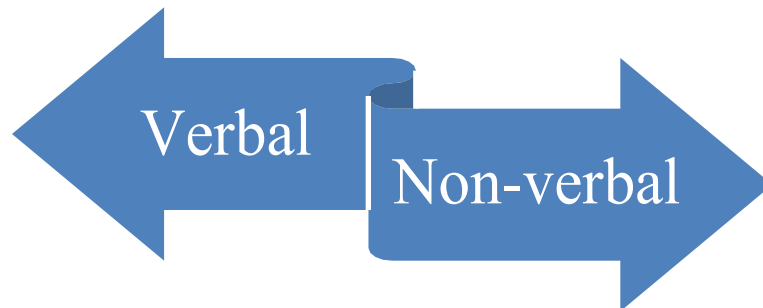
Due to the fact that humour manifests in a multitude of forms in different media and in everyday life, the question of its typology is a tricky one. A major distinction is between **verbal** and **non-verbal** humour (visual, physical, musical, etc.). Since humour is extensively used in fiction, film, drama and television, it is possible to classify it according to the genre. The broad term for any genre that relies on humour is **comedy**, while more specific categories include **situational comedy** (sitcom), **comedy of manners**, **romantic comedy** (with its subgenre of **screwball comedy**), **physical comedy**, **stand-up**, **sketch comedy**, etc. Each of these has its arsenal of methods (devices, techniques), such as **slapstick**, **visual gags**, **running gags**, **double takes**, **pantomime**, **deadpan humour**, **punchline** and many others. Such important forms as **parody**, **satire** and **irony** are ubiquitous in comedy genres and they have their own varieties and classifications.

When we speak of styles and varieties of humour, we may apply the criteria of ethnicity (British humour, Jewish humour, etc.), subject matter (**black humour**, **blue / off-colour humour**, **gallows humour**, **medical humour**, etc.), social group (**highbrow humour**, **juvenile humour**, etc.) or interpersonal relationships (**self-enhancing**, **affiliative**, **aggressive** and **self-deprecating** styles of humour). Psychologists also speak of functions of humour regarding it as a protection mechanism and a means of facilitating social interaction. Numerous studies focus on differences in individual perception and usage of humour with regard to age, gender and social factors. A body of linguistic research of humour elucidates the ways incongruity is revealed in language and how it correlates with authors' idiostyles, genres and media.



Task 1

Look at the lists of devices / techniques of creating humour below and decide which of them are **verbal** and which are **non-verbal**. Draw a diagram in your notebooks. Decide which of these can occur accidentally, without the intended humorous effect?



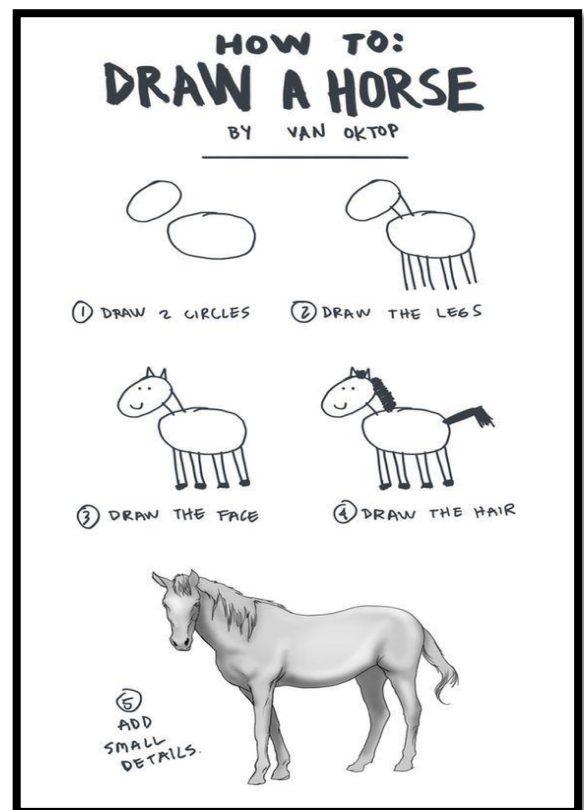
pun, deadpan, slapstick, malapropism, visual gag, spoonerism, punchline, double take, nonce words, double entendre, practical joke, one liner

Task 2

Watch a 2018 TED talk given by Christoph Niemann, an illustrator and graphic designer, “You are fluent in this language (and don’t even know it)”³. Comment on the way Niemann uses verbal and visual humour. Explain what he means by...

- ✓ Abstract-o-meter
- ✓ Visual and cultural vocabulary
- ✓ Aha moment
- ✓ Sunday sketching

What is the most important skill for an artist, according to Niemann? Do you agree with him? Can it be applied to comedy creation as well?



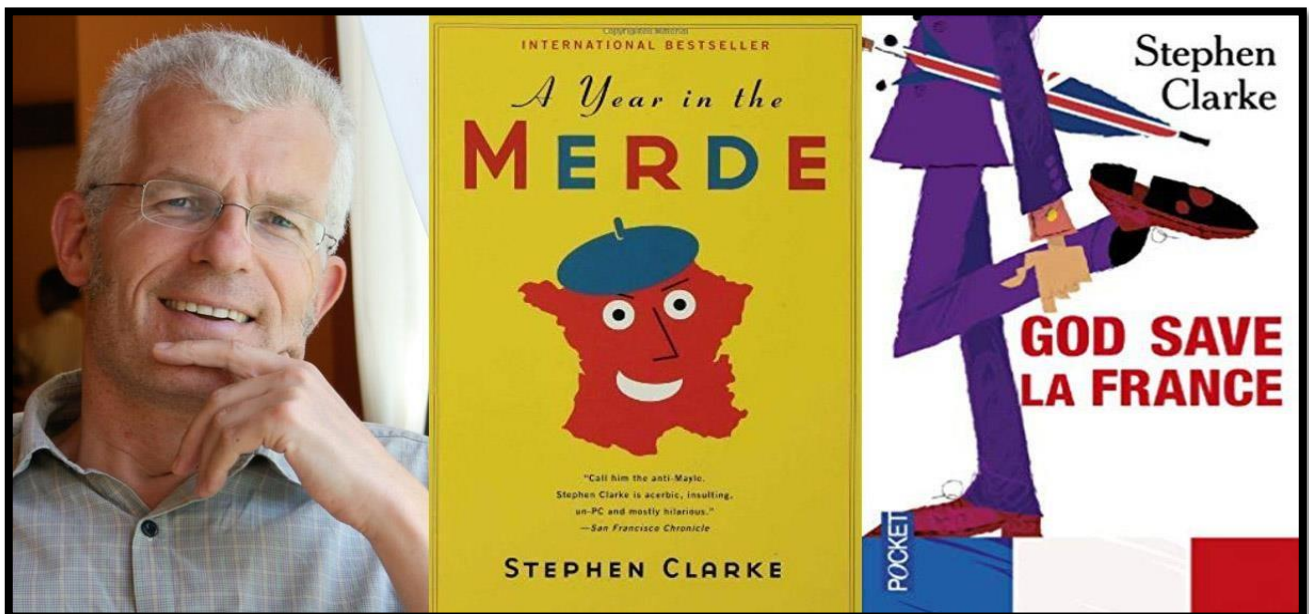
Look at the image on the right. How are the visual and verbal aspects of the picture combined to produce a humorous effect? Use theories of humour in your analysis.

³ https://www.ted.com/talks/christoph_niemann_you_are_fluent_in_this_language_and_don_t_even_know_it#t-746600

The Humour of a Culture Clash

Stephen Clarke (born in 1958) is a comic British author. He wrote comedy sketches for BBC Radio and comic-book stories, but he became successful when he started writing about the clash between English and French cultures. His first book in this series was called “A Year in the Merde” which he self-published in 2004. Afterwards it gained critical acclaim, both in the UK and France, and was published in many languages. Clarke has written sequels for this book, each of which deals with the French theme in a humorous way and has “Merde” in the title.

“**A Year in the Merde**” tells the story of a 27-year-old single Englishman, Paul West, who gets a one-year contract in France and works with a team of French colleagues on a project to launch a chain of English tea rooms in Paris. The cultural differences between the British and the French are the chief source of humour in the books, encompassing such spheres as work ethics, education, politics, medical system, personal relationships, languages, cuisine and everyday life. In France, the title of the novel was changed to “God Save la France”.



Read the episodes below or listen to their audio version. How is the culture clash rendered in them?

Episode 1

The year does not begin in January. Every French person knows that. Only awkward English-speakers think it starts in January.

The year really begins on the first Monday of September.

This is when Parisians get back to their desks after their month-long holiday and begin working out where they'll go for the mid-term break in November. It's also when every French project, from a new hairdo to a nuclear power station, gets under way, which is why, at 9am on the first Monday of September, I was standing a hundred yards from the Champs-Élysées watching people kissing.

My good friend Chris told me not to come to France. Great lifestyle, he said, great food, and totally un-politically correct women with great underwear. But, he warned me, the French are hell to live with. He worked in the London office of a French bank for three years.

"They made all us Brits redundant the day after the French football team got knocked out of the World Cup. No way was that a coincidence," he told me. His theory was that the French are like the woman scorned. Back in 1940 they tried to tell us they loved us, but we just laughed at their accents and their big-nosed General de Gaulle, and ever since we've done nothing but poison them with our disgusting food and try to wipe the French language off the face of the Earth. That's why they built refugee camps yards from the Eurotunnel entrance and refuse to eat our beef years after it was declared safe. It's permanent payback time, he said. Don't go there.

Sorry, I told him, I've got to go and check out that underwear.

Normally, I suppose you would be heading for disaster if the main motivation for your job mobility was the local lingerie, but my one-year contract started very promisingly.

I found my new employer's offices - a grand-looking 19th-century building sculpted out of milky-gold stone - and walked straight into an orgy.

There were people kissing while waiting for the lift. People kissing in front of a drinks machine. Even the receptionist was leaning across her counter to smooch with someone - a woman, too - who'd entered the building just ahead of me.

Wow, I thought, if there's ever a serious epidemic of facial herpes, they'll have to get condoms for their heads.

Of course I knew the French went in for cheek-kissing, but not on this scale. I wondered if it wasn't company policy to get a neckload of Ecstasy before coming into work.

I edged closer to the reception desk where the two women had stopped kissing and were now exchanging news. The company obviously didn't believe in glamorous front-office girls, because the receptionist had a masculine face that seemed much more suited to scowling than smiling. She was complaining about something I didn't understand.

I beamed my keenest new-boy smile at her. No acknowledgement. I stood in the "yes, I'm here and I wouldn't mind being asked the purpose of my visit" zone for a full minute. Zilch. So I stepped forward and spouted out the password I'd memorized: "Bonjour, je suis Paul West. Je viens voir Monsieur Martin."

The two women gabbled on about having "dejeuner", which I knew was lunch, and they made at least half a dozen I'll-phone-you gestures before the receptionist finally turned to me.

"Monsieur?" No apology. They might kiss each other, but I could kiss off. I repeated my password. Or tried to.

"Bonjour, je..." No, my head was full of suppressed anger and linguistic spaghetti. "Paul West," I said. "Monsieur Martin." Who needs verbs? I managed another willing smile.

The receptionist - name badge: Marianne, personality: Hannibal Lecter - tutted in reply.

I could almost hear her thinking, can't speak any French. Probably thinks De Gaulle had a big nose. Bastard.

"I'll call his assistant," she said, probably. She picked up the phone and punched in a number, all the while giving me a tip-toe inspection as if she didn't think I was of the required standard to meet the boss.

Do I really look that bad?, I wondered. I'd made an effort to be as chic as a Brit in Paris should be. My best grey-black Paul Smith suit (my only Paul Smith suit). A shirt so white that it looked as if it'd been made from silkworms fed on bleach, and an electrically zingy Hermes tie that could have powered the whole Paris metro if I'd plugged it in. I'd even worn my black silk boxers to give my self-esteem an invisible boost. French women aren't the only ones who can do underwear.

No way did I deserve such a withering look, especially not in comparison to most of the people I'd seen entering the building - guys looking like Dilbert, women in drab catalogue skirts, lots of excessively comfortable shoes.

“Christine? J’ai un Monsieur - ?” Marianne the receptionist squinted over at me. This was my cue to do something, but what?

“Votre nom?” Marianne asked, rolling her eyes upwards and turning the last word into a huff of despair at my slug-like stupidity.



“Paul West.”

“Pol Wess,” Marianne said, “a visitor for Monsieur Martin.” She hung up.

“Sit over there,” she said in slow, talking-to-Alzheimer-sufferer French.

The boss evidently kept the glamorous ones in his office, because Christine, the assistant who took me up to the fifth floor, was a tall brunette with poise and a dark-lipped smile that would have melted a man’s trousers at twenty paces. I was standing mere inches away from her in the lift, looking deep down into her eyes, breathing in her perfume. Slightly cinnamon. She smelt edible. It was one of those occasions when you think, come on, lift, conk out now. Get jammed between two floors. I’ve had a pee, I can take the wait. Just give me an hour or two to work my charm with a captive audience.

Trouble is, I would have had to teach her English first. When I tried to chat her up, she just smiled stunningly and apologized in French for not understanding a bloody word. Still, here at least was one Parisienne who didn’t seem to hate me.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why did Paul’s friend advise him not to go to France? Why did he go anyway? 2. Which of the elements of the French everyday culture impresses the narrator the most?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Comment on the narrative perspective of the text. Why does the author use it, in your opinion? 2. Did you find the episode funny? Why / why not? 3. Which running gag does the author use? 4. Which linguistic means are employed to create a humorous effect? 5. Have you ever been discriminated on the basis of your nationality / ethnicity? Tell the class about it.

Episode 2

On the same day, after meeting his new colleagues, Paul discusses the name of the project with them. Jean-Marie is the head of the company.

As we were all chums together now, I decided to throw in my little idea. Nothing controversial.

“I thought we could decide on a working name for the project,” I suggested. “Just something temporary, you know, to give us an identity as a team. Something like Tea Time.”

“Oh.” It was Bernard, jerking himself upright. “No, we av nem. Ma Tea Eez Reesh.”

I frowned, the others laughed. I turned to Jean-Marie for help. He was looking elsewhere.

“My Tea Is Rich? As a brand name for the tea rooms? It’s not really a name,” I ventured. “It doesn’t really *mean* anything.”

“Uh.” Bernard was crap at English but clearly very good at monosyllables. “Ma Tea Eez Reesh eez funny nem. Eaties Ingleesh oomoor.”

“English humour? But we don’t say that.”

“Oh.” Bernard turned to Jean-Marie for support.

“Of course it should be my *tailor*,” Jean-Marie explained.

“Your tailor?” I felt as if I was in the middle of a surrealist film. In a minute Salvador Dali was going to fly in through the window with a baguette sticking out of his trousers.

“My tailor is rich¹,” Jean-Marie said.

“Is he?” Here comes Salvador, I thought, but all I could see out the window was the Eiffel Tower as usual.

“My tailor is rich is a typical English expression.” “It’s not.”

“But French people think it is. It was in the old language books.”

“OK, OK, I think I’m with you,” I said. The others were peering at me as if I was about to get the joke at last and laugh. “It’s like my postilion has been struck by lightning².”

“Uh?” Now it was the French team’s turn to look lost.

“It’s from our old language books,” I said. “I get you now.” I put on a eureka smile. Everyone nodded. Misunderstanding cleared up. Problem solved.

“But it’s still an awful name.” I mean, I had to tell them for their own good.

For the good of the project.

“Oh!”

“You absolutely want Tea Time?” Jean-Marie was not looking keen. “This is a bit flat.”

“No, not absolutely. Just as a provisional name. I suggest we get a market survey done before deciding on the definitive brand, but meanwhile let’s choose a simple working title. If you don’t like Tea Time, how about Tea For Two?”

“Oh no.” This was Stéphanie. “Dis is flat also. We want fonny nem. Like Bare-narr say, Ingleesh oomoor.”

“And, er, if we coll eet Tease Café?” Marc said. “Tease Café?” I was lost again.

“Yuh. Tea, apostrof, s, café,” Marc explained. Stéphanie nodded. Good idea.

“Tea’s Café? But that’s not English either.”

“Yes,” Stéphanie retorted. “You av many nems with apostrof. Arry’s Bar. Liberty’s Statue.”

“Brooklyn’s Bridge,” Marc said.

“Trafalgar’s Square,” Bernard added. “No...”

“Roll’s Royce,” Bernard said, on a roll. “No!” Where did they get this crap?

“In France this is considered very English.” Jean-Marie was playing interpreter again. “There is an American café on the Champs-Elysees called Sandwich’s Café.”

“Yes.” Stéphanie confirmed this with a prod of her finger on to the table.

“OK, but it’s not English,” I had to insist. “It’s like when you call a campsite ‘un camping’ or a car park ‘un parking’. You may think it’s English, but it’s not.”

“Oh.” Stéphanie appealed to Jean-Marie the referee. An attack on the French language? Yellow card³, surely?

“Each country adapts the culture of the other country,” Jean-Marie said.

“When I was in England, all the restaurants had strawberry crème brulée. But crème brulée is crème brulée. Why not have a strawberry baguette? Or a strawberry camembert?”

The French team nodded their approval of Jean-Marie’s firm but fair discipline.

“Yes, it is like you Ingleesh you put orange joo-eece in shompagne,” Stéphanie said. “Merde alors.” The others winced in sympathy at this desecration of their national treasure.

“But you put blackcurrant liqueur in champagne to make kir royal⁴.” I’d read this in my guidebook and now wished I hadn’t. French eyebrows knitted at my English know-it-all repartee.

Jean-Marie tried to pour some virgin olive oil on things. “We will make a market survey. We will test these names and others. We will make a list of our suggestions.”

“Right.” I nodded like a plastic Alsatian in the back of a car, eager to accept this brilliant idea coming from the French diplomat.

“Bernard can maybe organize it,” Jean-Marie suggested.

Bernard smiled. He was the man for the job. From the dull twinkle in his eye I could tell he was confident of persuading the pollsters to go with his idea.

“OK, very constructive,” Jean-Marie said. “This is a real Anglo-style meeting. Taking decisions.”

Decisions? We can’t agree, so we decide to pay a consultant who’s going to be bribed into agreeing with the guy with the crappiest ideas. Didn’t seem very constructive to me. But then it was my first ever French meeting. I had a lot to learn.

Notes

1. “My tailor is rich” is indeed a phrase from old textbooks which has been parodied so many times that it has become a well-known meme in the French culture.
2. “My postillion has been struck by lightning” is an example of ridiculous phrases presumably found in the 19th and early 20th century phrase books and language textbooks.
3. A yellow card (in football) is shown by the referee to indicate that a player has been officially cautioned.
4. Kir Royal is a French cocktail, which consists of crème de cassis (blackcurrant liqueur) topped with champagne.

Comprehension



1. Why didn’t the French colleagues like Paul’s suggestions for the name? Why did they want?
2. Why didn’t Paul like their suggestions?
3. What solution did Jean-Marie offer?

Discussion



1. How is the French accent rendered in the episode?
2. Which imagery does the author use to convey the narrator's state of bewilderment?
3. Which other linguistic means are employed to create a humorous effect?
4. Have you ever had an experience of a cultural clash or a situation when the humour was lost due to cultural or linguistic differences? Tell the class about it.



A still from the French comedy film “Gendarme in New York” (1965) starring Louis de Funès, in which the French police officers are trying to learn English.

Language Practice

Task 1: Pronunciations Tips

The letter combination “ue” can cause pronunciation problems since it can be silent in the end, but not always so. In the middle of the word it also can produce different sounds.

Read the words below and group them into 5 different sections.

“ue” is silent	/ju:/	Other (/jʊe/, /jʊə/, /eɪ/, /e/, /we/, /ɪ/)
<i>issue, queue, rescue, colleague, intrigue, banquet, Prague, guess, biscuit, grotesque, baguette, liqueur, subdue, bouquet, vague, argue, innuendo, technique, pursue, quest, analogue, burlesque, baroque, calque, construe</i>		

Create phrase and tongue-twisters of your own to help you practise these words.

Task 2: Full and Bare Infinitives



The choice between the infinitive with “to” (full infinitive) and without “to” (bare infinitive) is entirely based on collocation. It is recommended therefore to memorise and practice the following collocations.

FULL INFINITIVE	BARE INFINITIVE
<p>Modal verbs: have to, be able to, ought to, need to.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • I had to look up the word “poignant”. • You ought not to make fun of other people. <p>Be going to do something</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • She is surely going to draw him into this. • I’m not going to use such a risqué title! <p>Ask (get, want, tell, persuade, advise, warn, teach, force, assist, allow, etc.) someone to do something.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • They persuaded me to go with their idea. • She taught me to use witty repartees. • He warned me not to act as a know-it-all. • The boss got us to work on the project. 	<p>Modal verbs: must, may, can, could, should.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Can I pick your brain about something? • You mustn’t use innuendos in your essay. • They couldn’t decide on a working title for their project. <p>Make (have, let) someone do something.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Her jokes make me laugh. • Don’t let him make a fool of himself. • The teacher had the students write their emails.

The collocation **help (to) do something** can be used with both full and bare infinitive: She helped me understand this. Mum helped me to cook it.

Work in pairs. React to the statements below using the collocations above, as in the example. How many reactions can you think of?

➤ I can’t believe you fell for it!

➤ Yes, I should have **known** it was another of his practical jokes. It'll **teach me not to be** so naïve. I **am not going to let anyone take** me in again.

1. I think you have a warped sense of humour.
2. The show was hilarious, don't you think?
3. These gender jokes are so controversial. Not my kind of humour.
4. Do you get these double entendres? I am out of my depth!
5. It's so confusing: the word "anecdote" in English doesn't mean the same as the identical word in my first language.
6. The film makes the most of the culture clash between the Brits and Americans. I was rooting for the Brits though. And you?
7. The cover uses a visual gag. I can never resist an eye-catching image.
8. Do you think that "Fun is my Forte" sounds flat? It's a tantalising title!

Writing



Your friend has asked her facebook friends to recommend her a hilarious book or film. Write a comment to her post with your recommendation, explaining why you found this particular fictional work funny.

Project



Humour and Stereotypes

A lot of humour in contemporary fiction and television (especially sitcoms) is based on typical behaviour patterns that people associate with ethnic or social groups, gender and age. What is your attitude to the humour of stereotypes? Do you always find it funny? Choose humorous fictional works that rely on stereotypical portrayals of people and analyse the effect they produce. Present the results of your research in class.



UNIT 3

Now and Then: Exploring Narrative Time

Lead In

1. Would you like to go back in time or to the future? If yes, which era / year would you go to and why?
2. Which stories do you prefer:
 - ❖ the ones which are told in a linear mode or those with multiple flashbacks?
 - ❖ the ones where everything happens quickly or where the events unfold slowly, with a lot of descriptions and details?

Explain your choice.



Time in Narrative

Stories tell us about events happening one after another in time and it takes time to tell stories. In other words, there is **story time** and **discourse time**, and there are several ways they can interact. When this interaction is discussed, the notion of **pace** is often applied: when action moves fast, the story is perceived as **fast-paced**, while narratives wherein more words are used to describe each scene and a lot of background information is given tend to be **slow-paced**.

In general, story time and discourse time are seldom **isochronic** (it seldom takes the same time to tell of events as it actually takes for them to happen). Events are often **speeded up** (accelerated), although sometimes dialogues or depictions of actions may take approximately the same time as they do in real

life. Sometimes events are **slowed down** with the help of descriptive passages or even **paused**, as authors engage in **digressions** or depictions of backgrounds, settings or characters' inner states. When an event happens in the fictional world, but is not mentioned at all, it is referred to as an **ellipsis**. In terms of **chronology**, story time and discourse time may differ with regard to the sequencing of events. The main techniques that violate the chronological sequence of events are **analepsis** (flashback) and **prolepsis** (flashforward) that can be used in a variety of ways. For example, narratives can immerse readers in the unfolding events **in medias res** and then provide the necessary background as a flashback. Alternatively, narration may move forwards and backwards, as it does in Vonnegut's famous "Slaughterhouse- Five" to show that the main character is "unstuck in time". It is also common to use discourse time as a frame or to let the story unfold in two or more **parallel timelines**, one of which is the timeframe of the narrator. The technique of **foreshadowing** allows authors to give hints as to what will happen next, such as the famous **Chekhov's Gun** device.

All in all, genre fiction tends to be **plot-driven** and fast-paced, with a preference for chronological sequencing, while it is more expected of literary fiction to provide abundant background information, evocative descriptive passages and psychological insights into characters' minds, which results in comparatively slow pacing of narration. Unusual and complex time arrangements are also more characteristic of literary fiction, while the trope of **time travel**, which may or may not result in a sophisticated timeframe, is often found in science fiction, historical novels and other genres.

Task 1

Consider how time is presented in cinematography.

Can events in cinema be...

- ✓ speeded up?
- ✓ slowed down?
- ✓ isochronic?
- ✓ paused?

Discuss in groups what effects can be achieved in each case. Provide examples for your answers.



Task 2

Read the plot summaries below and decide which ones describe story time, discourse time or both.

1. The protagonist travels several decades back in time and meets his own parents when they were young.
2. The time is reversed for the hero: he is born an old man and then he gradually gets younger.
3. The novel is slow-paced and longwinded, although it covers a span of a single day from the life of the protagonist.
4. The story has two timelines: one is the past, recounting the heroine's encounter with the aliens in detail and one in the future, in which she remember the whole lifespan of her future child in a series of brief foreshadowings.
5. The story is told in the third-person omniscient, predominantly using the protagonist as a focalisor and following his own timeline. But occasionally the narration switches back to the times before his birth introducing information relevant to the plot in a variety of inventive techniques.

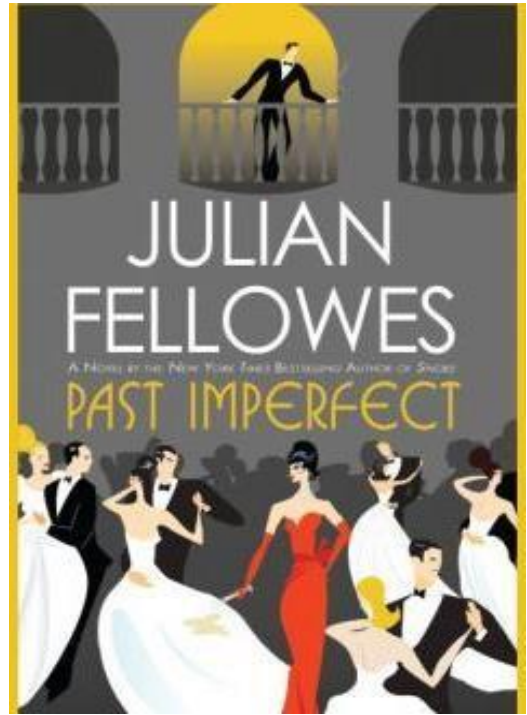
Can you think of examples to match these summaries?

Narrating Past and Present



Julian Fellowes (born in 1949) is an English author, actor, film director and screenwriter. He is a Conservative peer of the House of Lords, his official title being Lord Fellowes of West Stafford. He is best known as the author of the screenplay for “Gosford Park” (2001), for which he won the Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay; and as the creator, writer and executive producer of the hugely popular television series “Downton Abbey” (2010–2015). Most of his fiction (both novels and screenplays) focus on the concerns of the British upper class.

The novel **“Past Imperfect”** (2009) is set in two distinct timeframes: the débutante season in London of 1968 and the contemporary world of 2008. The protagonist of the story is a writer who is commissioned by his former friend, the fabulously rich Damian Baxter, to find out which of the women from their common past might be the mother of Damian’s child (Damian is dying and he wishes to discover an heir to his enormous fortune). The protagonist reluctantly agrees to undertake this quest, which plunges him into a painful contact with the past, and the story of his youth gradually unfolds in a series of flashbacks intertwined with the narrative of his present-day search. The comparison of the worlds of 1968 and 2008 targets a number of social issues surrounding the upper class, including social mobility, snobbery, fashion, fame and money.



Read the excerpt taken from “Past Imperfect” and say how the novel’s two timelines interact.

Episode 1

I used to think that Damian Baxter was my invention, although such a notion only demonstrates my own inexperience. As anyone knows, the most brilliant magician in the world cannot produce a rabbit out of a hat unless there is already a rabbit in the hat, albeit well concealed, and Damian would never have enjoyed the success that I took credit for unless he had been genuinely possessed of those qualities that made his triumph possible and even inevitable. Nevertheless, I do not believe he would have made it into the social limelight as a young man, in those days anyway, without some help. And I was the one who gave it. It was perhaps for this reason that I resented his betrayal quite so bitterly. I put a good face on it, or I tried to, but it still stung. Trilby had turned traitor to Svengali¹, Galatea had destroyed Pygmalion’s dreams. ‘Any time on any day will be convenient,’ the letter said. ‘I do not go out now or entertain, so I am completely at your disposal. You will find me quite near Guildford. If you drive, it may take ninety minutes but the train is quicker.’

Let me know and I will either arrange directions or someone can meet you, whichever you prefer.’ In the end, after my fake prevarication, I wrote back suggesting dinner on such and such a day, and named the train I would catch. He confirmed this with an invitation for the night. As a rule I prefer, like Jorrocks², to ‘sleeps where I dines,’ so I accepted and the plan was settled. Accordingly, I passed through the barrier at Guildford station on a pleasant summer evening in June.



I looked about vaguely for some Eastern European holding a card with my name misspelled in felt tip pen but instead of this, I found myself approached by a uniformed chauffeur – or rather someone who looked like an actor playing a chauffeur in an episode of *Hercule Poirot* – who replaced his peaked cap after introducing himself in low and humble tones, and led the way outside to a new Bentley, parked illegally in the space reserved for the disabled. I say ‘illegally,’ even though there was a badge clearly displayed in the window, because I assume these are not distributed so that friends may be met off trains without their getting wet or having to walk too far with their luggage. But then again, everyone deserves the odd perk.

I did know that Damian had done well, though how or why I knew I cannot now remember, for we shared no pals and moved in completely different circles. I must have seen his name on a *Sunday Times* list or maybe in an article on a financial page. But I don’t think, before that evening, I understood quite *how* well he had done. We sped through the Surrey lanes and it was soon clear, from the trimmed hedging and the pointed walls, from the lawns like billiard tables and the glistening, weeded gravel, that we had entered the Kingdom of the Rich. Here there were no crumbling gate piers, no empty stables and lodges with leaking roofs. This was not a question of tradition and former glory. I was witnessing not the memory but the living presence of money. I do have some experience of it. As a moderately successful writer, one rubs up against what Nanny would call ‘all sorts,’ but I can’t pretend this was ever really my crowd. Most of the so-called rich I know are possessed of surviving, not newborn, fortunes, the rich who used to be a good deal richer. But the houses I was passing belonged to the Now Rich, which is different, and for me there is something invigorating in their sense of immediate power. It is peculiar, but even today there is a snobbery in Britain when it comes to new money. The traditional Right might be expected to turn up their noses at it I

suppose, but paradoxically, it is often the intellectual Left who advertise their disapproval of the self-made. I do not pretend to understand how this is compatible with a belief in equality of opportunity. Perhaps they do not try to synthesise them, but just live by contradictory impulses, which I suppose we all do to some degree. But if I may have been guilty of such unimaginative thinking in my youth, it is gone from me now. These days I unashamedly admire men and women who have made their pile, just as I admire anyone who looks at the future mapped out for them at birth and is not afraid to tear it up and draw a better one. The self-made have more chance than most of finding a life that truly suits. I salute them for it and I salute their bejewelled world. Of course, on a personal level it was extremely annoying that Damian Baxter should be a part of it.

Notes

1. Trilby and Svengali are characters from “Trilby” (1894), a novel by George du Maurier. Trilby is tone-deaf, but nevertheless Svengali manages to turn her into a successful singer.
2. Jorrocks is a popular comic Cockney character created by Robert Smith Surtees.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How does the protagonist feel about seeing Damian Baxter again? 2. How is Damian different from the people he usually communicates with? 3. What contradictions does the protagonist find in contemporary attitudes to the “new money”?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How is the narrator’s belonging to the upper class rendered on the stylistic level? 2. Which expressions are used to refer to aristocracy and to the affluent? 3. What role does intertextuality play in the episode? 4. Find the cases of metonymy and explain how they affect the tone of the passage. 5. Is the phenomenon of <i>nouveau riche</i> (new rich) known in your country? What attitudes to such people are common? What is your own attitude?

Episode 2

The narrator is at a luxurious ball in 1968, where everyone is supposed to wear costumes from the times of Napoleonic wars. Lucy is the narrator's friend: she is one the girls (together with glamorous Joanna Langley and Terry Vitkov, a rich American girl) who were in love with Damian Baxter.

The music was starting now, a group had taken up their positions on the modest stage and were performing cover versions of the current top ten. They were not, I think, a very famous group, but at least they had been on television, which seemed considerably more exciting than it does now, and couples were drifting on to the floor at the end of the long chamber. The ancient parents, sitting in their costumes on sofas against the wall, were less helpful to this part of the evening and several of them, sensing it, rose and moved towards the doorway leading to the sitting-out rooms and the bar. Lucy and I walked forward. As we did so there was a slight murmur of jostling admiration and I caught a glimpse of Joanna Langley surrounded by her customary group of admirers. She was brilliantly dressed as Napoleon's sister, Princess Pauline Borghese. Her costume, unlike mine or most of the others, was new, copied, presumably for the occasion, from a portrait by David. Of course, the Princess would have been an unlikely guest at a ball given by her brother's arch enemies and anyway, Joanna's modern, celluloid beauty made her unconvincing as a period piece, but she was a joy to look at all the same.

The group shifted a little and I was surprised to see the familiar figure of Damian Baxter standing next to her. As I watched, he leaned in and whispered into her ear. She laughed, nodding a hello to me as she did so and there by drawing me to Damian's attention. I walked over. 'You never said you were coming to this,' I said.

'I wasn't sure I would, until this afternoon. Then I suddenly thought "what the hell," got on a train and here I am.'

'You never said you'd been invited.'

He fixed me with a look, the corners of his mouth twitching. 'I wasn't.'

I stared at him. Did I feel a slight trace of Baron Frankenstein's terror, when his monster first moved of its own volition? 'You mean you've gatecrashed,' I said. He smiled covertly by way of an answer.

Lucy had been listening to this. ‘How did you get your costume at such short notice?’ And what a costume. In contrast to mine, with its wrong trousers and slightly rubbed sleeves, Damian looked as if the outfit had been made for him by a master tailor. He was not an officer, as most of the men in the room had chosen to be, but a dandy, Beau Brummell¹ or Byron or someone similar, with a tightly fitting tailcoat hugging his torso, and buckskin breeches and high, polished boots to show off his legs. A dazzling cravat of white silk was wound round his neck and tucked into the brocade waistcoat beneath. Lucy nodded at me. ‘He had to go out to Windsor Rep² and that was what they came up with.’ Damian looked at me. ‘Poor you. Never mind.’ Any notion I’d cherished of looking rather good withered and died, as Damian chattered on in his light, unconcerned way. ‘I got a friend to sort one out at the Arts Theatre, in case I wanted to come. She managed to get it ready in time and that’s what decided me.’ I’ll bet she did, I thought. Some wretched girl, pricking her fingers to the bone, standing over the washing machine at midnight, burning her hand on the iron. I’ll bet she did. And what would be her reward? Not to be loved by Damian. Of that I was quite sure.

Today, pushing into such a function would be a good deal harder than it was forty years ago. The endless security consciousness of the present generation, to say nothing of their self-importance, ensures guards and lists and ticking and ‘please bring this invitation with you’ to every gathering more exclusive than a sale at Tesco. But it was different then. There was a general supposition that people who hadn’t been invited to something did not, as a rule, try to attend it. In other words, what the gatecrasher of those days relied on, what he or she required, was only nerve, nothing more, which, naturally, Damian had in plentiful supply. But I had less than he and I did not want to be seen chatting to someone who might be thrown out at any moment. I despise myself now when I think of it, but I took Lucy’s arm and steered her on to the floor.

‘You can’t keep a good man down,’ said Lucy cheerily. But I wasn’t inclined to see the funny side. Drowning in my youthful egotism, I could only fear that Damian’s appearance might in some way damage me.

He, needless to say, was enjoying himself enormously. I could see at once that, like a child who will be naughty until it is smacked or a gambler who must play until he loses, Damian had to promote his uninvited appearance

until somehow the law enforcers registered it. He danced first with Joanna, as if to announce his arrival. He was the best-looking man in the room and she was the best-looking woman in Europe, so they made quite a pair. Other couples turned to watch them and admire, parents glanced over and asked each other about the glorious duo. A little while later, the ball now well and truly under way, the band announced an eightsome reel³. It may seem curious to a modern reader that we should have danced a Scottish reel in the middle of a perfectly normal party, not at some Caledonian festival or even a Burns Night in Kircaldy, but we did. In fact, we danced it at most of the parties that year and, with the steps demanding a less cluttered and less crowded floor, it was a sure way to be noticed, so it came as no surprise to see Damian walking forward to take his place in one of the sets with Terry Vitkov on his arm. She gleamed and beamed, this way and that, clearly enjoying her newly found status as troublemaker, as she leaned proudly on the arm of the rebel. I wondered later whether it was at this particular party that Damian's own position began to shift from social observer (or climber, depending on your generosity of vision) to subversive. From admiring student to hostile agent. Am I jumping the gun and did it remain in the balance that night? Or had he already decided he hated us all?



Watching them take their places, waiting for the chord that would start us off, it struck me then that he and Terry were rather a good pair. Both outsiders in their different ways, both with everything to gain from the future and nothing to lose with the vanishing past. I assumed she had money - she did, but less than I thought at the time - just as I assumed that Damian would make money - again, I was right. He did. And much more than I thought at the time. Might they not combine and conquer the world? They were both adventurers. Why should they not join forces?

I was partnering a rather dull girl from somewhere near Newbury and now we set off, marching round in our hand-held circles. Glancing across, I was momentarily impressed by the skills Damian had already acquired in this, so recently foreign, territory. He knew the steps and performed them well; he took his turn in the centre of the ring without a trace of self-consciousness, holding himself erect, executing the different parts of the reel with a degree of grace and dignity I could not have claimed for myself. He chatted to the

girls around him and to the other men, part of their crowd now, part of their world, after only a few cocktail parties and dances. We had almost forgotten that we did not know him.

Notes

1. Beau Brummell was a famous “dandy” and the epitome of male fashion in Regency England.
2. Windsor Prep is St George’s School in Windsor Castle.
3. Eightsome reel is a lively Scottish dance for four couples often performed at social functions and dance parties.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why was the narrator surprised to see Damian Baxter at the ball? 2. How did Damian behave himself? 3. What feelings did the narrator experience towards Damian?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Several things are juxtaposed in the excerpt. What are they? How is this juxtaposition underpinned on the stylistic level? 2. How does the narrator treat the 40-year gap between “now” and “then”? 3. Comment on the following lines from the narrative perspective: “Am I jumping the gun and did it remain in the balance that night? Or had he already decided he hated us all?” 4. Have you ever been to a high-profile party or event? Describe your experience.

Language Practice Task 1: Speaking Posh

English standard pronunciation (also known as RP, BBC English, Queen’s English, etc.) has always had associations with social prestige, affluence and power. Consequently, it has been often perceived negatively: “speaking posh” might sometimes aggravate people. Nevertheless, a lot of people still attempt to speak posh and have a cut-glass accent, which consists primarily of clear enunciation. Watch a YouTube video “How to Sound Posh – Part one” and say what differences exist between the older and contemporary versions of RP.

Work in pairs. Go back to the excerpts from “Past Imperfect” and read them out loud, trying to stick to RP. Listen to your partners. How well do you manage?

Task 2: Vocabulary Practice



In the excerpts from “Past Imperfect” Damian Baxter is perceived as a self-made man, a social climber and a troublemaker. The sentences below expand the topic. Read them paying attention to the highlighted vocabulary and decide which equivalents of these words and expressions exist in your first language.

Work in pairs. Turn each phrase into a short dialogue, as in the example.

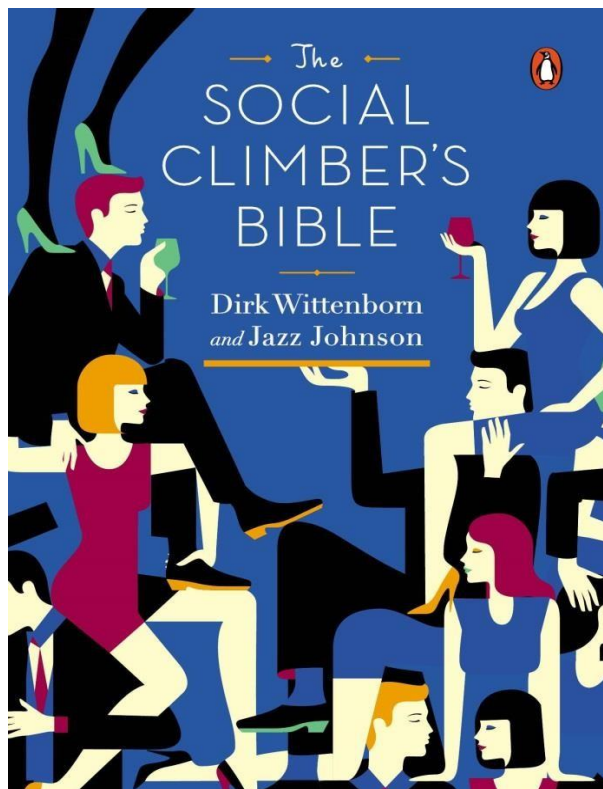
➤ Jack is so **status-driven** he will only make friends with you in order to **hijack** your friends who are more important and affluent.

- *I’ve just met Jack. Do you know him well?*
- *I’m afraid I do. He is so status-driven he will only make friends with you in order to hijack your friends who are more important and affluent.*
- *I thought as much. He seems very self-absorbed and narcissistic, not someone who is genuinely interested in others.*

1. If you want to **claw your way to the top**, check out “The Social Climber’s Bible”. It’s a **tongue-in-cheek** guide for those who are ready to **flatter**, **dress to kill** and ditch old friends.

2. He would not have **made it into** the upper-class society if I hadn’t introduced him to **the right people**. I practically **mapped out** his route to success.

3. **Speaking posh** is her forte, but **when it comes to manners**, hers leave much to be desired. She actually enjoys being **subversive** or downright **rebellious**.



4. My brother was very determined **to make his pile**, so it came as **no surprise when** he launched his own business.
5. All the upper-class **perks** are lost for them: no more maids, chauffeurs, gardeners and nannies. They **are putting a good face on it** though.
6. She's a **name dropper**: she can't resist mentioning a name of a celebrity she knows even if they **move in different circles** from hers.
7. You can't **take credit for** everything your children have achieved. It is true they've had **privileged** upbringing and education, but they have their own talents and ambitions **in plentiful supply**.
8. Don't **jump the gun!** Be patient: you'll be invited there sooner or later. **Gatecrashing** won't take you anywhere.

Task 3: Role Play

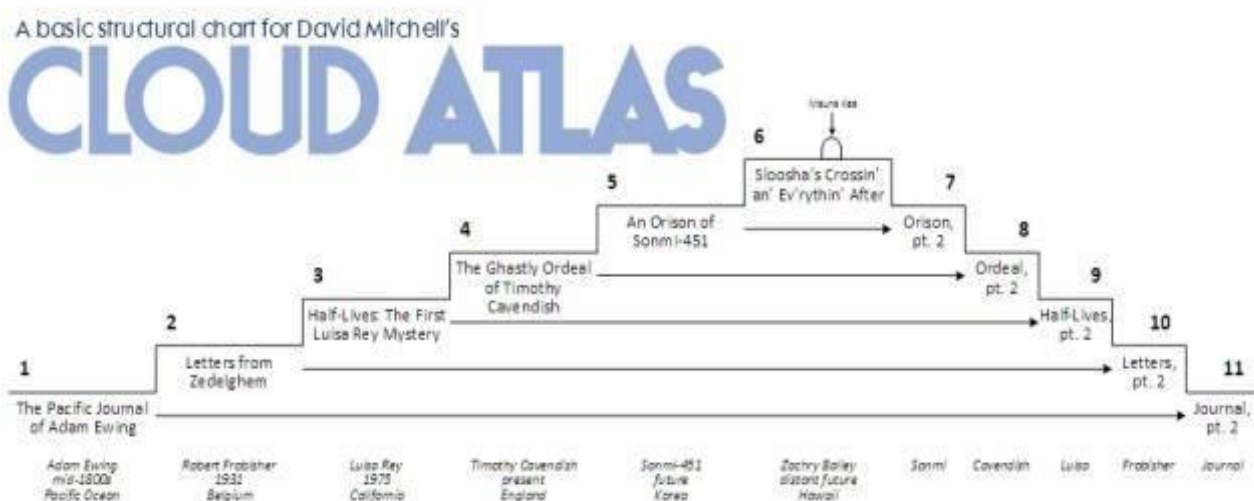
Work in groups of 3 or 4. Role-play the following situations:

- ❖ You are a group of close friends. Your common friend is a social climber and it irritates people. Decide what to do in the situation.
- ❖ You are a group of British aristocrats at a party. Someone has just gatecrashed the party. Decide what to do in the situation.

Writing



Choose a story which makes use of two or more timelines / flashbacks / flashforwards / other deviations from chronological sequencing of events. Draw the diagram of the plot events in your notebook to visualise this time arrangement. Map out the ways different timelines interact. Alternatively, you can use online tools.



Write a brief summary of the plot focusing on the time arrangement and the corresponding narrative strategies.

Example:

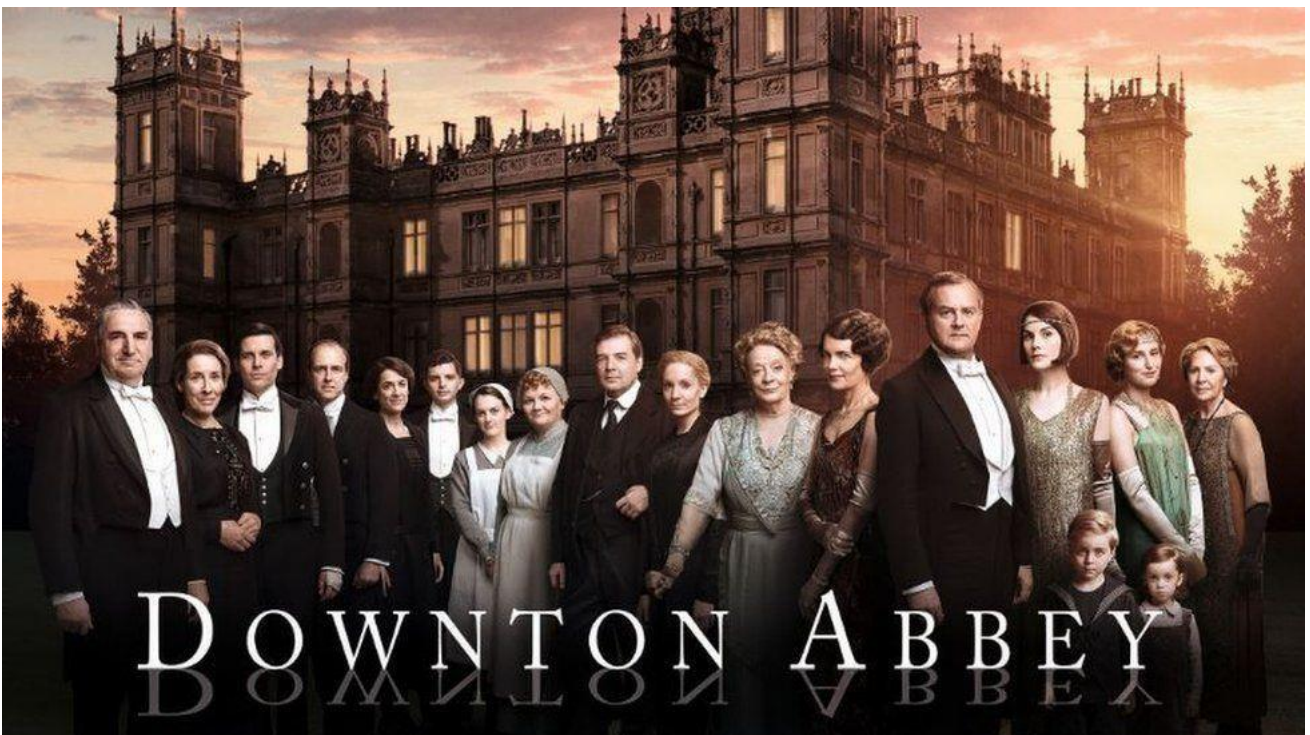
➤ In “Outlander”, a popular TV series, the story comprises two parallel timelines: one is the 20th century post-war Britain, where Claire, the heroine, comes from, while the other is in Scotland of 1743, the times of Jacobite risings, where Claire finds herself after accidentally stepping through a time portal. The main plotline follows Claire in the 18th century, while the other timeline is sometimes revisited to show her husband Frank, left behind in the 20th century. The show is based on the series of books by Diana Gabaldon, in which the same time scheme is employed.

Project



Class and Language

When a story deals with social classes, differences in background and status are often reinforced by characters’ idiolects. Choose a book or a film where the ways characters speak emphasise their belonging to a particular class. Study their idiolects and the effects they produce on our perception of these characters. Present the results of your research in class.



“Downton Abbey”, written and produced by Julian Fellowes, features three main types of accents: RP (all aristocrats in the show), Yorkshire dialect (most domestic servants) and American English (Countess of Grantham).

UNIT 4

Food for Thought: Ideology and Narrative

Lead In

- ❖ Do you like reading ideologically charged books or watching films that deal with current burning issues? Why / why not?
- ❖ Think of a fictional world that portrays a parallel / post-apocalyptic / dystopian society. How was it different from our contemporary society? What impressed you most about this world?
- ❖ Do you think a happy Utopian society is possible in real life? Will humanity ever achieve it?



*The central panel from the triptych “The Garden of Earthly Delights”
by Hieronymus Bosch*

Ideological Dimensions of Fiction

Ideology is a system of beliefs and values, belonging to an individual or a group. Ideologies are mostly concerned with political and economic organisation of society and address the issues of race, gender, religion and other significant matters. Fictional narrative is often used as a tool of implementing an ideology since telling a story in a certain way may persuade the reader to accent a certain point of view and the underlying values. While some narratives remain ideologically **neutral** (especially those that are written

to entertain), many books have an agenda, expressed **implicitly** (e.g. via a conflict between some of the characters) or **explicitly**, urging the reader to embrace a particular set of ideas.

According to **Marxist theory**, narratives impose the ideology of the ruling class which owns the means of production. The masses are seen, therefore, as “passive dupes of dominant ideologies”⁴, making the concept of **resistance** to **hegemony** crucial. Contrary to this, Bakhtin’s theory of **dialogism** showed that narratives can offer diverse and conflicting perspectives that enter into **dialogue**, encouraging readers to be active and elucidate their own views and beliefs. According to **feminist** critique, traditional narratives have been endorsing **patriarchal** ideology that sees women as subordinate to men in all spheres of life. Consequently, what was considered “great literature” was predominantly written by men and for men, **marginalising** and **objectifying** women. An emphasis nowadays is laid on the necessity of a “**revisionary rereading**” (seeing through traditional gender biases) and on writing fiction with the **female perspective** in mind.

Numerous authors construct elaborate fictional worlds with their own political agendas and social structures to critique the existing societies. Such worlds are often portrayed as **post-apocalyptic** and **dystopian** or set in **alternative** historical settings and **parallel universes**. Such seminal dystopian novels as George Orwell’s “Nineteen Eighty-Four” (1949) and Margaret Atwood’s “The Handmaid’s Tale” (1986) have been hugely influential and demonstrated the topicality of ideological dimensions of fiction.



⁴ Bronwen Thomas, Narrative: The Basics, p. 63-66.

Task 1

Go back to the excerpts from “Past Imperfect” by Julian Fellowes. Do you think the narrative is ideologically neutral or does it have an implicit or explicit political agenda?

Task 2

Watch the video “Narrative and Ideology: Part 1 - What is ideology? (VCEMedia 2018)” and answer the questions:

- What metaphor is used in the video for **ideology**?
- What examples of different ideologies are given?
- The term “male gaze” is employed in the video regarding the character of Wonder Woman. What does it mean?
- What opposing ideological “lenses” can be applied to the film “Okja” (2017)?

Think of your own examples of books films that can be perceived differently because of one’s political and other views.

Task 3

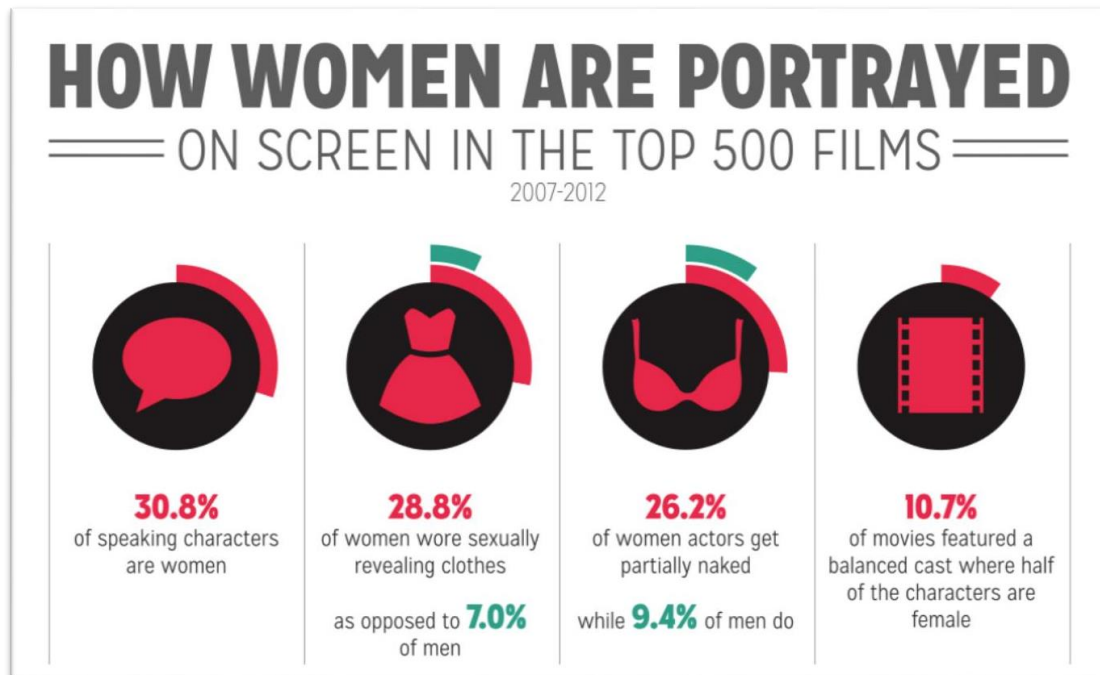
The Bechdel test (pronounced as /'bɛkdəl/) is a famous tool to measure the representation of women in fiction. The test is named after the American cartoonist Alison Bechdel who was the first to apply it in her 1985 comic strip. A character in that comic strip said that she would only see a film which meets three simple requirements:

- ✓ **It has at least two female characters**
- ✓ **These two characters talk to each other**
- ✓ **They talk about something beside a man.**

The test has been very popular ever since and it has been applied to fiction in general. The requirement that the two women must have names is sometimes added. It has been noted that a huge amount of creative works fail to pass the test. It should be mentioned, however, that failing the test does not necessarily make the work discriminatory to women, while passing the test does not automatically indicate a feminist agenda.

Work in pair. Discuss the films and books you have recently read or watched. Which of them pass the Bechdel test?

There are other ways of assessing gender (in)equality in art. Study the chart below and explain which criteria are used in it.



Inside a Dystopian World

Suzanne Collins (born in 1962) is an American author, best known for her widely popular series “The Underland Chronicles” and The Hunger Games trilogy for young adults. Her father was a military officer in the US Air Force and his experiences of war, starvation and poverty gave Collins many insights for her creative work. Her novels have been hugely successful and praised, among other things, for featuring strong female characters and passing the Bechdel test.

The Hunger Games trilogy (2008 – 2010) consists of “The Hunger Games”, “Catching Fire” and “Mockingjay”, all of which have been adapted for the screen. Set in post-apocalyptic dystopian nation of Panem, these novels trace the journey of the young protagonist, Katniss Everdeen, who challenges the power of despotic Capitol, Panem’s capital city. In the first book of the trilogy Katniss is a 16-year old girl from a very poor coal-mining district (District Twelve), living with her mother and younger sister and struggling daily for survival. Taught by her father, Katniss is a skilled hunter, undaunted by the ban on hunting. When her sister is chosen as Tribute (a player in the cruel reality show, the eponymous Hunger Games), Katniss volunteers to take her place. The premise of the story resembles the Greek legend of Theseus and the Minotaur, as well as gladiator games, held in Ancient Rome.

Read the excerpts below and decide how the author construes social unfairness of Panem.



Episode One

Our house is almost at the edge of the Seam¹. I only have to pass a few gates to reach the scruffy field called the Meadow. Separating the Meadow from the woods, in fact enclosing all of District 12, is a high chain-link fence topped with barbed-wire loops. In theory, it's supposed to be electrified twenty-four hours a day as a deterrent to the predators that live in the woods — packs of wild dogs, lone cougars, bears — that used to threaten our streets. But since we're lucky to get two or three hours of electricity in the evenings, it's usually safe to touch. Even so, I always take a moment to listen carefully for the hum that means the fence is live. Right now, it's silent as a stone. Concealed by a clump of bushes, I flatten out on my belly and slide under a two-foot stretch that's been loose for years. There are several other weak spots in the fence, but this one is so close to home I almost always enter the woods here.

As soon as I'm in the trees, I retrieve a bow and sheath of arrows from a hollow log. Electrified or not, the fence has been successful at keeping the flesh-eaters out of District 12. Inside the woods they roam freely, and there are added concerns like venomous snakes, rabid animals, and no real paths to follow. But there's also food if you know how to find it. My father knew and he taught me some before he was blown to bits in a mine explosion.

There was nothing even to bury. I was eleven then. Five years later, I still wake up screaming for him to run.

Even though trespassing in the woods is illegal and poaching carries the severest of penalties, more people would risk it if they had weapons. But most

are not bold enough to venture out with just a knife. My bow is a rarity, crafted by my father along with a few others that I keep well hidden in the woods, carefully wrapped in waterproof covers. My father could have made good money selling them, but if the officials found out he would have been publicly executed for inciting a rebellion. Most of the Peacekeepers turn a blind eye to the few of us who hunt because they're as hungry for fresh meat as anybody is. In fact, they're among our best customers. But the idea that someone might be arming the Seam would never have been allowed.

In the fall, a few brave souls sneak into the woods to harvest apples. But always in sight of the Meadow. Always close enough to run back to the safety of District 12 if trouble arises. "District Twelve. Where you can starve to death in safety," I mutter. Then I glance quickly over my shoulder. Even here, even in the middle of nowhere, you worry someone might overhear you.

When I was younger, I scared my mother to death, the things I would blurt out about District 12, about the people who rule our country, Panem, from the far-off city called the Capitol. Eventually I understood this would only lead us to more trouble. So I learned to hold my tongue and to turn my features into an indifferent mask so that no one could ever read my thoughts. Do my work quietly in school. Make only polite small talk in the public market. Discuss little more than trades in the Hob, which is the black market where I make most of my money. Even at home, where I am less pleasant, I avoid discussing tricky topics. Like the reaping, or food shortages, or the Hunger Games. Prim might begin to repeat my words and then where would we be? In the woods waits the only person with whom I can be myself. Gale. I can feel the muscles in my face relaxing, my pace quickening as I climb the hills to our place, a rock ledge overlooking a valley. A thicket of berry bushes protects it from unwanted eyes. The sight of him waiting there brings on a smile. Gale says I never smile except in the woods.

"Hey, Catnip," says Gale. My real name is Katniss, but when I first told him, I had barely whispered it. So he thought I'd said Catnip. Then when this crazy lynx started following me around the woods looking for handouts, it became his official nickname for me. I finally had to kill the lynx because he scared off game. I almost regretted it because he wasn't bad company. But I got a decent price for his pelt.

“Look what I shot,” Gale holds up a loaf of bread with an arrow stuck in it, and I laugh. It’s real bakery bread, not the flat, dense loaves we make from our grain rations. I take it in my hands, pull out the arrow, and hold the puncture in the crust to my nose, inhaling the fragrance that makes my mouth flood with saliva. Fine bread like this is for special occasions.

“Mm, still warm,” I say. He must have been at the bakery at the crack of dawn to trade for it. “What did it cost you?”

“Just a squirrel. Think the old man was feeling sentimental this morning,” says Gale. “Even wished me luck.”

“Well, we all feel a little closer today, don’t we?” I say, not even bothering to roll my eyes. “Prim left us a cheese.” I pull it out.

His expression brightens at the treat. “Thank you, Prim. We’ll have a real feast.” Suddenly he falls into a Capitol accent as he mimics Effie Trinket, the maniacally upbeat woman who arrives once a year to read out the names at the reaping. “I almost forgot! Happy Hunger Games!” He plucks a few blackberries from the bushes around us. “And may the odds —” He tosses a berry in a high arc toward me.

I catch it in my mouth and break the delicate skin with my teeth. The sweet tartness explodes across my tongue.

“— be ever in your favor!” I finish with equal verve. We have to joke about it because the alternative is to be scared out of your wits. Besides, the Capitol accent is so affected, almost anything sounds funny in it.



I watch as Gale pulls out his knife and slices the bread. He could be my brother. Straight black hair, olive skin, we even have the same gray eyes. But we’re not related, at least not closely. Most of the families who work the mines resemble one another this way.

That’s why my mother and Prim, with their light hair and blue eyes, always look out of place. They are. My mother’s parents were part of the small merchant class that caters to officials, Peacekeepers, and the occasional Seam customer. They ran an apothecary shop in the nicer part of District 12. Since almost no one can afford doctors, apothecaries are our healers. My father got to know my mother because on his hunts he would sometimes collect medicinal herbs and sell them to her shop to be brewed into remedies. She must have really loved him to leave her home for the

Seam. I try to remember that when all I can see is the woman who sat by, blank and unreachable, while her children turned to skin and bones. I try to forgive her for my father's sake. But to be honest, I'm not the forgiving type. Gale spreads the bread slices with the soft goat cheese, carefully placing a basil leaf on each while I strip the bushes of their berries. We settle back in a nook in the rocks. From this place, we are invisible but have a clear view of the valley, which is teeming with summer life, greens to gather, roots to dig, fish iridescent in the sunlight. The day is glorious, with a blue sky and soft breeze. The food's wonderful, with the cheese seeping into the warm bread and the berries bursting in our mouths. Everything would be perfect if this really was a holiday, if all the day off meant was roaming the mountains with Gale, hunting for tonight's supper. But instead we have to be standing in the square at two o'clock waiting for the names to be called out.

Notes:

1. Seam is the poorest neighbourhood in District 12, inhabited by miners and their families.
2. Reaping is the annual ceremony of choosing players for the Hunger Games. The events in this excerpt take place just before the reaping.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What do we learn about the social order of Panem from this episode? 2. Where do Katniss and Gale meet and what do they do? 3. Why do they joke about the Hunger Games?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Focus on the protagonist and her attitude to... ...Panem ...Gale ...her parents. How is her attitude expressed in the text? 2. How are the events narrated? What effect does it produce? 3. What role does food play in this episode? 4. Have you ever been in a situation when a certain rule was broken but the person in charge / authorities just turned a blind eye to it? Describe the situation and your attitude to it.

Translate the following sentences from the text, paying particular attention to the rendering of the idioms and phrasal verbs.

1. Most of the Peacekeepers **turn a blind eye** to the few of us who hunt because they're as **hungry for** fresh meat as anybody is.
2. Eventually I understood this would only lead us to more trouble. So I learned to **hold my tongue** and to turn my features into an indifferent mask so that no one could ever read my thoughts.
3. I try to forgive her **for my father's sake**. But to be honest, I'm **not the forgiving type**.
4. The sight of him waiting there **brings on a smile**.

Episode 2

After Katniss volunteered at the reaping, she was taken to the Capitol to prepare for the Hunger Games. In the excerpt below she meets Cinna, her personal stylist, whose task is to get her ready for the opening ceremony.

The door opens and a young man who must be Cinna enters. I'm taken aback by how normal he looks. Most of the stylists they interview on television are so dyed, stenciled, and surgically altered they're grotesque. But Cinna's close-cropped hair appears to be its natural shade of brown. He's in a simple black shirt and pants. The only concession to self-alteration seems to be metallic gold eyeliner that has been applied with a light hand. It brings out the flecks of gold in his green eyes. And, despite my disgust with the Capitol and their hideous fashions, I can't help thinking how attractive it looks.

"Hello, Katniss. I'm Cinna, your stylist," he says in a quiet voice somewhat lacking in the Capitol's affectations.

"Hello," I venture cautiously.

"Just give me a moment, all right?" he asks. He walks around my naked body, not touching me, but taking in every inch of it with his eyes. I resist the impulse to cross my arms over my chest. "Who did your hair?"

"My mother," I say.

"It's beautiful. Classic really. And in almost perfect balance with your profile. She has very clever fingers," he says.

I had expected someone flamboyant, someone older trying desperately to look young, someone who viewed me as a piece of meat to be prepared for a platter. Cinna has met none of these expectations.

“You’re new, aren’t you? I don’t think I’ve seen you before,” I say. Most of the stylists are familiar, constants in the ever-changing pool of tributes. Some have been around my whole life.

“Yes, this is my first year in the Games,” says Cinna.

“So they gave you District Twelve,” I say. Newcomers generally end up with us, the least desirable district.

“I asked for District Twelve,” he says without further explanation. “Why don’t you put on your robe and we’ll have a chat.”

Pulling on my robe, I follow him through a door into a sitting room. Two red couches face off over a low table.

Three walls are blank, the fourth is entirely glass, providing a window to the city. I can see by the light that it must be around noon, although the sunny sky has turned overcast. Cinna invites me to sit on one of the couches and takes his place across from me. He presses a button on the side of the table. The top splits and from below rises a second tabletop that holds our lunch. Chicken and chunks of oranges cooked in a creamy sauce laid on a bed of pearly white grain, tiny green peas and onions, rolls shaped like flowers, and for dessert, a pudding the color of honey.



I try to imagine assembling this meal myself back home. Chickens are too expensive, but I could make do with a wild turkey. I’d need to shoot a second turkey to trade for an orange. Goat’s milk would have to substitute for cream. We can grow peas in the garden. I’d have to get wild onions from the woods. I don’t recognize the grain, our own tessera¹ ration cooks down to an unattractive brown mush. Fancy rolls would mean another trade with the baker, perhaps for two or three squirrels. As for the pudding, I can’t even guess what’s in it. Days of hunting and gathering for this one meal and even then it would be a poor substitution for the Capitol version.

What must it be like, I wonder, to live in a world where food appears at the press of a button? How would I spend the hours I now commit to combing the woods for sustenance if it were so easy to come by? What do they do all day, these people in the Capitol, besides decorating their bodies and waiting around for a new shipment of tributes to roll in and die for their entertainment? I look up and find Cinna’s eyes trained on mine. “How despicable we must seem to you,” he says.

Has he seen this in my face or somehow read my thoughts? He's right, though. The whole rotten lot of them is despicable.

Notes:

1. Tesseract is an additional food supply a family can get in District 12. If a young person signs up for it, his or her chances of being chosen for the Hunger Games will increase.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Does Cinna live up to Katniss' expectations? 2. What is she thinking about during the meal? 3. What is her attitude to the Capitol? What do we learn about people's lifestyle there?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What imagery is used in the excerpt to describe appearance and food? 2. Compare and contrast the way Katniss interacts with Gale and with Cinna. 3. How is Katniss' attitude to the Capitol expressed on the linguistic level? 4. How do you usually react to the cases of social injustice? Describe a specific example.

There are a lot of Hunger Game inspired **food recipes** online and in published cookbooks. There are similar publications in many other popular franchises. What is your attitude to this phenomenon? Have you ever cooked anything related to a fictional world? If not, would you like to?



Language Practice



Task 1. Pronunciation Tips

There is no definitive rule as to the pronunciation of the letters “i” and “y”: both can turn into /aɪ/ or /ɪ/, while “i” is sometimes pronounced as /i:/. In a number of cases both /aɪ/ and /ɪ/ are acceptable variants:

- ✓ The prefixes multi-, anti-, semi- can be pronounced both ways. It is more typical, however, to say /mʌltɪ/, etc. in British English, while /mʌltɑɪ/ is widespread in the USA.

Which variant do you prefer? Read the following words and phrases:

A multinational company, an antihero, anti-immigration laws, a semidetached house, a multilingual community, a semifinal.

- ✓ A number of words can be pronounced with /aɪ/ or /ɪ/: ideology, direct, privacy, dynasty, primer, dilemma, itinerary, divert, advertisement, diverse, albino. Some of them are more typical for British or American speakers (e.g., (Americans say /'praɪvəsi/, while in the UK /'prɪvəsi/ is common), but it is not the general rule.

Which variant do you prefer? Read the following sentences:

There is an innuendo in this advertisement.

When it comes to his privacy, he will fight like a tiger.

It's always a dilemma: to make your pile or to preserve your integrity. I've had enough of vague hints. Just say it directly.

- ✓ While /-aɪl/ is standard pronunciation of the ending -ile in British, Canadian and Australian English, it is common for American speakers to resort to schwa /ə/. For example, “fragile” becomes /'frædʒəl/. Other words that are pronounced with schwa in the USA include: sterile, mobile, fertile, volatile, tactile, agile, futile, hostile, juvenile.

Do you pronounce these words in a British or American way?

Tactile imagery, hostile attitude, a fragile peace, a futile attempt, volatile nature, juvenile tantrums.

- ✓ In other cases it is not always possible to predict the pronunciation. Look at the words below and decide how they are pronounced. Which of them have alternative variants?

Group these words according to their pronunciation and practise reading them:

Blind, typical, routine, linen, driven, famine, resilient, hind, wind, dynamic, prestige, climb, fatigue, scythe, regime, whilst, tyrant, Vaseline, indict, bikini, machine, minute, reptile, cynical, plasticine, hinder, exile, pivotal, cuisine.

Task 2: Gerund vs. Infinitive

While there are verbs that can be followed only by a gerund or only by an infinitive, there are also verbs that can be followed by either. In the latter case gerunds and infinitives can either be used interchangeably, without any difference in meaning, or in different situations, according to the speaker's meaning or the patterns that are applied.

Study the examples in the table below and translate them into your language.

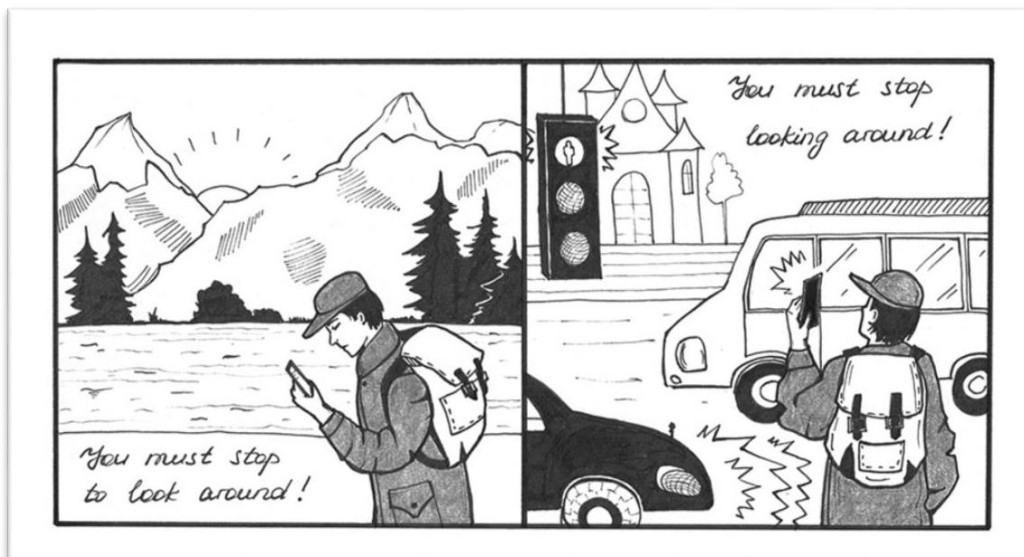
Common verbs that are followed by an infinitive	appear, ask, decide, encourage, expect, force, hope, intend, invite, offer, order, plan, promise, refuse, remind, seem, tell, warn, would like, etc.	She appeared to look out of place. I decided not to change my usual routine. The teacher encouraged us to brainstorm the problem.
Common verbs that are followed by a gerund	appreciate, avoid, consider, delay, discuss, enjoy, give up, finish, keep / keep on, mention, mind, postpone, put off, quit, suggest	I enjoyed working with you. Would you mind holding my scythe for a moment? We can't put off testing the machine any longer.
Verbs that can be followed by either with no changes in meaning.	Begin, continue, hate, like, love, start, can't bear, can't stand	I love talking posh / I love to talk posh She can't bear to lose her privacy / She can't bear losing her privacy
Verbs that can be followed by either, depending on the pattern	Advise can be followed by a gerund if there is no object. Prefer is used with different patterns.	He advised turning a blind eye on the matter / He advised me to turn a blind eye on him. I prefer reading a book to watching a film / I'd prefer to read a book (rather) than (to) watch a film.

Verbs that can be followed by either, depending on the meaning	Forget, regret, remember, stop, try	They saw each other in the street and stopped to talk. They stopped talking when the teacher reprimanded them.
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Study the example below and explain what differences in meaning the usage of infinitive or gerund creates:

- I regret to tell you that you failed the test.
- I regret blurting out the truth to her.
- She tries to hold her tongue, but it's too hard to her.
- She tried talking to her mother about the problem, but it didn't help, so she tried phoning a helpline.
- Don't forget to invite them / Remember to invite them.
- I'll never forget tasting peanut butter for the first time / I'll always remember tasting peanut butter for the first time.

*Work in pairs. Practise using the verbs **forget, regret, remember, stop, try** with infinitive / gerund in everyday situations (reminding your friends about something important, sharing memories, discussing recent events, etc.).*



Rewrite the sentences below using the verbs in the brackets as infinitives or gerunds depending on the situation.

1. I can't stop (read) now: it's the pivotal moment in the story!
2. Your essay lacks logic and concrete examples. Try (find) better arguments and (be) less vague next time.
3. She had a perfect punchline in mind. She regrets (not use) it.

4. The jury is expected (indict) him for murder.
5. We appreciate your (pursue) the truth in this matter.
6. I ran into Lynn while jogging and we stopped (catch up).
7. Nothing can force her (laugh). I tried (be) ironic, (use) double entendres, (create) puns, even (do) slapstick - and then I gave up (try).
8. I'm sure you'd prefer (maintain) fragile peace rather than (continue) fighting.
9. I'll never forget (watch) my first Charlie Chaplin film: the memory always brings on a smile.
10. The counsellor advised me (not be) too modest and (take) credit for this achievement.

Writing



Watch a review of “The Hunger Games” by a popular YouTuber Laci Green (“Messages in *The Hunger Games*”). Do you agree with her interpretation?

Write a comment for this video, expressing your attitude to her vision. Here are some expressions you can use to show that...

✓ **You agree with her:**

I couldn't agree with you more.

This exactly how I feel about the book.

You have a point there.

Your interpretation rings true / sounds convincing because...

✓ **You have doubts about some of her conclusions:**

I'm not sure about your interpretation of... because...

I'd go along with this view to a point...

I agree up to a point, but...

I find it difficult to accept that...

I still have my doubt about...

✓ **You disagree with her:**

I'd say the opposite is true.

I beg to differ on this point.

There is no way I could agree with... / accept that...

I think you got the wrong end of the stick when you said that...

We'll have to agree to disagree about it.

Project



Food and Ideology

Food has always been an ideologically charged notion. Both in pagan belief systems and monotheistic religions there have always been food limitations and taboos, as well as products or dishes linked to divinity. Contemporary philosophy and ethics address the morality of food consumption, while dieticians voice numerous health concerns. Such issues as vegetarianism, genetically modified food, organic produce, hunger relief and many others are hotly debated in the media and widely reflected in fiction. Choose a book or a film that focuses on food-related ideological issues and explore its major themes. Trace the ideas and values inherent in the story and say how they are conveyed. Analyse imagery and / or symbolism connected with food and the ways characters interact with it. Present the results of your investigation in class.



In “Marie Antoinette” (2006) directed by Sofia Coppola and starring Kirsten Dunst the luxurious and decadent lifestyle of the famous French queen Marie Antoinette is underpinned by her fixation on fanciful cakes.

UNIT 5

The Role of the Reader



“Every reader finds himself. The writer's work is merely a kind of optical instrument that makes it possible for the reader to discern what, without this book, he would perhaps never have seen in himself.”

Marcel Proust, *Time Regained*



Lead In

- ❖ Remember a story you read as a child or teenager and were impressed by it. Have you reread it since then? If yes, compare your responses to it. Has your perception of the story changed?
- ❖ Discuss which of the factors influence your response to a film or TV series most:
 - The plot of the film
 - The genre of the film
 - Your favourite actors starring
 - The way actors play / their credibility
 - Visual effects, costumes, settings, etc.
 - Sound editing / musical score
 - The themes and ideas presented in the film
 - Your current mood
 - Your previous experience / your present life circumstances
 - Presence of your friends or loved ones when you watch
 - Other factors.

In Search of the Ideal Reader

It is often claimed that literature cannot be properly analysed, if the role of the reader is not taken into account. **Reader-response criticism** is concerned with the **active role of the reader** and studies the **act of reading** itself with its corresponding processes. The belief that the reader is not a passive consumer of the meaning presented by the text stems from the fact that two readers may construe the meaning of the same work in different ways. Moreover, readers may return to the same text at a later point and perceive it differently due to their new experiences, motivation or a change in mood or circumstances. The main premise of reader-response criticism is that readers **create** meaning rather than extract it from the text.

The act of reading gets a lot of critical attention. It is viewed as **transaction** between the text and the reader, in which the latter, being aware of the associations and feelings that the text triggers, returns to it elaborating and correcting the interpretation until it is complete. The important part of this process is **indeterminacy**, or “**gaps**” in the text, which readers fill in with regard to their individual experience and aesthetic predilections. Therefore, readers may come up with a whole range of acceptable interpretations of the same text. Readers’ mental processes that are activated by the text are also studied from cognitive, psychological, social and linguistic perspectives. The fact that many texts elicit very diverse, even conflicting responses from readers testifies to the problematic nature of text interpretation and reflects the complexity of the interpretation of the world itself.

When discussing the notion of the reader, critics often refer to a **hypothetical** reader, preferably an informed reader who is ready to appreciate the text “in the fullness of its linguistic and literary complexity, and who conscientiously tries to suppress the personal or idiosyncratic dimension of his or her response”⁵. This hypothetical reader is also known as **implied**, **optimal** or **ideal**, and should not be confused with the **narratee**, who is a fictional entity inside the text to whom the narrator is speaking. Contrary to this, such representatives of reader-response criticism as Norman Holland and David Bleich gather empirical data by working with actual readers and their subjective responses, studying how they might project their own beliefs and desires onto fictional characters.

⁵ Lois Tyson, *Critical Theory Today*, p. 187.

Task 1

Remember the responses the excerpts in this textbook have elicited from you. Write down three words that describe your reactions to each text best, as in the example:

➤ “Take Charge”: puzzlement, amusement, curiosity.

“Take Charge”	
“A Year in the Merde”	
“Past Imperfect”	
“The Hunger Games”	

Walk around the class and talk to students in your group. Find people who have the same or similar words in their lists. Discuss your responses.



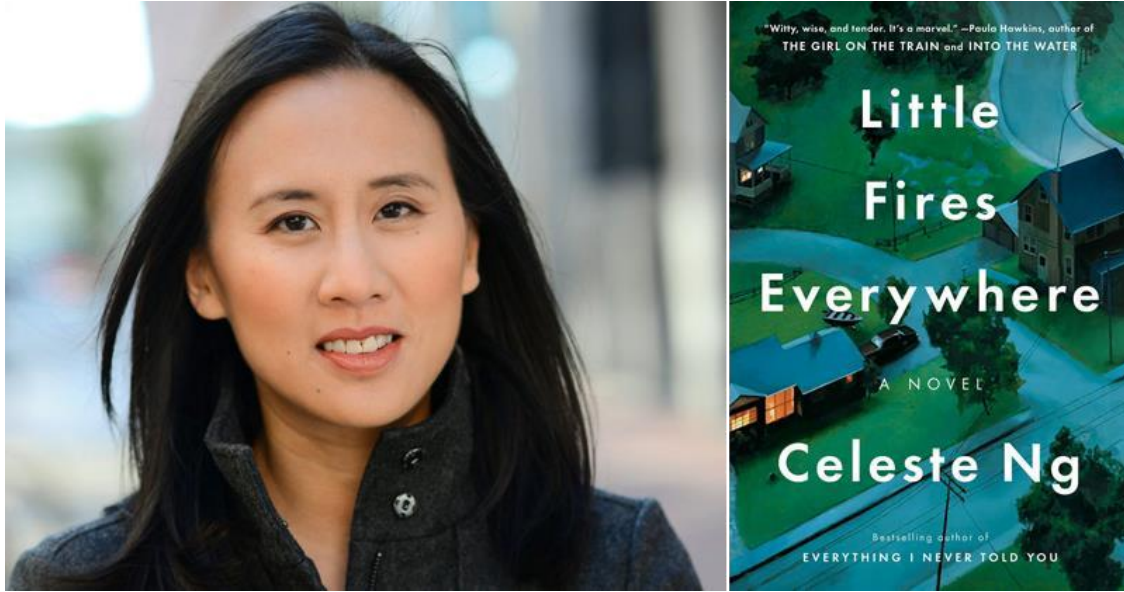
Task 2

In 1990 Umberto Eco gave a famous lecture on interpretation and overinterpretation in which he stated that, although there is a range of possible interpretations, it is not unlimited: “What I want to say is that there are somewhere criteria for limiting interpretation”. He also ridicules the notion of “ideal reader” by saying that “I know that there are poetic texts whose aim is to show that interpretation can be infinite. I know that *Finnegan’s Wake* was written for an ideal reader affected by an ideal insomnia.”⁶

Work in groups of 3 or 4. Discuss the possibilities of interpretation. Are they infinite or limited? If limited, what by? Brainstorm the arguments in favour of both opinions.

⁶ Umberto Eco, Interpretation and Overinterpretation: World, History, Texts. *The Tamer Lectures on Human Values*, p. 159.

Responding to Characters



Celeste Ng (born in 1980) is an American author. Her parents immigrated to the USA from Hong Kong and became successful scientists. Ng obtained education at Harvard University and University of Michigan and turned to writing. She published a number of short stories and was awarded a Pushcart Prize for her story “Girls, at Play” (2012). Her debut novel “Everything I Never Told You” (2014), which dealt with the life of a mixed-race Chinese-American family, was a significant success for Ng. Her next novel “Little Fires Everywhere”, also concerned with American families, came out in 2017 and drew a lot of critical attention.

“**Little Fires Everywhere**” is set in Shaker Heights, Ohio, a town where Ng herself grew up. The 1990s Shaker Heights’ community is portrayed as well-planned and orderly, with an emphasis on high standard of living and educational excellence. The Richardsons are the epitome of Shaker values: the parents are successful and well-off, providing their four teen-age children with everything they need. This family is juxtaposed to the family of Mia Warren, a travelling artist, and her daughter Pearl. Mia takes on menial part-time jobs that give her enough free time for creative work in photography, while Pearl follows her from town to town, reluctantly quitting her schools and friends and acquiring new ones. Pearl is drawn towards the Richardson children with their established, affluent home, while they, in their turn, are fascinated by Mia and Pearls’ volatile lifestyle. Lexie, the glamorous older daughter of the Richardsons, becomes Pearl’s friend, while Moody, their younger son, falls in love with Pearl. Since he was the first to meet her, he

later regrets introducing her to the rest of his family. There is also a lot of tension between Mia and Pearl, since the latter knows nothing about her own birth and parentage, but this mystery is eventually revealed to the reader.

Read the excerpts from the novel and note your response to different characters in it.

Episode 1

Moody, listening to his mother describe their new tenants, was intrigued less by the artist than by the mention of the “brilliant” daughter just his age. A few days after Mia and Pearl moved in, his curiosity got the better of him. As always, he took his bike, an old fixed-gear Schwinn that had belonged to his father long ago in Indiana. Nobody biked in Shaker Heights, just as nobody took the bus: you either drove or somebody drove you; it was a town built for cars and for people who had cars. Moody biked. He wouldn’t be sixteen until spring, and he never asked Lexie or Trip to drive him anywhere if he could help it.

[...]

In front of the house, Pearl was carefully arranging the pieces of a wooden bed on the front lawn. Moody, gliding to a stop across the street, saw a slender girl in a long, crinkly skirt and a loose T-shirt with a message he couldn’t quite read. Her hair was long and curly and hung in a thick braid down her back and gave the impression of straining to burst free. She had laid the headboard down flat near the flowerbeds that bordered the house, with the side rails below it and the slats to either side in neat rows, like ribs. It was as if the bed had drawn a deep breath and then gracefully flattened itself into the grass. Moody watched, half hidden by a tree, as she picked her way around to the Rabbit, which sat in the driveway with its doors thrown wide, and extracted the footboard from the backseat. He wondered what kind of Tetris they had done to fit all the pieces of the bed into such a small car. Her feet were bare as she crossed the lawn to set the footboard into place. Then, to his bemusement, she stepped into the empty rectangle in the center, where the mattress belonged, and flopped down on her back.

On the second story of the house, a window rattled open and Mia’s head peered out. “All there?”

“Two slats missing,” Pearl called back.

“We’ll replace them. No, wait, stay there. Don’t move.” Mia’s head disappeared again. In a moment she reappeared holding a camera, a real camera, with a thick lens like a big tin can. Pearl stayed just as she was, staring up at the half-clouded sky, and Mia leaned out almost to the waist, angling for the right shot. Moody held his breath, afraid the camera might slip from her hands onto her daughter’s trusting upturned face, that she might tumble over the sill herself and come crashing down into the grass. None of this happened. Mia’s head tilted this way and that, framing the scene below in her viewfinder. The camera hid her face, hid everything but her hair, piled in a frizzy swirl atop her head like a dark halo. Later, when Moody saw the finished photos, he thought at first that Pearl looked like a delicate fossil, something caught for millennia in the skeleton belly of a prehistoric beast. Then he thought she looked like an angel resting with her wings spread out behind her. And then, after a moment, she looked simply like a girl asleep in a lush green bed, waiting for her lover to lie down beside her.

“All right,” Mia called down. “Got it.” She slid back inside, and Pearl sat up and looked across the street, directly at Moody, and his heart jumped. “You want to help?” she said. “Or just stand there?”

Moody would never remember crossing the street, or propping his bike in the front walkway, or introducing himself. So it would feel to him that he had always known her name, and that she had always known his, that somehow, he and Pearl had known each other always.

Episode 2

College applications had been increasingly on Lexie’s mind. Shaker took college seriously: the district had a ninety-nine percent graduation rate and virtually all the kids went on to college of some kind. Everyone Lexie knew was applying early and, as a result, all anyone could talk about in the Social Room was who was applying where. Serena Wong¹ was applying to Harvard. Brian², Lexie said, had his heart set on Princeton. “Like Cliff and Clair³ would let me go anywhere else,” he’d said. His parents were really named John and Deborah Avery, but his father was a doctor and his mother was a lawyer and, truth be told, they did exude a certain Cosbyish vibe, his father sweated and affable and his mother wittily competent and no-nonsense.

They'd met at Princeton as undergraduates, and Brian had pictures of himself as a baby in a Princeton onesie.

For Lexie, the precedent was not quite so clear: her mother had grown up in Shaker and had never gone far – just down to Denison for her undergrad before boomeranging back. Her father had come from a small town in Indiana and, once he'd met her mother at college, simply stayed, moving back with her to her hometown, finishing a JD at Case Western, working his way up from a junior associate to partner at one of the biggest firms in the city. But Lexie, like most of her classmates, had no desire to stay anywhere near Cleveland. It huddled on the edge of a dead, dirty lake, fed by a river best known for burning; it was built on a river whose very name meant sadness: Chagrin. Which then gave its name to everything, pockets of agony scattered throughout the city, buried like veins of dismay: Chagrin Falls, Chagrin Boulevard, Chagrin Reservation. Chagrin Real Estate. Chagrin Auto Body. Chagrin reproducing and proliferating, as if they would ever run short. The Mistake on the Lake, people called it sometimes, and to Lexie, as to her siblings and friends, Cleveland was something to be escaped.

As the deadline for early applications approached, Lexie had decided to apply early to Yale. It had a good drama program, and Lexie had been the lead in the musical last year, even though she'd only been a junior. Despite her air of frivolity, she was near the top of her class – officially, Shaker did not rank its students, to reduce competitive feelings, but she knew she was somewhere in the top twenty. She was taking four AP classes⁵ and served as secretary of the French Club. “Don't let the shallowness fool you,” Moody had told Pearl. “You know why she watches TV all afternoon? Because she can finish her homework in half an hour before bed. Like that.” He snapped his fingers. “Lexie's got a good brain. She just doesn't always use it in real life.” Yale seemed a stretch but a distinctly possible one, her guidance counselor had said. “Plus,” Mrs. Lieberman had added, “they know kids from Shaker always go on to do well. They'll give you an edge.” Lexie and Brian had been together since junior year, and she liked the idea of being just a train ride away. “We can visit each other all the time,” Lexie pointed out to him as she printed the Yale early application. “And we can even meet up in New York.” It was this last that finally swayed her: New York, which had exuded a glamorous pull on her imagination ever since she'd read *Eloise*⁶ as a child. She didn't want to

go to school *in* New York; her guidance counselor had floated the idea of Columbia, but Lexie had heard the area was *sketchy*. Still, she liked the idea of being able to jaunt in for a day – a morning at the Met⁷ looking at art, maybe a splurge at Macy’s or even a weekend away with Brian – and then zip away from the crowds and the grime and the noise.

Before any of that could happen, though, she had to write her essay. A good essay, Mrs. Lieberman had insisted, was what she needed to set herself apart from the pack.

“Listen to this dumbass question,” she groaned that afternoon in Pearl’s kitchen, fishing the printed-out application from her bag. “Rewrite a famous story from a different perspective. For example, retell *The Wizard of Oz* from the point of view of the Wicked Witch.’ This is a college app, not creative writing. I’m taking AP English. At least ask me to write a real essay.”

“How about a fairy tale,” Moody suggested. He looked up from his notebook and the open algebra textbook before him. “‘Cinderella’ from the point of view of the stepsisters. Maybe they weren’t so wicked after all. Maybe she was actually a bitch to *them*.”

“‘Little Red Riding Hood’ as told by the wolf,” Pearl suggested.

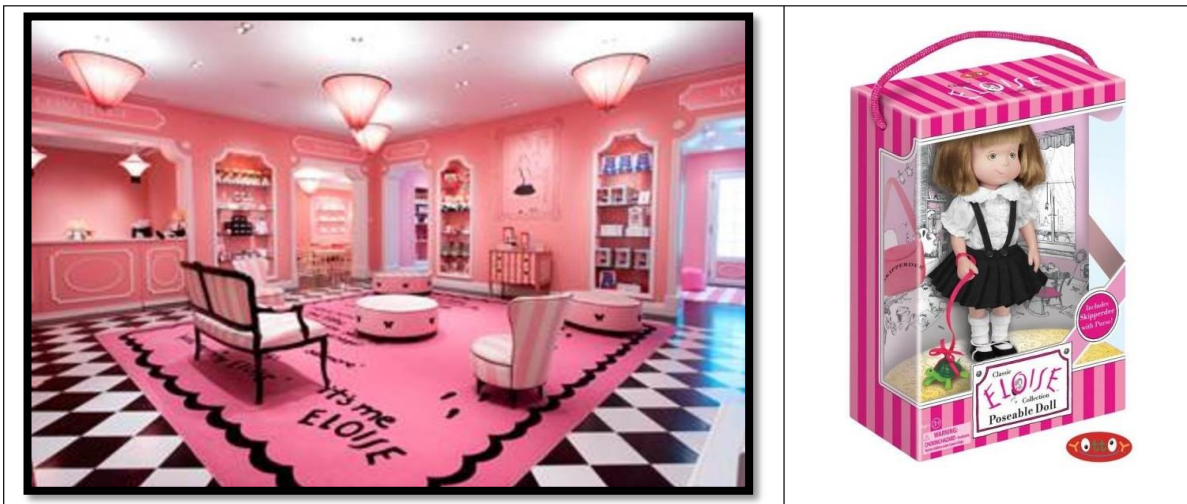
“Or ‘Rumpelstiltskin,’” Lexie mused. “I mean, that miller’s daughter cheated him. He did all that spinning for her and she said she’d give him her baby and then she reneged on their deal. Maybe she’s the villain here.” With one maroon fingernail she tapped the top of the Diet Coke she’d bought just after school, then popped the tab. “I mean, she shouldn’t have agreed to give up her baby in the first place, if she didn’t want to.”



“Well,” Mia put in suddenly. She turned around, the bowl of popcorn in her hands, and all three of them jumped, as if a piece of furniture had begun to speak. “Maybe she didn’t know what she was giving up until afterward. Maybe once she saw the baby she changed her mind.” She set the bowl down in the center of the table. “Don’t be too quick to judge, Lexie.” Lexie looked chastened for an instant, then rolled her eyes. Moody darted a look at Pearl: *See how shallow?* But Pearl didn’t notice. After Mia had gone back into the living room – embarrassed at her outburst – she turned to Lexie. “I could help you,” she said, quietly enough that she thought Mia could not hear. Then, a moment later, because this did not seem like enough, “I’m good at stories. I could even write it for you.”

“Really?” Lexie beamed. “Oh my god, Pearl, I’ll owe you forever.” She threw her arms around Pearl. Across the table, Moody gave up on his homework and slammed his math book shut, and in the living room, Mia jammed her paintbrush into a jar of water, lips pursed, paint scrubbing from the bristles in a dirt-colored swirl.

Notes:

1. Serena Wong is one of Lexie’s friends.
2. Brian is Lexie’s African-American boyfriend.
3. Cliff and Clair are characters from “The Cosby Show”, a popular sitcom featuring an upper middle-class African-American family living in Brooklyn, New York.
4. JD (the Juris Doctor) is the Doctor of Jurisprudence degree, a professional degree in law.
5. AP stands for Advanced Placement, which is a program in the USA and Canada that offers college-level curricula and examinations to high school students.
6. “Eloise” is a series of children’s books written by Kay Thompson illustrated by Hilary Knight about a girl who lives in New York City, at the Plaza Hotel, with her Nanny and her pets. There are many Eloise-inspired films, merchandise and events (see the images below).
7. The Met is The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.
8. Macy’s is Macy’s Herald Square in New York City, an iconic department store, one of the world’s largest and most famous, offering top fashion brands and luxurious window displays.



<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How did Moody and Pearl first meet? 2. What was Moody's reaction to Mia's photos? 3. What was Lexie worried about? 4. What associations did she have with Cleveland? 5. Why was Lexie attracted to the idea of Yale? 6. How did Moody feel about his sister? 7. Why did Lexie dislike the assignment on the college application? 8. What effect did Mia's comment produce on the teenagers?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Compare your responses to the characters. Which of them did you like and dislike? Explore your reactions and say what might have caused them. 2. Focus on the characters of Moody. Which traits of his personality are revealed in the episodes? 3. What role does the image of the bed play in Episode 1? How is Mia's artistic nature conveyed? 4. Focus on the character of Lexie. She is about to make a choice that will have a huge impact on her life. What are her concerns in this matter? Which of them are rational and which are emotional? 5. What is your attitude to Lexie's decision to cheat and Pearl's willingness to help her in this? 6. When you are faced with a crucial decision, are you usually governed by your intellect, intuition or emotions? 7. Describe how you made the decision to enter the university you are studying at. What factors influenced you and why?

Language Practice

Task 1. Pronunciation Tips (Silent Consonants) Read the list below and underline the silent letters:

Dumb, wrath, pneumonia, poignant, debt, bristle, knit, reign, solemn, muscle, chasten, rendezvous, tomb, corps, gnat, sword, doubt, aisle, indict, castle, wrinkle, column, scythe, yacht, folklore, mnemonic, cupboard, psalm, receipt, debris, mortgage, rapport.

Work in pairs. Make up short tongue-twisters and rhymes to practise the pronunciations of these words.

Task 2: Vocabulary



Study the words in the table below and translate the examples into your first language.

To sway means to convince, influence or control someone; to change someone's opinion.	He made a solemn promise to help her and it finally swayed her: she joined the project.
We describe someone's attitude (tone, approach, etc.) as no-nonsense if it is sensible, businesslike, practical or straightforward.	The professor has a cut-glass British accent and no-nonsense approach to her lectures and classes, which helps her build rapport with her students.
The word edge is frequently used to refer to 1) force, keenness or effectiveness; 2) a margin of superiority or an advantage over someone else.	The story lacks Stephen King's usual edge. The promise to pay off the national debt gave the party a slight edge over the opposition.
To float an idea means to offer it for consideration.	When we discussed our methodology of teaching vocabulary, I floated the idea of applying mnemonic techniques.
Shallow , meaning superficial and lacking depth, is often used to characterise a person, as well as mindset, ideas, arguments, etc.	I regret drawing him into the discussion: all of his ideas seem to be flippant and shallow. She is just a shallow social climber, hungry for glamorous lifestyle.
A pull on something is an informal word for the ability to draw or attract someone or something.	Fantasy stories have a pull on my imagination. One of the pulls of rural life is its pastoral tranquility.
To chasten someone is to restrain, subdue or rebuke them, often causing a change in behaviour or attitude.	The teachers often turned a blind eye to cheating, but they felt chastened after the lecture on the dangers of plagiarism.

A sketchy idea may be existing only in outline or superficial, uncertain or unreliable.	I have an idea for my term paper, but it is still sketchy. The book contains explicit ideological concerns expressed with the help of rather sketchy arguments.
To renege on something is to go back on one's promise or to fail to fulfill a commitment.	I can't believe he reneged on our deal!

React to the following sentences using the vocabulary from the table above:

1. I had a hard time explaining Mark why his behaviour is unacceptable.
2. I spent 3 hours yesterday writing my essay on the future of higher education.
3. My mother can't bear to leave New York even for a week.
4. My attempts to engage Randal in our project were futile. Perhaps you can try to change his mind about it.
5. If you want to impress your tutor, try talking posh.
6. Should I mention my volunteering experience in my CV?
7. What was the uproar about? What did you say to the committee?
8. Vincent keeps bragging about his achievements and annoys people, but you just turn a blind eye. Isn't it time you talked to him?
9. I remember reading some very poignant stories by this author. But these new ones are rather insipid.
10. The president's speech conjured up the vision of a better future.

Work in pairs. Practise using the words above in everyday situations (discussing choices, promises, good and bad decisions you have made, etc.)

Task 3: Idioms

Study the idioms in the table below and provide your own examples.

To run short (of sth) is to use something up until supply is insufficient.	I wanted to break the ice with humour but I soon ran short of jokes.
To change one's mind or to have a change of heart means to change one's decision or attitude.	You can't just renege on your promise! - Sorry, I've changed my mind / I've had a change of heart.

When someone starts from a humble position, but then rises in status, importance or influence through hard work and perseverance, we use the idiom to work one's way up .	She started as a secretary but worked her way up to a senior manager.
To get the better of someone or something is to gain superiority, control or an advantage over someone or something.	I was determined not to watch the new season of the show, but my curiosity got the better of me.
To have one's heart set on something is to have a strong desire or expectation of something.	The protagonist has his heart set on breaking into show business.

Work in groups of 3 or 4. Role-play the following situations, using the idioms and vocabulary above.

- ❖ You are members of a student council at a university. You are supposed to organise a charity event and you need to brainstorm ideas for it.
- ❖ You are a family of two parents and a teen-aged son or daughter. You are discussing which university the child should choose after school.
- ❖ You are undergraduate students discussing whether to start a career, take a gap year or go for postgraduate studies.
- ❖ You are a group of students who are doing a project to collect artwork that invite the viewer to look at traditional stories from a new perspective. Find several images online and discuss which ones should be included in your project.



An illustration of “Little Red Riding Hood” by Fernando Pérez Hernando

Writing



Choose a well-known fairy story and rewrite it from a different perspective. If you do not feel creative, read your classmates' work and write a review. Compare different responses to the stories written in your class. Discuss what factors influenced your appreciation of the stories.

Project



Being a Student

What kinds of students have you seen in books and films? Do they have the same problems and dilemmas as you have? What choices regarding education (what, where, how to study) do they make and why? How will these choices influence their future? Explore the themes related to contemporary students' life and their choices, singling out the most significant issues. How are these issues presented in terms of genre, style, tone and humour?

Present your findings in class giving your audience an opportunity to compare and contrast the highlighted aspects to their own experience.



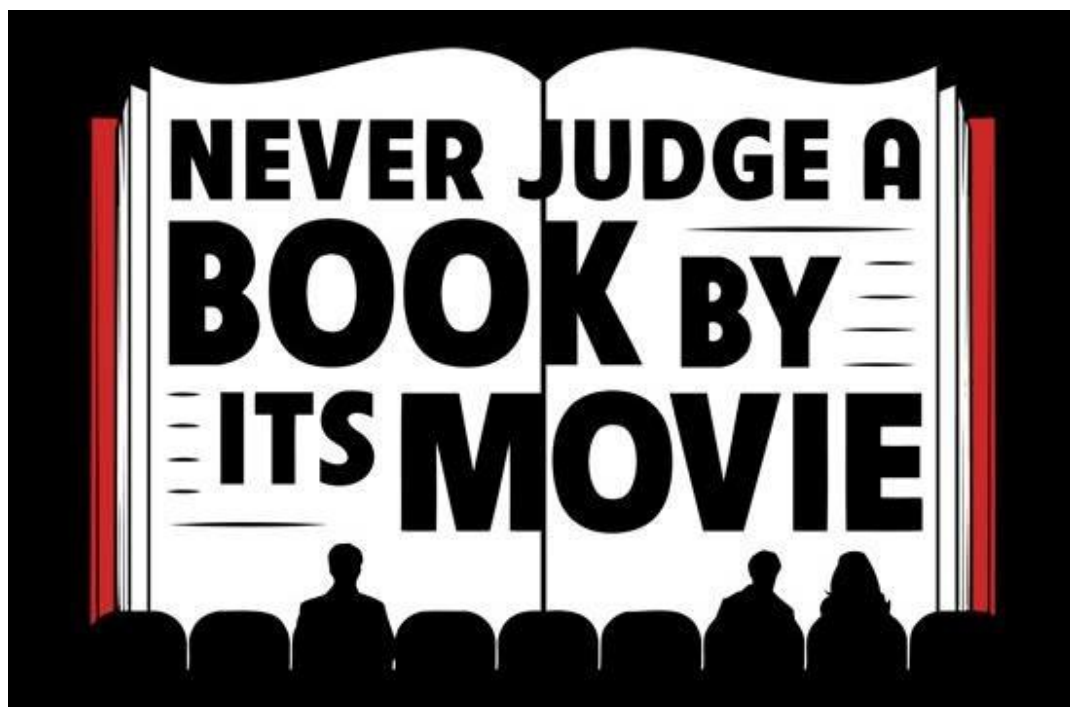
In “Mona Lisa Smile” (2003) a group of female students at a prestigious conservative college are getting ready to become housewives with a college degree. An inspirational and progressive teacher (played by Julia Roberts) gets them to reconsider their attitudes and life goals.

UNIT 6

The Art of Adaptation

Lead In

- ❖ If you are interested both in the book and its screen adaptation, what do you prefer to do first: read the book or watch the film? Explain your choice.
- ❖ What would you feel if the adaptation of your favourite book contained a significant deviation in the plot / the setting / the characters?
- ❖ Have you ever said “the film is better than the book”? If yes, name the book and its adaptation and say why you enjoyed the film more.



Adaptation: The Key Notions

Adaptation, seen as the process of retelling a story using a different medium, is not a recent phenomenon: narratives have been transformed into visual performances (theatre, ballet, pantomime, ritual etc.) since time immemorial. Adaptations are ubiquitous nowadays: novels, autobiographies, memoirs, travelogues, comics and many other sources are turned into films, television series, musicals, radio dramatisations, computer games, etc. Adaptations are widely scrutinised and analysed within the framework of multimodal, intermedial, comparative studies, as well as narrative and film theory. The key issues raised in these studies are as follows:

Fidelity or **proximity** to the source material has long dominated critique of adaptation. Literature is frequently seen as *primary* or *superior*, while its adaptations are therefore *secondary* or *inferior*. In case of a noticeable deviation from the original such terms have been used as “interference”, “infidelity” (or “unfaithfulness”), “betrayal”, “violation”, “deformation,” “perversion” and even “desecration”. The notion of fidelity is now often viewed as outdated, and the dialogic nature of adaptation is highlighted instead. Audiences, however, tend to resort to these terms, e.g. praising films that are close / faithful to their source material.

Intertextuality is an important ingredient in the dialogue between the adapted text and its adaptation, which often relies heavily on the recipient’s familiarity with the source material. Besides, an informed audience might be expected to be aware of the artistic arsenal of both media.

It is logical, therefore, that adaptation is sometimes referred to as **translation** from the language of one medium into another. Since “language” in this case can also be described as a “code”, the process is also called **transcoding**. The term **transposition** is sometimes used by critics. Viewers often feel that a film adaptation is a success if it manages to **capture** the spirit / atmosphere / mood of its source material.

Transformations are inevitable when transcoding occurs. If a long novel is turned into a film, **simplification** is required: screenwriters have to select what to include and what to cut. As a rule, the number of subplots and secondary characters is significantly reduced. **Expansion** is also possible, especially when short stories are adapted for screen. **Extrapolation** might be necessary to fill gaps or indeterminacies in the source material, while **amplification** is used to emphasise the issues that are of particular concern for the adaptor.

Interpretation is considered to be an integral part of the process of adapting and transforming a story. Not only do adaptors offer their own understanding of the source material, but they may also include elements of critique and revision. Adaptation is sometimes described in terms of **appropriation**, i.e. taking possession of another’s story and putting it through one’s own personal views, interests, ideology, etc. Audiences do not always view this phenomenon favourably, commenting that adaptors **hijack** the source material to put across their own agendas.

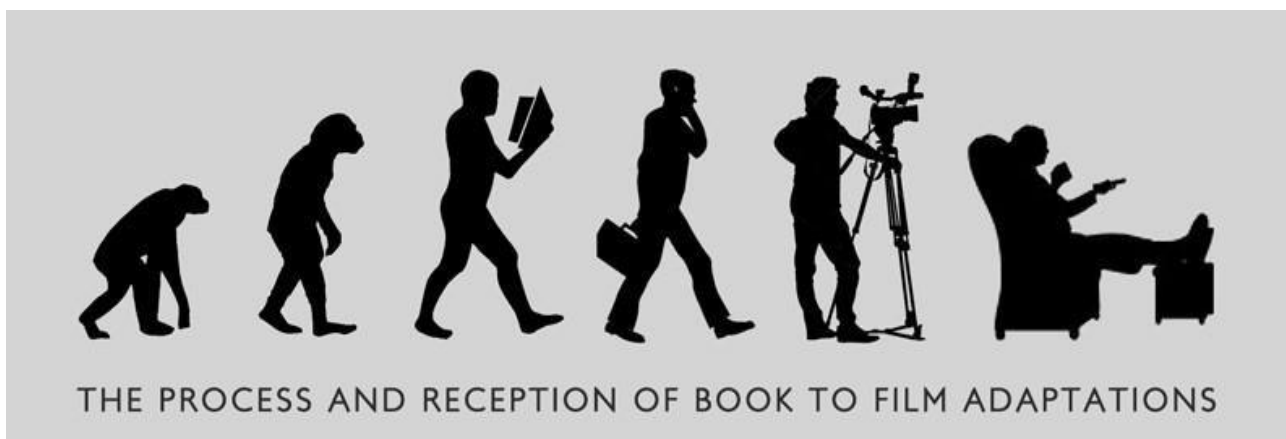
Task 1

Read the excerpts from several online reviews of film adaptations and comment on the terms that are used in them. Which of the key notions above do they correspond to?

1. Thrilling and superbly acted, *The Hunger Games* captures the dramatic violence, raw emotion, and ambitious scope of its source novel (from the Critics Consensus at Rotten Tomatoes).
2. There's no denying the majesty in Peter Jackson's visuals but he's taken a relatively slim children's book and stretched it beyond the limits (from Richard Roeper's review of "The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey").
3. Witty, compelling, and perfectly cast, *Sherlock* remains a deliciously entertaining modern take on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's classic stories. (from the Critics Consensus at Rotten Tomatoes).
4. Adaptation is a form of translation, and all acts of translation have to deal with untranslatable spots. [...] [If] you are the one with knowledge of the "into" language, do what works. When asked whether I mind the changes made during the adaptation of *Cloud Atlas*, my response is similar: The filmmakers speak fluent film language, and they've done what works. (David Mitchell, the author of "Cloud Atlas" for *The Wall Street Journal*).
5. A book like this is a club sandwich, with turkey, salami, tomato, cheese, lettuce. And the movie is obliged to choose only the lettuce or the cheese, eliminating everything else - the theological side, the political side. It's a nice movie. (Umberto Eco about the adaptation of his "Name of the Rose").

Task 2

Comment on the cartoon below. What is its message?



Task 3

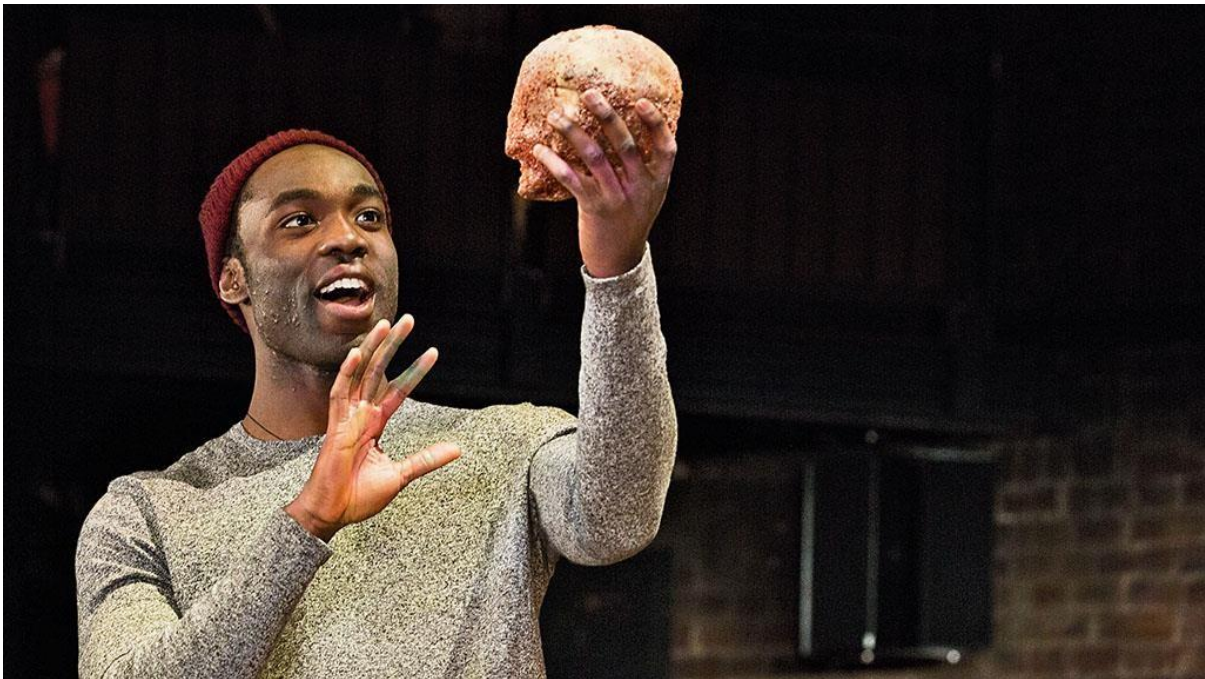
Linda Hutcheon argues that the pleasure of adaptation is partially derived from “repetition with variation, from the comfort of ritual combined with the piquancy of surprise”⁷.

Explain what she means and say whether you agree with her. Provide specific example to support your argument.

Task 4

Many contemporary adaptations of classical works of fiction resort to **integrated casting** (colour-blind, gender-blind, etc.). What is your attitude to such casting?

Support your answers with specific examples.



*Paapa Essiedu as Hamlet at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford
(2016)*

A Story and Its Adaptation

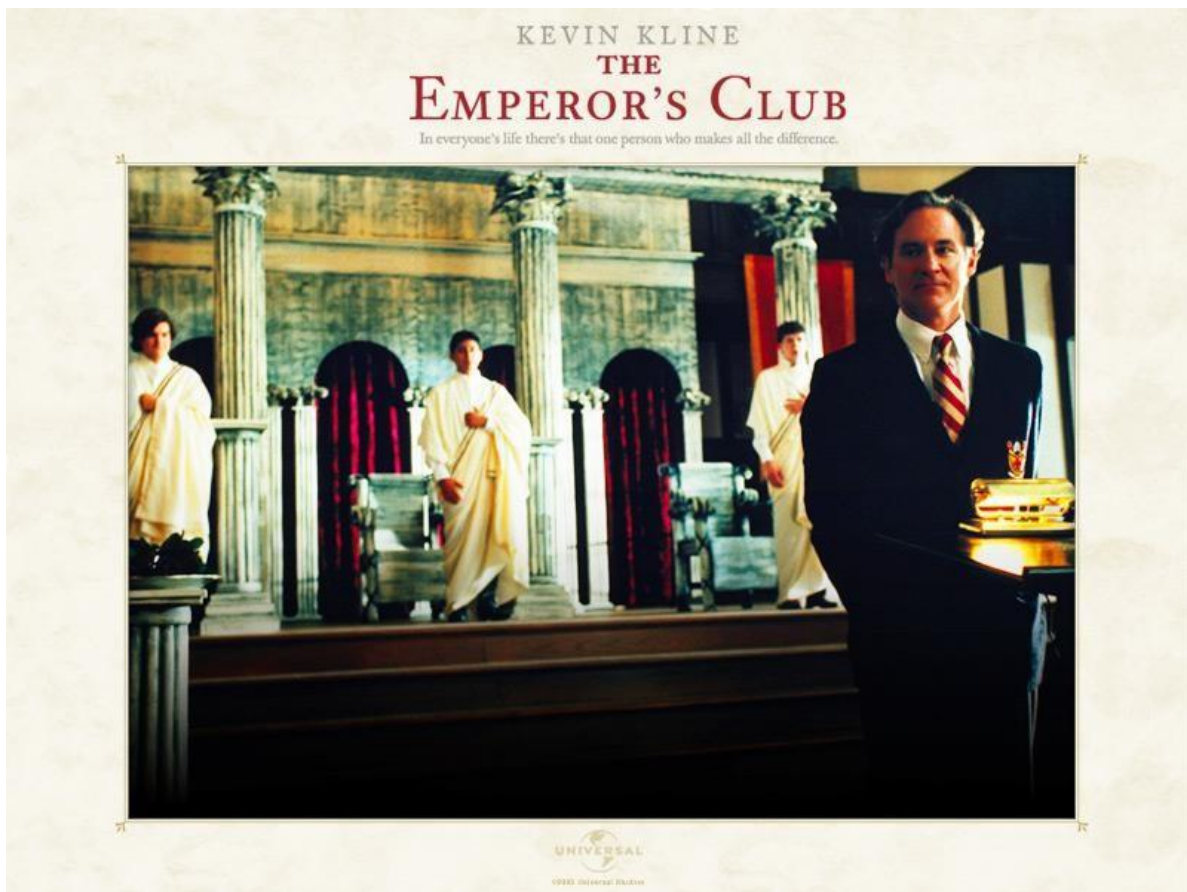
“The Emperor’s Club” is a 2002 American drama film directed by Michael Hoffman. The screenplay written by Neil Tolkin is based on Ethan Canin’s short story “The Palace Thief”, set at a fictional boys’ preparatory school, St. Benedict’s Academy, near Washington, D.C. The protagonist of the story is William Hundert, an idealistic and passionate history teacher. He focuses on

⁷ Linda Hutcheon, *A Theory of Adaptation*, p. 4.

Ancient history, particularly Roman, trying to cultivate noble qualities in his students, many of who will become the nation's leaders in the future. He is faced with a new student, Sedgewick Bell, an insolent son of a U.S. Senator, who openly defies him. The story unfolds in two time planes: in the 1940s, when Sedgewick was a schoolboy and in the 1990s, when he became a successful adult running for the U.S. Senate.

The time scheme is a slightly different is the adaption: young Sedgewick is a student at St. Benedict's in the 1970s. William Hundert is portrayed by Kevin Kline and Sedgewick by Emile Hirsch (young) and Joel Gretsch (adult).

Read the extract from the story and say how the tension between the teacher and the student is depicted.



My classroom was in fact a tribute to the lofty ideals of man, which I hoped would inspire my boys, and at the same time to the fleeting nature of human accomplishment, which I hoped would temper their ambition with humility. It was a dual tactic, with which Mr. Woodbridge¹ heartily agreed. Above the door frame hung a tablet, made as a term project by Henry L. Stimson² when he was a boy here, that I hoped would teach my students of the irony that history bestows upon ambition. In day relief it said:

*I am Shutruk-Nahhunte, King of Anshan and Susa,
sovereign of the land of Elam.*

By the command of Inshushinak,

*I destroyed Sippar, took the stele of Naram-Sin,
and brought it back to Elam,*

where I erected it as an offering to my god, Inshushinak.

--Shutruk-Nahhunte, 1158 B.C.

I always noted this tablet to the boys on their first day in my classroom, partly to inform them of their predecessors at St. Benedict's and partly to remind them of the great ambition and conquest that had been utterly forgotten centuries before they were born. Afterward I had one of them recite, from the wall where it hung above my desk, Shelley's "Ozymandias."³ It is critical for any man of import to understand his own insignificance before the sands of time, and this is what my classroom always showed my boys.

As young Sedgewick Bell stood in the doorway of that classroom his first day at St. Benedict's, however, it was apparent that such efforts would be lost on him. I could see that he was not only a dullard but a roustabout. The boys happened to be wearing the togas they had made from sheets and safety pins the day before, spreading their knees like magistrates in the wooden desk chairs, and I was taking them through the recitation of the emperors, when Mr. Woodbridge entered alongside the stout, red-faced Sedgewick, and introduced him to the class.

I had taught for several years already, as I have said, and I knew the look of frightened, desperate bravura on a new boy's face. Sedgewick Bell did not wear this look. Rather, he wore one of disdain. The boys, fifteen in all, were instantly intimidated into sensing the foolishness of their improvised cloaks, and one of them, Fred Masoudi, the leader of the dullards - though far from a dullard himself - said, to mild laughter, "Where's your toga, kid?" Sedgewick Bell answered, "Your mother must be wearing your pants today." It took me a moment to regain the attention of the class, and when Sedgewick was seated I had him go to the board and copy out the emperors. Of course, he did not know the names of any of them, and my boys had to call them out, repeatedly correcting his spelling as he wrote out in a sloppy hand:

Augustus

Tiberius
Caligula
Claudius
Nero
Galba
Otho

all the while lifting and resettling the legs of his short pants in mockery of what his new classmates were wearing. “Young man,” I said, “this is a serious class, and I expect that you will take it seriously.”

“If it’s such a serious class, then why’re they all wearing dresses?” he responded, again to laughter, although by now Fred Masoudi had loosened the rope belt at his waist and the boys around him were shifting uncomfortably in their togas.

From that first day, Sedgewick Bell was a boor and a bully, a damper to the illumination of the eager minds of my boys and a purveyor of the mean-spirited humor that is like kerosene in a school such as ours. What I asked of my boys that semester was simple-that they learn the facts I presented to them in an “Outline of Ancient Roman History”, which I had whittled, through my years of teaching, to exactly four closely typed pages; yet Sedgewick Bell was unwilling to do so. He was a poor student and on his first exam could not even tell me who it was that Mark Antony and Octavian had routed at Philippi, nor who Octavian later became, although an average wood-beetle in the floor of my classroom could have done so with ease.

Furthermore, as soon as he arrived he began a stream of capers using spitballs, wads of gum, and thumbtacks. Of course it was common for a newboy to engage his comrades thusly, but Sedgewick Bell then began to add the dangerous element of natural leadership - which was based on the physical strength of his features - to his otherwise puerile antics. He organized the boys. At exactly fifteen minutes to the hour, they would all drop their pencils at once, or cough, or slap closed their books so that writing at the blackboard my hands would jump in the air.

At a boys’ school, of course, punishment is a cultivated art. Whenever one of these antics occurred, I simply made a point of calling on Sedgewick Bell to answer a question. General laughter usually followed his stabs at answers, and

although Sedgewick himself usually laughed along with everyone else, it did not require a great deal of insight to know that the tactic would work. The organized events began to occur less frequently.

In retrospect, however, perhaps my strategy was a mistake, for to convince a boy of his own stupidity is to shoot a poisonous arrow indeed. Perhaps Sedgewick Bell's life would have turned out more nobly if I had understood his motivations right away and treated him differently at the start. But such are the pointless speculations of a teacher. What was irrefutably true was that he was performing poorly on his quizzes, even if his behavior had improved somewhat, and therefore I called him to my office.

In those days I lived in small quarters off the rear of the main hall, in what had been a slave's room when the grounds of St. Benedict's had been the estate of the philanthropist and horse breeder Cyrus Beck. Having been at school as long as I had, I no longer lived in the first-form dormitory that stood behind my room, but supervised it, so that I saw most of the boys only in matters of urgency. They came sheepishly before me.

With my bed folded into the wall, the room became my office, and shortly after supper one day that winter of his first-form year, Sedgewick Bell knocked and entered. Immediately he began to inspect the premises, casting his eyes, which had the patrician set of his father's, from the desk to the shelves to the bed folded into the wall.

"Sit down, boy."

"You're not married, are you, sir?"

"No, Sedgewick, I am not. However, we are here to talk about you." "That's why you like puttin' us in togas, right?"

Frankly, I had never encountered a boy like him before, who at the age of thirteen would affront his schoolmaster without other boys in audience. He gazed at me flatly, his chin in his hand.

"Young man," I said, sensing his motivations with sudden clarity, "we are concerned about your performance here, and I have made an appointment to see your father."

In fact, I had made no appointment with Senator Bell, but at that moment I understood that I would have to. "What would you like me to tell the senator?" I said.



His gaze faltered. “I’m going to try harder, sir, from now on.”

“Good, Sedgewick. Good.”

Indeed, that week the boys reenacted the pivotal scenes from *Julius Caesar*, and Sedgewick read his lines quite passably and contributed little that I could see to the occasional fits of giggles that circulated among the slower boys. The next week, I gave a quiz on the triumvirate of Crassus, Pompey, and Caesar, and he passed for the first time yet, with a C plus.

Notes

1. Mr. Woodbridge is the headmaster of St. Benedict’s.
2. Henry Lewis Stimson was an American statesman, lawyer and Republican Party politician.
3. “Ozymandias” are two poems written by an English Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. The poems explore the fate of human endeavours suggesting that even the greatest men and their achievements are impermanent and destined for oblivion.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. How and why did Mr. Hundert use the tablet?2. How was Sedgewick’s behavior different on his first day at school from what the teacher had expected?3. How did the relationship between Mr. Hundert and Sedgewick develop after that?4. How do teachers usually punish students in this school?5. Why did the teacher summon the boy to his room? How did their conversation go?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. What is Mr. Hundert’s attitude to his job? How is it conveyed in the story?2. Comment on the narrative perspective and diction of the story.3. How is Sedgewick’s personality revealed in the text?4. Describe how you visualize the teacher and the student in the story. How do you picture the school itself?5. Predict what might happen in the story later on.6. Watch the beginning of the film and compare the way Mr. Hundert and Sedgewick are shown in it to the images the story conjured up in your mind.

Comparing and Contrasting

Read the whole story and watch the film. Discuss whether...

...the plot was changed / simplified / expanded;

...anything was extrapolated;

...the characters were portrayed differently. Are there any new characters?

...anything was amplified as opposed to the original story.

Compare the amount and the roles of women in the story and in the film.

Does the film pass the Bechdel test?

Comment on the important themes of both the story and adaptation:

- ✓ Academic dishonesty: cheating / turning a blind eye to cheating
- ✓ Political dishonesty and populism
- ✓ Influence of a teacher vs. influence of a parent
- ✓ Moulding one's character
- ✓ Ideals and reality
- ✓ Success and failure

Which of these themes are more prominent in the story and in the film?



Look at the still from the film above. What is Mr. Hundert holding under his arm? What is the importance of this object? How is it connected with the message of the story and the film?

Summarise all your ideas using the expressions from the table below:

Similarity	Difference
One similarity / another similarity	One difference / another difference
The same / as well / also	In contrast, ... Unlike the story, ...
Likewise, ...	Conversely, the film...
Similarly / in a similar fashion / in the same way	While / whereas / in comparison with... as opposed to...
Parallel / analogous / common	More / fewer characters... than...
...in common	More / less depth... than...
...share a common emphasis on...	More / less atmospheric... than...
...corresponds to...	Not as many details / not as much attention...
Both the story and the film capture / pinpoint / showcase...	

Language Practice

Task 1: Pronunciation Tips



The articulation of the long vowel sound /ɜ:/ may be problematic for learners whose first languages do not contain a similar sound. It is often confused with /ɔ:/ and other vowel sounds. It is important to remember that, unlike /ɔ:/, it is unrounded and articulated in the open-mid central position.

Read the pairs of words focusing on the pronunciation of /ɜ:/ and /ɔ:/. Make them as distinct as possible.

course - curse	burn - born	turn - torn
worm - warm	bird - board	pearl - Paul
walker - worker	pork - perk	lawn - learn

There are several letter combinations that give the /ɜ:/ sound.

Divide the words below according to their spelling. Practise pronouncing them.

kɜ:s	'vɜ:tfʊəl	daɪ'vɜ:s	'sɜ:tən	'bʊk,wɜ:m	hɜ:d	'fɜ:taɪl	əb'sɜ:d
m'tɜ:prɪt	'wɜ:d,smɪθ	kwɜ:k	dɪ'sɜ:n	'ɜ:nɪst	'bɜ:nɪŋ	sʊ'pɜ:b	ɜ:l bɜ:θ
əb'zɜ:vənt	'ɜ:dʒənt	ɪ'mɜ:ʃən	wɜ:s	'ɜ:bən	'kɒnvɜ:slɪ	mɜ:mə	ɜ:θ kən'sɜ:n
'ɜ:ksəm	wɜ:θ						
-ur-	-ir-	-er-	-wor-	-ear-			

Which words spelled with *ear* but pronounced differently can you think of?
Make up rhymes and tongue-twisters to help you remember the tricky ones.

Task 2: Comparing Game

Work in pairs. Choose two objects of comparison from the previous units of this book (two stories, two dialects of English, two covers of the same book, two mnemonic techniques, two theories or types of humors, two fictional characters, etc.). Compare and contrast them without naming them and let your partner guess what you are comparing. Use the words and expressions from the Similarity and Difference table above.

Writing



Write a post for social media comparing and contrasting a book of your choice with its adaptation. Read other people's online reviews of the same. Does your opinion coincide with theirs?

Project



From a Tale to a Cartoon

Choose a famous folk tale or a children's story that has been turned into an animated cartoon. Study it from the point of view of its plot, characters and imagery. Do you think it is essentially the same story or a totally new one? What accounts for the changes from the source material? What impact might it produce on the 21st century children?

Present your ideas in class and compare the students' responses to the animated version of the story.



Although the subversive Shrek series of cartoons are not adaptations, they draw heavily on traditional fairy-tale tropes and characters, turning them into the targets of parodies and satire.

UNIT 7

Poetic Metamorphoses

If my poetry aims to achieve anything,
it's to deliver people from the limited
ways in which they see and feel.

Jim Morrison



Lead In

- ❖ Do you have a favourite poet? If yes, say who it is and what you like about their work. Would you say their poems changed you in any way?
- ❖ Have you ever tried writing poetry yourself? If yes, tell the class about the themes in your poems and emotions you attempted to convey.
- ❖ Do you pay much attention to the lyrics of songs you listen to? How important are they to you and do they influence your choice of music?

Metamorphoses in Poetry

Metamorphosis or transformation has been an important theme in poetry since the times of Ancient Greece and Rome. Ovid's narrative poem "The Metamorphoses" written in the first century CE features an impressive range of transformations (from human to animal, inanimate object or constellation, from animal or plant to human and others). The poem has been hugely influential throughout centuries.

Owen Barfield connected poetic imagination with the evolution of human consciousness and wrote of "felt changes" that we experience when reading poetry. It is believed that this feeling helps us overcome disconnection with nature and other people. Thus, tracing poetic metamorphoses might lead the reader to expand their perception of the world and achieve a greater interconnectedness with it.

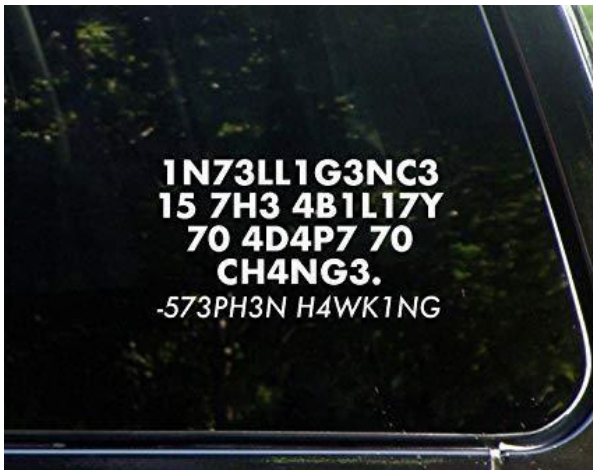
Task 1

Watch a 2012 TED talk given by Billy Collins “Everyday Moments Caught in Time” in which he presents some of his poems combined with animation.

- ✓ What was the poet’s initial reaction to the idea of creating animated versions of his poems?
- ✓ What does he mean by “anti-poetry deflector shields”?
- ✓ Which of the poems did you enjoy most and why?
- ✓ Which of them includes a transformation?
- ✓ What is your opinion about combining poetry with animation?

Task 2

Read the quote in below.



How long did it take you to read it?
What was your first reaction to this image?

Do you agree with the statement in the quotation?

Poetry of Change

Zoë Skoulding (born in 1967) is an English poet, translator, performer, literary critic and educator. She is Senior Lecturer at Bangor University (Wales), where she carries out research on urban space, contemporary women’s poetry and translation. She has published several collections of poetry and edited “Poetry Wales” from 2008 to 2014.

Read and listen to her poem “Astrolaire” and say how urban space is portrayed in it.



Astrolaire

I walked in the garden
under planets and streetlights
 between streetlight and
 flower strung
 between elements
between the streets converging
a rose does not know
 it is a rose
the city
does not know it is a rose

the city opened
I unfolded myself
through lines of symmetry
 the hidden
asterion star flower
punctured the dark
 life of
its root skeins stretched over sky
as satellites bloomed around
 the world

Discussion



1. In your opinion, what is this poem about?
2. Comment on the title of the poem. What associations does it conjure up?
3. Comment on the graphical arrangement of the lines. Do you think it is random or meaningful?
4. What metamorphoses have you noticed? What imagery is used to depict them?
5. What is your emotional response to the poem? Compare it to that of other students.
6. Have you ever felt connected to a certain place, being part of it? If yes, what images would you use to describe this feeling?

Billy Collins (born in 1941) is an American poet and educator. He has published and recorded numerous poems and has received many literary awards. He was Poet Laureate of the United States from 2001 to 2003 and was selected as the New York State Poet for 2004 through 2006. As American Poet Laureate, Collins read his poem “The Names” at the United States Congress in 2002 to commemorate the victims of the



9/11 attacks. He is considered to be one of the most famous poets in the USA. One of his works, “Fishing on the Susquehanna in July”, has been included on national Advance Placement exams for high school students.

Read and listen to the poem below following the poet’s changing mood.

Another Reason Why I Don’t Keep A Gun In The House


The neighbors’ dog will not stop barking.
He is barking the same high, rhythmic bark
that he barks every time they leave the house.
They must switch him on on their way out.

The neighbors’ dog will not stop barking.
I close all the windows in the house
and put on a Beethoven symphony full blast
but I can still hear him muffled under the music,
barking, barking, barking,

and now I can see him sitting in the orchestra,
his head raised confidently as if Beethoven
had included a part for barking dog.

When the record finally ends he is still barking,
sitting there in the oboe section barking,

his eyes fixed on the conductor who is
 entreating him with his baton
 while the other musicians listen in respectful
 silence to the famous barking dog solo,
 that endless coda that first established
 Beethoven as an innovative genius.

<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Explain the title of the poem. Do you think he used it literally or ironically? 2. Which elements are repeated in the poem? What is their significance? 3. What or who undergoes a metamorphosis in the poem? Why does it happen? 4. What is your emotional response to the poem? Compare it to that of other students. 5. How do you deal with things that annoy or upset you? Choose one of such things and poetically transform it into something completely different.
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Language Practice

Task 1: Confusing Pairs

There are a lot of words in English that learners tend to confuse. Common pairs like this are:

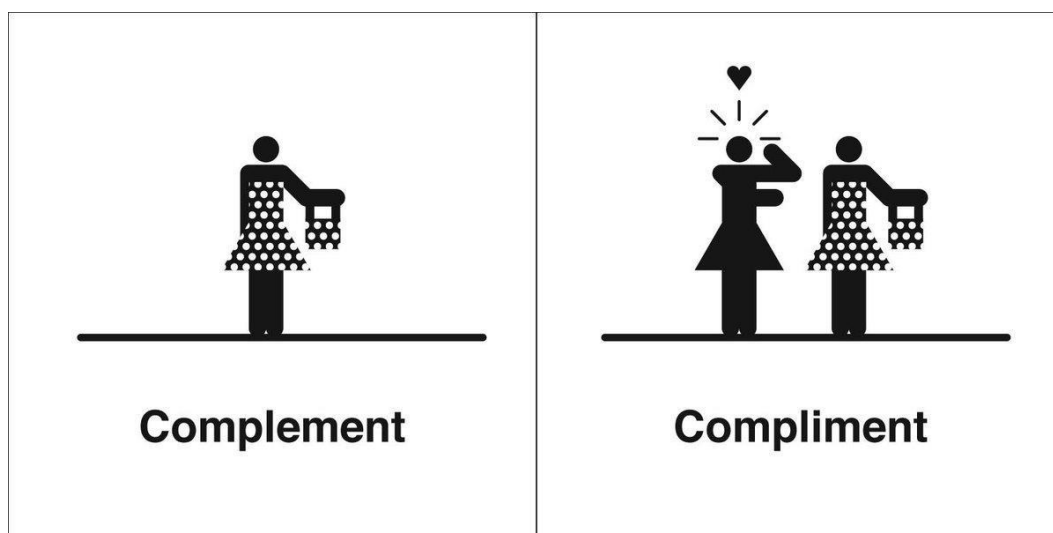
raise / rise
 lie / lie / lay
 motif / motive
 quite / quiet
 coma / comma
 genial / genius
 council / counsel
 compliment / complement
 disinterested / uninterested
 audience / auditory
 libel / slander
 allude / elude
 number / amount

Read these pairs and say where the confusion may come from, as in the example:

➤ “Auditory” may be confused with “audience” because they used to mean the same thing in English (a group of viewers or listeners), but now only “audience” is used in this context, while “auditory” means “something related to the sense of hearing”. The interference of the first language may also contribute to the confusion.



Offer your own activity aimed at preventing errors in the usage of the words above. Divide the class into several groups and try out the activities you have come up with. Use visual / audial aids.



Task 2: Vocabulary

Check your memory. Rephrase the sentences below using the vocabulary you have learnt since the beginning of the semester.

1. The first chapter of your fanfiction is very intriguing: when are you posting the next one?
2. Don't underestimate the significance of understanding and resonance in classroom.
3. The director of the adaptation just uses the story for his own agenda.
4. When I was a teenager, my mood would change ten times a day.
5. We need to teach our children to recover quickly after a shock or a hardship.
6. You've clearly made an effort but your project is still far from perfect.
7. The protagonist's sidekick often makes snappy remarks.

8. Thank goodness, your common sense prevailed over your pride.
9. I am not a good speaker, but I can write really well.
10. I advise you to avoid people who just use you to get to the top.

Writing

Choose a poem that describes an emotion you have experienced in your own life. Write an online post or film a video explaining the response this poem elicits from you. Here are some ideas you may develop.



- ✓ The poem is rich in imagery that...
- ✓ The way the poet treats the theme of...
 - ✓ The tone suggests that...
- ✓ The motif of... is repeated in the...
- ✓ The poem resonates with...

Project



From Poem to Song

A lot of songs have been inspired by poetry. Some poems were set to music without any changes in the wording, while others only served as the source of inspiration. Choose a song that originated in a poem and study its imagery. How does it interact with the music? What effect does it produce on you? Play the song to the class to discover whether you have similar or different responses to it. Compare and contrast the original poem and the song.



“I Wanna Be Yours” is a song by Arctic Monkeys released in 2013. It is based on the poem by John Cooper Clarke, a performance poet also known as “a punk poet”. As opposed to Clarke’s performance, the band has made it more lyrical and infused with sadness and longing.

PART 2

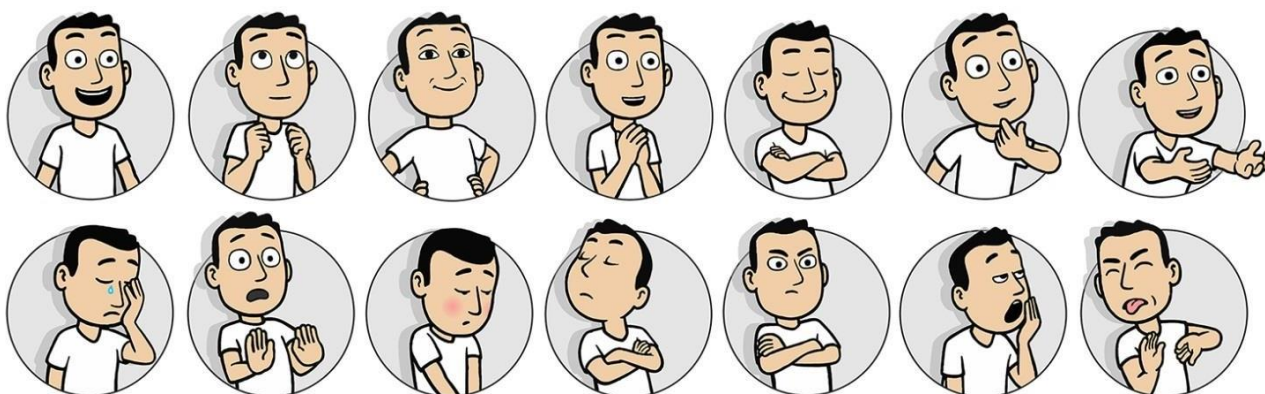


UNIT 8

The Language of Emotions

Lead In

- ❖ Are you good at recognising other people's emotions? How do you know that someone is upset / suspicious / bored / delighted?
- ❖ Do you sympathise with characters' emotions in fiction? Which emotions are hard for you to bear?
- ❖ Are you familiar with the experience of vicarious shame (the feeling of shame on behalf of another person)? Do you feel it when you read or watch about characters in embarrassing situations? Speak about your experience using specific examples.



Fiction and Empathy

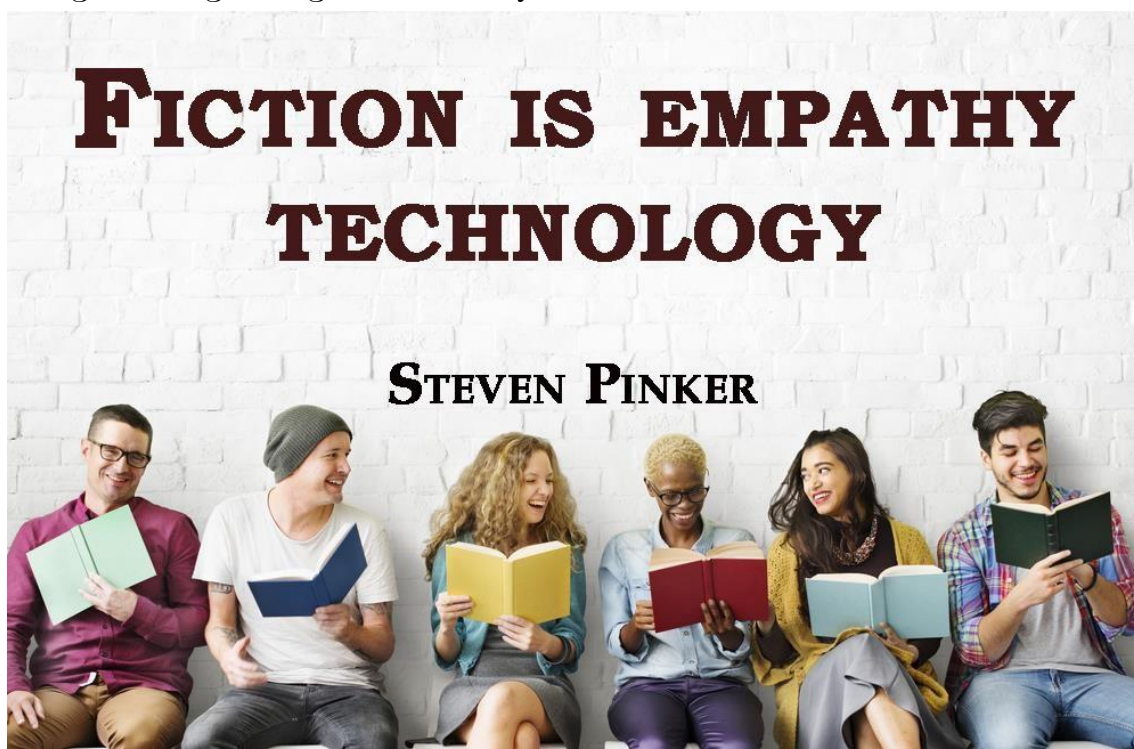
A common argument in support of reading fiction is that it develops one's **empathy**. It is proved by the research that traces the correlation between reading literary fiction and identifying other people's feelings. Social psychologists Kidd and Castano published a study containing experimental evidence that reading passages of literary fiction, in comparison to nonfiction or popular fiction, enhances the reader's ability to understand other people's **mental states**. Looking at the phenomenon from the cognitive perspective, Lisa Zunshine suggests that "fiction engages, teases, and pushes to its tentative limits our mind-reading capacity"⁸.

Emotional intelligence, usually defined as one's capability to discern other people's emotions, as well as one's own, makes people more socially effective. Sometimes, emotional intelligence is viewed as not only the ability to read

⁸ Lisa Zunshine. *Why We Read Fiction: Theory of Mind and the Novel*, p. 4.

emotions, but also to express and manage them. This presupposes the mastery of **emotion-relevant concepts and language**. The relationship between feeling and thinking is of particular interest to scientists, who now challenge the long-standing opposition between “feeling” and “reason”. It has been shown, for example, that emotions play a pivotal role in good decision-making. Thus, depictions of mental states in fiction boost the reader’s awareness of different emotions, emphasise their complexity and give us a language to describe them.

The history of world literature reflects human desire to grasp the nature of emotion and express it in prose, poetry and drama. The oldest genre division of tragedy and comedy relates to two basic emotions of **sadness** and **joy**. Countless characters succumbed to **anger** and **fear**, suffered from **despair**, **shame** or **embarrassment**, enjoyed **triumph**, **relief** and **happiness**. Authors have always counted on the element of **surprise** in their stories and attempted to give **amusement** to their audiences. There have been whole literary movements that centred on emotions in one way or another, such as, most famously, Sentimentalism of the 18th century with its focus on “true and natural feelings”. Various stories have shown the complexity of human emotional life and enabled readers to plunge into someone else’s inner turmoil. Contemporary fiction and poetry are carrying on with this quest, exploring both age-long and entirely new dimensions of mental states.



Task 1

Watch a TED talk by historian Tiffany Watt Smith entitled “The history of human emotions” (2017). As you watch, note down the words she uses to name emotions. Compare your list to those of other students.

- Why does the speaker mention unusual emotions from various cultures? What point does she make?
- Why does she call the knowledge of emotions “an extremely important commodity”?
- The speaker suggests that emotions are not simple physiological reflexes. What evidence does she use to support this claim?
- Which examples from history does she use in her talk? Which one impressed you most?
- Find an interesting emotion from a different culture. Say whether you have ever experienced it personally and describe the occasion.

Task 2

*Work in groups. Discuss the way you use **emoji** in your daily life.*



- ❖ How often do you use them and in which media?
- ❖ Which ones do you use? Which one is your favourite?
- ❖ Do you think the use of emoji and emoticons promotes one’s emotional intelligence or decreases it? Explain your point of view.
- ❖ Do you think emoji should be used in...
...newspaper articles, official documents, social media posts, fiction, poetry?

Task 3

Read the excerpts below. Identify what the characters feel. Which words are used to convey their mental states?

The telephone rings.

I stare at the instrument, thinking - not for the first time - what a nasty, intrusive, uncivil thing the telephone really is, demanding, irritating, interrupting, invading the mind's space. I wonder why Alexander Graham Bell is such a hero. His invention destroyed the private realm. The device has no conscience. It rings when we are sleeping, showering, praying, arguing, reading, making love. Or when we just want desperately to be left alone. I think about not answering. I have suffered enough. And not only because my mercurial wife hung up so abruptly. This has been one of those peculiar Thursdays on which the telephone refuses to stop its angry clamor for attention: a frustrated law-review editor demanding that I dispatch an overdue draft of an article, an unhappy student seeking an appointment, American Express looking for last month's payment, all have had their innings. The dean of the law school, Lynda Wyatt - or Dean Lynda, as she likes to be addressed by everybody, students, faculty, and alumni alike - called just before lunch to assign me to yet another of the ad hoc committees she is always creating. "I only ask because I love you," she crooned in her motherly way, which is what she says to everybody she dislikes.

The phone keeps ringing. I wait for the voice mail to answer, but the voice mail, like most of the university's cut-rate technology, operates best when not needed. I decide to ignore it, but then I remember that my conversation with Kimmer ended badly, so perhaps she is calling to make up.

Or to argue some more.

From "The Emperor of Ocean Park" by Stephen L. Carter

Hermione sighed and laid down her quill.

'Well, obviously, she's feeling very sad, because of Cedric dying. Then I expect she's feeling confused because she liked Cedric and now she likes Harry, and she can't work out who she likes best. Then she'll be feeling guilty, thinking it's an insult to Cedric's memory to be kissing Harry at all, and she'll be worrying about what everyone else might say about her if she starts going out with Harry. And she probably can't work out what her

feelings towards Harry are, anyway, because he was the one who was with Cedric when Cedric died, so that's all very mixed up and painful. Oh, and she's afraid she's going to be thrown off the Ravenclaw Quidditch team because she's been flying so badly.'

A slightly stunned silence greeted the end of this speech, then Ron said, 'One person can't feel all that at once, they'd explode.'

'Just because you've got the emotional range of a teaspoon doesn't mean we all have,' said Hermione nastily picking up her quill again.

From "The Order of the Phoenix" by J.K. Rowling

Task 4

What is the distinction between *emotion* and *feeling*? Express your own understanding of these terms first, then look them up and compare to your ideas.

Look at the wheel of emotion below. Which of the states in it are feelings rather than emotions?

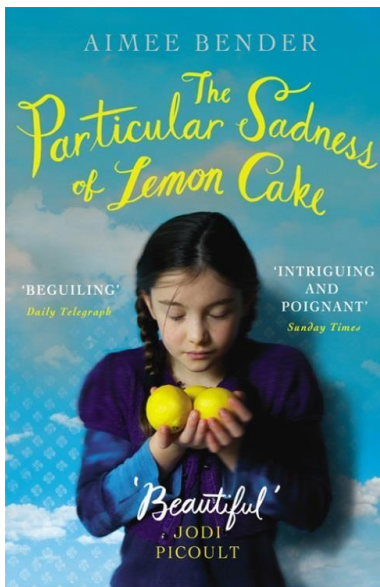


The Taste of Emotions

Aimee Bender (born in 1969) is an American author. She has published several novels and short stories, most of which have magic, absurd or surreal elements. Bender was influenced by fairy-tales as a child, especially Hans Christian Andersen, but her own stories gravitate towards the adult audience. She has been awarded several prizes for her fiction and has been teaching creative writing at the University of Southern California.

“The Particular Sadness of Lemon Cake” (2010) is a novel about a 9-year-old girl, Rose Edelstein, who discovers that she has a strange gift: when tasting food she can discern the emotions of the person who cooked it. It all starts with the birthday cake her mother bakes for her, and from that moment on Rose’s perception of people and herself is beginning to change. The novel traces Rose’s story as she becomes a young woman who manages to come to grips with her unusual talent and puts it to good use.

Read the excerpt from the novel given below focusing on the language the author uses to describe emotions.



After dinner, while Dad finished the rest of his work in the bedroom, Mom stretched out on the living-room carpet in front of the red brick fireplace, and even though it was warm out still, almost seventy degrees, she lit a fire using an old pine log she’d found in the garage. Come sit, Rose, she called to me, and we nestled up together and stared as the flickering flames licked the log into ash. I had nightmares that night, since they say you have nightmares more easily when the house is too warm. I dreamed we were plunging down frozen rivers.

My birthday cake was her latest project because it was not from a mix but instead built from scratch - the flour, the baking soda, lemon-flavored because at eight that had been my request; I had developed a strong love for sour. We'd looked through several cookbooks together to find just the right one, and the smell in the kitchen was overpoweringly pleasant. To be clear: the bite I ate was delicious. Warm citrus-baked batter lightness enfolded by cool deep dark swirled sugar.

But the day was darkening outside, and as I finished that first bite, as that first impression faded, I felt a subtle shift inside, an unexpected reaction. As if a sensor, so far buried deep inside me, raised its scope to scan around, alerting my mouth to something new. Because the goodness of the ingredients - the fine chocolate, the freshest lemons - seemed like a cover over something larger and darker, and the taste of what was underneath was beginning to push up from the bite. I could absolutely taste the chocolate, but in drifts and traces, in an unfurling, or an opening, it seemed that my mouth was also filling with the taste of smallness, the sensation of shrinking, of upset, tasting a distance I somehow knew was connected to my mother, tasting a crowded sense of her thinking, a spiral, like I could almost even taste the grit in her jaw that had created the headache that meant she had to take as many aspirins as were necessary, a white dotted line of them in a row on the nightstand like an ellipsis to her comment: I'm just going to lie down... None of it was a bad taste, so much, but there was a kind of lack of wholeness to the flavors that made it taste hollow, like the lemon and chocolate were just surrounding a hollowness. My mother's able hands had made the cake, and her mind had known how to balance the ingredients, but she was not there, in it. It so scared me that I took a knife from a drawer and cut out a big slice, ruining the circle, because I had to check again right that second, and I put it on a pink-flowered plate and grabbed a napkin from the napkin drawer. My heart was beating fast. Eddie Oakley shrank to a pinpoint. I was hoping I'd imagined it - maybe it was a bad lemon? or old sugar? - although I knew, even as I thought it, that what I'd tasted had nothing to do with ingredients - and I flipped on the light and took the plate in the other room to my favorite chair, the one with the orange-striped pattern, and with each bite, I thought - mmm, so good, the best ever, yum - but in each bite: absence, hunger, spiraling, hollows. This cake that my mother had made just for me, her daughter, whom she loved so

much I could see her clench her fists from overflow sometimes when I came home from school, and when she would hug me hello I could feel how inadequate the hug was for how much she wanted to give.

I ate the whole piece, desperate to prove myself wrong.

When Mom got up, after six, she wandered into the kitchen and saw the slice taken out of the cake and found me slumped at the foot of the orange- striped chair. She knelt down and smoothed the hot hair off my forehead.

Rosie, she said. Sweets. You all right?

I blinked open eyes, with eyelids heavier now, like tiny lead weights had been strung, fishing-line style, onto each lash.

I ate a slice of cake, I said.

She smiled at me. I could still see the headache in her, pulsing in her left eyebrow, but the smile was real.

That's okay, she said, rubbing the underside of her eye bone. How'd it turn out? Fine, I said, but my voice wavered.

She went and got herself a piece and sat down with me on the floor, crossing her legs. Sheet lines pressed into her cheek from the nap.

Mmm, she said, taking a small bite. Do you think it's too sweet?

I could feel the mountain swelling in my throat, an ache spreading into the lining of my neck.

What is it, baby? she asked.

I don't know.

Joe home from school yet?

Not yet.

What's wrong? Are you crying? Did something happen at school?

Did you and Dad have a fight?

Not really, she said, wiping her mouth with my napkin. Just a discussion.

You don't have to worry about that.

Are you okay? I said.

Me?

You? I said, sitting up more.

She shrugged. Sure, she said. I just needed a nap. Why?

I shook my head clear. I thought -

She raised her eyebrows, encouraging.

It tastes empty, I said.

The cake? She laughed a little, startled. Is it that bad? Did I miss an ingredient?

No, I said. Not like that. Like you were away? You feel okay?

I kept shaking my head. The words, stupid words, which made no sense.

I'm here, she said, brightly. I feel fine. More?

She held out a forkful, all sunshine and cocoa, but I could not possibly eat it.

I swallowed and, with effort, the spit slid around the mountain in my throat.

I guess I shouldn't spoil my dinner? I said.



Only then - and only for a second - did she look at me oddly. Funny kid, she said. She patted her fingers on the napkin and stood. Well, then. Should we get started?

Dinner? I said.

Chicken, she said, checking her watch. It's late!

Notes

1. Eddie Oakley is a boy from school whom Rose often thinks about.

 <p>Comprehension</p>	<p>1. Why did Rose's mother bake the cake? Was it easy for her to do?</p> <p>2. What did Rose experience when she tasted the cake?</p> <p>3. Could she explain what she was feeling to her mother? What was her mother's reaction?</p>
 <p>Discussion</p>	<p>1. What do you think Rose's mother was actually feeling? Why was there "a hollowness"? What is implied by the phrase: "a white dotted line of them in a row on the nightstand like an ellipsis to her comment: I'm just going to lie down..."</p> <p>2. What figures of speech are used in the text to render Rose's unusual experience?</p> <p>3. Would you like to have Rose's talent? How would your life be different if you had it?</p> <p>4. Do emotions have their own "tastes"? Describe several emotions (anguish, sadness, serenity, anxiety, ecstasy, etc.) using gustatory imagery.</p>

Language Practice

Task 1. Pronunciation Tips

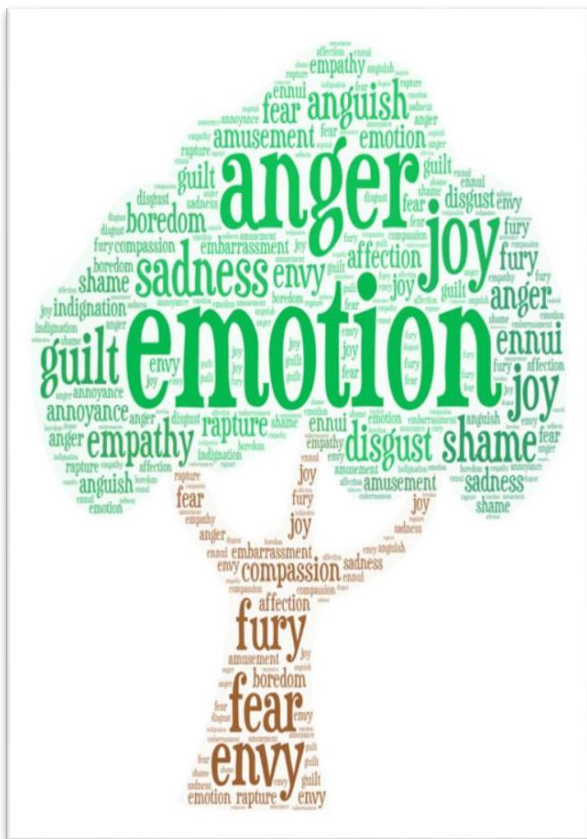
The letter combination -ough is pronounced in several different ways. Look at the table below and practise saying these words out loud.

/əʊ/	/aʊ/	/u:/	/ɔ:/	/ə/	/ʌf/	/ɒf/	/ʌp/
though	bough	through	thought	borough	enough	cough	hiccough
although	drought		bought	thorough	rough	trough	
dough	plough		brought		tough		

- ✓ How is the pronunciation of the word *thorough* different in British and American English?
- ✓ Work in pairs. Practise the pronunciation of the words that are frequently confused: *through, thorough, thought, though*. Make up phrases, rhymes or tongue-twisters to remember them better.

Task 2: Synonyms for emotion words

Look at the lists of synonyms below. What can you add to them? Use dictionaries or a thesaurus to help you.



Emotions: feeling, affect, sentiment

Sympathy: compassion, empathy, affinity, rapport

Anger: wrath, fury, resentment, rage

Happiness: joy, ecstasy, rapture

Sadness: melancholy, anguish, grief, gloom

Changeable: volatile, fleeting, unstable

Strong: intense, overpowering, uncontrollable, overwhelming

To express one's emotions: to show, to reveal

To control one's emotions: to suppress, to harness, to bottle up

To release one's emotions: to set free, to liberate, to unleash.

Work in groups. Use the categories above for mind mapping. Brainstorm ideas for your mind maps together.

Task 3: Idioms

Study the idioms in the table below and provide your own examples. Translate the examples in the table, as well as other students', into your first language.

To run hot and cold is to vacillate between two different states, reactions or opinions.	It's more than just mixed feelings: she's positively running hot and cold about the new game. She hates it one minute and then loves it the next.
To be beside oneself is to experience a very strong emotion and to be overpowered by it.	I'm beside myself with joy. He couldn't speak: he was beside himself with grief.
We start climbing the wall(s) when we are very agitated, anxious, restless or even bored.	The test results have not arrived yet: we are all climbing the walls.
When you get cold feet before doing something, you no longer want to go ahead with it because you are too nervous or afraid.	I hope you won't get cold feet and renege on our deal. Are you going to dive or are you getting cold feet?
When we become suddenly very angry, we fly off the handle .	His mood is very volatile: he can fly off the handle at the smallest provocation.
To eat one's heart out means to feel any strong negative emotion (grief, jealousy, anxiety, etc.) It is also used as an exclamation directed at the losing side.	They are eating their hearts out over the defeat of their candidate in the election. She's going to the prom with me! Eat your heart out!
To have egg on one's face is to be embarrassed by something one has done.	I am so sorry I opened the present early: my curiosity got the better of me. I have egg on my face now.
To push / press someone's buttons means to elicit a strong emotional reaction in someone, usually anger or irritation or sexual arousal.	I have an obnoxious colleague who really knows how to push my buttons.
When things go wrong, we can put a brave face / front on it - act as if everything is fine, not letting others know how upsetting it is.	I know how you are feeling after the fiasco of the play. You don't have to put a brave face on it.

Work in pairs. Have you ever flown off the handle? Do you sometimes get cold feet? Discuss these and other situations with your partner.

Writing



Read the excerpts from the readers' reviews of "The Particular Sadness for Lemon Cake". How did this book make them feel?

Overall, I enjoyed this very unusual novel. It was not depressing or heavy, but left me with a lingering sadness as I thought about my own childhood.

Wow. Extremely disturbing and haunting. And it was so depressing for most of the book but only because I didn't understand it until much too late.

"The Particular Sadness for Lemon Cake" is a combination of unique, disturbing and unorganized. I have no other words to describe this novel as I found myself tuning in and out of the events as they were slapped together in a messy sort of way that made me feel tossed around from scene to scene in a random fashion.

Everything about this book just went down right. Like that perfect cup of tea - it's not too hot but almost too hot, and not too milky, no sugar. It goes down and you want to gulp it but you want to sip it too and you don't want to finish it because you know your next cup of tea won't be anywhere near as good. And you kind of want to convince everyone that there's whiskey in your coffee mug instead of tea, it's a little embarrassing but it doesn't change the way you feel about it. Not one little bit.

Choose a story you have recently read and describe your emotional response to it. Post it on goodreads.com and compare to other reviewers' emotions evoked by the same book. Are they similar to yours?



Project



The Way We See Our Emotions

What are our dominant emotions and what role do they play in our lives? What imagery, metaphors and symbols do we use to talk about them? How can they be represented visually?

Choose one or several emotions and find their representations in fiction, poetry or cinema. Focus on visual representations. Find out which portrayals elicit most sympathetic response from the class.



In “Inside Out” (2015) the protagonist’s emotional life is visualised through five personified emotions: Joy, Sadness, Disgust, Fear and Anger.

UNIT 9

The Landscape of Our Mind

Lead In

- ❖ Are you an absent-minded person? How many of the questions below can you answer positively?
- ✓ Have you ever lost your train of thought mid-sentence?
- ✓ Have you ever lost or misplaced your keys / mobile phone / documents?
- ✓ Do you sometimes forget people's names even if you know them well?
- ✓ Have you ever entered a room and completely forgot why you came here?
- ✓ Have you ever realised, on reading a page from a book, that you have been daydreaming and you have no idea what you have just read?
- ❖ What can people do to stay more focused and be more aware of what they are doing? Brainstorm the ideas in class.
- ❖ How do we know what fictional characters think? Do we always get to know how their minds work? Is it more interesting to be told exactly what is going on in their minds or to work it out by external signs and actions? Provide examples from fiction to support your ideas.



Inside a Character's Mind

One of the main fascinations of fiction is being able to “get inside” someone else's mind. On the whole, readers tend to identify with fictional characters with whose emotions and thoughts they can sympathise. Consequently,

authors have always been concerned with finding an optimal way of conveying their characters' mental states and elucidating the workings of their minds. One of the possible approaches is giving a full account of a character's frame of mind and thoughts, as opposed to the total absence of such an account, leaving it all for the reader to extrapolate. However, authors seldom stick exclusively to one method and tend to combine various ways of introducing **introspection**.

There are several narrative techniques that are specifically tied to thought presentation. **Free indirect speech** is the style of third-person narration in which characters' thoughts sometimes merge with the voice of the narrator. This method, also known as **free indirect discourse**, has been used since the times of Jane Austen. Another technique is **third-person limited narration** which gives the author an opportunity to use one character as a focaliser, allowing the reader an access only to this character's thoughts and perceptions.

The method known as **stream of consciousness** aims at rendering an uninterrupted flow of feelings, thoughts and memories in the waking mind. It became prominent in the modernist literature and has remained frequently used ever since. A variety of stream-of-consciousness narration in which the author does not seem to modify the natural rhythm and flow of a character's thoughts is referred to as **interior monologue**. It should be noted, however, that these two terms are often used interchangeably.

Thematically, the workings of human brain offer a wide range of subject matter for authors. Many of them incorporate psychological insights into their fiction and focus on the complexity of mental processes. Numerous characters are portrayed as having certain **neurological conditions or disorders** (autism spectrum, anxiety disorder, depression, dementia, etc.). Mistakes and fallacies people tend to commit in their thinking are now widely studied as **cognitive biases**, which are also represented in fiction. Another serious challenge for authors is to depict an **altered state of consciousness** that may be induced by hypnosis, trance, daydreaming, sleep deprivation, influence of drugs, panic attack, etc. Literary expression of various mental states and conditions does not only provide a unique opportunity to broaden one's understanding of the processes that unfold in the human mind, but also offer alternative forms of cognition and self-actualisation, as well as produce therapeutic effect.

Task 1

Cognitive biases are deviations from rational thinking that systematically occur in human behaviour, affecting people's judgments and decisions. The list of such biases is constantly expanding.

Look up the biases below and say whether you have observed such patterns in someone's behaviour.

- ✓ Confirmation bias
- ✓ Planning fallacy
- ✓ Dunning-Kruger effect



Task 2

Altered states of consciousness, whether they are produced by external factors or changes in perception, have several common characteristics. According to Arnold M. Ludwig⁹, these include:

- ❖ Alterations in thinking
- ❖ Disturbed time sense
- ❖ Loss of control
- ❖ Change in emotional expression
- ❖ Body image change
- ❖ Perceptual distortions
- ❖ Change in meaning or significance
- ❖ Sense of the Ineffable
- ❖ Feelings of rejuvenation
- ❖ Hypersuggestibility

⁹ Ludwig, A. M. Altered States of Consciousness // Archives of General Psychiatry, 1966. Vol. 15 (3). P. 227-230.

Discuss these features of altered mental states. Have you ever experienced any of them? Have you seen them portrayed in films or music videos? Explain how they were visualised in them.

A still of the 2007 musical film “Across the Universe”



Task 3

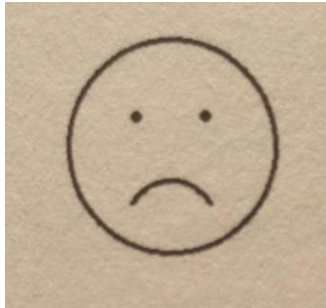
Read the excerpts below and say which mental states are presented in them and how they are rendered on the narrative level.

Whoooooo there goes another fog-horn, they sound so close, such a melancholy sound, reminds me of when he came to see me off at Dover, standing at the quayside with his hands in his pockets trying to shout something, but every time he opened his mouth the hooter went, and of course it had to be a great handsome French boy who was at the rail beside me I never even spoke to him but he couldn't sleep that night for jealousy he said in his letter funny how jealous he was before we were married well that's one foot thawed out let's try the other ah that's nice he always so warm after we so am I but getting out of bed spoils it perhaps that's what started it off that's happened before our honeymoon was the first time three days early instead of late the last one for about two years too what a honeymoon that was but how was I to know it would be early I suppose that's why they let the girl name the day funny I never thought of that before I didn't have any choice...

From “The British Museum is Falling Down” by David Lodge

My name is Christopher John Francis Boone. I know all the countries of the world and their capital cities and every prime number up to 7,057.

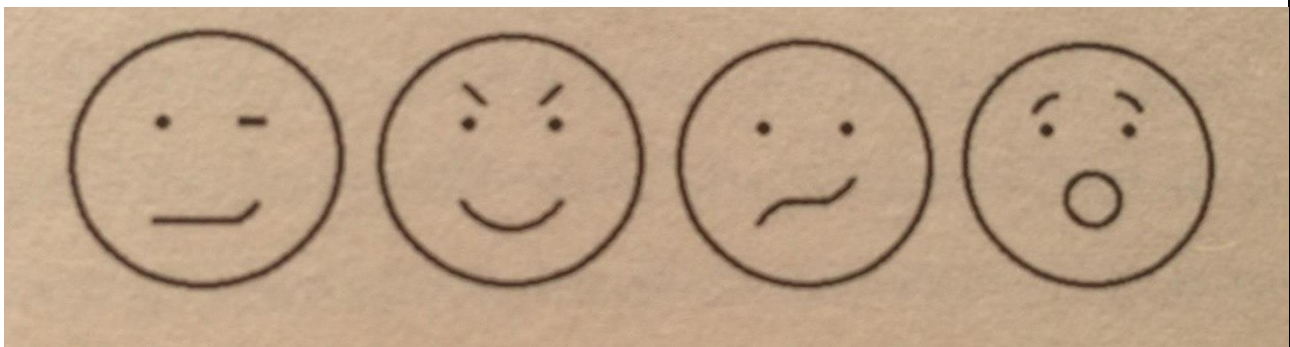
Eight years ago, when I first met Siobhan, she showed me this picture



and I knew that it meant “sad,” which is what I felt when I found the dead dog. Then she showed me this picture



and I knew that it meant “happy,” like when I'm reading about the Apollo space missions, or when I am still awake at 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. in the morning and I can walk up and down the street and pretend that I am the only person in the whole world. Then she drew some other pictures



but I was unable to say what these meant.

From “The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time” by Mark Haddon

“Potter,” Moody growled, “you next.”

Harry moved forward into the middle of the classroom, into the space that Moody had cleared of desks. Moody raised his wand, pointed it at Harry, and said, ‘Imperio!’

It was the most wonderful feeling. Harry felt a floating sensation as every thought and worry in his head was wiped gently away, leaving nothing but avague, untraceable happiness. He stood there feeling immensely relaxed, only dimly aware of everyone watching him.

And then he heard Mad-Eye Moody's voice, echoing in some distant chamber of his empty brain: *Jump onto the desk. . . jump onto the desk. . .*

Harry bent his knees obediently, preparing to spring.

Jump onto the desk....

Why, though? Another voice had awoken in the back of his brain. Stupid thing to do, really, said the voice.

Jump onto the desk....

No, I don't think I will, thanks, said the other voice, a little more firmly. . . no, I don't really want to.

Jump! NOW!

The next thing Harry felt was considerable pain. He had both jumped and tried to prevent himself from jumping - the result was that he'd smashed headlong into the desk knocking it over, and, by the feeling in his legs, fractured both his kneecaps.

"Now, that's more like it!" growled Moody's voice, and suddenly, Harry felt the empty, echoing feeling in his head disappear.

From "Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire" by J.K. Rowling

Task 4

What is **mindfulness**? Discuss the notion in groups.

Watch a 2012 Ted Talk by Andy Puddicombe "All it takes is 10 mindful minutes".

- Why is mindfulness important, according to Andy?
- What does he recommend to do in order to achieve mindfulness?
- Why does he use juggling balls in his talk?



Describing the Workings of the Mind



Laura Marney is a Scottish author. She writes novels, short stories and drama for the stage and radio. She also teaches Creative Writing at Glasgow University. Marney has been noted for comic writing, especially her black humour. Marney's novel "**Only Strange People Go to Church**" (2006) is set in a fictional Scottish town of Hexton. The protagonist, a young woman named Maria, works in a social service centre and looks after the Blue Group, several people with disabilities and mental conditions. She is constantly pushed by her boss Mike to involve her clients more with the local community, but

the people of Hexton refuse to have anything to do with them. Eventually, Maria comes up with the plan to put on a large-scale community talent show, and a deconsecrated church becomes the venue for this event, as well as the unofficial place for all kinds of people to get together.

Read the chapter from the novel given below and say how Maria's mental processes are portrayed.

Maria is going to be late. She's still to get the bus out to Hexton and she's not even dressed yet. She has her appraisal meeting with Mike today. Due to the importance of this meeting it's crucial that she arrive in plenty of time but, due to the importance of this meeting, she had to have an extra long meditation this morning. Two years ago Maria had sneaked a peek at her appraisal form after Mike's summative comments. 'Head full of wee beasties,' he'd written. It's a disgusting yet fascinating idea; cockroaches and beetles nibbling at her brain, blindly clambering over each other in the darkness under her skull, maggots sucking and sliding, bobsleighing the grooves in her cortex. But it isn't true. As usual, Mike's got it wrong. Maria's head is full of much higher forms of life.

Her usual routine is to enter meditation by lying on her bedroom carpet. The carpet has an unfashionably thick woolly pile, ideal for meditative purposes.

Her flat is east facing which, in the morning, is a good thing.

Between the bed and the chest of drawers there's enough space, just, for her to lie down and catch the early morning light on her face.

If she concentrates hard enough, Maria experiences bliss. Although she's never actually tried any illegal drugs she has attended enough drug awareness workshops to understand that this sensation must be similar to that induced by ecstasy and other class A's. Maria has no need of synthetic drugs; the pharmacy in her brain makes all the chemical cocktails she wants. From this happy place, beside a shimmering river designed in her imagination, Maria progresses to planning her day, conferring and taking advice from her spiritual advisors, programming her personal development and her long term goals. Spiritual advisors come and go, depending on how they inspire her. They've been with her, in her head and by her side every day, ever since she got spiritual. She got spiritual as a way of life after she'd done political, which was prior to promiscuous, and long after religious. Maria has tried them all. Nothing else ever lasted long but this spirituality thing has been a grower.

True, she is unencumbered by a relationship at the moment but, she often asks herself, is having a boyfriend the be all and end all? Her friends, the girls she shared a flat with at uni, the Kelvin Street Kids as they called themselves, they've all got nice partners now. The boyfriends Maria's had up until now have never quite worked out; they've always been flawed one way or another. She's always ended up with the nerds, the geeks, the lame ducks her friends wouldn't entertain. After the debacle with her last boyf, the exotically named Dirk, that Saturday morning she found herself in a bookshop browsing the Mind/Body/Spirit section.

The books weren't all hippy dippy nonsense, some of the advice made perfect sense and made her feel better, certainly better than Dirk had ever done. Better than her earlier interests: politics, promiscuity or religion had ever done. And there was so much to absorb. Reading in the bookshop café with a mochachino on Saturday afternoons allowed Maria to accept and relax into Saturday nights alone in front of the telly.

The Mind/Body/Spirit books got her started on meditation and spiritual advisors. It's a harmless enough little foible, she thinks, a creative and amusing diversion that helps get her through the day. Given Mike's previous appraisal

comments Maria knows it's best to keep her interesting interior life to herself. If he knew what went on in the privacy of Maria's own head he'd be freaked out and want rid of her, or at least send her home on the sick.

She's going to be late, again, giving Mike another golden opportunity to spike her promotion prospects. Another year will go by with Maria at the bottom of the ladder, another year of unfulfilled potential. She feels panic creep up her spine.

Ironically, her leading spiritual advisor, Nelson Mandela, kept her late this morning with a long debate on the nature of patience.

'The most important thing,' he kept saying, 'is not that you are promoted, young lady.'

He only calls her young lady when he's annoyed with her. 'The most important thing is that you learn patience.'

Of all her advisors, Maria is reluctantly forced to concede, Nelson is far and away the most qualified on the subject.

'Because', says Nelson sagely, 'what is patience but love?'

He's used this line before. Maria's pretty sure she read this in one of her MBS books as a quotation of Nelson's but still, that doesn't make it any less true.



She takes three deep centring breaths and begins visualising a successful outcome to the meeting. When she thinks of Mike she has to stop her mind leaping to its usual impression of him: a prissy, snobbish, insensitive, knob-end. For the purposes of the visualisation she must rejig that notion and conceive of Mike as a smiling, caring boss who values his staff.

She visualises him coming out of his office to greet her, taking one of her hands in both of his, leading her inside. Like a TV advert for a credit company, she pictures him nodding agreement as he ticks the boxes on her appraisal form. She envisions them sharing a joke, an affectionate chuckle at some of the antics of Blue Group. She imagines his bashful admiration of her tolerance. She sees him writing a fulsome report recommending her for promotion to Senior Key Worker, them both smiling as they shake positively and confidently over the deal.

And, sure enough, when she arrives for the meeting, Mike does indeed come out to greet her.

Notes

1. Class A drugs include heroin, cocaine, ecstasy and LSD.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What meeting is Maria getting ready for? 2. What do we learn about her past? 3. Why did she take up meditation? What does it give her? Who are her “spiritual advisors”? 4. What does she visualise during her meditation and why?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What associations does Mike’s comment evoke in Maria’s mind? Do you have similar associations with “wee beasties” in someone’s head? 2. What is Maria’s mental state during her meditation? Would you call it an altered state of consciousness? 3. Have you ever tried meditating? If yes, describe your experience. 4. Do you think Maria’s visualisations will help her during her interview with Mike? 5. How do you prepare yourself for important meetings / exams / public speaking? What imagery would you use to describe your mental states before, during and after such events?

Language Practice

Task 1. Pronunciation Tips



Many learners of English find the following words confusing both in terms of their pronunciation and meaning.

consciousness / conscience / conscious / conscientious

Match these words with the appropriate transcription and definition.

A. ,kɒnʃi'ɛnʃəs	1. A noun that denotes a brain’s activity; collective thoughts and feelings of an individual.
B. 'kɒnʃəs	2. An adjective that describes a painstaking and scrupulous attitude to something
C. 'kɒnʃəns	3. A noun that refers to moral sense; a feeling of what is right and wrong.
D. 'kɒnʃəs nɪs	4. An adjective that describes awareness of one’s surroundings / existence / mental states.

Work in groups. Discuss situations in which one might lose consciousness / have a guilty conscience / be self-conscious / become conscientious.

Task 2

A common source of grammatical mistakes in English is subject-verb agreement. Study the examples in the table below and identify your own blind spots in this topic.

Singular	Plural
Every / each man, woman and child has their own mindset	Mum and dad are beside themselves with joy.
My sister, as well as my friends, is eager to practise mindfulness.	My classmates, as well as our teacher, are unable to understand my frame of mind.
Some of the book is riveting.	Some of the books are riveting.
A lot of the humour in the film is acerbic.	A lot of the puns in the film are hard to understand.
One / each / every one of his habits makes her fly off the handle.	All his habits aggravate her.
None of the students is here (<i>formal</i>)	None of the students are here (<i>informal</i>)
There were two arguments; either was suitable for your purposes. (<i>also with neither</i>)	Neither of them feel the need to meditate. (<i>informal</i>)
Neither the professors, nor the dean appreciates my conscientious work. (<i>also with either... or</i>)	Neither the dean, nor the professors appreciate my meticulous approach. (<i>coordination with the noun closer to the verb</i>)
The number of chapters in the book is 20.	A number of offensive comments were deleted.
50 dollars is not enough for the trip (<i>also with time and distances</i>)	Canadian and Australian dollars are made of metal.
French is spoken in several countries.	The French often criticise the English.
The news makes me run hot and cold. (<i>“new”, “money”, “hair” are always singular</i>)	The police are at their wit’s end. (<i>“police” is always plural</i>)
The United States is a huge country.	Mental states are quite volatile.

My family consists of 5 people (<i>also with such collective nouns as crew, crowd, jury, team, etc.</i>)	His family were always quarrelling about money.
What is needed is a conscious approach to one's duties.	What is needed are new strategies of inclusiveness.
This is a cognitive bias which is very hard to avoid. (<i>also with who and that</i>)	He depicted some perceptual distortions which were induced by sleep deprivation.

Choose a singular or a plural verb in the sentences below.

1. Four hours *is / are* a long delay. Some of the passengers *is / are* beginning to climb the walls.
2. None of these suggestions *make / makes* sense. What we require *is / are* some fresh ideas. Can I pick your brain for them?
3. If something goes wrong, the Japanese *prefers / prefer* to put a brave face on it. It is the French who often *flied / fly* off the handle.
4. Neither the evocative title, nor the eye-catching illustrations *was / were* able to sway him to buy the book.
5. When it comes to bungee-jumping, a number of people *gets / get* cold feet in the last minute.
6. Every man and woman *experiences / experience* vicarious shame when their friends behave in an embarrassing manner.
7. Then it dawned on him that the Philippines *was / were* a very expensive place for a holiday.
8. There are two basic techniques: either *is / are* an appropriate place to start for a beginner.
9. My aunt, as well as my siblings, really *knows / know* how to press my buttons. What I need *is / are* a place I can calm down and meditate.
10. The jury *has / have* been arguing over the verdict for more than an hour. Jane will eat her heart out.
11. The police *has / have* managed to solve this crime after all. I have egg on my face: I predicted they never would.
12. A lot of this train of thought *is / are* convoluted.
13. Either your friends or your sister *is / are* responsible for creating this situation.
14. The committee floated several ideas which *was / were* rather sketchy.

Writing



When it comes to the working of the human mind, people tend to use a number of metaphors, such as:

- ✓ MIND IS A MECHANISM
- ✓ MIND IS A COMPUTER
- ✓ MIND IS A CONTAINER
- ✓ MIND IS A LANDSCAPE
- ✓ MIND IS A WORLD

Can you add anything to this list? Brainstorm ideas in groups of 3 or 4.

Which metaphor would you use to describe a writer's mind? Choose one of your favourite authors and write a small review of their work, using one of mind metaphors.

Project



The Way We See Our Thoughts

While authors of fiction can resort to free indirect speech, interior monologues and other techniques to render characters' cognitive processes, it is not always easy to find a way of presenting thinking in cinematography. Sometimes filmmakers choose to visualise characters' thoughts, which is possible to achieve in a variety of ways. Find several examples of thought visualisation in films / TV series and analyse the corresponding techniques.

Present your findings in class. What emotional responses do these visualisations get from your classmates? Do you believe the human mind actually works in similar ways or is it just art?



The popular BBC "Sherlock" series often features Sherlock Holmes' deductions as words and symbols on the screen.

Ethnic / national identity is of primary importance for post-colonial and post-modern society. Stories of immigration, refugees, mixed marriages, adopted children of a different race are told from various perspectives. While some authors strive to preserve ethnic identity, others embrace cosmopolitanism and create characters who come across as “**citizens of the world**”.

Gender / sexual identity is another major theme in contemporary fiction. Since people’s sexuality is no longer seen in binary forms, authors seek new ways of describing and narrating physicality, attraction and intimacy. Consequently, numerous stories are told of discovering one’s inclination in terms of gender and sexual expression, as well as narratives of conflicts and **moral dilemmas** that may occur in the process.

Similarly, the hotly debated issue of **religious / atheistic identity** gives abundant material for stories. There are tales of finding faith, as well as losing it, converting to a different religion or discovering a new spiritual path. There are also **cautionary tales** of religious fanaticism and bigotry, often fashioned as a **dystopian society**.

Social / class identity that was crucial for the realistic novel of previous centuries still has a strong pull on authors. After all, there is still **inequality** in the world, divided into the rich and the poor, **the privileged** and **the underprivileged**. The topic is linked to political and socioeconomic factors that define who we are more prominently than people are usually aware of. Not surprisingly, wealth and status become subject matter not only for **self-help books**, but also for novels and short stories. The dream of **social justice** often manifests itself in the **underdog** hero who wins in the end in spite of the odds. Finally, with the rapid technological progress and new opportunities that it opens up for people, the very core of **the human condition** has been questioned. There are new answers now to the eternal question “What does it *mean* to be human?” Science fiction has been focusing on new identities, such as robots, cyborgs, clones, artificial intelligence, etc. The ideology of **transhumanism** advocates enhancing human corporality and intellect with technological innovations. Will an individual with sophisticated devices incorporated into their body be still human? As a matter of fact, literature addresses fictional identity issues which may swiftly become reality in the foreseeable future.

Task 1

Look at different sides of identity enumerated in the text above. Can you provide examples of novels and short stories that deal with these issues? Which of them have impressed you most and why? Which of these topics would you like to read more about?

Task 2

Read the excerpts below. What issues related to identity are highlighted in these fragments?

I was born twice: first, as a baby girl, on a remarkably smogless Detroit day in January of 1960; and then again, as a teenage boy, in an emergency room near Petoskey, Michigan, in August of 1974. Specialized readers may have come across me in Dr. Peter Luce's study, "Gender Identity in 5-Alpha-Reductase Pseudohermaphrodites," published in the *Journal of Pediatric Endocrinology* in 1975. Or maybe you've seen my photograph in chapter sixteen of the now sadly outdated *Genetics and Heredity*. That's me on page 578, standing naked beside a height chart with a black box covering my eyes. My birth certificate lists my name as Calliope Helen Stephanides. My most recent driver's license (from the Federal Republic of Germany) records my first name simply as Cal. I'm a former field hockey goalie, long-standing member of the Save-the-Manatee Foundation, rare attendant at the Greek Orthodox liturgy, and, for most of my adult life, an employee of the U.S. State Department.

Like Tiresias, I was first one thing and then the other. I've been ridiculed by classmates, guineapigged by doctors, palpated by specialists, and researched by the March of Dimes. A redheaded girl from Grosse Pointe fell in love with me, not knowing what I was. (Her brother liked me, too.) An army tank led me into urban battle once; a swimming pool turned me into myth; I've left my body in order to occupy others—and all this happened before I turned sixteen.

From "Middlesex" by Jeffrey Eugenides

When he got to be a teenager he saw he had no roots, no connections with Pakistan, couldn't even speak the language. So he went to Urdu classes. But when he tried asking for the salt in Southall everyone fell about at his accent. In England white people looked at him as if he were going to steal their car or their handbag, particularly if he dressed like a ragamuffin. But in Pakistan they looked at him even more strangely. Why should he be able to fit into a Third World theocracy?

from "The Black Album" by Hanif Kureishi

And how are you, dearest sister? Nearly thirty years have passed without a word between us. For all I know you may be dead. As the time nears for us to come home, Adam and Olivia ask endless questions about you, few of which I can answer.

Sometimes I tell them Tashi reminds me of you. And, because there is no one finer to them than Tashi, they glow with delight. But will you still have Tashi's honest and open spirit, I wonder, when we see you again? Or will years of childbearing and abuse from Mr. ??? have destroyed it? These are thoughts I don't pursue with the children, only with my beloved companion, Samuel, who advises me not to worry, to trust in God, and to have faith in the sturdiness of my sister's soul.

God is different to us now, after all these years in Africa. More spirit than ever before, and more internal. Most people think he has to look like something or someone? a roofleaf or Christ? but we don't. And not being tied to what God looks like, frees us.

When we return to America we must have long talks about this, Celie. And perhaps Samuel and I will found a new church in our community that has no idols in it whatsoever, in which each person's spirit is encouraged to seek God directly, his belief that this is possible strengthened by us as people who also believe.

From "The Color Purple" by Alice Walker

“Big Ed has a hard-on for you, and he won’t take giggle for an answer. He’s having a sexbot made in your image.”

“He’s making a what?” says Charmaine.

“A sexbot. A sex robot. They’ve already sculpted your face; next they’ll add the body.”

“They can’t do that!” says Charmaine. “Without even asking me!”

“Actually, they can,” says Jocelyn. “But once he’s practised on that he’ll want the real thing. Eventually he’ll tire of you, if history’s top bananas are any guide - think Henry the Eighth - and then where will you end up? On the wrong end of the Procedure, is my guess.”

“That’s so mean,” wails Charmaine. “Where am I supposed to go?”

“You can stay here at the mercy of Ed, or you can take a chance with us, and then with Stan. One or the other.” Jocelyn takes a bite of her cookie, watching Charmaine’s face.

This is awful, thinks Charmaine. A sexbot of herself, that is so creepy- crawly. Ed must be crazy; and despite the message he sent, Stan must be totally mad at her. Why does she have to choose between two scary things?”

from “The Heart Goes Last” by Margaret Atwood

The annoying thing about being gay is that if you come out to someone right away, you run the risk of looking like that’s all you believe your life is about, especially if the other person is straight. On the other hand, if you don’t come out right away, you run the greater risk of looking like you’re ashamed of your life, especially if the other person is gay. It’s a dilemma that straight people enjoy the luxury of never having to consider. They walk around in this world with the confidence (of... well, Lisa, but that just confuses the point) that of course they like the opposite sex, and why yes, I assume you do as well; and well, doesn’t everyone?... And goodness what a surprise to find out that you don’t, and why didn’t you tell me sooner, even though it was my wrong assumption that led you to be silent in the first place. I felt I had hit that wall with Lorn after only two walks on the beach, one Italian dinner, and a light breakfast by a pool. I sighed quietly to myself.

from “Greetings from Jamaica, Wish You Were Queer” by Mari San Giovanni

Task 3

Work in groups of 3 or 4. Discuss how our identity is manifested visually and verbally. Focus on...

- ✓ Nouns and pronouns that we use to present ourselves (given names, aliases, titles, etc.)
- ✓ Appearance (clothes, accessories, makeup, tattoos, etc.)
- ✓ Our online personas (avatars, monikers, personalised settings, etc.)

Which of these are most revealing? Which are confusing or misleading? What would you change about your verbal and visual self-image to be “more yourself”?



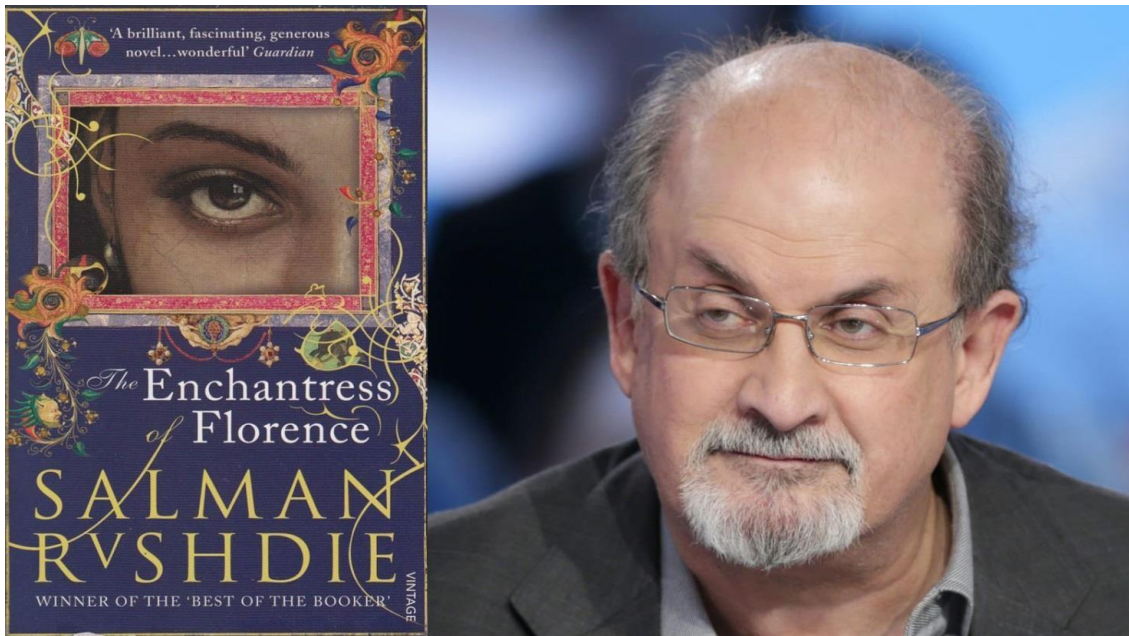
Construing A Character’s Identity

Salman Rushdie (born in 1947) is a British Indian author. He is famous for combining magical realism and historical fiction, most notably in his novel “Midnight’s Children” (1981), for which he won the Booker Prize. A lot of Rushdie’s writing is placed within the context of connections between Eastern and Western civilisations. His novel “The Satanic Verses” (1988) provoked numerous protests from Muslims, followed by actual death threats, a fatwā from the ruler of Iran and inclusion in Al-Qaeda hit list.

“**The Enchantress of Florence**” (2008) is the ninth novel by Salman Rushdie. It encompasses various historical settings, including the Mughal and Ottoman Empires, the earlier Mongols and Renaissance Florence. Structurally, it is a succession of interweaving tales narrated by a variety of storytellers. Blending

history and fantasy, Rushdie turns historic figures, such as Akbar the Great (third Mughal emperor, who reigned from 1556 to 1605) into complex personalities in search of their true identity.

Read the excerpt below and say which aspects of Akbar's identity are under scrutiny in it.



The country was at peace at last, but the king's spirit was never calm. The king had just returned from his last campaign, he had slapped down the upstart in Surat, but through the long days of marching and war his mind wrestled with philosophical and linguistic conundrums as much as military ones. The emperor Abul-Fath Jalaluddin Muhammad, king of kings, known since his childhood as Akbar, meaning "the great," and latterly, in spite of the tautology of it, as Akbar the Great, the great great one, great in his greatness, doubly great, so great that the repetition in his title was not only appropriate but necessary in order to express the gloriousness of his glory - the Grand Mughal, the dusty, battle-weary, victorious, pensive, incipiently overweight, disenchanted, mustachioed, poetic, oversexed, and absolute emperor, who seemed altogether too magnificent, too world-encompassing, and, in sum, too *much* to be a single human personage - this all-engulfing flood of a ruler, this swallower of worlds, this many-headed monster who referred to himself in the first person plural - had begun to meditate, during his long, tedious journey home, on which he was accompanied by the heads of his defeated enemies bobbing in their sealed earthen pickle-jars, about the disturbing possibilities of the first person singular - the "I."



The interminable days of slow equestrian progress encouraged many languid wonderings in a man of speculative temperament, and the emperor pondered, as he rode, such matters as the mutability of the universe, the size of the stars, the breasts of his wives, and the nature of God. Also, today, this grammatical question of the self and its Three Persons, the first, the second, and the third, the singulars and plurals of the soul. He, Akbar, had never referred to himself as “I,” not even in private, not even in anger or dreams. He was – what else could he be? – “we.” He was the definition, the incarnation of the We. He had been born into plurality. When he said “we,” he naturally and truly meant himself as an incarnation of all his subjects, of all his cities and lands and rivers and mountains and lakes, as well as all the animals and plants and trees within his frontiers, and also the birds that flew overhead and the mordant twilight mosquitoes and the nameless monsters in their underworld lairs, gnawing slowly at the roots of things; he meant himself as the sum total of all his victories, himself as containing the characters, the abilities, the histories, perhaps even the souls of his decapitated or merely pacified opponents; and, in addition, he meant himself as the apogee of his people’s past and present, and the engine of their future.

This “we” was what it meant to be a king – but commoners, he now allowed himself to consider, in the interests of fairness, and for the purposes of debate, no doubt occasionally thought of themselves as plural, too.

Were they wrong? Or (O traitorous thought!) was he? Perhaps this idea of self-as-community was what it meant to be a being in the world, any being; such a being being, after all, inevitably a being among other beings, a part of the beingness of all things. Perhaps plurality was not exclusively a king’s prerogative, perhaps it was not, after all, his divine right. One might further argue that since the reflections of a monarch were, in less exalted and refined form, doubtless mirrored in the cogitations of his subjects, it was accordingly inevitable that the men and women over whom he ruled also conceived of themselves as “we”s. They saw themselves, perhaps, as plural entities made up of themselves plus their children, mothers, aunts, employers, co-worshippers, fellow workers, clans, and friends. They, too, saw their selves as multiple, one self that was the father of their children, another that was their parents’ child; they knew themselves to be different with their employers than they were at home with their wives – in short, they were all bags of selves, bursting with

plurality, just as he was. Was there then no essential difference between the ruler and the ruled? And now his original question reasserted itself in a new and startling form: if his many-selved subjects managed to think of themselves in the singular rather than plural, could he, too, be an “I”? Could there be an “I” that was simply oneself? Were there such naked, solitary “I”s buried beneath the overcrowded “we”s of the earth?

It was a question that frightened him as he rode his white horse home, fearless, unvanquished, and, it must be conceded, beginning to be fat; and when it popped into his head at night he did not easily sleep. What should he say when he saw his Jodha again? If he were to say simply, “I’m back,” or, “It is I,” might she feel able to call him in return by that second person singular, that *tu* which was reserved for children, lovers, and gods? And what would that mean? That he was like her child, or godlike, or simply the lover of whom she too had dreamed, whom she had dreamed into being just as eagerly as he had dreamed her? Might that little word, that *tu*, turn out to be the most arousing word in the language? “I,” he practiced under his breath. *Here “I” am. “I” love you. Come to “me.”*

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What questions are troubling Akbar and why? 2. How does he view the difference between himself and common people? 3. What does the word “tu” mean? How does Akbar feel about it? What does it reveal about his personality?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Which words does the author use to refer to the notion of identity? 2. How is Akbar’s “greatness” rendered stylistically? 3. What roles do enumerations play in this excerpt? 4. How are the notions of “singular” and “plural” juxtaposed? What meanings are attributed to them? 5. A lot of people are quite fond of royal families. Do you think that monarchs and other royalties are special? Are they justified in identifying themselves as superior beings? 6. Apart from monarchs, who might use plural “we” to refer to themselves and in which situations?

Language Practice

Task 1. Pronunciation Tips



The letter **u**, when followed by a consonant, may be pronounced in a variety of ways. It is usually /ʌ/ in closed syllables, although a number of words are pronounced with short /ʊ/. It gives long /u:/ in stressed and sometimes unstressed open syllables, but it is mostly the schwa /ə/ in unstressed syllables. In many regional varieties of English (mostly in the North of Britain and in Ireland) the sound /ʌ/ is pronounced as /ʊ/.

Look at the words below and match them with the corresponding sound. There is one word that does not belong to any of the columns.

ʊ	u:	ʌ	ə

Human, bull, convoluted, fury, ruler, should, exclusive, conundrum, absolute, singular, sum, future, mutability, engulf, bury, speculate, begun, infuse, gusto, woman.

Practise pronouncing short /ʊ/ and long /u:/ using the words below. Each line has one word with the short /ʊ/. Can you say which?

pool - pull - poodle

full - fool - food

boom - book - Buddhism

good - goose - ghoul

humour - hood - hooligan

Task 2

Study the words in the table below and translate the examples into your first language.

A conundrum is a puzzling, paradoxical, often insoluble problem or dilemma. There are a lot of famous conundrums that have a specific name and history.	The <i>ship of Theseus</i> is an ancient philosophical conundrum that deals with the nature of identity: it asks the question whether an object that has had all of its components replaced remains fundamentally the same object.
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When someone is pensive , they are deeply and seriously in thought. Pensive mood is often tinged with sadness.	There was a pensive look in her eyes. The story, infused with philosophical ramifications, rendered him pensive and distant.
An incipient phenomenon is only beginning to exist or appear.	The speaker could feel incipient resentment in the audience.
To engulf means to immerse, bury, overwhelm or swallow up (often about feelings).	It felt as if his consciousness was engulfed by a thick fog. Do not let panic engulf you.
To encompass means to enclose within a circle, to surround or to include something entirely or comprehensively.	Ethnic identity encompasses specific practices and traditions, sense of belonging and pride for one's ethnic group. This study encompasses a broad range of linguistic manifestations of gender identity.
When we refer to something as speculative , we emphasise that it is abstract and theoretical, rather than practical. Speculative fiction is an umbrella term encompassing fiction with fantastic, futuristic or other imaginary elements.	This research has been carried out very conscientiously, but it is purely speculative and has little practical application. Dystopian novels are usually classified as a variety of speculative fiction.
Mutability is one of many synonyms for changeability and vicissitude.	I appreciated the author's attempt to render the mutability of human identity, although the plot seemed a bit contrived.
We are enchanted when something excites, captivates and delights us. We may also grow disenchanted as the magic fades.	We were looking forward to a magic weekend in Venice, but we were quickly disenchanted: the city was cold, damp and engulfed by tourists.

Which of the words above can be used in academic discourse? If you are currently doing a research, write a few sentences about it, using these vocabulary items.

Work in pairs. Discuss ideas, conundrums or images that can render you pensive.

Task 3. Translation

Rushdie's style is very picturesque: atmospheric, abundant in descriptive vocabulary, particularly adjectives, and flowing sentences that create a soporific rhythm. Translate the passage below into your mother tongue bearing these features in mind.

“In the day's last light the glowing lake below the palace-city looked like a sea of molten gold. A traveller coming this way at sunset – this traveler, coming this way, now, along the lakeshore road – might believe himself to be approaching the throne of a monarch so fabulously wealthy that he could allow a portion of his treasure to be poured into a giant hollow in the earth to dazzle and awe his guests. And as big as the lake of gold was, it must be only a drop drawn from the sea of the larger fortune – the traveller's imagination could not begin to grasp the size of that mother-ocean! Nor were there guards at the golden water's edge; was the king so generous, then, that he allowed all his subjects, and perhaps even strangers and visitors like the traveller himself, without hindrance to draw up liquid bounty from the lake? That would indeed be a prince among men, a veritable Prester John, whose lost kingdom of song and fable contained impossible wonders. Perhaps (the traveller surmised) the fountain of eternal youth lay within the city walls – perhaps even the legendary doorway to Paradise on Earth was somewhere close at hand? But then the sun fell below the horizon, the gold sank beneath the water's surface, and was lost. Mermaids and serpents would guard it until the return of daylight. Until then, water itself would be the only treasure on offer, a gift the thirsty traveler gratefully accepted.”

Writing



Write a brief review of a story which addresses the issue of ethnic, gender or class identity. Focus on the character who represents the corresponding problem. Mention how the author introduces and describes this character and whether you sympathise and identify with them.

Project



The Way We Look for Ourselves

Characters that represent certain groups may be portrayed as stereotypical, encompassing a number of traits and visual

characteristics. When a character is more complex and in search of identity, the set of features may become more original. Choose a character whose quest for identity is rendered through a remarkable combination of verbal and visual markers. Study the imagery that helps create a distinct persona and / or convey particular ideological concerns. Present your findings in class and discover whether your classmates sympathise with this character.



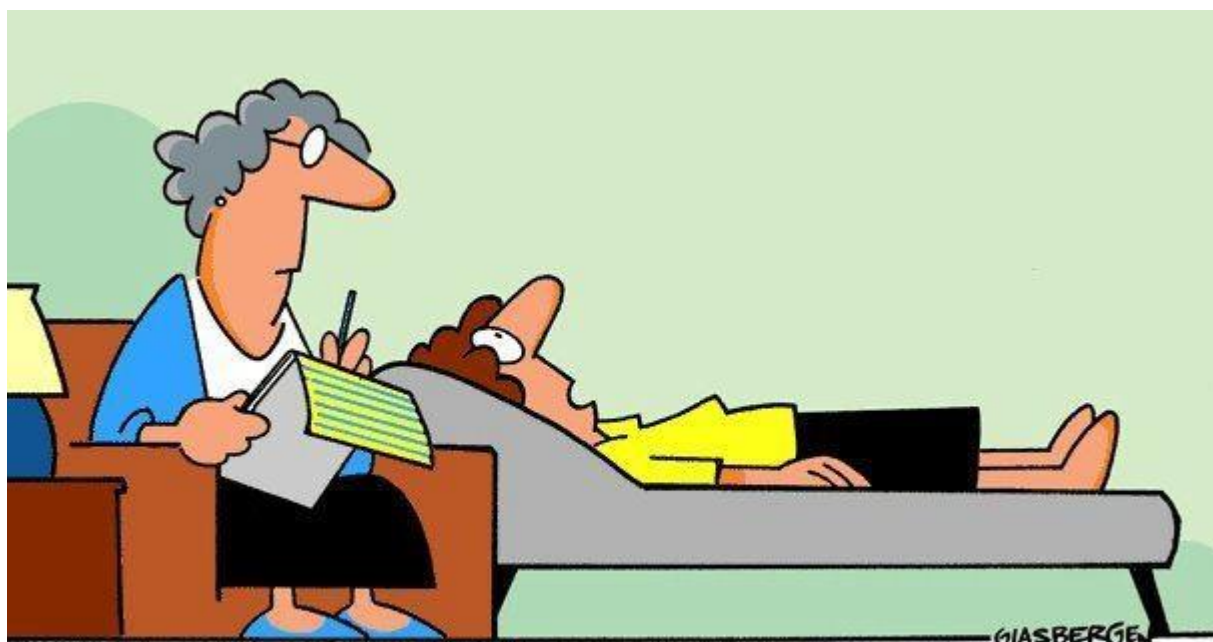
Gentleman Jack (2019) is HBO television series following the life of Anne Lister, a historical figure who dared to deviate from a traditional female role in the 19th century England.

UNIT 11

The Sense of Self and its Deceptions

Lead In

- ❖ Look at the list below. Are any of these conditions familiar to you?
 - Low self-esteem
 - Lack of confidence
 - The feeling of helplessness and lack of control
- ❖ What advice would you give to someone who suffers from depression and thinks that life is pointless? Brainstorm your ideas in small groups.
- ❖ Have you ever met people who lied about who they were and assumed false identities? If yes, describe your experience to the class. Say how meeting these people made you feel and how you discovered the truth about them.



“How could somebody steal my identity when I still haven’t figured out who I am?”

Identity Problems

The issue of identity has always been central to **coming-of-age** stories, in which **adolescent** characters undergo the process of **maturation** and often painful **initiation** into adulthood. The core motif of such stories is overcoming **identity crisis** and finding the sense of self. Coming to grips with reality and finding harmony in relationships with others is another crucial facet of this process.

When a character is an adult, their identity crisis may turn into a fully-fledged **existential crisis** that encompasses doubts about the meaning and value of life itself. Such characters may suffer from low **self-esteem**, **depression**, **alienation**, **post-traumatic syndrome**, **borderline personality disorder** and other conditions. Writers make the most of difficult psychological states, thoroughly exploring the impact they may have on the sense of self and self-image.

Another problematic side of identity is its **mutability** and **susceptibility** to outside changes, including manipulation and even theft. A lot of stories, especially crime fiction and thrillers, exploit such motifs as mistaken identity, identity theft and identity fraud. It is particularly topical for the digital age when identity deception has become much easier due to the Internet and other technologies.

On the narrative level, identity can also be a helpful tool for creating suspense and mystery. Authors sometimes conceal the identity of the narrator or deliberately let the reader make wrong assumptions about it.

Task 1

Read the poem written by Emily Dickinson and say what identity issues you can find in it.

**I'M NOBODY! WHO ARE YOU?
ARE YOU NOBODY, TOO?
THEN THERE'S A PAIR OF US —
DON'T TELL!
THEY'D BANISH US, YOU KNOW.**

**HOW DREARY TO BE SOMEBODY!
HOW PUBLIC, LIKE A FROG
TO TELL YOUR NAME THE
LIVELONG DAY
TO AN ADMIRING BOG!**

EMILY DICKINSON



Does the poem resonate? Can you identify with the speaker?

Why / why not?

Task 2

Read the excerpts below. What identity problems do you think these characters have?

Only the kindly man knew the Common Tongue. “Who are you?” he would ask her every day.

“No one,” she would answer, she who had been Arya of House Stark, Arya Underfoot, Arya Horseface. She had been Arry and Weasel too, and Squab and Salty, Nan the cupbearer, a grey mouse, a sheep, the ghost of Harrenhal... but not for true, not in her heart of hearts. In there she was Arya of Winterfell, the daughter of Lord Eddard Stark and Lady Catelyn, who had once had brothers named Robb and Bran and Rickon, a sister named Sansa, a direwolf called Nymeria, a half brother named Jon Snow. In there she was someone... but that was not the answer that he wanted.

From “A Feast for Crows” by George RR Martin

Seriously. Try to imagine it. You’re a little girl, and someone pushes you down on the asphalt at recess, and you’ve got a skinned knee and your pants are torn, and you’re crying and wishing your mother was there and not wishing your mother was there and wanting to speak Korean and not wanting to speak it. And nobody else knows what the difference is between you and Connie Choy in the seventh grade, nobody knows what a Korean *is*, or cares, aren’t those places just all the same anyway? What matters is you’re here. Nobody gives a shit about the Japanese invasion or President Rhee or two thousand years of this dynasty and that dynasty. You learn to hate your own inconvenient self.

From “The Call of the Blood” by Jess Row

(President Rhee was a South Korean politician whose rule was characterised by corruption and political repression)

What did I know of life, I who had lived so carefully? Who had neither won nor lost, but just let life happen to him? Who had the usual ambitions and settled all too quickly for them not being realised? Who avoided being hurt and called it a capacity for survival? Who paid his bills, stayed on good terms with everyone as far as possible, for whom ecstasy and despair soon became just words once read in novels? One whose self-rebukes never really inflicted

pain? Well, there was all this to reflect upon, while I endured a special kind of remorse: a hurt inflicted at long last on one who always thought he knew how to avoid being hurt – and inflicted for precisely that reason.

From “The Sense of Ending” by Julian Barnes

It doesn't take much to raise the dead. A couple of bills; a name; a postcode; nothing that can't be found in any old domestic bin-bag, torn apart (perhaps by foxes) and left on the doorstep like a gift. You can learn a lot from abandoned mail: names, bank details, passwords, e-mail addresses, security codes. With the right combination of personal details you can open up a bank account; hire a car; even apply for a new passport. The dead don't need such things any more. A gift, as I said, just waiting for collection. Sometimes Fate even delivers in person, and it always pays to be alert. Carpe diem, and devil take the hindmost. Which is why I always read the obituaries, sometimes managing to acquire the identity even before the funeral has taken place. And which is why, when I saw the sign, and beneath it the post-box with its packet of letters, I accepted the gift with a gracious smile.

From “The Lollipop Shoes” by Joanne Harris

Task 3

Work in groups of 3 or 4. How can identity crisis be presented in art? *Google art by René Magritte, Salvador Dali, Frida Kahlo and say which paintings embody the identity problem best. What other artists can you suggest as a good illustration of the phenomenon?*

The Core of a Character's Identity



Joanne Harris (born in 1964) is a British author who became famous after her novel “Chocolat” was published in 1999. Since its publication Harris has established a reputation for evocative writing close to magic realism. Among many recurrent themes in her novels there are challenging identity issues, which she fully explored in “Lollypop Shoes”, “Gentlemen & Players” and “blueeyedboy”.

“Blueeyedboy” (2010) is a psychological thriller dealing with abusive family relationships and painful

identity crises. The novel is structured as a series of online posts by two people, blueeyedboy and Albertine, but the identity of these bloggers is not immediately clear to the reader. One of the central characters in the story is a blind girl Emily who built her self-image around a lie from an early age, pretending to be synesthetic and being able to “hear colours”. This deception had dire consequences for other characters in the novel.

Read the excerpt from the novel and trace the origins of Emily’s incipient deceptive identity.

Yes, that’s where it starts. With a little white lie. White, like the pretty snow. Snow White, like in the story – and who would think snow could be dangerous, that those little wet kisses from the sky could turn into something deadly?

It’s all about momentum, you see. Just as that one little, thoughtless lie took on a momentum of its own. A stone can set off an avalanche. A word can sometimes do the same. And a lie can become the avalanche, bringing down everything in its path, bludgeoning, roaring, smothering, reshaping the world in its wake, rewriting the course of our lives.

Emily was five and a half when her father first took her to the school where he taught. Until then it had been a mysterious place (remote and beguiling as all mythical places) which her parents sometimes discussed over the dinner-table. Not often, though: Catherine¹ disliked what she called ‘Patrick’s shop-talk’ and frequently turned the conversation to other matters just as it became most interesting. Emily gathered that ‘school’ was a place where children came together – to learn, or so her father said, though Catherine seemed to disagree. ‘How many children?’

Buttons in a box; beans in a jar. ‘Hundreds.’

‘Children like me?’

‘No, Emily. Not like you. St Oswald’s School is just for boys.’

By now she was reading avidly. Braille² books for children were hard to find, but her mother had created tactile books from felt and embroidery, and Daddy spent hours every day carefully transcribing stories – all typed in reverse, using the old embossing machine. Emily could already add and subtract as well as divide and multiply. She knew the history of the great artists; she had studied relief maps of the world and of the solar system. She knew the house inside and out. She knew about plants and animals from frequent

visits to the children's farm. She could play chess. She could play the piano, too - a pleasure she shared with her father - and her most precious hours were spent with him in his room, learning scales and chords and stretching her small hands in a vain effort to span an octave.

But of other children she knew very little. She heard their voices when she played in the park. She had once petted a baby, which smelt vaguely sour and felt like a sleeping cat. Her next-door neighbour was called Mrs Brannigan, and for some reason she was inferior - perhaps because she was Catholic; or perhaps because she rented her house, whilst theirs was bought and paid for. Mrs Brannigan had a daughter a little older than Emily, with whom she would have liked to play, but who spoke with such a strong accent that the first and only time they had spoken, Emily had not understood a word.

But Emily's father worked in a place where there were hundreds of children, all learning maths and geography and French and Latin and art and history and music and science; as well as fighting in the yard, shouting, talking, making friends, chasing each other, eating dinners in a long room, playing cricket and tennis on the grass.

'I'd like to go to school,' she said.

'You wouldn't.' That was Catherine, with the warning note in her voice.

'Patrick, stop talking shop. You know how it upsets her.'

'It doesn't upset me. I'd like to go.'

'Perhaps I could take her with me one day. Just to see--' 'Patrick!'

'Sorry. Just - you know. There's the Christmas concert next month, love. In the school chapel. I'm conducting. She likes--'

'Patrick, I'm not listening!'

'She likes music, Catherine. Let me take her. Just this once.' And so, just once, Emily went. [...]

She had been disappointed to hear that the concert was not to take place in the school itself. She would have liked to see Daddy's place of work; to have entered the classrooms with their wooden desks, smelt the chalk and the polish; heard the echo of their footsteps against the wooden floors. Later, she was allowed those things. But this event was to take place in the nearby chapel, with the St Oswald's choristers, and her father *conducting*, which she understood to mean guiding, somehow; showing the singers the way.

It was a cold, damp evening that smelt of smoke. From the road came the sounds of cars and bicycle bells and people talking, muffled almost to nothing in the foggy air. In spite of her winter coat she was cold; her thin-soled shoes squelching against the gravel path, and droplets of moisture in her hair. Fog makes the outside feel smaller, somehow; just as the wind expands the world, making the trees rustle and soar. That evening Emily felt very small, squashed down almost to nothing by the dead air. From time to time someone passed her – she felt the swish of a lady’s dress, or it might have been a Master’s gown – and heard a snatch of conversation before they were once more swept away. ‘Won’t it be crowded, Patrick? Emily doesn’t like crowds.’ That was Catherine again, her voice tight as the bodice of Emily’s best party dress, which was pretty (and pink) and which had been brought from storage for one last outing before she outgrew it completely.

‘It’s fine. You’ve got front-row seats.’

As a matter of fact Emily didn’t mind crowds. It was the *noise* she didn’t like: those flat and blurry voices that confused everything and turned everything around. She took hold of her father’s hand, rather tightly, and squeezed. A single pump meant *I love you*. A double-pump, *I love you, too*. Another of their small secrets, like the fact that she could almost span an octave if she bounced her hand over the keys, and play the lead line of *Für Elise* while her father played the chords.

It was cool inside the chapel. Emily’s family didn’t attend church – though their neighbour, Mrs Brannigan, did – and she had been inside St Mary’s once, just to hear the echo. St Oswald’s Chapel sounded like that; their steps *slap-slapped* on the hard, smooth floor, and all the sounds in the place seemed to go *up*, like people climbing an echoey staircase and talking as they went.

Daddy told her later that it was because the ceiling was so high, but at the time she imagined that the choir would be sitting above her, like angels. There was a scent, too; something like Feather’s patchouli, but stronger and smokier.

‘That’s incense,’ said her father. ‘They burn it in the sanctuary.’

Sanctuary. He’d explained that word. A place to go where you can be safe. Incense and Clan tobacco and angels’ voices. Sanctuary.

There was movement all around them now. People were talking, but in lower voices than usual, as if they were afraid of the echoes. As Daddy went to join

the choristers and Catherine described the organ and pews and windows for her, Emily heard *wishwishwish* from all around the hall, then a series of settling-down noises, then a hush as the choir began to sing.

It was as if something had broken open inside her. This, and not the piece of clay, is Emily's first memory: sitting in St Oswald's Chapel with the tears running down her face and into her smiling mouth, and the music, the lovely music, surging all around her.

Oh, it was not the first time that she had ever heard music; but the homely *rinkety-plink* of their old piano, or the tinny transistors of the kitchen radio, could not convey more than a particle of this. She had no name for what she could hear, no terms with which to describe this new experience. It was, quite simply, an awakening.

Later her mother tried to embellish the tale, as if it needed embellishment. She herself had never really enjoyed religious music – Christmas carols least of all, with their simple tunes and mawkish lyrics. Something by Mozart would have been much more suitable, with its implication of like calling to like, though the legend has a dozen variations – from Mozart to Mahler and even to the inevitable Berlioz – as if the complexity of the music had any bearing on the sounds themselves, or the sensations they evoked.

In fact the piece was nothing more than a four-part a cappella version of an old Christmas carol.

*In the bleak midwinter,
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;*

But there is something unique about boys' voices; a tremulous quality, not entirely comfortable, perpetually on the brink of losing pitch. It is a sound that combines an almost inhuman sweetness of tone with a raw edge that is nearly painful.

She listened in silence for the first few bars, unsure of what she was hearing. Then the voices rose again:

*Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow –*

And on the second *snow* the voices *grazed* that note, the high F sharp that had always been a point of mysterious pressure in her, and Emily began to

cry. Not from sorrow or even from emotion; it was simply a reflex, like that cramping of the taste buds after eating something very sour, or the gasp of fresh chilli against the back of the throat.

Snow on snow, snow on snow they sang, and everything in her responded. She shivered; she smiled; she turned her face to the invisible roof and opened her mouth like a baby bird, half-expecting to *feel* the sounds like snowflakes falling on her tongue. For almost a minute Emily sat trembling on the edge of her seat, and every now and then the boys' voices would rise to that strange F sharp, that magical ice-cream-headache note, and the tears would spill once more from her eyes. Her lower lip tingled; her fingers were numb. She felt as if she were touching God -

'Emily, what is it?'

She could not reply. Only the sounds mattered.

'Emily!'

Every note seemed to cut into her in some delicious way; every chord a miracle of texture and shape. More tears fell.

'Something's wrong.' Catherine's voice came from a great distance. 'Feather, please. I'm taking her home.' Emily felt her starting to move; tugging at her coat, which she had been using as a cushion. 'Get up, sweetheart, we shouldn't have come.'

Was that satisfaction in her voice? Her hand on Emily's forehead was feverish and clammy. 'She's burning up. Feather, give me a hand—'

'No!' whispered Emily.

'Emily, darling, you're upset.'

'Please—' But now her mother was picking her up; Catherine's arms were around her. She caught a fleeting smell of turpentine behind the expensive perfume. Desperately she searched for something, some magic, to make her mother stop: something that would convey the urgency, the imperative to stay, to listen . . .

'Please, the music—'

Your mother doesn't care much for music. Daddy's voice; remote but clear. But what *did* Catherine care for? What for her was the language of command? They were half-out of their seats now. Emily tried to struggle; a seam ripped under the arm of her too-tight dress. Her coat, with its fur collar, smothered her. More of the turpentine smell, the smell of her mother's fever, her madness.

And suddenly Emily understood, with a maturity far beyond her years, that she would never visit her father's school, never go to another concert, just as she would never play with other children in case they hurt or pushed her, never run in the park in case she fell.

If they left now, Emily thought, then her mother would *always* have her way, and the blindness, which had never really troubled her, would finally drag her down like a stone tied to a dog's tail, and she would drown.

There must be words, she told herself; magic words, to make her mother stay. But Emily was five years old; she didn't know any magic words; and now she was moving down the aisle with her mother on one side and Feather on the other, and the lovely voices rolling over them like a river.

In the bleak midwinter,

Lo-ooong ago -

And then it came to her. So simple that she gasped at her own audacity. She *did* know magic words, she realized. Dozens of them; she had learnt them almost from the cradle, but had never really found a use for them until now. She knew their fearsome energy. Emily opened her mouth, stricken with a sudden, demonic inspiration.


'The colours,' she whispered.

Catherine White stopped mid-stride. 'What did you say?'

'The colours. Please. I want to stay.' Emily took a deep breath. 'I want to listen to the colours.'

Notes

1. Catherine is Emily's mother. She is an artist and adores colours, so it was very hard for her to accept that her daughter was born blind and unable to see colours. She taught her the names of colours from a very early age in hope she might start seeing them. Patrick is Emily's father and Feather is Catherine's closest friend who spends a lot of time with her and Emily.
2. Braille is a tactile system of reading for blind people.

Comprehension 	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. What was unusual about the way Emily was taught?2. Why did Emily want to visit the school?3. Why was her mother against it?4. What was Emily's reaction to the choir singing?5. What lie did Emily tell to her mother? Why did she do it?
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Discussion



1. Which of Emily's senses are sharpened? How is it rendered in the text?
2. Focus on Emily's reaction to the music. What linguistic and stylistic features does the author employ to convey her strong emotion?
3. From this moment on, Emily pretends to "hear colours". She becomes "a child phenomenon". Predict how it may influence her own life and that of her parents.
4. Do you know any interesting cases of people pretending to have unusual / supernatural abilities? What reasons did they have to do it?
5. Which of your senses is the strongest? What imagery would you use to describe this part of your personality?

Task 1. Pronunciation Tips

Many learners of English tend to overpronounce the consonant sound /h/. To make this sound one needs to push the air out of the mouth without using one's tongue or vocal cords, as if trying to steam up a mirror. Native English speakers often treat /h/ as an optional phoneme. When in the initial position or preceded by a vowel, the sound /h/ is usually pronounced distinctly. But it is normally reduced or even dropped in other positions, especially in function words *have, has, had, he, her, him*. **H-dropping** is characteristic of such dialects of English as Cockney, West Country English, West Midlands English, most of northern England (including Yorkshire and Lancashire) and Cardiff English. The reverse process, **h-insertion**, also occurs in different cases. As can be seen on the Victorian cartoon below, h-dropping was heavily ridiculed. Both h-dropping and h-inserting have been frequently used by writers to show social differences through characters' speech.

Find the sentences with /h/ in the excerpt above and read them out loud. In which cases is it possible to drop this sound?



Research h-dropping and h-insertion and find audial examples. What are the differences in pronouncing "forehead" and "herb" in British and American English? How is the letter combination "wh" pronounced in some dialects of Scotland, Ireland, and the Southern United States? Do you remember any examples of these phenomena in fiction?

Task 2. Modals with Perfect Infinitive



The modals verbs *must, may, might and could* are used with the perfect infinitive to show different degrees of certainty about past events.

Study these degrees in the table below.

100% certainty	She was unconscious (<i>the speaker is sure</i>)	She wasn't unconscious (<i>the speaker is sure</i>)
90 - 99% certainly	She must have been unconscious (<i>95% - she speaker is making a logical conclusion</i>)	She can't have been unconscious / She couldn't have been unconscious (<i>99% - the speaker believes it was impossible for her to be unconscious</i>) She must not have been unconscious (<i>95% - she speaker is making a logical conclusion</i>)
Less than 50%	She could have been unconscious She may have been unconscious She might have unconscious (<i>the speaker is mentioning a possibility</i>)	She may not have been unconscious / She might not have been unconscious (<i>the speaker is mentioning a possibility</i>)

Use your own ideas to finish the sentences below:

1. Your sister looked very pensive during the concert. She must have been...
2. Did you hear that noise? What was it? - It might have been...
3. How is the book? - Very hard going! The plot is so convoluted. I'm surprised you recommended it. You can't have...
4. Your team were so enthusiastic at first, but now they seem disenchanted. What happened? - Well, it may have...
5. Sonya didn't have any alcohol at the party last night. I guess she might have... / she might not have... / could have...
6. He said he had spent hours thinking about that conundrum. - He must have... / must not have...

7. Come on, stop talking shop! It's a party! Relax! – Ok, right, but first I'll quickly tell you about that conference we had on Tuesday. There must have been...
8. Yes, the author suffered from a writer's block. But it could not have...

Work in pairs. Discuss situations from your recent past which are not entirely clear to you. Make logical assumptions and name possibilities that explain them, as in the example:

- Student A: I couldn't sleep well last night.
- Student B: It's strange: you must have been exhausted after all those seminars we had yesterday.
- Student A: I know! It may have been an anxiety about...

Task 3. Should with Perfect Infinitive

We use *should* with the perfect infinitive to express the idea that something was advisable or needed, but did not take place or, vice versa, something happened, but the speaker regrets that it did. The example from the excerpt above is “Get up, sweetheart, we shouldn't have come” shows that Emily's mother regretted that they attended the concert.

Work in pairs. Turn the sentences below into short dialogues, adding context and reasons for regretting these past actions.

- ✓ You shouldn't have infused your story with innuendos.
- ✓ I should have listened to your advice.
- ✓ You shouldn't have mentioned it: she has a guilty conscience about cases like this.

Writing



Some readers enjoy convoluted plots and unreliable narrators, while others find them confusing. “Blueeyedboy” has a lot of unexpected twists that often perplex readers since they make them doubt the narrators' identities.

Read two extracts from online reviews of the novel. Which of the reviewers is satisfied with the novel's complexity and which feels disappointed? Pay attention to the expressions they used to convey their opinions about the book.

<p>There's a lot going on, almost too much at times, but Harris never lets a thread drop, and the many plot twists both large and small never seem forced. While I guessed the secret at the heart of <i>Gentlemen and Players</i> fairly early on, I never saw any of <i>blueyedboy's</i> twists and turns coming. It may prove frustrating for those who like their narratives straightforward, but for anyone who enjoys ambiguity, unreliable narrators, "puzzle" novels and good old-fashioned psychological creepiness, I can't recommend this book highly enough.</p> <p><i>From a review by Keri</i></p>	<p>The unreliable narrator is one of my favourite fictional devices, and this book has not one, but two. I might have expected to like it all the more but somehow it didn't quite happen. Much of the time, I really wasn't sure what was going on. The timelines were confusing, and it was hard to keep track of who knew who in real life or just online. I'm sure if I went back and read it again, it would all make perfect sense, Harris is too good a writer for it not to, but there was too little about the story that was enjoyable for me to want to do so.</p> <p><i>From a review by Sharon Bolton</i></p>
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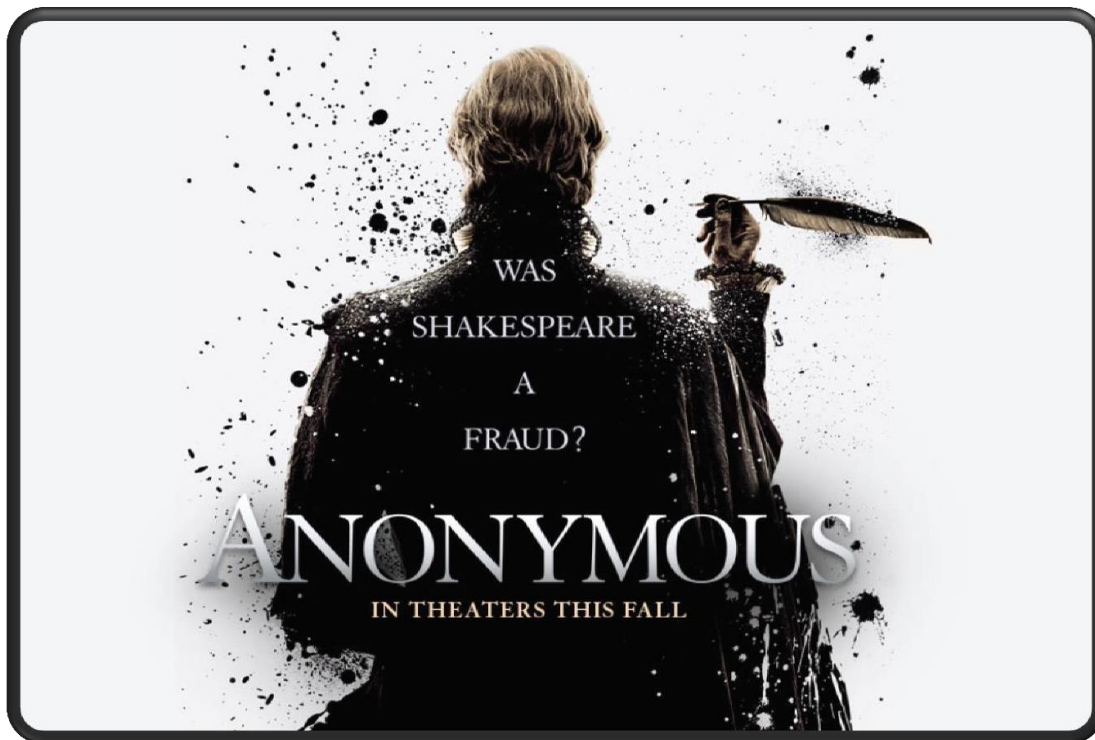
Choose a book that you found too complex / convoluted / perplexing and write a short review explaining what was puzzling about it and how you felt when reading it.

Project



The Question of Identity

There are a lot of stories revolving around the question of identity: cases of mistaken or fraudulent identity, difficulties with establishing one's identity and so on. Some biographical stories of famous artistic people address the question of authorship: was the assumed author indeed the true creator of corresponding works? Other stories question the identity of a criminal or their victim, adding suspense and mystery to the plot. Find one of such stories and study its plot. How does the identity / authorship issue unfold in it and what twists does it contribute to the story? How is suspense created? Identify the genre of the chosen work and say whether such plots are typical of this genre.



The 2011 film “Anonymous” deals with the question of Shakespeare’s identity and authorship. There are several theories as to the “true” authorship of his plays, and the film dwells on the Oxfordian theory that attributes Shakespeare’s works to Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford.

UNIT 12

The Worlds We Create

Lead In

- ❖ Do you have a hobby or an activity that you use as an escape from harsh reality? How often do you do it?
- ❖ What kind of art do you like? Show your classmates several examples of art that you admire and say why they make you feel this way.
- ❖ Look at Rob Gonsalves's art below. What associations do the pictures evoke?



The Art of World-Building

Human imagination is not bound by restrictions of reality: people have always imagined worlds that are different from the one they perceive on a daily basis. People's creativity is often channelled into **art**, in its broader sense, resulting in a vision of an **imaginary world**.

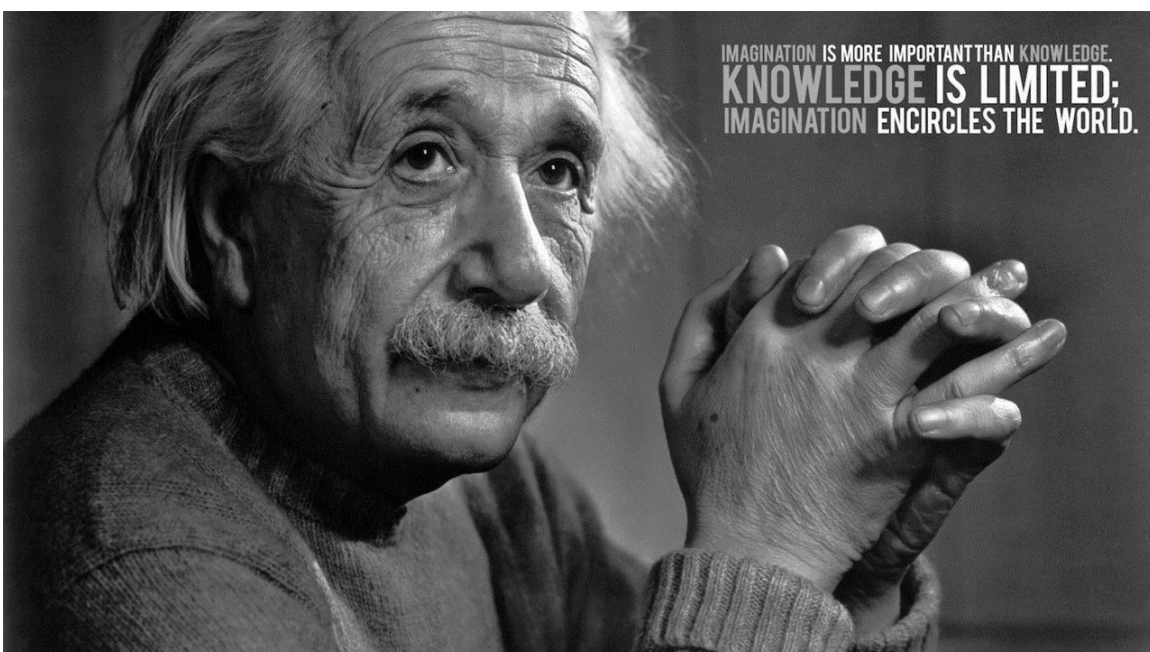
A particular type of art that is used for world-building is called a **medium**. Several **media** can be used at the same time, which is referred to as **intermediality**, for example, cinematic techniques in fiction or narration in cinema. When visual arts are represented in fiction, the term is employed to describe the phenomenon.

Fiction is a particularly bountiful medium for world-building. Imaginary worlds in literature are also referred to as **fictional worlds**, **literary worlds** or **storyworlds**, and they determine spatiotemporal dimensions (ranging from a small area to an entire invented universe), characters and groups or communities they belong to, political, social, religious, philosophical systems that may be similar to or different from the existing ones and so on. Several scholars use **possible-worlds theory**, taken from the fields of philosophy and logic, to explore literary truth, the nature of fictionality and the relationship between fictional worlds and reality.

World-building is vital for such genres as **fantasy** and **science fiction**. After the arrival of J.R.R. Tolkien immensely influential “The Lord of the Rings”, which fictional universe encompasses its own mythology, expansive geography and thousands of years of history, fantasy worlds usually come with maps, detailed backstories, whole nations and civilisations, and even **invented languages**. The results are known as **fictional universes** or **constructed worlds**. Screen adaptations of science fiction and fantasy storyworlds tend to focus on the visual component of world-building, involving elaborate **concept art** and eye-catching representation of material culture. Coherent world-building is also vital for comic books, video games and role-playing activities such as **LARP**.

Task 1

Read the quote by Albert Einstein below. Do you agree or disagree?



Task 2

Look at the following tropes taken from the TV Tropes website. Can you guess what they mean by their names?

- ✓ **Wish Fulfillment**
- ✓ **Daydream Believer**
- ✓ **Welcome to the Real World**

Work in small groups. Share your opinions of these tropes and provide examples from fiction, films, comics, etc.

Task 3

Read the excerpts below. What elements of world-building can you spot in them? Can you identify the cases of ekphrasis?

Frodo was left to himself for a while, for Sam had fallen asleep. He was alone and felt rather forlorn, although all about him the folk of Rivendell were gathered. But those near him were silent, intent upon the music of the voices and the instruments, and they gave no heed to anything else. Frodo began to listen.

At first the beauty of the melodies and of the interwoven words in elven-tongues, even though he understood them little, held him in a spell, as soon as he began to attend to them. Almost it seemed that the words took shape, and visions of far lands and bright things that he had never yet imagined opened out before him; and the firelit hall became like a golden mist above seas of foam that sighed upon the margins of the world. Then the enchantment became more and more dreamlike, until he felt that an endless river of swelling gold and silver was flowing over him, too multitudinous for its pattern to be comprehended; it became part of the throbbing air about him, and it drenched and drowned him. Swiftly he sank under its shining weight into a deep realm of sleep.

From "The Lord of the Rings" by J.R.R. Tolkien

He had a number of pictures on hand; most of them were too large and ambitious for his skill. He was the sort of painter who can paint leaves better than trees. He used to spend a long time on a single leaf, trying to catch its shape, and its sheen, and the glistening of dewdrops on its edges. Yet he wanted to paint a whole tree, with all of its leaves in the same style, and all of them different.

There was one picture in particular which bothered him. It had begun with a leaf caught in the wind, and it became a tree; and the tree grew, sending out innumerable branches, and thrusting out the most fantastic roots. Strange birds came and settled on the twigs and had to be attended to. Then all round the Tree, and behind it, through the gaps in the leaves and boughs, a country began to open out; and there were glimpses of a forest marching over the land, and of mountains tipped with snow. Niggle lost interest in his other pictures; or else he took them and tacked them on to the edges of his great picture. Soon the canvas became so large that he had to get a ladder; and he ran up and down it, putting in a touch here, and rubbing out a patch there. When people came to call, he seemed polite enough, though he fiddled a little with the pencils on his desk. He listened to what they said, but underneath he was thinking all the time about his big canvas, in the tall shed that had been built for it out in his garden (on a plot where once he had grown potatoes).

From "A Leaf by Niggle" by J.R.R. Tolkien

Kimimmid comes across the meadow to visit, and he and Shuku talk together, and walk together in the meadows and down by the stream. Presently, after a day or a week or two, he asks her if she would like to dance. "Oh, I don't know," she says, but seeing him stand tall and straight, his head thrown back a little, in the posture that begins the dance, she too stands up; at first her head is lowered, though she stands straight, arms at her sides; but then she wants to throw her head back, back, to reach her arms out wide, wide... to dance, to dance with him...

And what are Shuku's parents and Kimimmid's parents doing, in the kitchen garden or out in the old orchard, but the same thing? They face each other, they raise their proud and narrow heads, and then the man leaps, arms raised above his head, a great leap and a bow, a low bow... and the woman bows too... And so it goes, the courtship dance. All over the northern continent, now, the people are dancing.

Nobody interferes with the older couples, recourting, refashioning their marriage. But Kimimmid had better look out. A young man comes across the meadow one evening, a young man Shuku never met before; his birthplace is some miles away. He has heard of Shuku's beauty. He sits and

talks with her. He tells her that he is building a new house, in a grove of trees, a pretty spot, nearer her home than his. He would like her advice on how to build the house. He would like very much to dance with her sometime. Maybe this evening, just for a little, just a step or two, before he goes away? He is a wonderful dancer. Dancing with him on the grass in the late evening of early spring, Shuku feels that she is flying on a great wind, and she closes her eyes, her hands float out from her sides as if on that wind, and meet his hands...

From "Changing Planes" by Ursula K. Le Guin

Task 4

One of the episodes above contains Frodo's impression of Rivendell, an ancient place where Elves live, in "The Lord of the Rings".

Watch the Rivendell episodes from the screen adaptation of the book and express your opinion of the concept art for Rivendell. What impression does it produce on you?

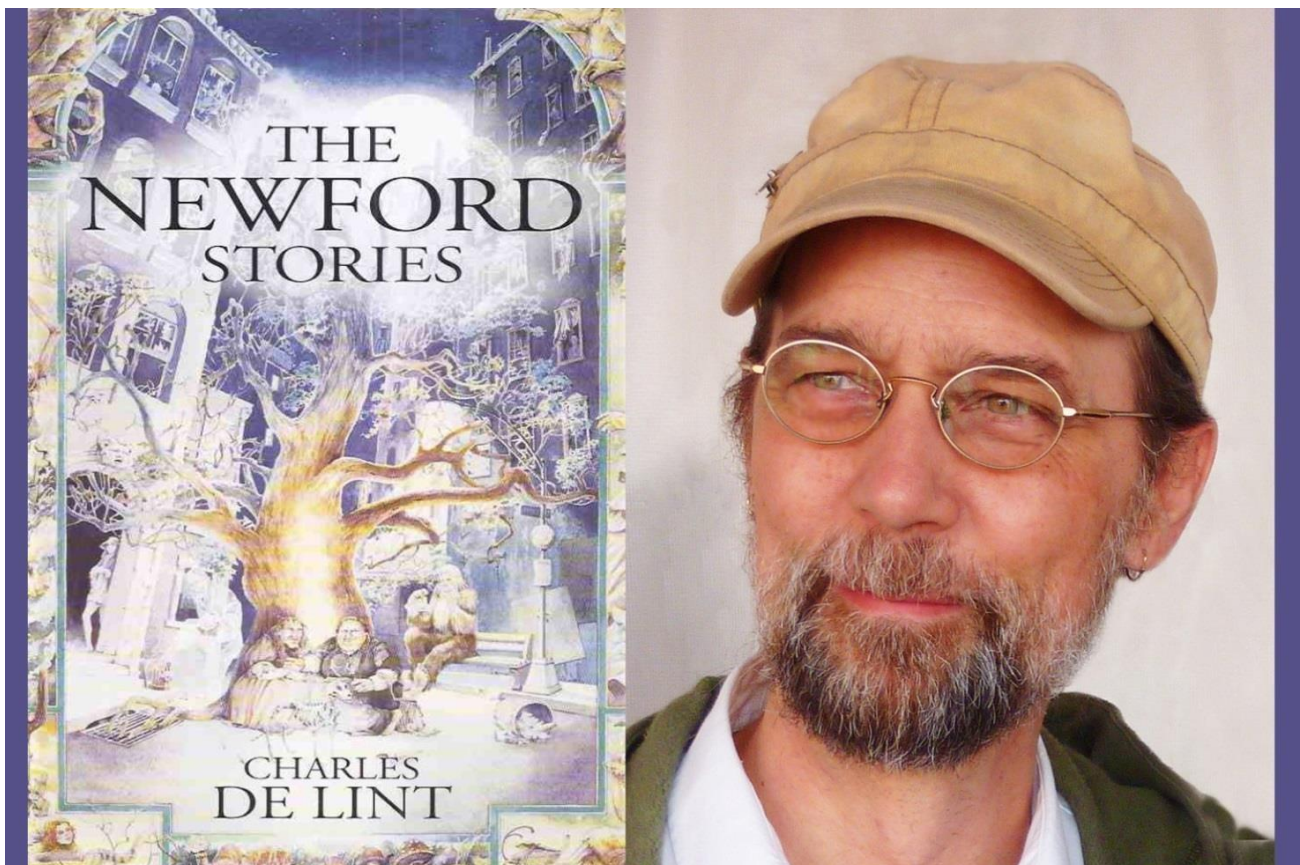


Stories about Worlds

Charles de Lint (born in 1951) is a Canadian writer and musician of Dutch origins. The author of many novels, short stories and poems, he is primarily known for contemporary and urban fantasy, in which the “real” world and the otherworld coexist in one fictional universe. In his world-building, he draws heavily on both European and American folklore, infusing his stories with mythological and supernatural elements. De Lint’s “Newford” cycle encompasses numerous novels and stories set in a fictional Canadian city of Newford (similar to the real-world Ottawa), in which characters encounter magic in their everyday lives and sometimes travel to different otherworlds (dreamlands, the spirit world, etc.).

“Muse and Reverie” (2009) is a collection of short stories that belong to the Newford series. As with other Newford narratives, the characters in these stories are often creative and involved in art and music. On the other hand, it is a gritty urban setting with an array of shop assistants, cab drivers, petty criminals and other street-wise city dwellers. Magic is always there, but sometimes it appears when it is least expected.

Read the first excerpt from the short story “The World in a Box” and predict what is going to happen in this story.



Somewhere in the world there is a box, and if you open that box, inside it you'll find the world.

What does that mean? I don't know. I think it's like one of those Zen riddles that you're not really supposed to figure out. It's just supposed to make you think - you know, the whole it's the journey that's important thing, not the destination.

I can't even remember where I heard it. It was probably one of those late-night, slightly inebriated conversations you can get into, especially when you're young and weighing in on all the great mysteries of the universe. Like, why are we here and where do we go when we die? Or, what if this world is all a dream and one of us is the dreamer? Or, do things exist only because we expect them to?

Man, if I knew now what I thought I did then, I'd be a very wise man.

Looking back, you have to smile. The meaning of life. Omnipotent dreamers. The world hidden in a box.

Except one day I found that box.

Work in groups of 3 or 4. Brainstorm ideas what "the world in a box" might be". Then read the next excerpt and compare it to your ideas.

Once we'd all finished laughing¹, I went back to browsing his shelves and they started bargaining again. That's when I spied the little wooden box, sitting in between an old pair of opera glasses with mother of pearl inlay and a little brass statue of Joan of Arc that was missing the tip of its little sword. I turned the box over in my hands, attracted to it for no reason that I could fathom. I'd like to say that I had a flash of premonition at that moment, a forewarning that my perception of everything was about to change, but the truth is all I felt was a mild curiosity.

The wood had been oiled, bringing out the grain, and the sides had been put together with dovetailed joints - hand-carved ones rather than machined, which meant it was probably from the 1800s and explained the twenty-five-dollar price tag. There were no hinges. The lid simply lifted off, which I proceeded to do.

And then it seemed the world went still all around me.

You know those photographs of the earth taken from one of the space shuttles, the ones that show this beautiful green and blue sphere just floating

there in the black velvet reaches of outer space? That's what was inside the box - not a photograph, but a tiny replica of the earth floating there in space. I held it closer to my eye, trying to figure out the illusion. But it wasn't. An illusion, I mean. Impossible as it should be, somehow there really seemed to be a tiny planet hovering there in the middle of the box.

"Pretty little thing, isn't it?"

I almost dropped the box, but I managed to keep my grip on it as I turned to Trevor.

"It's from the 1800s," he said. "Probably a snuffbox. Or maybe something to keep stamps in. See this?"

He reached out a hand and reluctantly I passed the box over to him. I almost had a heart attack when he stuck his finger inside, the better to hold it as he showed me the joints.

"Hand-carved," he said. "And look how snugly the lid still fits on it. I picked it up at an estate sale last week." His gaze lifted to mine. "I could let you have it for twenty."

It was an automatic spiel, but it surprised me because, after my first few days of booth-sitting, nobody in here ever tried to sell me anything because I didn't buy anything. But mostly I couldn't understand how he obviously couldn't - or at least didn't - see the world slowly spinning inside.

He handed it back to me and I looked inside.

The little planet was still there.

"Sure," I found myself saying as I reached into my pocket with my free hand for the money. "I'll take it."

We might have exchanged a few more words, but I don't remember. I just took my purchase back to Lizzie's booth and sat there staring inside it until I realized that Trevor was giving me a puzzled look. Well, I guess it must have seemed weird, me sitting there, mesmerized by the box the way I was.

I caught his gaze before he could turn away and gave him a shrug and a smile. Putting the lid back on, I set it on the counter in front of me.

I desperately wanted to ask him what he saw when he looked inside the box, but managed not to. Obviously, he didn't see anything or he'd have kept it. Or sold it for a lot more than twenty dollars.

Unless I had just imagined it.

I popped the lid and had another quick look.
Still there.
Or I was still imagining it.
I closed the lid again.
But if I wasn't imagining it, then what was it?

Notes

1. The protagonist is a musician who sometimes helps his friend Lizzie to take care of her booth selling vintage clothes and antique objects. There are some other booths around. In the episode the protagonist is hanging out with Trevor, the owner of one of the neighbouring booths.

Work in groups of 3 or 4. Brainstorm ideas for what this artifact might do. Then read the next excerpt and compare it to your ideas.

I knew Jenny¹ was in town from seeing her face looking back at me from flyers on various telephone poles and the like, advertising an upcoming gig, so I tried calling her at the apartment she still keeps in the city.

We spent awhile catching up before I brought up the whole business with the world in a box.

She laughed. "God, you don't forget anything, do you?"

"Well, it was a weird story - the kind of thing that stays with you."

"I guess."

"I was wondering where you first heard about it."

I could sense her smiling on the other end of the line. "You mean what wise man, hidden far away from the eyes of the world, first revealed these great truths to me?"

I laughed. "Something like that."

"I made it up," she said.

I was holding the box and looked down into it at the earth floating there, suspended in the center of the space in a way that just didn't seem possible, but it was happening all the same.

"Did you now," I said.

"Um-hmm. I was working up a song, actually. Something along the lines of the microcosm reflecting the macrocosm - you know, above as it is below -

but it never quite jelled for me. See, I thought of it as being this talisman that allowed whoever had it the ability to make anything happen. They'd be like a God. But then I realized that anyone who did have a talisman that powerful, well then, they probably were God, and it's hard to lay any real doubt or angst on God, you know? His followers can have a crisis of faith, sure. But God? I figure even if He didn't know the answers, He'd let on that He did."

"And being God," I put in, "so it would come to pass."

She laughed. "Something like that. Why are you so interested in this, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," I lied. "It's just one of those things that came into my head like an advertising jingle and I haven't been able to get it out again."

"I hate when that happens. Especially when you're sitting down to write something yourself and all you've got in your head is some cheesy oom-pah-pah ditty from a used-car lot."

"It wasn't quite that bad," I told her. "Besides, it gave me an excuse to give you a call."

"Now you need an excuse?"

"You know what I mean."

"Sadly, I do," she said. "Where does all the time go? I keep meaning to look up friends whenever I get back to town, but it seems like no sooner do I open the door of my apartment, than I'm already packing my bags and hitting the road again without having made one call."

"The price of success."

"Of steady work anyway. Are you coming to the show on Saturday? I can put your name on the guest list."

We talked a little more, then finally said our goodbyes with promises to get together soon.

It had started to snow again while I was on the phone, which was a good thing. It's always a trade off in the winter. When you get a clear, sunny day, it's usually bitter cold. Snow brings its own challenges, but at least you're not freezing your butt off when you venture outdoors and I had to walk to the antiques mall soon. And I don't mind shoveling because all we've got is the porch and the walkway to the street.

I looked away from the window and studied the box some more, thinking of what Jenny had said.

The person holding it could make anything happen.

Okay, so it was just an idea she came up with for a song that never went anywhere, but it was in my hand now, as real as the kitchen around me, even if I was the only one who could see it.

Maybe I was making it happen. Maybe I was crazy. But there was one way to find out.

Anything, I thought.

I picked something small.

It had been dead in the antiques market for a couple weeks now. None of the dealers were doing well, but poor Lizzie seemed particularly hard hit. I don't think she'd grossed more than forty dollars so far this week and it was already Wednesday.

So let her have a good day, I told the world, floating there in the wooden box I held in my hand.

Let her have an amazing day.

* * *

I got to the booth just before one o'clock when I was supposed to take over from her and it was... it was just weird. She had three or four people trying to give her money for stuff they'd already chosen to buy, with another couple looking in the display cabinet with the really pricey jewellery.

When she looked up and caught my eye, I could see the relief in her gaze. "Thank God you're here," she said. "It's been crazy all morning."



I stuffed my coat under one of the tables and started taking money, wrapping up purchases, and generally making myself useful. It was like when Lizzie did the weekend shows, before she got the booth here. Those one-off shows had always been so successful that it had seemed like a no-brainer to get a permanent place to sell her stuff.

It hadn't been bad the first few months, but this recent run of bad luck had been making her seriously reconsider the feasibility of keeping the booth.

Closing wasn't even a consideration today.

Notes

1. Jenny is a musician that the protagonist used to play with. He remembered that she had mentioned a world in a box on the past so he phoned her to find out more.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How did the protagonist find the box? What was unusual about it? 2. What did he learn from Jenny? 3. What did he decide to do and why? 4. What was the outcome?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What was the protagonist's reaction to his unusual find? How was it depicted in the text? 2. Which traditional trope is used in this story? What genre is it typical of? 3. Brainstorm ideas how this story might end. 4. Can the story be interpreted as an allegory? 5. What would you do if you found a box like that? Work in pairs and tell the story of your own world in the box to your partner.

Language Practice



Task 1. Heteronyms / Homographs

Heteronyms are words that are spelt identically but pronounced differently and have different meanings. Thus, heteronyms are homographs, but not homophones. A large group of heteronyms in English are nouns and verbs that are stressed differently, as in **a rebel** /'rebəl/ and **to rebel** /rɪ'bel/. Changes in vowel and consonant sounds in such pairs are also observed.

Read the phrases below out loud. Mind the stress.

- To change the subject - to subject people to danger
- To refuse to renege on the deal - too much refuse around
- To project one's resentment - to be engulfed by the project
- To construct a new shopping mall - a philosophical construct
- To create a news digest - to digest the information

Work in pairs. Make up sentences with the words below. Use them as both verbs and nouns, as in the example. Let your partner read them.

➤ It was a no-brainer to figure out how to break that record.

➤ I am a bit anxious about my talk: they are going to record it!

present, produce, lead, incense, desert, convict, contract, conflict, conduct, affect, intern, permit, object, console, delegate, suspect, attribute

Which of the words above have other changes in pronunciation, apart from stress? Look at the following words. What difference in pronunciation do they all share when used as a verb and as a noun?

excuse, house, close, abuse, use

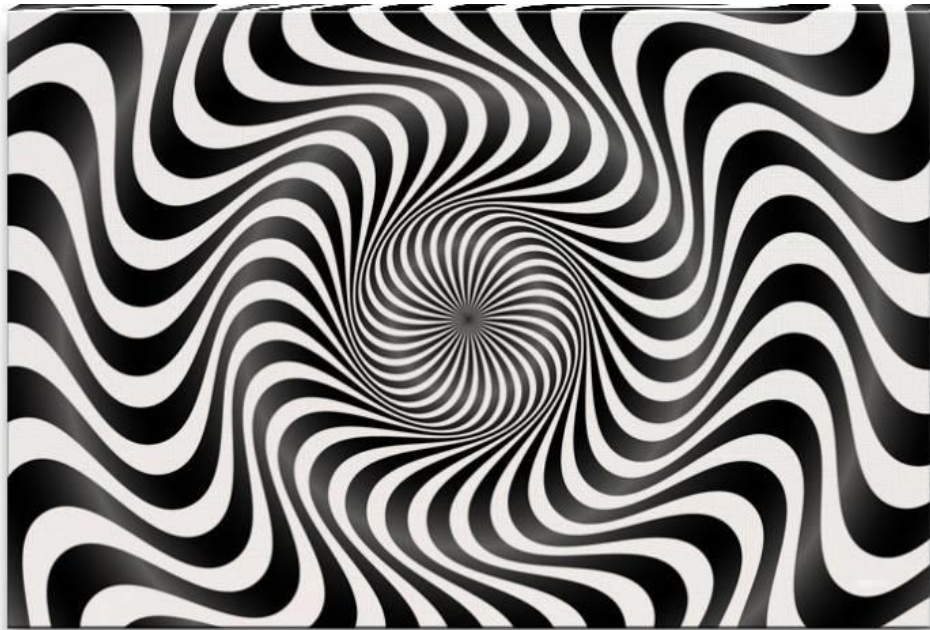
Put them in sentences as in the activity above and practise their pronunciation.

Task 2. Translation

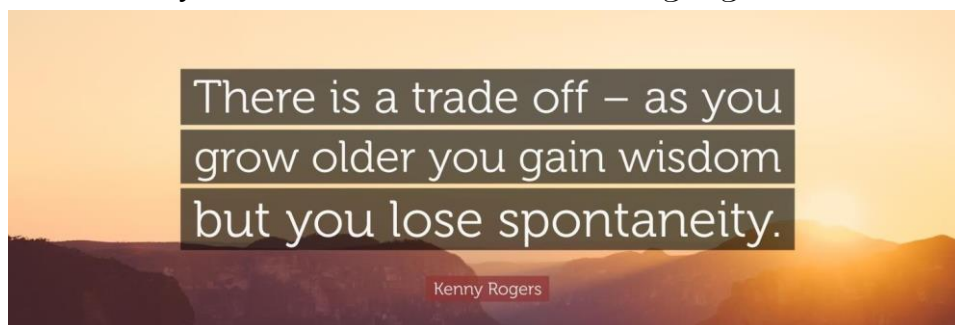
Translate the following fragment from the story:

We might have exchanged a few more words, but I don't remember. I just took my purchase back to Lizzie's booth and sat there staring inside it until I realized that Trevor was giving me a puzzled look. Well, I guess it must have seemed weird, me sitting there, mesmerized by the box the way I was.

Look up the etymology of the word "mesmerised". What synonyms of this word can you offer? Do you find optical illusions mesmerising?



Work in small groups. Describe a time when you were mesmerised by something, using several of the synonyms that you have found. Get other students to translate your stories into their first language.



Translate another fragment from the text and the quotation above:

It had started to snow again while I was on the phone, which was a good thing. It's always a trade off in the winter. When you get a clear, sunny day, it's usually bitter cold. Snow brings its own challenges, but at least you're not freezing your butt off when you venture outdoors and I had to walk to the antiques mall soon. And I don't mind shoveling because all we've got is the porch and the walkway to the street.

Compare how you have translated "trade off" in the quote and in the text. What is the classical definition of this term and how do people use it situationally?

Discuss possible trade offs in the following situations:

- ✓ Doing your work fast
- ✓ Bottling up your emotions
- ✓ Becoming the head of a team
- ✓ Becoming a celebrity

Writing



Choose a series of books and / or a film franchise that are set in a fictional universe. What are the important ingredients of world-building (geography, flora and fauna, backstory, history, mythology, technology, material culture, languages, folklore, etc.)? How is the storyworld presented to the reader / viewer? How do we learn about this world? How important are these elements to the plot and character development?

Write a short review of the chosen material and express your own appreciation of this fictional universe. Say whether you would like to live a world like this one and explain why or why not.

Project

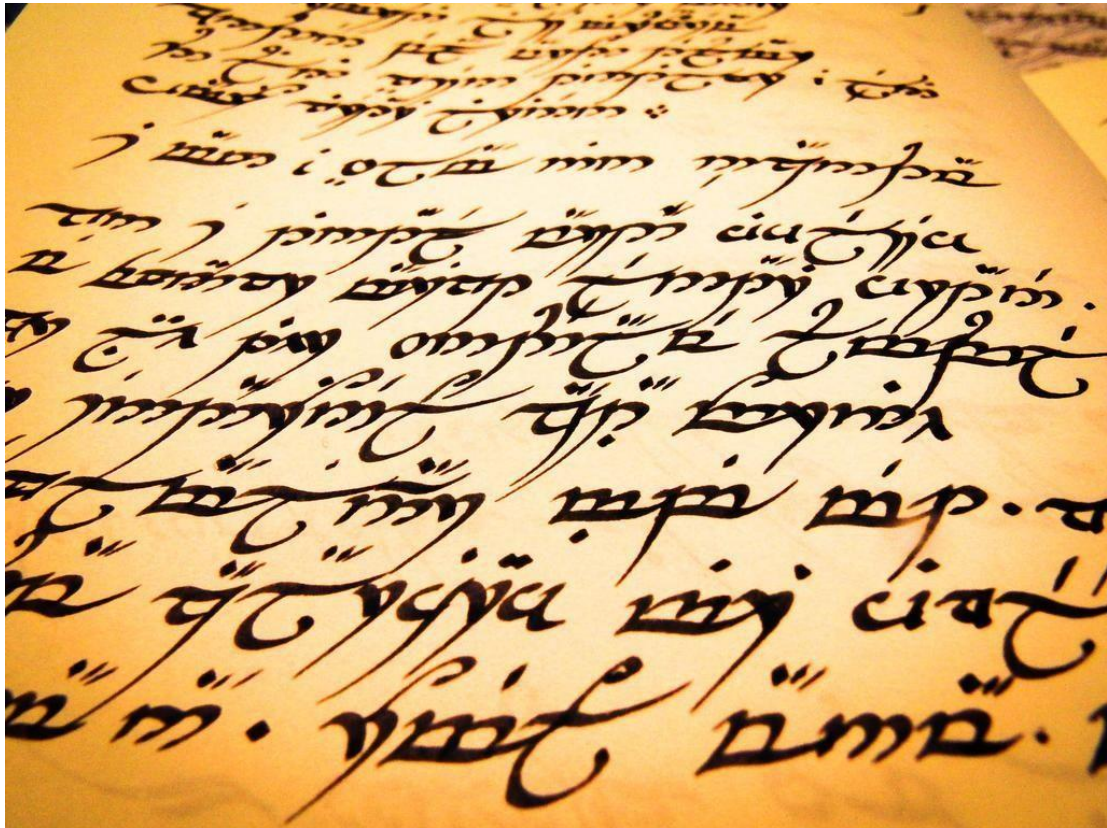


Artistic Languages

There are several fictional universes that have their own constructed languages (Tolkien's Middle-earth, Martin's "A Song of Ice and Fire", the Star Trek franchise, etc.). Artificial languages that are designed specifically for fictional purposes are also called "artistic languages". Do you consider creating a language an art? Choose one of such languages and study

their main phonetic and grammatical features. What role do they play in the corresponding stories? Why would people want to know more and even learn such languages (as many people do)?

Present your project in class and find out your classmates' opinions about the language you have chosen.



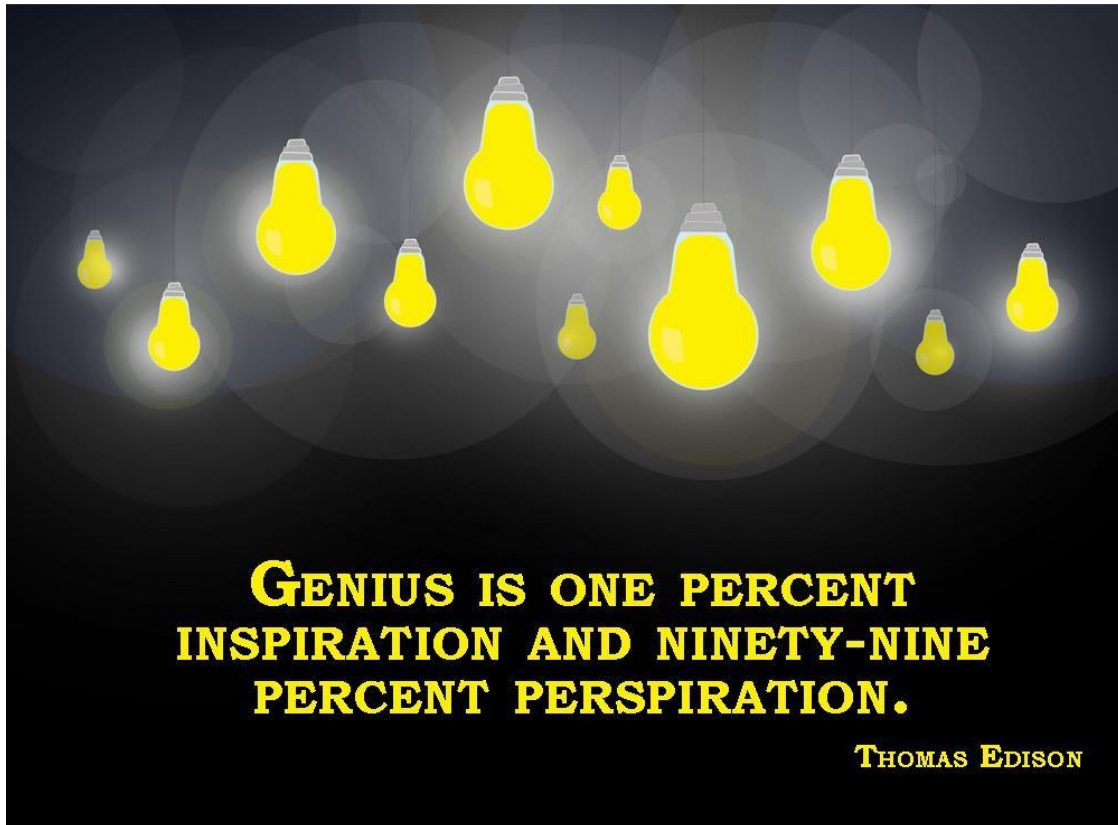
Calligraphy based on Tengwar, a script designed by J.R.R. Tolkien for his invented languages.

UNIT 13

The Magic of Inspiration

Lead In

- ❖ How often do you feel inspired? Describe how it feels for you.
- ❖ When authors work on a text, they might experience a writer's block. Brainstorm ideas what they might do to find their inspiration.
- ❖ Look at the famous quote by Thomas Edison below.
- ❖ What does it mean? Do you agree with the statement?



Artistic Inspiration

Inspiration, which literally means the action / act of breathing in or inhaling is understood figuratively as an act of inhaling an idea or role model that leads to a creative impulse and enthusiasm, resulting in a burst of creativity. Inspiration was traditionally understood to come from divine sources. In Ancient Greece, for example, it was attributed to the nine goddesses called Muses, while poets or artists were thought to experience a particular mental state, close to ecstasy, going beyond themselves and speaking with the voice of a deity. Another famous legend about inspiration is found in the Norse mythology, in which the god Odin steals the drink called the Mead of Poetry and gives it to gods and people so that they can turn into poets and scholars.

In Christianity, inspiration was perceived as a gift from the Holy Spirit, and authors, particularly of religious texts, would often claim they were possessed by the voice of God. The idea of poetic inspiration coming from outside was also shared by many Romantic poets, who believed that a poet has to be attuned to mystical or divine “winds”.

Contrary to this, empirical and materialistic approaches place the source of inspiration inside the human mind. John Locke saw it in the **resonance** between ideas in one’s mind; Sigmund Freud connected creativity with **internal conflicts** and **childhood traumas**, while Carl Gustav Jung attributed it to **racial memory**, embedded in universal **archetypes**. Contemporary psychology addresses the mental processes that are involved in acquiring inspiration. In the research conducted by Thrash and Elliot the inherent features of inspiration are said to be **motivation**, **evocation** and **transcendence**. Motivation is seen as a surge of energy that enables one to act, evocation implies that the state is evoked or **triggered** rather than achieved through a conscious effort, while transcendence presupposes going beyond one’s ordinary preoccupations and limitations.¹⁰



Heinrich Maria von Hess, Apollo and the Muses

Task 1

Read a fragment from an online article about the history of inspiration and say what figures of speech are used there to describe the phenomenon:

¹⁰ Elliot Thrash, *Inspiration as a Psychological Construct*, p. 871.

“Inspiration is an eternal mystery, the fountain that overflows to send rivulets of ingenuity directly into the minds of the receptive. It is as though an arrow of fire is shot from an invisible bow, cutting through darkness to bring brilliance to its target. The artist struck by this sacred dart does not know what compels her hands to move in the ways that they do. She could never pinpoint the precise source of her ideas – she only knows that she must chase their strange light. The hidden archer is a bearer of divine insight, known throughout the ages as the Muse”¹¹.

What other metaphors for inspiration can you think of?

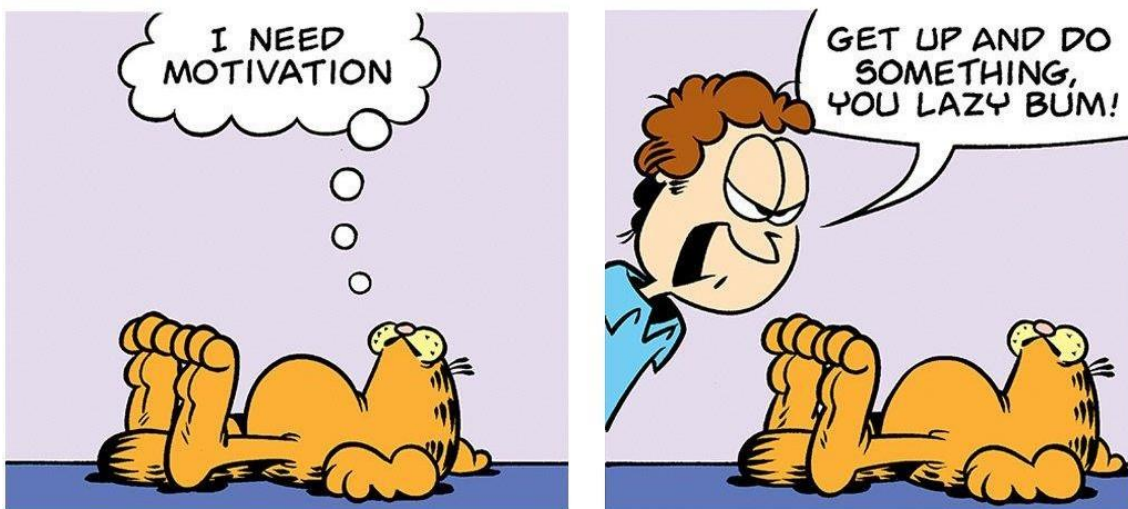
Task 2

“You can’t wait for inspiration. You have to go after it with a club.” (Jack London)

How do writers write? Is it a search for inspiration or hard work? Search the Internet to find out about routines and habits of famous authors. What do they have in common? Are there any habits you consider worth developing in yourself?

Task 3

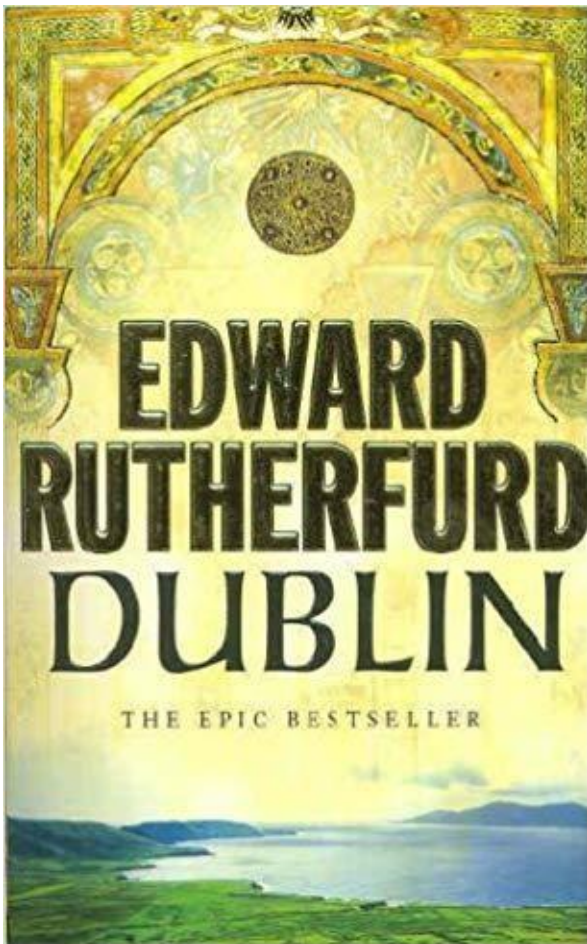
The Internet is inundated with motivational videos, inspirational quotes and self-help guides of all kinds. How often do you use such material? Have you been motivated and inspired by any particular article or video? If yes, share your inspiration story with the class.



¹¹ Ana Tzarev <https://www.huffingtonpost.co.uk/ana-tzarev>

The Artist and Inspiration

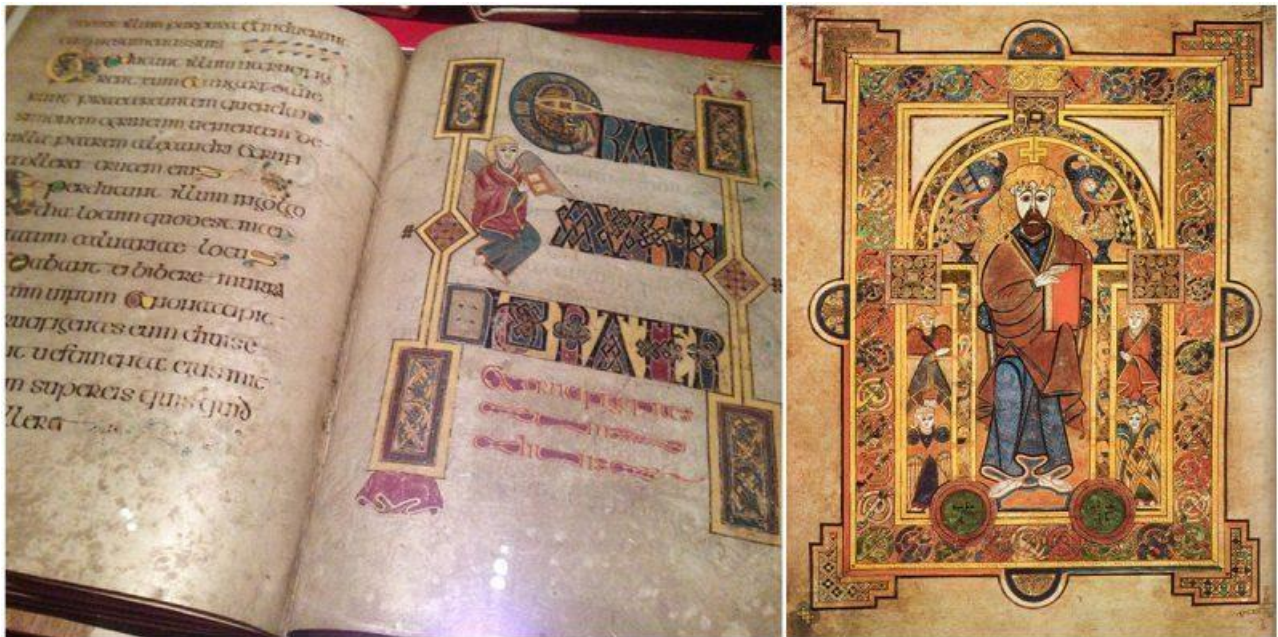
Edward Rutherfurd (born in 1948) is a British author famous for epic historical novels. He chooses a particular setting, for example, the area around his home town Salisbury and Stonehenge (the novel “Sarum”), and tells the story of several generations of local families. It usually starts in prehistoric times and traces the descendants of the chosen families up till the modernity. Thus, “Sarum” has a ten-thousand-year storyline, while the novel “New York” chronicles the development of New York City from its birth in the 17th century to the year 2009, when the novel was published. Two novels by Rutherfurd comprise “The Dublin Saga” that tells of story of Ireland’s capital: “Dublin: Foundation” (2004) and “Ireland: Awakening” (2006). In North America these two novels are entitled “The Princes of Ireland” and “The Rebels of Ireland” respectively.



The novel “**Dublin: Foundation**” spans more than a thousand years (from 430 CE to 1533) and involves such historical figures as Saint Patrick and Brian Boru. The main characters are the fictional ones, however, and there are certain traits and features that are carried from generation to generation, including artistic imagination and intuitive appreciation of beauty associated with the ancient Celts. One of such characters, Osgar, whose story unfolds in the times of Brian Boru and Viking occupation of Ireland, falls in love with a girl, Caoilinn, who has a wild Celtic nature. He chooses not to marry her and becomes a monk at Glendalough monastery, revealing a talent for

illustration. He works at illumination of the gospels, satisfied with his work, and yet he sometimes thinks of Caoilinn who has married another man. This part of the novel is inspired by one of the greatest Irish national treasures, the famous Book of Kells.

Read the following excerpts from the novel and trace Osgar's quest to find his own inspiration.



It was the last day before leaving¹. For the first hour of the day, Osgar liked to practise his illustration. If calligraphy was painstaking, illustration was even more intricate. Of course, there was the design first. That could be simple or complex. Only those skilled in geometry should even attempt the making of a Celtic pattern. But once the design was made in rough, then carefully fair copied and transferred onto the vellum as a drawing, the intricate business of choosing the colours and of slowly painting them in with needle-thin brushes required extraordinary patience and skill.

The pigments themselves were rare and valuable. He dipped his brush in a red, to colour part of the scalloped design of an eagle's feathers. Some reds were made from lead, but this came from the pregnant body - it had to be pregnant - of a certain Mediterranean insect. He checked a proportion on the design with a pair of dividers. Purple next, from a Mediterranean plant. The greens were mostly from copper. You had to be careful. If the page got wet afterwards, the copper could eat through the vellum. The whites were usually made with chalk. Cleverer were the golds. The pigment for gold was actually a yellow - arsenic sulphide - but when applied it would develop a metallic shine so that it looked like gold leaf. Most precious and rare of all was the blue lapis lazuli. That came from the farthest Orient, from a place, it was said, where the mountains, higher even than the Alps, rose into the blue sky until they touched it. A country without a name. Or so he had heard.

The greatest art of all, in Osgar's opinion, was the delicate layering of colours one on top of the other so that one achieved not only subtle gradations of tone but even a relief, like a landscape as it would be seen from above, as by the eye of God Himself.

But when he entered the scriptorium that morning, Osgar did not trouble to practise his own poor art. He went straight to the great book on the lectern. It was, after all, his last opportunity to do so.

The wonder of it. As he stood before the masterpiece, it was hard for Osgar to believe that he might not see it again. For two months now he had explored its creamy vellum pages and discovered its wonders so that, like a pilgrim to a holy city who has come to know all its byways and secret places, he felt almost as if the great treasure belonged to him personally.

And indeed, wasn't the book laid out like a celestial city? Four Gospels: four points of the compass, four arms of the holy cross. Hadn't Ireland four provinces? Even the mighty Roman Empire, in the later days when it was Christian, had been divided into four parts. At the start of each of the Gospels came three magnificent full-page illuminations: first the winged symbol of the evangelist - Matthew the man, Mark the lion, Luke the calf, and John the eagle²; second came a portrait page; third, the first words of the Gospel were worked up into a huge design. A trinity of pages to start each of the four Gospels. Three and four: the seven days of the week. Three times four: the twelve apostles.

There were other full-page illuminations at appropriate places, like the eight-circle double-cross design, the Virgin and Child, and the great Chi-Rho³ symbol that began Matthew's account of the birth of Jesus.

The splendour of the pages was in their colour: deep, sumptuous reds and mauves, the purples, emerald greens, and sapphire blues; the pale tinctures of the saints' faces, like old ivory; and everywhere the gleaming yellow that made them look like gold enamelled screens.

But their magnificence was in their construction. Trefoil spirals enclosed in discs, borders of interlacing ribbons and knots, and motifs from the island's most ancient past were joined to Christian symbols - the eagle of John; the peacock, symbol of Christ's incorruptibility; fish, snakes, lions, angels and their trumpets - all stylised into geometric patterns. There were human

figures, too, grouped in spandrels in the corners, or round the bases of golden letters, men with arms and legs lengthened and interlaced so that human body and abstract design became one and the same in this Celtic cosmos. And these patterns were endless: repeating interlacings of such Oriental complexity that the eye could never unravel them; discs of spirals set in clusters like jewels, circle and stipple, snakelike forms and filigree - the rich riot of Celtic decoration seemed likely to run completely out of control were it not for the massive, monumental geometry of the composition.



Ah, that was the thing. That, Osgar thought, was the wonder of it. For whether it was the great cruciform image of the four evangelists, or the mighty sinuous curve of the Chi-Rho, the message of the illuminated pages was unmistakable. Just as, in its later days, the stolid empire of pagan Rome had tried with its numbered legions and massive walls to stem the tides of barbarians, so now the Roman Church, with the still greater power and authority of the true religion, was imposing its monumental order on the anarchy of the heathen, and building not just an imperial but a celestial city timeless, eternal, comprehensive, and bathed in spiritual light. He would gaze at the pages by day and, sometimes, dream of them at night. Once he had even dreamed that he had come into the monastery church and found the book open. Two of its pages, having detached themselves, had grown huge: one a gold mosaic on the wall; the other, like a great Byzantine screen of gold and icons across the choir, barring his way towards the altar. And as he had approached it the golden screen had glowed, as though burnished by a dark and holy fire; and he had softly touched it and it had sounded, harshly, like an antique gong.

But now he had to leave with Morann and Sister Martha. He would accompany the nun to Kildare, then make his way into the mountains and back to Glendalough. And Morann would go to Dyflin⁴ and perhaps see Caoilinn. Well, he shouldn't complain. This was the life he had chosen.

Notes

1. In this episode Osgar is visiting the Kells monastery and spends a lot of time admiring the Book of Kells.
2. The authors of the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are equated to the four sacred creatures often mentioned in the Bible.

3. Chi-Rho is an ancient symbol that combines letters chi and rho (XP) of the Greek word ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ (Christos). It was used in the illumination of Insular Gospel books to refer to Jesus Christ.
4. Dyflin is an older name for Dublin.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why was illustration difficult for Osgar? 2. Why did he decide not to practise illustration on that day? 3. What interests Osgar most in the Book of Kells? What associations does he have with it? 4. What does he mean by “a celestial city”?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Osgar contemplates the Book of Kells both as an artist and a Christian. What linguistic means are used to convey the nuances of his perception? 2. What artistic elements are given symbolic and spiritual meaning? How is it achieved in the text? 3. Have you ever been in awe of an artistic creation or a sacred object / place? If yes, describe your feelings. Say what it meant to you and whether you found spiritual / symbolic significance in this object. 4. Read the next excerpt and pay attention to how Osgar attempts to find symbolic significance in his own work.

Osgar had been working hard. By the end of October he had prepared the vellum, laid out the book, and copied the entire Gospels in a perfect hand. The decorated capital letters came next. He had left spaces for each of these and in the first ten days of November he planned a schema: while each letter would be treated differently, certain details – some purely geometric, others in the form of serpents, birds, or extended human figures – would subtly repeat themselves or balance each other in an exotic counterpoint, thus producing a hidden, echoing unity to the whole. He also intended to add little decorations to the text, as the spirit moved him. Finally, there would be four, full-page illuminations. He had rough sketches for three of these pages, and knew how they would come together; but the fourth was more ambitious, and about this he was more uncertain.

By mid-November Osgar had made a good start on the drawing and painting of the capitals, with more than a dozen completed by the end of the month, and when the abbot had inspected the work he had pronounced himself pleased; but the abbot had nonetheless made one complaint.

“Every year, Brother Osgar, you seem to take longer to complete each illustration. Surely with so much practice, you should be getting more proficient, not less.”

“The more I do,” Osgar had answered sadly, “the harder it gets.”



“Oh,” said the abbot, irritably. It was at times like this that he found the perfectionist calligrapher tiresome and even rather contemptible. And Osgar had sighed because he knew that he could not explain such things to any man, however intelligent, who had not practised the druidic art of design himself. How could he explain that the patterns the abbot saw were not the result of simple choice or chance, but that often as not, as he worked upon them, the strands of colour would mysteriously refuse to conform to the pattern he had first envisaged. And that only after days of obdurate struggle would he discover within them a new, deeper, dynamic pattern, far more subtle and powerful than anything his own poor brain would have been able to design. During these frustrating days, he would be like a man lost in a maze, or unable to move as though caught in a magic spider’s web, trapped within the very lines he drew. And as he came through, each discovery revealed to him new rules, layer upon layer, so that like a ball of twine that is slowly growing, the artefact he was making, simple though it seemed, had a hidden weight. Through this exhausting process, from these unending tensions, were the elegant patterns of his art constructed.

And of nothing was this more true than the fourth of the full-page illuminations. He knew what he wanted. He wanted, somehow, to echo that strange spiral which the old monk had copied from the stone and shown him up in Kells. He had only seen it once, but the strange image had haunted him ever since. Of course he had seen trefoils and spirals in many books; but this particular image was haunting precisely because it was subtly different. Yet how could you capture those swirling lines when their mysterious power came from the very fact that they were wandering, indeterminate, belonging to some unknown but profoundly necessary chaos? Every sketch he made was a

failure, and common sense, especially when he was labouring under such lack of time, should have told him to give it up. Something conventional would do. But he couldn't. Each day he puzzled over it, while he continued with the rest. Fortunately, when the prince's messenger was shown the partly completed book, it was already clear that it would be handsome.

"I will tell the prince it is in hand," the messenger said, "but he won't be pleased it isn't finished."

"You will have to work faster, Brother Osgar," said the abbot.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What is Osgar working on? How is he getting on? 2. What is the abbot's attitude to Osgar's work? 3. Why is it taking Osgar so long to finish his project? What problems does he have in his creative process?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why, do you think, Osgar refers to his work as "the druidic art"? 2. How are his problems described and what figures of speech are used to convey his struggle? 3. The excerpt shows the complexity of an artistic process. What roles do perfectionism and procrastination play in it? 4. Work in pairs. Describe a project that was difficult to accomplish. Explain to your partner why it was difficult and what you did to bring it to successful conclusion. 5. Read the final excerpt focusing on Osgar's source of inspiration.

It had been in early January, as he had been despairing of ever finishing his work in time, that Osgar had received news of a very different kind, from Caoilinn. She apologised for failing to send a message before, but explained that she had been trapped in Dyflin throughout the siege. A little guiltily perhaps, she sent him tender expressions of affection. And she let him know that, for reasons she did not explain, she would not be marrying again, after all. "But come to see me, Osgar," she added. "Come to see me soon."

What could he feel, at such a message? He hardly knew. At first he received it calmly enough. He realised that it had been some time since he had even given her a thought. During that day, he had gone quietly about his business as usual; only at the end of the afternoon, as he put his pens away and his fingers encountered the little wedding ring that still resided in the bag, did he suddenly experience a sharp stab of recollected emotion at the thought of her. She came to him that night in his dreams and again when he awoke in the dark January dawn, bringing with her a strange sense of warmth, a tingling of excitement – he hardly remembered when he had last felt this way. Nor did the sensation depart, but remained with him throughout the day.

What did it mean? That evening Osgar reflected carefully. When he had returned to Glendalough after his uncle's death, he had suffered from melancholy moods for some time. His inability to go back to Dyflin and his abiding sense of failure over Caoilinn had been hard to bear. With the news of her forthcoming marriage, however, a door in his mind seemed to have closed. She was departing once again into the arms of another. He was still married to Glendalough. He told himself to think of her no more, and was at peace. But now, with the knowledge that she was not, after all, to marry, it was as if, in some strange and unexpected way, she belonged to him again. They could renew their friendship. She could come to Glendalough to see him. He could visit Dyflin. He would be free to indulge in a relationship as passionate as it was safe. In this way, whether through the agency of good or evil powers, the sorrow of Brother Osgar was converted to a new kind of joy.



He noticed a difference the very next morning. Was there more sun in the scriptorium that day, or had the world grown brighter? When he sat down at his desk, the vellum before him seemed to have acquired a new and magical significance. Instead of the usual, painful struggle with an intricate pattern, the shapes and colours under his pen burst into life like the bright new plants of spring. And more extraordinary still, as the day progressed, these sensations grew stronger, more urgent, more intense; so utterly absorbed was he that by the late afternoon he did not even notice that the light outside was fading as he worked, with a growing fever of excitement, immersed in the rich and radiant world he had entered. It was only when he felt a persistent tap on his shoulder that he at last broke off with a start, like a man awoken from a dream,

to find that they had already lit three candles round his desk and that he had completed not one but five new illustrations. They almost had to drag him from the page.

And so it had continued day after day as, lost in his art, in such a fever that he often forgot to eat, pale, absentminded, outwardly melancholy yet inwardly ecstatic, the middle-aged monk – inspired by Caoilinn if not by God – now in the abstract patterns, verdant plants, in all the brightly coloured richness of sensual creation, for the first time discovered and expressed in his work the true meaning of passion.

Late in February, he began to trace the great, triple spiral of the last full page, and stretching it out and bending it to his will, found to his astonishment that he had formed it into a magnificent, dynamic Chi-Rho, unlike any that he had seen before, that echoed on the page like a solid fragment of eternity itself.

Two weeks before Easter, his little masterpiece was completed.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What message did Osgar receive? What did it mean to him? 2. What change occurred in Osgar and what were its consequences?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Trace Osgar’s emotional state throughout the passage. What changes does it undergo and which words are used to describe it? 2. Look at the similes in this excerpt. What is their meaning and significance? 3. How do you explain Osgar’s inspiration? Was Caoilinn his muse or was there another source as well? 4. Have you ever been inspired to create by another person? Have you been someone’s Muse? Share your stories of inspiration with your classmates.

Language Practice

Task 1: Pronunciation Tips

A group of heteronyms below can function as adjectives or verbs. In the latter case the stress sometimes moves closer to the end of the word, while some of the vowel sounds change.

Read the phrases below out loud. Mind the stress and the articulation of vowels.

- A perfect punchline - to perfect one's technique
- A deliberate amplification - to deliberate a question
- An alternate plan - to alternate between fury and empathy
- To separate after 5 years of marriage - two separate agendas
- Very abstract conundrums - to abstract important information
- An articulate essay - to articulate one's fears
- To intimate that she may get cold feet - an intimate and confidential tone
- Appropriate measures - to appropriate some elements of local culture
- An elaborate open loop - to elaborate on one's idea

Task 2: Vocabulary and Translation

Look at the vocabulary used to describe Osgar's creative process. Find synonyms in English and equivalents in your mother tongue for the words in bold.

- If calligraphy was **painstaking**, illustration was even more **intricate**.
- The intricate business of choosing the colours and of slowly painting them in with needle-thin brushes **required extraordinary patience and skill**.
- The fourth was more **ambitious**, and about this he was more uncertain.
- By mid-November Osgar had **made a good start on** the drawing and painting of the capitals
- Days of **obdurate struggle**
- A man **lost in a maze**, or unable to move **as though caught in a magic spider's web**, trapped within the very lines he drew.
- Through this **exhausting process**, from these **unending tensions**, were the elegant patterns of his art constructed

Find more words and expressions in the excerpts pertaining to Osgar's work on the book. Working in pairs, discuss your own experiences of working on a creative project using the vocabulary above.

Task 3: Expressing Wishes and Regrets

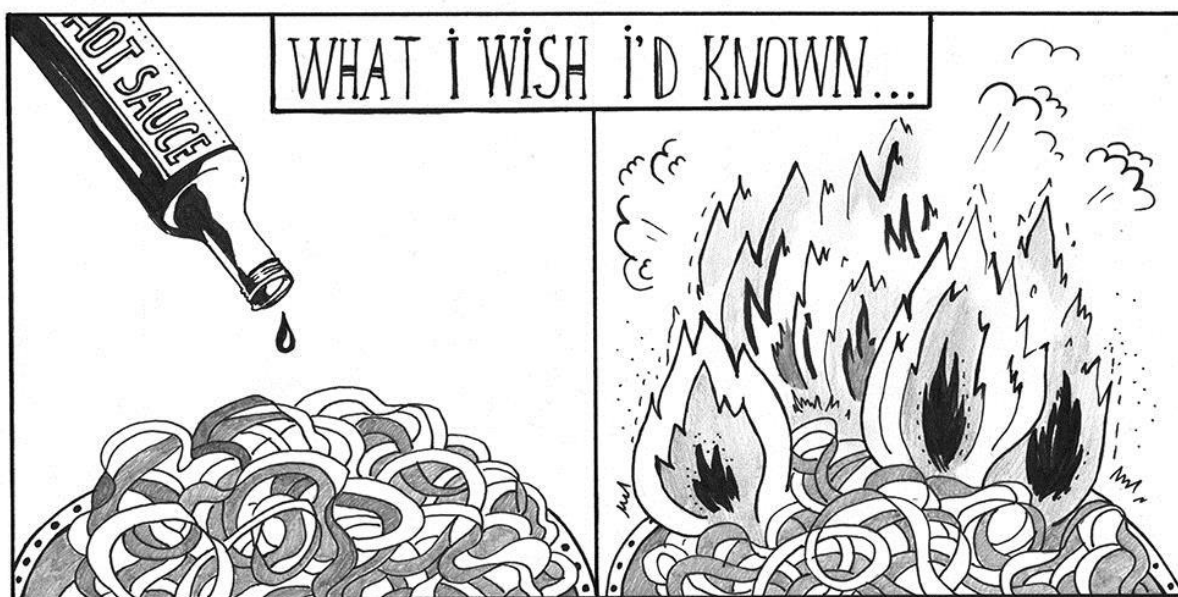
When we express our wishes, regrets and desire for change relating to the present situation we use **I wish / If only** with the Past Simple.

- I wish I had an artistic flair
- If only people didn't turn a blind eye on bullying.

Regrets about the past actions and decisions are expressed with **I wish** / **If only** with the Past Perfect. It is also possible to use **should** with the Perfect Infinitive to convey that the past action or inaction no longer seems advisable or wise.

- I should have pursued a different career.
- If only you hadn't reneged on your promise.
- I wish I had held my tongue then.

Work in groups of 3 or 4. Discuss things you wish you had known earlier.



Transform the following sentences as in the example.

➤ I don't really understand British humour. > *I wish I understood British humour.*

1. Writing a thesis is such an exhausting process.
2. I don't know why I fell for her. I regret it now.
3. I had to bottle up my resentment, but it only made things worse.
4. Life is full of dilemmas.
5. I am losing my patience: your mood is so volatile.
6. Team-building is my forte, but I didn't know it when I was at university.
7. I am not very good at soft skills.

8. Yes, I know it was a bad idea to gatecrash that party.
9. It was a crisis and I just broke down. It would have been better if I had put a brave face on it.
10. My privacy is important to me, but people do not appreciate it.

Work in pairs. Discuss a present situation that is not perfect. Express your regrets and wishes about it. Then find a new partner and discuss a past situation. Say which action or inactions you regret.

Writing



Stories about artistic creation often have ekphrasis embedded in them: they describe pictures, sculptures and other visual art objects aiming at capturing their beauty in words. Remember a similar description that impressed you from a book you have read. How did the author manage to capture the essence of this artefact? Could you easily visualise it as you were reading? *Write a short review of the story focusing on the ekphrasis in it.*

Here are some words you might find helpful:

*Evocative realistic picturesque subtle vivid elaborate awe-inspiring pictorial
magnetic poignant ethereal photographic luminous graphic magnificent
spectacular lifelike mesmerizing sumptuous intricate dreamlike*



Project

Finding Your Muse



Numerous books and films portray famous artists, writers, poets, composers, architects, etc., unveiling complicated processes that brought their masterpieces into being. Unfailingly, inspiration plays a major part in such narratives. Choose one of the stories about artistic creation and study the ways inspiration is construed in it. Does the protagonist have to overcome a writer's block? Do they deliberately seek inspiration or does it come on its own? Is inspiration personified or conceptualised in any way? Is the protagonist inspired through the interaction with another person? Present your project in class and find out whether this portrayal of inspiration resonates with your classmates.



“The Secret of Kells” (2009) is a highly acclaimed animated fantasy film that tell the story of the Book of Kells, accompanying it with the visual imagery of stunning beauty.

UNIT 14

Preserving the Memory

Lead In

- ❖ How well do you remember your past? Share some of your memories with your classmates. Can you recall in detail the events that happened more than 5 years ago?
- ❖ Which of these do you use to preserve your memories:
 - ✓ scrapbooks
 - ✓ photo albums
 - ✓ diaries
 - ✓ posts on social networks
 - ✓ material objects (souvenirs, presents, etc.)
 - ✓ sketches
 - ✓ poems
 - ✓ videos
 - ✓ other variants?
- ❖ What are your best memories about your student years? Which would be the best way for you to preserve these memories?



Memory and Poetry

Poetry is often compared with a photo album: instead of visual snapshots of the past it captures memories in words. Poets revisit their childhood and adolescence, chronicle their love lives and immortalise their emotions using words and imagery. Poems are also a chance for other people to get a glimpse of the emotional life of a poet and discover which experiences inspired them and gave creative impulses.

Possibilities to encapsulate experiences and memories in words are boundless in contemporary poetry, which is no longer limited to the restrictions of rhyme and metre. As Herbert Kohl writes in his book “A Grain of Poetry”, “This is what modern poetry does: speak out of grammar and time to deeply felt issues, problems, and experiences. The language of poetry moves between meditation, dream, and conversation. It does not tie up things neatly or allow for single interpretations. It thrives on complexity and is based on the freedom the language provides at its margins and boundaries.”¹²

Task 1

“Desert Island Discs” is a famous radio programme on BBC Radio 4. A guest is invited into the studio as a “castaway”: they pretend they are going to be sent to a tropical island and are allowed to bring only several music discs, one book and one luxury. As the guests are interviewed about their experiences, their musical choices are played, usually with explanations about what these particular tracks mean to them. In 2019, a panel of broadcasting industry experts named “Desert Island Discs” the “greatest radio programme of all time”.

Listen to the “Desert Island Discs” programmes with the poets Wendy Cope and Alice Walker, whose poetry you are going to read in this unit, and note what memories they cherish about the past.



¹² Herbert Kohl, A Grain of Poetry, p. 17.

Task 2

When approaching the task of appreciating poetry, Herbert Kohl recommends focusing on what he calls “the central images at the heart of poems”. He emphasises the importance of visualisation when reading poetic texts: “Visualization is integral to the reading of poetry. It is important to sense and feel and even see, taste, hear, almost touch the central images and let the poet’s words work with these images in your mind”.¹³

Read the poem “The Orange” by Wendy Cope below trying to apply Kohl’s tip. How does it work for you?



At lunchtime I bought a huge orange
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave -
They got quarters and I had a half.

And that orange it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park
This is peace and contentment. It’s new.

The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all my jobs on my list
And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I’m glad I exist.

¹³ Herbert Kohl, *A Grain of Poetry*, p. 90.

Wendy Cope (born in 1945) is a famous contemporary British poet. Although she has published comparatively few collections of poems, she has become widely known for her lighthearted and sometimes comical tone and her sharp and critical mind. She had often written about struggles in personal relationships, as well as ups and downs of everyday existence.



Read Cope's poem "Some Rules". What kinds of past experiences do you think it is based on?

Some rules

Stop, if the car is going "clunk"
Or if the sun has made you blind.
Don't answer e-mails when you're drunk.



You fire off something fierce. You're sunk.
It's irretrievable. It's signed.
You feel your spirits going "clunk."

Don't hide your face with too much gunk,
Especially if it's old and lined.
Don't answer e-mails when you're drunk.

Don't live with thirty years of junk —
Those precious things you'll never find.
Stop, if the car is going "clunk."

Don't fall for an amusing hunk,
However rich, unless he's kind.
Don't answer e-mails when you're drunk.

In this respect, I'm like a monk:
I need some rules to bear in mind.
Stop, if the car is going "clunk."
Don't answer e-mails when you're drunk.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What does “car is going “clunk” mean?” 2. What do these lines refer to: “You fire off something fierce. You’re sunk. It’s irretrievable”? 3. How do you understand the rule “Don’t hide your face with too much gunk”? 4. What kind of person is “an amusing hunk”?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why is the poems called “rules”? Do you think these are really rules or past experiences? 2. What role does the repetition play in this poem? 3. What is the rhyming scheme of the poem? What effect does it produce? 4. Why does the poet say “I’m like a monk”? 5. Do you have any life rules like these? If yes, do you always adhere to them?

Alice Walker (born in 1944) is a renowned American novelist, poet, feminist and activist. She is best known for her novel “The Color Purple” (1982) for which she won the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize. Walker has published several collections of poetry which passionately chronicle her eventful life.



Read Walker’s poem “I Will Keep Broken Things” (you may also watch her reciting the poem on YouTube) and explain its central image.

I will keep	Wise
Broken	Heads
Things:	Sheared
The big clay	Off;
Pot	
With raised	I will keep
Iguanas	Broken
Chasing	things:
Their	The old
Tails;	Slave
Two	Market

Of their
Brought
To my
Door
By Mississippi
A jagged
Hole
Gouged
In its sturdy
Dark
Oak
Side.

I will keep
Broken
things:
The memory
Of
Those
Long
Delicious
Night
Swims
With
You;

I will keep
Broken
things:
In my house
There
Remains
An
Honored
Shelf
On which
I will
Keep
Broken
Things.
Their beauty
Is



Basket
They
Need
Not
Ever
Be
'fixed.'

I will keep
Your
Wild
Free
Laughter
Though
It is now
Missing
Its
Reassuring
And
Graceful
Hinge.

I will keep
Broken
Things:
Thank you
So much!

I will keep
Broken
Things.
I will keep
You:

Pilgrim
Of
Sorrow.
I will keep
Myself.

<p>Comprehension</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What are the things that the poet is going to keep? Which of them are material objects? 2. Where is the poet going to keep them? 3. How do you understand the line “It is now missing its reassuring and graceful hinge”?
<p>Discussion</p> 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How does the visual presentation of the poem affect its perception? 2. In which sense will the poet “keep” broken thing? Explain the main metaphors in the poem. 3. Who is the poet thanking and for what? 4. What is implied by the final lines of the poem? 5. Compare and contrast this poem to “Some Rules” by Wendy Cope. In which point do the two poets differ? Which attitude is closer to your own? 6. Describe an object that has a sentimental value for you. If you wanted to capture its essence in a poem, which imagery would you use?

Language Practice

Task 1: Confusing Heteronyms

There are heteronyms which are not derivatives of the same root, but totally different lexical units that are spelt identically by coincidence. For example, the word “number” as a noun means “quantity”, while the adjective “number” is a comparative degree of the word “numb. Correspondingly, the pronunciation differs.

Work in pairs. Make up sentences with the words below, using two different versions of each word. Let your partner read them.

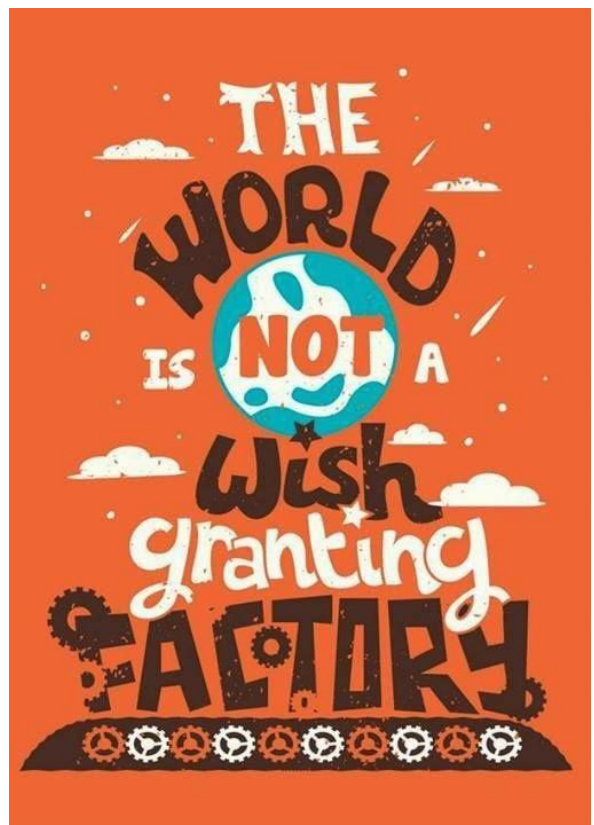
- Polish has nine additions to the letters of the basic Latin script.
- Do not overdo it with your show polish.

Wound, row, tear, sake, minute, invalid, dove, does, content, bow, august, bass, pasty, wind, resent, putting, sow, entrance.

Task 2: Vocabulary

Check your memory. Rephrase the sentences below using the vocabulary you have learnt since the beginning of the semester.

1. I was never so embarrassed as when I saw my little brother wearing a Darth Vader costume for Halloween.
2. She says she is trying to achieve that mental state when you are fully aware of what is going on at the present moment.
3. What else could I have done but pretend nothing bad had happened?
4. This audiobook has a hypnotic effect on me: the narrator's voice sounds like a magic storyteller's.
5. The reform is generally beneficial, although it has led to another cycle of inflation.
6. The doctors are afraid these might be the first signs of brain tumour.
7. I keep asking myself: what is the point of everything? Am I going through some kind of total disappointment in myself and reality?
8. She should have realised he wasn't acting out of spite: he was just very upset.
9. I know we often make these systematic mistakes in our thinking. I just wish I could identify them more easily.
10. I don't understand if she is really interested. She shows enthusiasm one moment and then she is just the epitome of apathy.
11. Yes, I was in an altered state of consciousness once, when I was engulfed by artistic inspiration and worked non-stop for a week. But how can I describe it? The feeling is beyond words.
12. Romance novels are all about getting your heart's desire. They are completely divorced from reality.



Writing



Have you ever read a poem about an experience that you personally never had? Write an online post or film a video explaining the response this poem elicits from you.

Project



The Music of Your Life

Role-play a “Desert Island Discs” programme. Student A is going to be a presenter and Student B may play either a well-known celebrity or a future version of themselves, who has also become famous. Conduct the interview, incorporating questions about creative process, success, personal narrative, etc. and play several musical tracks elaborating on their significance for the interviewee.



Ed Sheeran as a castaway on Desert Island Discs

WORDLISTS



PART 1

allude alternative
analepsis (flashback)
atmospheric
audience
auditory
blurt out
bring on (a smile, a heart attack, etc.)
catch one's eye
change one's mind
chasten
claw one's way to the top
comedy of manners
complement
compliment
conjure up
convention
council
counsel
cross-genre / hybrid genre
culture clash
cut-glass accent

cynical
deadpan humour
dialogism
digression
digressions
dilemma
discourse time
disinterested
draw in / into something
dress to kill
dynamic
dystopian
edge
ellipsis
elude
epitome
evoke / evocative
explicitly / implicitly
eye-catching
fall for
famine
fast-paced / slow-paced
feminist
flatter
forte
fragile
futile
gatecrash
genial
genius
genre
genre fiction / popular fiction
get the better of someone or something
have a change of heart

have one's heart set on something
have somebody on
hegemony
hijack
hold one's tongue
humour
ideology
in medias res
in plentiful supply
innuendo
irony / ironic
isochronic
it came as no surprise
jump the gun
lay
leave much to be desired
libel
lie
live up to
look out of place
lyric / epic / narrative
make a pile
map out
marginalize
motif
motive
move in different circles
name dropper
neutral
open loop
parody
patriarchal
perk
physical comedy

pivotal
plot-driven / character-driven
poignant
posh
post-apocalyptic
privacy
privileged / underprivileged
prolepsis (foreshadowing)
prose / poetry
provocative
punchline
put a good / brave face on sth
raise /
rapport
rebellious
resilient
resistance
revisionary
rise / lie /
risqué
romantic comedy
routine
run short (of sth)
running gag
satire / satirical
screwball comedy
self-deprecating humour
situational comedy (sitcom)
sketch comedy
slander
slapstick
social climber
stand-up
status-driven

subgenre
subversive
tactile
take credit for sth
tantalising
technique
time travel
tongue-in-cheek
tragedy / comedy
turn a blind eye
typical
uninterested
upper-class
verbal / non-verbal humour
volatile
when it comes to
work one's way up

PART 2

absent-minded
adolescent
affect
affinity
alienation
altered state of consciousness
anguish
attribute
awe-inspiring
be beside oneself
borderline personality disorder
borough
bottle up
bough
cautionary tale

childhood trauma
climb the wall(s)
cognitive bias
coming-of-age
compassion
concept art
conscience
conscientious
conscious
consciousness
console
conundrum
convict
convoluted
cosmopolitanism
dreamlike
drought
eat one's heart out
ecstasy
ekphrasis
elaborate
emotional intelligence
empathy
enchanted / disenchanted
encompass
engulf
ethereal
evocation
existential crisis
fictional universes
fictional world
fleeting
fly off the handle
free indirect speech

fury
get cold feet
gusto
harness
have egg on one's face
heteronyms
identity
identity crisis
imaginary world.
incense
incipient
inclusiveness
individuality
ineffable
inequality
infuse
initiation
interior monologue
intermediality
intern
internal conflict
intricate
introspection
invented / constructed / artistic language
liberate
literary world
luminous
magnetic
maturation
medium
melancholy
mental state
mesmerise
mindfulness

minority group
moral dilemma
motivation
mutability
neurological conditions or disorders
obdurate
overpowering
painstaking
pensive
perceptual
distortions
pictorial
picturesque plough
post-colonial
post-traumatic syndrome
push / press someone's buttons
put a brave face / front on it
rage
rapture
rejuvenation
resentment
resonance
run hot and cold
self-esteem
social justice
spectacular
speculate
speculative
storyworld
stream of consciousness
subtle
sumptuous
susceptibility
thorough

tolerance
trade-off
train of thought
transcendence
transhumanism
trigger
underdog
underprivileged
unleash
vicarious shame
wish fulfillment
world-building
wrath

GUIDELINES FOR SELF-STUDY PROJECTS

1. Project topics should be distributed among the students in the beginning of the term.
2. Your project should focus on **contemporary authentic English-language material** (fiction, films, drama, graphic novels, songs, poems, etc.).
3. If the topic presupposes the analysis of a certain linguistic or literary aspect (genre, narrative techniques, stylistic features, etc.), it is recommended to include a **brief theoretical review** of this issue.
4. While sharing the results of your research with the class, make sure to support them with **a presentation, audio / video materials, handouts**, etc.
5. Your presentation in class should be **interactive**: the other students are supposed to be involved in discussions, assignments and activities.
6. Avoid **plagiarism** in your presentation.
7. Avoid using **obscene and offensive material**.
8. Avoid **spoilers**: other students may be inspired to read the book or watch the film used in your presentation.
9. Stick to the time limit of 20–25 min.

A sample outline

- Introduction
- Theoretical Part (based on the chosen aspect of analysis)
- Practical Part (presenting and analysing the material, conducting activities)
- Conclusions

6 Tips for a Successful PowerPoint Presentation

- ✓ Make the text on each slide short and simple
- ✓ Keep to one style / font
- ✓ Do not overuse media on your slide
- ✓ Avoid unnecessary or infantile images
- ✓ Use contrasting backgrounds
- ✓ Always think of a backup plan

PROJECT TOPICS

Unit 1. The Cover Code

Choose a famous book that has been published many times in different editions. Look at the selection of covers and study them from a multimodal perspective. What concepts does each cover represent? What images are used to convey these concepts? How are they connected with the story in the book? Do you think they reflect its tone / atmosphere / style? Do any of the covers evoke the feeling of cognitive dissonance? Which ones are your most and least favourite ones and why?

Answer these and other questions that may be relevant and present your ideas in class.

Unit 2. Humour and Stereotypes

A lot of humour in contemporary fiction and television (especially sitcoms) is based on typical behaviour patterns that people associate with ethnic or social groups, gender and age. What is your attitude to the humour of stereotypes? Do you always find it funny? Choose humorous fictional works that rely on stereotypical portrayals of people and analyse the effect they produce. Present the results of your research in class.

Unit 3. Class and Language

When a story deals with social classes, differences in background and status are often reinforced by characters' idiolects. Choose a book or a film where the ways characters speak emphasise their belonging to a particular class. Study their idiolects and the effects they produce on our perception of these characters. Present the results of your research in class.

Unit 4. Food and Ideology

Food has always been an ideologically charged notion. Both in pagan belief systems and monotheistic religions there have always been food limitations and taboos, as well as products or dishes linked to divinity. Contemporary philosophy and ethics address the morality of food consumption, while dieticians voice numerous health concerns. Such issues as vegetarianism, genetically modified food, organic produce, hunger relief and many others are hotly debated in the media and widely reflected in fiction.

Choose a book or a film that focuses on food-related ideological issues and explore its major themes. Trace the ideas and values inherent in the story and say how they are conveyed. Analyse imagery and / or symbolism connected with food and the ways characters interact with it. Present the results of your investigation in class.

Unit 5. Being a Student

What kinds of students have you seen in books and films? Do they have the same problems and dilemmas as you have? What choices regarding education (what, where, how to study) do they make and why? How will these choices influence their future? Explore the themes related to contemporary students' life and their choices, singling out the most significant issues. How are these issues presented in terms of genre, style, tone and humour? Present your findings in class giving your audience an opportunity to compare and contrast the highlighted aspects to their own experience.

Unit 6. From Tale to Cartoon

Choose a famous folk tale or a children's story that has been turned into an animated cartoon. Study it from the point of view of its plot, characters and imagery. Do you think it is essentially the same story or a totally new one? What accounts for the changes from the source material? What impact might it produce on the 21st century children? Present your ideas in class and compare the students' responses to the animated version of the story.

Unit 7. From Poem to Song

A lot of songs have been inspired by poetry. Some poems were set to music without any changes in the wording, while others only served as the source of inspiration. Choose a song that originated in a poem and study its imagery. How does it interact with the music? What effect does it produce on you? Play the song to the class to discover whether you have similar or different responses to it. Compare and contrast the original poem and the song.

Unit 8. The Way We See Our Emotions

What are our dominant emotions and what role do they play in our lives?

What imagery, metaphors and symbols do we use to talk about them? How can they be represented visually?

Choose one or several emotions and find their representations in fiction, poetry or cinema. Focus on visual representations. Find out which portrayals elicit most sympathetic response from the class.

Unit 9. The Way We See Our Thoughts

While authors of fiction can resort to free indirect speech, interior monologues and other techniques to render characters' cognitive processes, it is not always easy to find a way of presenting thinking in cinematography. Sometimes filmmakers choose to visualise characters' thoughts, which is possible to achieve in a variety of ways. Find several examples of thought visualisation in films / TV series and analyse the corresponding techniques. Present your findings in class. What emotional responses do these visualisations get from your classmates? Do you believe the human mind actually works in similar ways or is it just art?

Unit 10. The Way We Look for Ourselves

Characters that represent certain groups may be portrayed as stereotypical, encompassing a number of traits and visual characteristics. When a character is more complex and in search of identity, the set of features may become more original. Choose a character whose quest for identity is rendered through a remarkable combination of verbal and visual markers. Study the imagery that helps create a distinct persona and / or convey particular ideological concerns. Present your finding in class and discover if your classmate sympathise with this character.

Unit 11. The Question of Identity

There are a lot of stories revolving around the question of identity: cases of mistaken or fraudulent identity, difficulties with establishing one's identity and so on. Some biographical stories of famous artistic people address the question of authorship: was the assumed author indeed the true creator of corresponding works? Other stories question the identity of a criminal or their victim, adding suspense and mystery to the plot.

Find one of such stories and study its plot. How does the identity / authorship issue unfold in it and what twists does it contribute to the story? How is suspense created? Identify the genre of the chosen work and say whether such plots are typical of this genre.

Unit 12. Artistic Languages

There are several fictional universes that have their own constructed languages (Tolkien's Middle-earth, Martin's "A Song of Ice and Fire", the Star Trek franchise, etc.). Artificial languages that are designed specifically for fictional purposes are also called "artistic languages". Do you consider creating a language an art? Choose one of such languages and study their main phonetic and grammatical features. What role do they play in the corresponding stories? Why would people want to know more and even learn such languages (as many people do)?

Present your project in class and find out your classmates' opinions about the language you have chosen.

Unit 13. Finding Your Muse

Numerous books and films portray famous artists, writers, poets, composers, architects, etc., unveiling complicated processes that brought their masterpieces into being. Unfailingly, inspiration plays a major part in such narratives. Choose one of the stories about artistic creation and study the ways inspiration is construed in it. Does the protagonist have to overcome a writer's block? Do they deliberately seek inspiration or does it come on its own? Is inspiration personified or conceptualised in any way? Is the protagonist inspired through the interaction with another person?

Present your project in class and find out whether this portrayal of inspiration resonates with your classmates.

Unit 14. The Music of Your Life

Role-play a "Desert Island Discs" programme. Student A is going to be a presenter and Student B may play either a well-known celebrity or a future version of themselves, who has also become famous. Conduct the interview, incorporating questions about creative process, success, personal narrative, etc. and play several musical tracks elaborating on their significance for the interviewee.

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The Internet Resources

- <http://www.iep.utm.edu/h/humor.htm>
- <https://www.rottentomatoes.com/>
- <https://www.lyrikline.org>
- <https://www.goodreads.com/>
- <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/>
- <https://tvtropes.org/>
- <https://www.bbc.com/>

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