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**НАВЧАЛЬНО-МЕТОДИЧНИЙ ПОСІБНИК
ДЛЯ ДОМАШНЬОГО ЧИТАННЯ
З АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ МОВИ**

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Навчально-методичний посібник містить пояснювальну записку, вісім різностильових текстів та чітко розроблену структуру вправ для розвитку лексичних, мовленнєвих (монологічного та діалогічного) та письмових вмінь.

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ПОЯСНЮВАЛЬНА ЗАПИСКА

Читання відіграє важливу роль в житті сучасної людини. Читання – це письмова форма спілкування, яка забезпечує нас інформацією з таких джерел як книги, журнали, газети тощо. Читаючи, ми взаємодіємо не з паперовими сторінками, не з рядками літер, тобто, не просто з книгою, а з людьми, які написали твір, з їх думками та переживаннями, поглядами та переконаннями. Сучасна методика викладання іноземних мов визначає читання не лише як засіб, але і як ціль навчання.

Навчально-методичний посібник призначений для досягнення основної мети домашнього читання у вищій мовній школі – послідовного і глибокого розкриття художньо-естетичного змісту оригінальних літературних творів, яке ґрунтується на активній участі студентів в умовному діалозі з автором художнього тексту та його персонажами – в міжкультурному діалозі. Кожна тематична розробка, яка відповідає програмним вимогам третього курсу практики усного та писемного мовлення факультету іноземної філології, розрахована на одне заняття з домашнього читання відповідно до норм читання на III курсі вищої мовної школи.

Посібник спрямований на розвиток навичок читання та формування основних вмінь, необхідних для ефективного читання, а саме: вмінь читати текст самостійно, не користуючись поясненнями; вміння здогадуватись про значення незнайомих слів, зміст тексту за заголовком; вміння передбачати зміст тексту за його назвою або передбачати фінал твору; вміння

слідкувати за розвитком лінії сюжету; вміння читати тексти різних жанрів – епістолярні („Travel Letters”), художні („The Idealist”; „And Who Would Not Cry?”; „A Clean, Well-Lighted Place”; „Beauty: When The Other Dancer Is The Self”), публіцистичні („Interview With Joanna Bogle, Of The National Viewers’ And Listeners’ Association”; „Interview With Kate Adie, A BBC Journalist”; „Exposed! The Fine Art Of Artspeak”), науково-популярні („The Book Of The Shaman”) – і враховувати їх характер; вміння розуміти основну ідею і зміст твору; вміння розуміти загальний зміст тексту; вміння вибирати головне (необхідне) з тексту; вміння користуватись словником та іншими довідковими виданнями під час читання текстів, які своєю лексикою виходять за межі вивченого матеріалу, тобто наголос здійснюється саме на вмінні працювати самостійно, що відповідає основним засадам та вимогам Болонського процесу. Адже сучасні тенденції розвитку України пов’язані з інтеграційними процесами та впровадженням європейських норм і стандартів в освіту, науку та техніку.

Оволодіння даними вміннями здійснюється у вирішенні задач, які необхідно усвідомити як свої власні, а цього, за умови сформованої внутрішньої мотивації, можна досягти за рахунок їх пояснення (пояснення необхідності того чи іншого вміння), а також за рахунок правильної оцінки роботи студентів, їх успіхів або невдач.

Структура і зміст завдань посібника зумовлені цільовою установкою домашнього читання. Запропонований комплекс завдань передбачає послідовне проникнення в ідейний зміст текстів з урахуванням естетичної та соціокультурної інформації і скерований на розвиток творчої активності студентів. Це дає студентам можливість ознайомитись з культурою і зрозуміти національно-специфічні особливості народу, мова якого вивчається, усвідомити розбіжності в умовах життя, в

естетичних та етичних нормах, культурних традиціях, виявити особливості пізнання реалій світу, усвідомити їх та виразити ці особливості вербальними засобами. Такі розумові операції сприяють утворенню у конкретного читача стійких інваріантних структур, специфічного образу світу та національних мовних картин, а також виявляють засоби, завдяки яким здійснюється вплив на емоційну сферу, що, у свою чергу, сприяє виникненню діалогу між текстом і студентом.

Увесь комплекс вправ складається з трьох частин: *вокабуляра*, призначеного для активізації лексики, *мовних та мовленнєвих вправ*, спрямованих на сприйняття і розуміння тексту з метою глибшого проникнення в його зміст, формування вмінь застосування нової лексики у монологічному чи діалогічному мовленні. Крім того методичний посібник містить завдання для розвитку вмінь *письма*.

TRAVEL LETTERS

by Mary Wortley Montagu

TO THE COUNTESS OF [MAR],

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O.S. [1718].

I have not written to you, dear sister, these many months: — a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you were in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have in vain expected it till now: and now I only learn from the gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune if one in ten

doesn't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own that it is not half so mortifying here as in England, there being as much difference as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumptive coughs, so common in London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks' end; and about four days ago crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was deposed by his brother, the reigning Sultan Achemet, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband from the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal. Quite contrary: these women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poignard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she [was] compelled

to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her at the age of ten years old, to her last lord. But she has never permitted him to pay her one visit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of twenty-one, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not inquire at all into what is done in her apartment, where I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury that grieved my eyes was the tablecloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered

with silks and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in a gold basin, and towels of the same kind of the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoupes*.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I lost him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time has softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my Sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a

thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, but they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the Grand Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief.

Now, do I fancy that you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This is but too like (say you) the Arabian Tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg! — You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travelers are in very hard circumstances: If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic, not allowing for the difference of ranks, which afford difference of company, more curiosity, or the changes of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But people judge of travelers exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintance, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say if I told you, that I have been in a harem, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this

country; and those rooms designed for summer, the walls all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world—"You Christian ladies," said she, with a smile that made her as handsome as an angel, "have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and, if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice if you think me your friend." She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The Sultana Hafiten is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and it is easy to see in her manner, that she has lived secluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good breeding of a court; with an air that inspires, at once, respect and tenderness; and now I understand her language, I find her wit as engaging as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not that partiality for her own, so common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before, (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train), shewed that surprise at her beauty and manner which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, "This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian." Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told, thinking she would have been no

better pleased with the compliment than one of our court beauties to be told she had the air of a Turk; but the Greek lady told it her; and she smiled, saying, "It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminieć; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some Christian gallant; for I had not the air of a Turkish girl." I assured her, that, if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "I can't believe you," replied she agreeably; "if beauty was so much valued in your country as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it." Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and from the windows of her summer apartment we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be, our proverb, that knowledge is no burthen, may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

EXERCISES:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

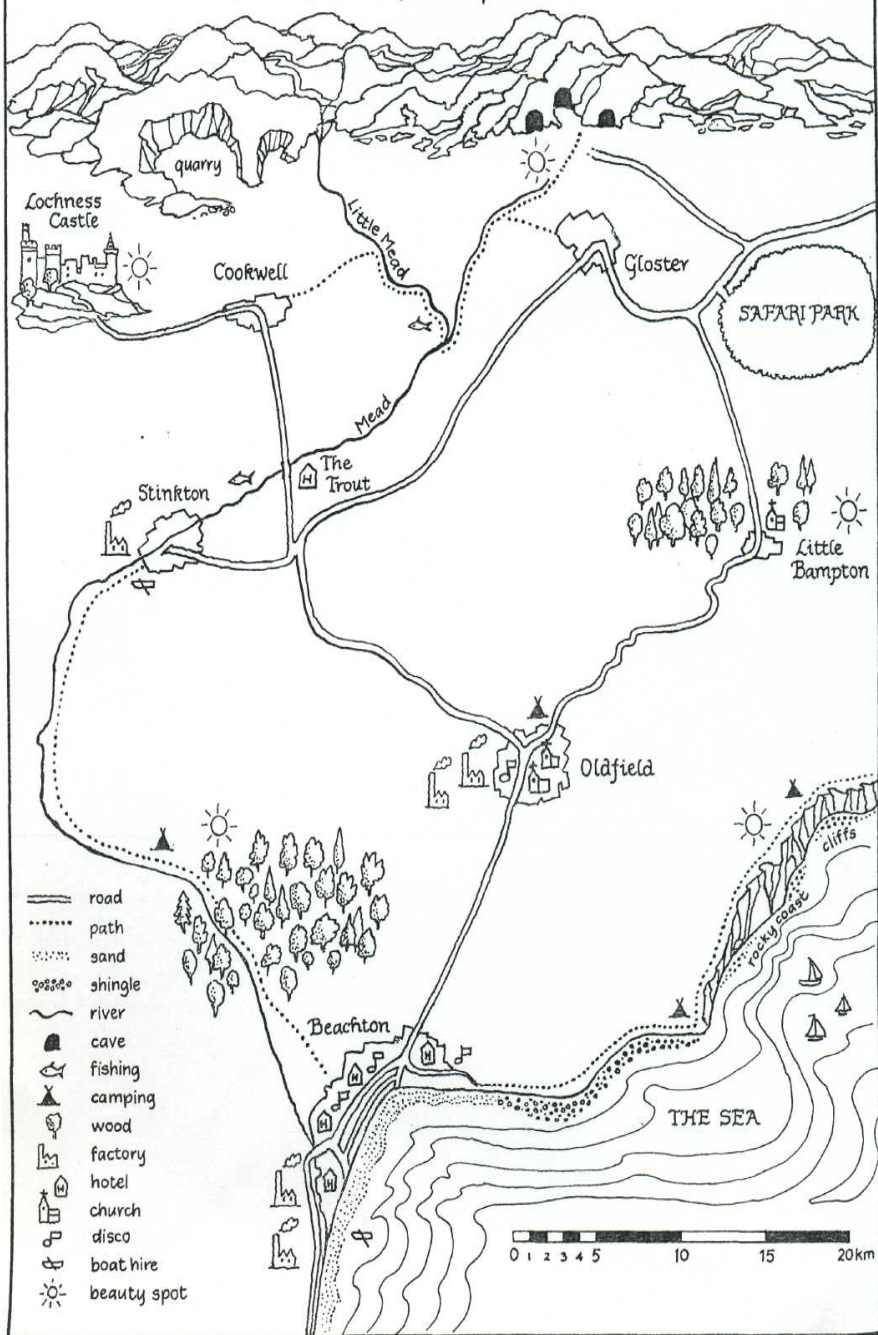
1. Give a summary of the passage. What is its genre? 2. Give general characteristic of the passage: the topic, your impression. 3. What struck the main character most of all? 4. What are the main character's social status and the reason of her traveling? Try to guess time period when she traveled. 5. What is Mary Wortley's attitude to Sultana Hafitŭn? During their first meeting she notices that Sultana came later on purpose to avoid rising up at her entrance and calls her extremely tedious and the other – as handsome as an angel. What made her change her mind? 6. How would you define the difference between eastern type of woman and western woman? What is common? 7. What country would you like to visit if you had such possibility? Why? 8. Imagine that you have to work out a guided tour for a foreign delegation visiting your country. You want to show them places that you feel will give them a balanced impression of your people and country. Unfortunately the delegation will only be in your area for three days and you cannot show them everything. From the following list select ten places that the delegation should go and see and put them in order of importance: a hospital, a home for mentally handicapped children, a coal mine, a nice pub, a nuclear power station, a cemetery, an art gallery, a botanical garden, some examples of modern architecture, a shopping precinct, a football stadium, a farm, a safari park, a poor housing area, a TV studio, a town hall, a secondary school, a historical museum, a medieval castle, a university, an airport, a water reservoir, a steel factory, a nature reserve. You may suggest your own ideas. Ground your choice. 9. You are on a desert island in the Pacific. All you have is the swim-suit and sandals you are wearing. There is food and water on the island but nothing else. Here is a list of things you may find useful. Choose the eight most useful items and rank them in order of usefulness: a box of matches, a magnifying glass, an axe, a bottle of whisky, an atlas, some metal knitting needles, a transistor radio with batteries, a nylon tent, a camera and five rolls of film, ointment for

cuts and burns, a saucepan, a knife and fork, 20 meters of nylon rope, a blanket, a watch, a towel, a pencil and paper. Present your solution and defend your choice. 10. Plan the weekend trip for your friends in the given area. Take into consideration the mentioned below information:

- The sandy beaches near Beachton are polluted.
- There are dangerous currents off the rocky coast.
- 'The Trout' is a very nice country pub with good food but only a few rooms.
- Little Bampton is a very picturesque village with a fine old church.
- There is a good market in Oldfield every Saturday where local crafts are sold.
- The caves are closed to the public on Sundays.
- The famous Cookwell festival is being held at the weekend. There will be folk music, a fair, sheepdog trials and dancing.
- Bicycles can be hired at Oldfield.
- Tickets for the safari park cost £ 5.00.
- Lochness Castle and Gardens are open to the public on Sundays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (guided tours only).
- Beachton hotels are full at weekends. Rooms should be booked in advance.
- Oldfield has a museum with a lot of old farm machines, tools and clothes.
- There is a sports day at Stinkton on Saturday. The sports fields, swimming pool, and equipment may be used free of charge.
- One can find interesting stones and fossils in the quarries near Cookwell.
- There is a special weekend ticket for all buses and trains for £ 5.00.
- There is a very nice footpath from Cookwell along the Little Mead and the Mead to Gloster.
- The camping site near Oldfield is next to the main road and a petrol station.

WEEKEND TRIP

and



II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ... it is not half so mortifying here as in England, there being as much difference as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumptive coughs, so common in London. 2. ... these women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. 3. But the piece of luxury that grieved my eyes was the tablecloth and napkins... 4. She has not that partiality for her own, so common to little minds. 5. ... but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

III. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

А). Графиня; самопожертва; спонукати; туберкульозний; гарем; образа, кривда; *заст.* вісімдесят; ромбовидний; нудний; стомливий; щирість, прямота; упередженість.

IV. Written assignment:

Imagine that you're a tourist agent and advertise the trip to any country of the world you like – Australia, Brasilia, Chine, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, India, Italy, Japan, Spain, Ukraine, USA etc. Give some official data – about population, geographical features, nature, historical and architectural places of interest and information about some puzzling local customs.

1. INTERVIEW WITH JOANNA BOGLE, OF THE NATIONAL VIEWERS' AND LISTENERS' ASSOCIATION

I = Interviewer JB = Joanna Bogle

I Joanna Bogle is a member of the National Viewers' and Listeners' Association, which aims to monitor the output of both television and radio. Joanna believes quite firmly that TV stations

should recognize more fully the power and influence of television, and exercise stricter control over programme content. I asked her what kind of thing she personally found offensive on television.

JB Well...this would be difficult to say. First I don't think one wants to say so much personally as what our association would find offensive and it's not only offensive but harm ful. I do think that I personally find a great deal of the exploitation of sex and sexuality offensive. Perhaps this is particularly as a woman. And I find it very irresponsible too because we are now recognizing that some of the revolting attitudes towards sex and towards women which became popular...have become popular over the last couple of decades have had a number of seriously sad side effects, not least the tragedy of AIDS and so on. So I personally am offended by that, but I would say that the association is probably slightly more concerned, particularly about violence, - violent language, violent activity, and the idea that sloshing out at somebody, engaging in really savage, barbaric er...er...activity is a normal even a praiseworthy, heroic, manly thing to do. I'm thinking, for instance of films like *Sebastiane*, and *Jubilee*, that disgusting film where policemen were seen erm...being the victims of cannibalism and somebody was roasted alive on a spit...ugh...

I Was this shown on television?

JB Er...Yes this was shown on Channel 4. I that as unacceptable...grossly violent, sadistic er...with the most horrible and depraved of overtones. I think there's a case for saying that some things don't really have a place on the small screen at all, and belong to the private cinema club for those who really like that kind of thing.

I But don't people realize the difference between fantasy and reality?

JB Ah...I don't actually think people do know the difference between fantasy and reality, not that that always matters

it can even be quite amusing. On BBC radio, the programme *The Archers*, the popular everyday tale of farming folk, they wanted to write a new baby into the story at one point...they'd had a young couple getting married and er..., a couple of years later they thought 'time to introduce a baby into the script' and they decided against it because they didn't have the staff at the BBC at the time to cope with the flood of little white knitted woolly things that would be arriving for this non-existent baby! They had to wait until they'd got the secretaries and so on to cope with it! So people do believe in it. It's ridiculous, people write to *Coronation Street* for the imagined wedding anniversaries and birthdays and funerals and so on that crop up. Fantasy is...is...very difficult to remove from reality.

I What evidence is there that, um, the violence or indeed sexual behaviour that is seen on television is reflected in behaviour...I mean isn't it the other way round?

JB This of course is the big debate and it is true that television both reflects and influences. I think we've all had the experience of being enormously inspired by magnificent music or a stirring speech or a call to courage. We've all been moved by some impressive event on television and certainly we can even see within a whole country that you can create a mood or a climate by the way in which you present an ... an activity, and I think that it's rather silly to imagine that people who are uplifted by er...a lovely piece of pageantry or by stirring music are not depraved by something that's disgusting. Clearly we're both. It is true tha...that the mixture between what influences you and wha...and how *you* influence the screen is...is a blurred area and everybody in the mass media knows this, but I would say that by and large one of the major influences on all our lives is television, and people wouldn't spend thousands of pounds on advertising on it if it didn't influence people -'Persil washes whiter' says the voice over and over again and millions of

housewives are absolutely convinced that it does and they go out and buy the product. So I think the influence is mostly that way round.

2. INTERVIEW WITH KATE ADIE, A BBC JOURNALIST

I - Interviewer KA - Kate Adie

I What evidence is there that, er, television influences behaviour?

KA There is quite a lot of evidence that it influences behaviour in a manner of life styles, images, popularity of fashion. Whether it's a deep influence on behaviour is question able, because it could be seen as both a force for good and a force for evil, and many of the grey areas in between, and it's certainly not one nor the other, because television, for example, has endless images of heroism, of good, of ... of grandeur, of charity, of loving, which... and we have a world which certainly doesn't emulate that one hundred per cent of the time. Also television has images of violence, of unpleasantness, of evil, of cruelty, and...again you find that in society, but not one hundred per cent. I'd almost reverse the remark and say that I think that television is a reflection of the society in which you live, as long as that television is free to be that reflection.

I When you say 'free to be that reflection', in what ways is it constrained from doing that?

KA I suppose we take the view in this country, where television has ... on the whole been run by people of a certain amount of education, and a certain social background for many years, that television has, on the whole, been what a certain group of people think other people ought to have. It certainly hasn't been a straightforward television being people...what people would like to have. Television being what people would like to have, in other words, a lowest common denominator...er attitude to television,

would for example, er, introduce a great deal of pornography onto television. You would also have a much larger percentage of ... low-challenging, programmes. By that I mean pap, really non-challenging, unintelligent, soap opera, quiz programme...

I You recently made a television documentary on the subject of violence on television. To what extent did this change your views?

KA I'm going to sound a very obstinate, ignorant hippopotamus and say...you know, not a great deal, because I work most of the time in this area. I work...I spend a lot of my time seeing with my own eyes the sort of subject which is extremely difficult to put on television, which I was making the programme about, about violence. I see quite a bit of death and cruelty and...of unkindness and violence and brutality. All of these things. And I have to make regular judgements about what I feel can be shown on television, and I by no means have ever believed that everything can be shown. I see no evidence, I hear no evidence of real harm done to people by the mere showing of violent acts on television, with the rider that, of course, there are always people who will be watching who are uniquely susceptible.

I So you're saying that there are certain people who may be influenced?

KA Of course there are.

I But they (unclear)...majority.

KA There are...they...of course there are people who are influenced by anything.

I In the course of your work you deal with issues that contain real violence. There's also a lot of fictional violence on television. Do you feel that viewers can understand the difference between fantasy and reality?

KA Most can. First of all I think it's up to the television erm...companies, for a start, to bear some responsibility for saying

'This is fictional; this is a fantasy', and to say 'This is reality'. I think television companies have a responsibility on one side, on the other side I think that most viewers do distinguish. Some don't. There are hordes of people, you know, in this country, who...are...are deeply in search of Coronation Street in Lancashire. They actually...you know...people go and try to find the Archers. They want to know where Ambridge is. They spend their lives crawling round Yorkshire looking for Emmerdale Farm. All of these fictional places.

I What do you personally find offensive on television?

KA I find gratuitous violence extremely offensive. I don't like violence. I don't like it in real life. I am actually physically sickened when I see people fighting. I do not like it. Erm...I...I also find horror where there is a sort of...where the human body is chopped up, squashed, generally exploded and extruded. I find this appalling. I don't like it myself.

E X E R C I S E S:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. What are the most popular television programmes to your mind? 2. Which of the following possible aims of television do you think is the most important: - to instruct, - to inform, - to entertain, - to distract? You may suggest your own variant. Ground your choice. 3. Characterize the two interviews – general topic, expressed points of view. 4. Name what things on TV the main characters find offensive. Why? 5. They speak about reality and fantasy. Does TV really reflect normal life in an adequate way? Or does it create its own world of illusion? How? ***NOTE:** News – depressive; advertisements – all people live thinking only about hygiene – soap powder, tooth-paste etc. - , women are totally absorbed in washing, cooking, staying attractive and have no other interests; feature films*

are filled with crimes, violence, they are over sexualized – physical needs predominate moral; comment on the reality shows. 6. Compare the two interviews: what is common and what differs? 7. How does TV influence our behavior? 8. What is so called “passive watcher”? 9. What is free TV? Can objective channels exist if all they belong to somebody and realize given orders? 10. What is TV impact on children? 11. What is your attitude to TV as the child’s nurse? When does it happen that TV rears the child? **NOTE:** *Children are sensitive, so the influence is great. Scientists state that so called aggressive informational environment is created where verges between reality and fantasy disappear. Children are not critical and absorb TV images – they become the part of their personality. They often follow suggested aggressive behavior in real life. Children are apt to identify themselves with given images – victims or aggressors, or dull and primitive beings. Psychological dependence upon screen limits live communication with adults and peers (so does the Internet). Screen images deform so called “picture of life”, change traditional values, substitute exquisite esthetical needs by typified images. “Sexualization” (too many intimate scenes on TV, “barby” as the model for girls), “demonization” (“The Charmed”, “X-files”, “Sabrina – Young Witch”) and “tanatanization” (themes of death, violence, collapse dominate – “Terminator”, “Kzena – Princess Worrier”) of children’s life happen.* 12. How can we control what children watch and protect them from ruinous influence of TV? Is it the way out not to let them have TV-set in their room? 13. Is there any use in ranging programs due to the spectators’ age? Is it done effectively in our country (green circle, orange triangle, red square)? 14. If you controlled a television channel, what sort of programmes would you put on it? Would you limit the amount of sex and violence portrayed, or influence the political nature of the programmes? 15. Consider what films can belong to so called “gold heritage of cinema”.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. I do think that I personally find a great deal of the exploitation of sex and sexuality offensive. Perhaps this is particularly as a woman. 2. ... sloshing out at somebody, engaging in really savage, barbaric activity is a normal even praiseworthy, heroic, manly thing to do. 3. I regard that as depraved of overtones. 4. I don't actually think people do know the difference between fantasy and reality. 5. Fantasy is very difficult to remove from reality. 6. TV influences behavior in a manner of life-styles, images, popularity of fashion.

III. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). Варварський; пишне видовище; неясна сфера; велич, благородство; властолюбний; зворотне, протилежне; стримувати, обмежувати; сприйнятливий, вразливий; сила-силенна людей; безпричинна жорстокість.

B). Result; an unexpected or unplanned result of a situation or event; signs of an emotion or attitude that are not expressed directly; very silly or unreasonable; extremely unpleasant and making you feel sick; determined not to change ideas, behavior, opinions etc., even when other people think they are unreasonable; very unpleasing and shocking.

IV. Written assignment:

Write about your attitude to modern cinema and television considering: adventure films, advertisements, animated cartoons, children's films, comedies, crime films, detectives, documentary, educational, feature, horror films, love stories, musical films, news, newsreels, popular scientific films, reality shows, science fiction films, serials, soup operas, theatrical films, thrillers, wartime epics, Westerns.

THE IDEALIST

by Frank o'Connor (Michael o'Donovan)

I don't know how it is about education but, it never seemed to do anything for me but get me into trouble.

Adventure stories weren't so bad, but as a kid I was very serious and preferred realism to romance. School stories were what I liked best, and, judged by our standards, these were romantic enough for anyone. The schools were English, so I suppose you couldn't expect anything else. They were always called "the venerable pile", and there was usually a ghost in them; they were built in a square that was called "the quad", and, according to the pictures, they were all clock-towers, spires, and pinnacles, like the lunatic asylum with us. The fellows in the stories were all good climbers, and got in and out of school at night on ropes made of knot ted sheets. They dressed queerly; they wore long trousers, short, black jackets, and top hats. Whenever they did anything wrong they were given "lines" in Latin.⁴ When it was a bad case, they were flogged and never showed any sign of pain; only the bad fellows, and they always said: "Ow! Ow!"

Most of them were grand chaps who always stuck together and were great at football and cricket. They never told lies and wouldn't talk to anyone who did. If they were caught out and asked a point-blank question, they always told the truth, unless someone else was with them, and then even if they were to be expelled for it they wouldn't give his name, even if he was a thief, which, as a matter of fact, he frequently was. It was surprising in such good schools, with fathers who never gave less than five quid, the number of thieves there were. The fellows in our school hardly ever stole, though they only got a penny a week, and sometimes not even that, as when their fathers were on the booze and their mothers had to go to the pawn.

I worked hard at the football and cricket, though of course we never had a proper football and the cricket we played was with a hurley stick against a wicket chalked on some wall. The officers in

the barrack played proper cricket, and on summer evenings I used to go and watch them, like one of the souls in Purgatory watching the joys of Paradise.

Even so, I couldn't help being disgusted at the bad way things were run in our school. Our "venerable pile" was a red brick building without tower or pinnacle a fellow could climb, and no ghost at all; we had no team, so a fellow, no matter how hard he worked, could never play for the school, and, instead of giving you "lines", Latin or any other sort, Murderer Moloney either lifted you by the ears or bashed you with a cane. When he got tired of bashing you on the hands he bashed you on the legs.

But these were only superficial things. What was really wrong was ourselves. The fellows sucked up to the masters and told them, all that went on. If they were caught out in anything they tried to put the blame on someone else, even if it meant telling lies. When they were caned they snivelled and said it wasn't fair; drew back their hands as if they were terrified, so that the cane caught only the tips of their fingers, and then screamed and stood on one leg, shaking out their fingers in the hope of getting it counted as one. Finally they roared that their wrist was broken and crawled back to their desks with their hands squeezed under their armpits, howling. I mean you couldn't help feeling ashamed, imagining what chaps from a decent school would think if they saw it.

My own way to school led me past the barrack gate. In those peaceful days sentries never minded you going past the guard-room to have a look at the chaps drilling in the barrack square; if you came at dinner-time they even called you in and gave you plum duff and tea. Naturally, with such temptations I was often late. The only excuse, short of a letter from your mother, was to say you were at early Mass. The Murderer would never know whether you were or not, and if he did anything to you you could easily get him into trouble with the parish priest. Even as kids we knew who the real

boss of the school was.

But after I started reading those confounded school stories I was never happy about saying I had been to Mass. It was a lie, and I knew that the chaps in the stories would have died sooner than tell it. They were all round me like invisible presences, and I hated to do anything which I felt they might disapprove of.

One morning I came in very late and rather frightened, "What kept you till this hour, Delaney?" Murderer Moloney asked, looking at the clock.

I wanted to say I had been at Mass, but I couldn't. The invisible presences were all about me.

"I was delayed at the barrack, sir," I replied in panic.

There was a faint titter from the class, and Moloney raised his brows in mild surprise. He was a big powerful man with fair hair and blue eyes and a manner that at times was deceptively mild.

"Oh, indeed," he said, politely enough. "And what delayed you?"

"I was watching the soldiers drilling, sir," I said.

The class tittered again. This was a new line entirely for them.

"Oh," Moloney said casually, "I never knew you were such a military man. Hold out your hand!"

Compared with the laughter the slaps were nothing, and besides, I had the example of the invisible presences to sustain me. I did not flinch. I returned to my desk slowly and quietly without snivelling or squeezing my hands, and the Murderer looked after me, raising his brows again as though to indicate that this was a new line for him, too. But the others gaped and whispered as if I were some strange animal.

At playtime they gathered about me, full of curiosity and excitement.

"Delaney, why did you say that about the barrack?"

"Because 'twas true," I replied firmly. "I wasn't going to tell

him a lie."

"What lie?"

"That I was at Mass."

"Then couldn't you say you had to go on a message?"

"That would be a lie too."

"Gripes, Delaney," they said, "you'd better mind your self. The Murderer is in an awful wax He'll massacre you."

I knew that. I knew only too well that the Murderer's professional pride had been deeply wounded, and for the rest of the day I was on my best behaviour. But my best wasn't enough, for I underrated the Murderer's guile. Though he pretended to be reading, he was watching me the whole time.

"Delaney," he said at last without raising his head from the book, "was that you talking?"

"Twas, sir," -I replied in consternation.

The whole class laughed. They couldn't believe but that I was deliberately trailing my coat, and, of course, the laugh must have convinced him that I was. I suppose if people do tell you lies all day and every day, it soon becomes a sort of perquisite which you resent being deprived of.

"Oh," he said, throwing down his book, "we'll soon stop that."

This time it was a tougher job, because he was really on his mettle. But so was I. I knew this was the testing-point for me, and if only I could keep my head I should provide a model for the whole class. When I had got through the ordeal without moving a muscle, and returned to my desk with my hands by my sides, the invisible presences gave me a great clap. But the visible ones were nearly as annoyed as the Murderer himself. After school half a dozen of them followed me down the school yard.

"Go on!" they shouted truculently. "Shaping as usual!"

"I was not shaping."

"You were shaping. You're always showing off. Trying to

pretend he didn't hurt you— a blooming crybaby like you!"

"I wasn't trying to pretend," I shouted, even then resist ing the temptation to nurse my bruised hands. "Only decent fellows don't cry over every little pain like kids."

"Go on!" they bawled after me. "You ould idiot!" And as I went down the school lane, still trying to keep what the stories called "a stiff upper lip", and consoling myself with the thought that my torment was over until next morn ing, I heard their mocking voices after me.

"Loony Larry! Yah, Loony Larry!"

I realized that if I was to keep on terms with the invis ible presences I should have to watch my step at school.

So I did, all through that year. But one day an awful thing happened. I was coming in from the yard, and in the porch outside our schoolroom I saw a fellow called Gorman taking something from a coat on the rack. I always described Gorman to myself as "the black sheep of the school". He was a fellow I disliked and feared, a handsome, sulky, spoiled, and sneering lout. I paid no attention to him because I had escaped for a few moments into my dream world in which fathers never gave less than fivers and the honour of the school was always saved by some quiet, unassuming fel low like myself — "a dark horse," as the stories called him.

"Who are you looking at?" Gorman asked threateningly.

"I wasn't looking at any one," I replied with an indignant start.

"I was only getting a pencil out of my coat," he added, clenching his fists.

"Nobody said you weren't," I replied, thinking that this was a very queer subject to start a row about.

"You'd better not, either," he snarled, "You can mind your own business."

"You mind yours!" I retorted, purely for the purpose of saving face. "I never spoke to you at all."

And that, so far as I was concerned, was the end of it.

But after playtime the Murderer, looking exceptionally serious, stood before the class, balancing a pencil in both hands.

"Everyone who left the classroom this morning, stand out!" he called. Then he lowered his head and looked at us from under his brows. "Mind now, I said everyone!"

I stood out with the others, including Gorman. We were all very puzzled.

"Did you take anything from a coat on the rack this morning?" the Murderer asked, laying a heavy, hairy paw on Gorman's shoulder and staring menacingly into his eyes.

"Me, sir?" Gorman exclaimed innocently, "No, sir,"

"Did you see anyone else doing it?"

"No, sir."

"You?" he asked another lad, but even before he reached me at all I realized why Gorman had told the lie and wondered frantically what I should do.

"You?" he asked me, and his big red face was close to mine, his blue eyes were only a few inches away, and the smell of his toilet soap was in my nostrils. My panic made me say the wrong thing as though I had planned it.

"I didn't take anything, sir," I said in a low voice.

"Did you see someone else do it?" he asked raising his brows and showing quite plainly that he had noticed my evasion. "Have you a tongue in your head?" he shouted suddenly, and the whole class, electrified, stared at me. "You?" he added curtly to the next boy as though he had lost interest in me.

"No, sir."

"Back to your desks, the rest of you!" he ordered. "Delaney, you stay here."

He waited till everyone was seated again before going on.

"Turn out your pockets."

I did, and a half-stifled giggle rose, which the Murderer quelled with a thunderous glance. Even for a small boy I had pockets that were museums in themselves; the purpose of half the things I brought to light I couldn't have explained myself. They were antiques, prehistoric and unlabelled. Among them was a school story borrowed the previous evening from a queer fellow who chewed paper as if it were gum. The Murderer reached out for it, and holding it at arm's length, shook it out with an expression of deepening disgust as he noticed the nibbled corners and margins.

"Oh," he said disdainfully, "so this is how you waste your time! What do you do with this rubbish — eat it?" "Tisn't mine, sir," I said against the laugh that sprang up. "I borrowed it."

"Is that what you did with the money?" he asked quickly, his fat head on one side.

"Money?" I repeated in confusion. "What money?"

"The shilling that was stolen from Flanagan's overcoat this morning."

(Flanagan was a little hunchback whose people coddled him; no one else in the school would have possessed that much money.)

"I never took Flanagan's shilling," I said, beginning to cry, "and you have no right to say I did."

"I have the right to say you're the most impudent and defiant puppy in the school," he replied, his voice hoarse with rage, "and I wouldn't put it past you. What else can anyone expect and you reading this dirty, rotten filthy rub bish?" And he tore my school story in halves and flung them to the furthest corner of the classroom. "Dirty, filthy, Eng lish rubbish! Now, hold out your hand."

This time the invisible presences deserted me. Hearing themselves described in these contemptuous terms, they fled. The Murderer went mad in the way people do whenever they're up against something they don't understand. Even the other fellows were shocked, and, heaven knows, they had little sympathy with me.

"You should put the police on him," they advised me later in the playground. "He lifted the cane over his shoulder. He could get the gaol for that."

"But why didn't you say you didn't see anyone?" asked the eldest, a fellow called Spillane.

"Because I did," I said, beginning to sob all over again at the memory of my wrongs. "I saw Gorman."

"Gorman?" Spillane echoed incredulously. "Was it Gorman who took Flanagan's money? And why didn't you say so?"

"Because it wouldn't be right," I sobbed.

"Why wouldn't it be right?"

"Because Gorman should have told the truth himself," I said. "And if this was a proper school he'd be sent to Coventry."

"He'd be sent where?"

"Coventry. No one would ever speak to him again."

"But why would Gorman tell the truth if he took the money?" Spillane asked as you'd speak to a baby. "Jay, Delaney," he added pityingly, "you're getting madder and madder. Now, look at what you're after bringing on your self!"

Suddenly Gorman came lumbering up, red and angry.

"Delaney," he shouted threateningly, "did you say I took Flanagan's money?"

Gorman, though I of course didn't realize it, was as much at sea as Moloney and the rest. Seeing me take all that punishment rather than give him away, he concluded that I must be more afraid of him than of Moloney, and that the proper thing to do was to make me more so. He couldn't have come at a time when I cared less for him. I didn't even bother to reply but lashed out with all my strength at his brutal face. This was the last thing he expected. He screamed, and his hand came away from his face, all blood. Then he drew off his satchel and came at me, but at the same moment a door opened behind us and a lame teacher called Murphy emerged. We all ran like

mad and the fight was forgotten.

It didn't remain forgotten, though. Next morning after prayers the Murderer scowled at me.

"Delaney, were you fighting in the yard after school yesterday?"

For a second or two I didn't reply, I couldn't help feeling that it wasn't worth it. But before the invisible presences led forever, I made another effort.

"I was, sir," I said, and this time there wasn't even a titter. I was out of my mind. The whole class knew it and was awe-stricken,

"Who were you fighting?"

"I'd sooner not say, sir," I replied, hysteria beginning to well up in me. It was all very well for the invisible presences, but they hadn't to deal with the Murderer.

"Who was he fighting with?" he asked lightly, resting his hands on the desk and studying the ceiling.

"Gorman, sir," replied three or four voices—as easy as that!

"Did Gorman hit him first?"

"No, sir. He hit Gorman first."

"Stand out," he said, taking up the cane. "Now," he added, going up to Gorman, "you take this and hit him. And make sure you hit him hard," he went on, giving Gorman's arm an encouraging squeeze. "He thinks he's a great fellow. You show him now what we think of him."

Gorman came towards me with a broad grin. He thought it a great joke. The class thought it a great joke. They began to roar with laughter. Even the Murderer permitted himself modest grin at his own cleverness.

"Hold out your hand," he said to me.

I didn't, I began to feel trapped and a little crazy.

"Hold out your hand, I say," he shouted, beginning to lose his temper.

"I will not," I shouted back, losing all control of myself.

"You what?" he cried incredulously, dashing at me round the classroom with his hand raised as though to strike me. "What's that you said, you dirty little thief?"

"I'm not a thief, I'm not a thief," I screamed. "And if he comes near me I'll kick the shins off him. You have no right to give him that cane, and you have no right to call me a thief either. If you do it again, I'll go down to the police and then we'll see who the thief is."

"You refused to answer my questions," he roared, and if I had been in my right mind I should have known he had suddenly taken fright; probably the word "police" had frightened him.

"No," I said through my sobs, "and I won't answer them now either. I'm not a spy."

"Oh," he retorted with a sarcastic sniff, "so that's what you call a spy, Mr. Delaney?"

"Yes, and that's what they all are, all the fellows here—dirty spies! — but I'm not going to be a spy for you. You can do your own spying."

"That's enough now, that's enough!" he said, raising his fat hand almost beseechingly. "There's no need to lose control of yourself, my dear young fellow, and there's no need whatever to screech like that. 'Tis most unmanly. Go back to your seat now and I'll talk to you another time."

I obeyed, but I did no work. No one else did much either. The hysteria had spread to the class. I alternated between fits of exultation at my own successful defiance of the Murderer, and panic at the prospect of his revenge; and at each change of mood I put my face in my hands and sobbed again. The Murderer didn't even order me to stop. He didn't so much as look at me.

After that I was the hero of the school for the whole afternoon.

Gorman tried to resume the fight, but Spillarie ordered him away contemptuously — a fellow who had taken the master's cane to

another had no status. But that wasn't the sort of hero I wanted to be. I preferred something less sensational.

Next morning I was in such a state of panic that I didn't know how I should face school at all. I dawdled, between two minds as to whether or not I should mitch. The silence of the school lane and yard awed me. I had made myself late as well,

"What kept you, Delaney?" the Murderer asked quietly.

I knew it was no good.

"I was at Mass, sir."

"All right. Take your seat."

He seemed a bit surprised. What I had not realized was the incidental advantage of our system over the English one. By this time half a dozen of his pets had brought the Murderer the true story of Flanagan's shilling, and if he didn't feel a monster he probably felt a fool.

But by that time I didn't care. In my school sack I had another story. Not a school story this time, though. School stories were a washout: "Bang! Bang!" — that was the only way to deal with men like the Murderer.

EXERCISES:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Give a summary of the story. 2. Give general characteristic of the passage: the topic, the problematic points, and your impression. 3. Why were school stories romantic rather than realistic? 4. How did the stories of English schools affect the boy? 5. How old do you estimate the boy to be? 5. What is there in the boy's behavior which arouses our sympathy with him and his problems? 6. What is typical about the boys' laughing at Delaney? 7. Whom does the conflict in this story involve? Who wins out in the end? 8. Why did Delaney lie to Murderer the day after the fight? How has he changed? 9. Do you consider the story to be of a humorous or of a

dramatic character? 10. What was the author's purpose when he chose such teacher's name – Murderer Moloney? 11. What was the atmosphere in the school and in the mentioned class? 12. Comment on the manner the teacher treated his pupils. What struck you most of all? 13. How does the author establish the time and place of the story? 14. What important information do we learn about religion in Ireland? 15. What is the difference between Delaney's school and the English public schools? 16. Comment on the poem (define the main idea, speak on the emotional background) and explain how it may be related to our topic.

Thoughts on Silence

by Mary Jane Sterling

What am I doing here

Among these strange people

Sitting in these funny desks

Staring at this paper?

Oh Yes, I am in school.

These people are my classmates.

Though they chatter all the time

They are silent now.

Now I can think.

I see a bird flying high in the air.

Maybe it is flying south.

My heart leaps with the bird

Taking a message to my mother.

My mind is heavy, thinking something sad has

Happened at home.

But the birds are singing

Everything is all right.

The breeze has whispered something in my ear.

I hope it whispers the same joyous words to my people.

I get lonely for my family and I especially miss my mother

But I shall see them all soon.
When we meet we won't even touch hands
But our hearts will leap with joy
And in our minds we will be glad.

17. Some people believe that there are “gifted” children and those who are just average, and no matter how hard the “average” children may study, they would never be able to make such progress as the “gifted” ones. Others argue that whatever genetic “gift” a person may have at birth, it would not help if the person did not work hard enough. The secret for success is a talent, they say, - the talent for hard work. What is your personal view on the problem? Is it a problem at all? Can it be solved? How? What might happen if we keep ignoring it? 18. The Americans say, ‘The first time many of us realize that a little learning is a dangerous thing is when we bring home a poor report card’. Do you agree that children need some kind of control on the part of school and parents as far as their progress at school is concerned? What kind of control? How often should it be applied? What is your personal view on the problem? Is it a problem at all? Can it be solved? How? What might happen if we keep ignoring it? 19. The American educator John Dewey (1850-1952), who rejected totalitarian methods of teaching, speaking on the problem of co-education, once said, ‘There is one kind of co-education that everybody believes in – co-education of teachers and students’. Do you believe the teachers should study all their life to keep ahead of their students? Why or why not? 20. Ukrainian university staff and researchers have problems with the recognition of their university degrees abroad because the degree of the Candidate of Science, which actually corresponds to the PhD degrees in the USA and UK, is mistakenly interpreted abroad as something preparatory for our Doctorate degree, which is in fact an equivalent of the Dlett/Sci degree in UK and is much higher than PhD degree. What would you suggest to solve this problem? 21. Some people

believe that private schools in Ukraine are not good enough not because of their standards of teaching, equipment etc, which are often better than in state schools, but because students' parents are kind of competing with each other. Thus they would bring their children to school in dazzling cars; the students themselves would show off in expensive clothes, carrying around sophisticated cellular phones etc. That creates a specific atmosphere of arrogance, which might negatively affect the students' personalities. What is your personal view on the problem? Is it a problem at all? Can it be solved? How? What might happen if we keep ignoring it? 22. The former British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill (1874-1965), used to say, 'I am always ready to learn, but I do not always like being taught'. The French writer, Anatole France (1844-1924), echoed, 'I did not really begin to learn anything until after I had finished my studies'. Does it mean that formal teaching has always been and will remain boring whatever changes might happen in the world? What is your personal view on the problem? Is it a problem at all? Can it be solved? How? What might happen if we keep ignoring it?

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. I don't know how it is about education but, it never seemed to do anything for me but get me into trouble. 2. Adventure stories weren't so bad, but as a kid I was very serious and preferred realism to romance. 3. Even so, I couldn't help being disgusted at the bad way things were run in our school. 4. What was really wrong was ourselves. 5. The Murderer went mad in the way people do whenever they're up against something they don't understand. 6. But that wasn't the sort of hero I wanted to be. 7. School stories were a washout: "Bang! Bang!" – that was the only way to deal with men like the Murderer.

III. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). Стародавня, освячена віками будівля; шпиль; химерно,

чудакувато; циліндр; їх шмагали; питання руба; чистилище; дріб'язкові речі; підлизуватися; шморгати носом, пускати соплі; жах, заціпеніння від страху; горбань; благально.

В). *Colloquial abbreviation* of quadrangle; *slang* for pound; *slang* for fit of anger; he was roused to do his best; showing off; to show the firmness of character; be friendly; good-for-nothing person; *colloquial* for five-pound notes; *figural* for person whose capabilities may be greater than they are known to be; to evade showing oneself openly; *figural* for puzzled, at a loss.

IV. Written assignment:

Investigate and write a paper on the topic “Pros and cons of USA, British and Ukrainian educational systems”.

AND WHO WOULD NOT CRY?

Last Saturday was Mrs. Dale's birthday. Polly embroidered a wonderful cushion as a present. Father also gave her a present. When mother saw it, she clapped her hands like a girl. She could not even speak for a few minutes. Jimmy could not understand why mother was so delighted.

"Mammy", the Carrot said, "why are you so glad? It is only a pair of stockings."

"Why honey", Mrs. Dale exclaimed, "they are very beautiful and expensive".

"Be careful! Don't touch them!" His sister warned him when the boy wanted to take them out of the paper-bag. "They may break."

And Jimmy did not touch the stockings.

When everybody went away and Jimmy was left alone, he felt lonely and did not know what to do. He looked at one or two of the pictures in his new book but they seemed uninteresting to him.

Jimmy looked about the room. It was empty. Polly had run to school. Father had gone to some repair shop, mammy was in the

kitchen.

The embroidered cushion was proudly lying in the middle of the sofa. Jimmy's parrot was hanging on the wall pinned beside the new looking-glass.

The wonderful pair of stockings was lying on the table.

Jimmy could not take his eyes off the transparent paper-bag. He forgot all about the pudding, and fresh sausages in the refrigerator, and the guests that would come in the evening. He was thinking about the fair stockings that lay hidden in the crisp paper-bag.

"What if I just peep at them?" the Carrot thought. He got up from his seat, pulled his chair up to the table, got on it and carefully drew the stockings out of the paper-bag.

While his fingers were pulling the stocking his elbow was pushing Polly's inkstand.

Bang! And the inkstand was on the floor.

Jimmy almost fell off his chair. He jumped down and quickly picked it up. Fortunately the inkstand was not broken though all the ink had spilled on the floor.

Jimmy heard his mother running. He quickly knelt near the ink spot trying to hide it from her.

"What's up darling?" His mother cried, opening the door and entering.

"Nothing, Ma, I am playing".

Mother went out. Jimmy hurriedly pushed the stockings back into the crisp paper-bag. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; he saw that his trembling fingers were all black with ink. He looked at the stockings. There were finger prints on them too.

Jimmy was about to cry. Then he remembered that he was not a girl and stopped. He thought and thought, trying to find a way out of the difficult situation.

Suddenly a bright idea came to him. He was saved. The boy

jumped up and rushed to the kitchen. There was a big gas-stove there. Many times Jimmy had seen his mother turn on and off the gas. Now he decided to do the same thing himself. He would boil some water and wash the stockings. They would be dry by the evening. But where were the matches? Jimmy could not find them though he looked for them everywhere. When he came nearer to the gas-stove, he noticed that it was burning and a big kettle was standing on it. There was water in the kettle and it was boiling. Jimmy quickly drew up a little footstool to the gas-stove and got on it. When he lifted the cover a hot steam scalded his hand and he dropped the cover.

"Oh, how it hurts!" the carrot cried, bowling at his scalded hand. But he did not cry. He did not pay any attention to the pain. He was not a cry-baby. He was a grownup boy who did not mind pain.

"I'll put the stockings in the boiling water" Jimmy said aloud, "then I'll let them soak for a few minutes, as mammy always does, and then I'll wash them with soap. I'm sure they will be dry by the evening. I'll hang them up to dry over the gas-stove."

The carrot ran to fetch the stockings. But when he dipped them into the boiling water, they floated and would not sink. So Jimmy brought a hammer and put it on top of the floating stockings. They sank at once.

Let them soak while I scrub the floor! Jimmy thought running back into the room. He took some blotting-paper and again knelt on the floor by the ink spot. Pretty soon all his fingers and his face were spotted with ink. He looked like a panther though he did not know it. He worked very hard and almost forgot about the stockings. He spat on the floor and rubbed it with all his might. Then he ran back to the kitchen. He got on the low footstool and cautiously lifted the cover. The water was still boiling, as he had not turned the gas off.

"They must be ready by now¹", he said aloud.

He took a long stick and tried to fish the stockings out. No success. He tried again and again. Still no success.

The carrot got nervous. He took a mug and began to draw the hot water out of the kettle and pour it into an empty pail. The boy was afraid that he would have no time to wash the stockings.

"Here is the bottom at last!" Jimmy cried. "Here is the hammer! But. ..but where are the stockings?!"

The Carrot could not believe his eyes. The stockings disappeared. He turned off the gas, took a rag and put the hot empty kettle on the floor. Then he looked into the kettle once more. There were no stockings there. Instead, there was a kind of jelly on the bottom of the kettle. And nothing more. For a moment the little boy gazed at the kettle with wide open eyes and a puzzled expression on his red, freckled face. Then he opened his mouth very wide and sat up such a howl that a big black cat sitting on the fence in front of the window fell off it into the nettle.

And who would not cry?

E X E R C I S E S:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Why did the boy get attracted by the stockings? 2. Try to guess what is the boy's age? 3. Why does the author sometimes call the boy "carrot"? 4. Why did the boy cry at the end of the story? 5. Why did the stockings disappear? 6. What are the funniest episodes of the story? 7. Comment on the poem (define the main idea, speak on the emotional background) and explain how it may be related to our topic.

Blueflag

by Elizabeth Brewster

So that I would not pick the blueflag
in the midst of the pond
(and get my clothes wet)
my mother told me that it was poison.

I watched this beautiful, frightening flower
growing up from the water
from its green reeds,
washed blue, sunveined,
and wanted it more
than all the flowers I was allowed to pick,
wild roses, pink and smooth as soap,
or the milk-thin daisies
with butterblob centres.

I noticed that the midges
that covered the surface of the water
were not poisoned by the blueflag,
but I thought they must have
a different kind of life from mine.

Even now, if I pick one,
fear comes over me, a trembling.
I half expect to be struck dead
by the flower's magic

a potency seeping
from its dangerous blue skin
its veined centre.

8. It is said that children learn more in the first two years of life than at any other stage. What kind of things have most children learnt by the age of two? What do they learn themselves, and what are they taught? 9. Say what you think are the three most important qualities of an ideal parent. Are there any other qualities that you would like to add to your list? 10. How would you rate the way that your parents brought you up? Do you think you would make a good parent? 11. Match the halves of sentences and comment on them:

A	B
If a child lives with criticism,	she learns to be patient.
If a child lives with hostility,	he learns justice.
If a child lives with ridicule,	she learns to be shy.
If a child lives with shame,	he learns to be confidence.
If a child lives with tolerance,	she learns to have faith.
If a child lives with encouragement,	he learns to like himself.
If a child lives with praise,	she learns to condemn.
If a child lives with fairness,	she learns to appreciate.
If a child lives with security,	he learns to fight.
If a child lives with approval,	he learns to feel guilt.
If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,	he or she learns to find love in the world.

12. You will read six people commenting on their childhood and their parents. Relate their comments to the points on the chart. Some comments may relate to more than one point.

1. I used to like to do well just to see the look of pleasure on my dad's face. He'd say 'Pet, it's like a tonic to me when you do well - I don't know how I have such clever children!' But I never felt I was being pushed too hard. If I did badly he'd just say 'Well what'll it matter a hundred years from now that you failed your Geography exam!'

2. Whatever I did was just never quite good enough. I wasn't very strong as a child - I used to get attacks of asthma, so I couldn't do PE or games. Well, anyway, when I was twelve I was so thrilled because I was put in the second eleven for cricket. I was so sure he'd be pleased. D'you know what he said? 'Second team? When I was your age I was in the first for cricket, rugby, and hockey.' I felt so crushed, I just crawled away and cried - in private of course!

3. Our house was always open to whoever came round. You'd never know how many people would sit down to a meal. My parents

were always inviting people in, and my sisters and I brought friends from school. They used to love coming to our house because they were made so welcome. There were no petty rules, and as long as we tidied up they didn't mind what we did. We called a lot of my parents' friends 'Uncle' or 'Aunt' so-and-so. We never used to know who were our real relations! But what was so nice for us kids was that we grew up surrounded by a lot of adults, not just our parents, so we heard what they had to say, and they listened to our opinions as well.

4. I think it started out of sheer boredom – I mean - they gave me every material benefit, pocket money any time I asked; I had my own brand- new BMW when I was seventeen. I wanted for nothing except their time – I mean - they were always so busy, always getting dressed up to go somewhere, and so wrapped up in each other. I really don't know why they had children. They always said I was a mistake! Anyway I started hanging about with this bunch of 'yobbos' and they said 'Try it' - and I thought 'Why not? Who cares?'

5. They finally split up when I was four. It's one of my earliest memories - my dad sitting me on his knee and saying, 'Mummy and daddy have decided to live in different houses and I want you to decide which house you want to live in.' Can you imagine asking a child of four? I hadn't a clue what to say, but my very much bigger brother was standing behind him mouthing, 'Say mum, say mum.' So I did, and I never saw my dad again except once when I was about ten -from the top of a double-decker bus. At least, I think it was him - I'm sure it was, that time - only I still keep thinking I see him all over the place. I've had three step-dads - it's not the same.

6. She was like a sea of calm, nothing ruffled her, she always had time. Me and the others would be scrapping about something, and she'd say 'OK, OK, let's calm down, let's go back to the beginning and sort it out - so we did, and it was sorted out!' I remember this school friend of mine, she fell off her bike and completely smashed her front teeth. She didn't cry because she was hurt, but

because her mother was so particular about her appearance. She said 'She'll kill me, she thinks I have such lovely teeth!' I thought 'Gosh – how weird, I couldn't bear it if my mother was like that!' In fact this friend came to my mum first and she rang and told her mum what had happened. Fancy not being able to go to your own mum!

13. Each person could continue by assessing the effects of their upbringing on their lives today. Do this for them. For example, the first person might start: Maybe that's why I'm never nervous about exams and interviews. When I got this job...

14. Comment on the poem (define the main idea, speak on the emotional background) and explain how it may be related to our topic.

Deaf to The World

When Dad reads the paper
Nothing will move him
He sits like a rock in his chair.
Though we shout in his ear
He just doesn't hear,
If the roof fell in
I don't think he'd care.

We can tell him a tidal wave's coming,
We can say that the sky's turned red.
He might say 'Mm – that's nice',
But he's not heard a word that we've said.

And then, when we've given up
And we're absorbed in playing,
He'll fold the paper and interrupt us
With:
'Now what was that you were saying?'

We'll say 'It doesn't matter Dad.
It was nothing – just let us be'.
And he'll grumble and sigh to Mum,
'No one in this house
Ever talks to me!'

Then he turns the TV on,
Our Dad stone deaf in a dream,
Watching old news
He's deaf to the world in our house
And only talks to the screen.

'Dad I've had a tooth out.'
'Dad there's a hole in my shoe.
It's not in the paper or on TV –
But we have news for you too.'

II. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). Чорнильниця; плавати на поверхні; обшпарювати;
скребти; промокальний папір; кухоль; відро, цебер; ганчірка;
лемент; кропива.

III. Written assignment:

What are the main problems in parents-children relationships?
Why do they exist?

**EXPOSED! THE FINE ART OF ARTSPEAK
or the instant way to be a classic bluffer**

ARE you one of those unfortunates who knows little about art and, worse still, hasn't the foggiest idea what you like or why you like it? It's obvious. You look at the pictures and declare sagely: *That's very nice* or *Yes, I like that*, or *Hmm... interesting*.

Well, sorry, that just isn't good enough.

In New York, discussions about art are the currency of social life. Just like in the Woody Allen films, your worth is measured by your Artspeak.

This is why William Quinn, a young Irishman from County Mayo, is the new hero of the smart set.

He is running a J33 course on how to say intelligent things about works of art in public places. And people are queuing to join his remedial class in art bluffery.

Quinn - an increasingly well-known artist who paints giant versions of the computer bar codes on supermarket products - aims to teach the 'basic but critical vocabulary' of art.

'People like to feel sophisticated,' he says. 'But they can't unless they know at least something about art.'

'If they are at a dinner party and start talking about the Modigliani heads being inspired by the example of Brancusi, other people pay attention.'

As one student says: 'This course teaches you how to sound halfway intelligent about art when you're not.'

Indeed, after a few evenings on Quinn's course, you can be an 'expert' without even seeing works you discuss. And everyone defers to an 'expert'.

Just like Liberace - who once revealed that his gift was to play Tchaikovsky by leaving out the boring bits - Quinn's proteges go into New York's social whirl armed with just the interesting snippets they need.

For this is the age of art for survival, where people would rather die than have nothing to say about something.

A huge TV advertising campaign is running in America for a series of records of the most tuneful pieces of 100 classical music favourites.

Quinn gets very shirty at his students' go-for-it attitude to art

consumption. Yet he agrees that his course title - called Meeting People at the Great Museums - does not sound, well enormously deep.

Meanwhile, over in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one student gazes lamely at Pierre Bonnard's The Terrace at Vernon and says: 'I like this one.'

'Insufficient', says Quinn. 'And if you're with a sophisticate, you should add: 'The daily intimacies of family life add warmth to Bonnard's art.'

See, it's easy when you get the hang of it!
(Daily Mail 22 February 1987)

EXERCISES:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Why is it important to be able to speak sensibly about art in New York, USA? What about our country? 2. Can you judge pieces of art well? 3. Why are the courses extremely popular? 4. Would you participate in these courses? 5. Can such lie work for a long time? 6. What does the fact that such courses appear in USA tell us about cultural life of the country? 7. What do you know about modern art of Ukraine? 8. Where can people learn about it? 8. How would you characterize present-day cultural life of our country generally? 9. How can one be inspired to become more sophisticated in this question?

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ... discussions about art are the currency of social life. 2. ... your worth is measured by your Artspeak. 3. ...art bluffery. 4. ... people would rather die than have nothing to say about something. 5. Quinn gets very shirty at his students' go-for-it attitude to art consumption.

III. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). Не мати ні найменшого уявлення; вдумливо,

замислено; поширеність, валюта; соціальний вир; фрагменти; вік мистецтва виживання; споживання, витрачання; *inf.* гнівливо.

B). Intended to improve that is wrong; somebody who pretends in order to achieve what he/she wants in a difficult situation; having a lot of experience of life, and good judgment about socially important things such as art, fashion etc.

IV. Written assignment:

Look at Salvador Dali's paintings (*see addendum*) and describe each painting: 1) with an "unintelligent" comment; 2) with an "intelligent" comment taking into consideration the general affect, the contents of the picture, the composition and coloring, interpretation and evaluation. Compare your ideas with the rest of the group. Find some information about the famous Spanish painter, his personal life, style of painting and career.

A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE

by Ernest Hemingway

It was late and every one had left the cafe except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the cafe knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

'Last week he tried to commit suicide,' one waiter said.

'Why?'

'He was in despair.'

'What about?'

'Nothing.'

'How do you know it was nothing?'

'He has plenty of money.'

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the cafe and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

'The guard will pick him up,' one waiter said.

'What does it matter if he gets what he's after?'

'He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago.'

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

'What do you want?'

The old man looked at him. 'Another brandy,' he said.

'You'll be drunk,' the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

'He'll stay all night,' he said to his colleague. 'I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week.'

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the cafe and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full brandy.

'You should have killed yourself last week,' he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. 'A little more,' he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. 'Thank you,' the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the cafe. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

'He's drunk now,' he said.

'He's drunk every night.'

'What did he want to kill himself for?'

'How should I know.'

'How did he do it?'

'He hung himself with a rope.'

'Who cut him down?'

'His niece.'

'Why did they do it?'

'Fear for his soul.'

'How much money has he got?'

'He's got plenty.'

'He must be eighty years old.'

'Anyway I should say he was eighty.'

'I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?'

'He stays up because he likes it.'

'He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me.'

'He had a wife once too.'

'A wife would be no good to him now.'

'You can't tell. He might be better with a wife.'

'His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down.'

'I know.'

'I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing.'

'Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him.'

'I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work.'

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

'Another brandy,' he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

'Finished,' he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or for eigners. 'No

more tonight. Close now.'

'Another,' said the old man.

'No. Finished.' The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip.

The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

'Why didn't you let him stay and drink?' the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. 'It is not half-past two.'

'I want to go home to bed.'

'What is an hour?'

'More to me than to him.'

'An hour is the same.'

'You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home.'

'It's not the same.'

'No, it is not,' agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

'And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?'

'Are you trying to insult me?'

'No, *hombre*, only to make a joke.'

'No,' the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. 'I have confidence. I am all confidence.'

'You have youth, confidence, and a job,' the older waiter said. 'You have everything.'

'And what do you lack?'

'Everything but work.'

'You have everything I have.'

'No. I have never had confidence and I am not young.'

'Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up.'

'I am of those who like to stay late at the cafe,' the older waiter said. 'With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night.'

'I want to go home and into bed.'

'We are of two different kinds,' the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. 'It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the cafe.'

'*Hombre*, there are *bodegas** open all night long.'

'You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant cafe. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves.'

'Good night,' said the younger waiter.

'Good night,' the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was *nada y pues nada* y nada y pues nada*. Our *nada* who are in *nada*, *nada* be thy name thy kingdom *nada* thy will be *nada* in *nada* as it is in *nada*. Give us this *nada* our daily *nada* and *nada* us our *nada* as we *nada* our *nadas* and *nada* us not into *nada* but deliver us from *nada*; *pues nada*.* ** Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

'What's yours?' asked the barman.

'Nada.'

'*Otro loco mas*****,' said the barman and turned away.

'A little cup,' said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

'The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished,' the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

'You want another *copita*?' the barman asked.

'No, thank you,' said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and *bodegas*. A clean, well-lighted cafe was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

NOTES: **Bodegas (Spanish)* – пивнички;

***Nada y pues nada (Spanish)* – ніщо й тільки ніщо;

***Отче ніщо, що єси в нічому, нехай святиться
ніщо твоє, нехай прийде ніщо

твоє, нехай буде ніщо твоє як у нічому, так і ні в
чому;

*****Otro loco mas (Spanish)* - ще один божевільний.

EXERCISES:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. What is the story about? 2. Give general characteristic of the passage: the topic, the problematic points, and your impression. 3. What do you know about Ernest Hemingway and his style of writing? 4. What is so called “lost generation”? What do you know about this phrase? 5. The waiter believes that the old man has no reason to commit suicide as he has plenty of money – what does it prove about this man? 6. Do you think the old man did not

understand the young waiter's attitude to him? 7. Why is the old man drunk every night? 8. Why did he come to the café every night? 9. How would you characterize both waiters? What is similar? How do they differ? 10. What is special about their profession? 11. Why should anyone need clean and pleasant café with nice light at night? 12. Comment on the waiter's prayer. 13. How did the author manage to show hopelessness, despair and estrangement of human being in Western Europe and USA reality of the 20-30-th years in this story? 14. Here we discuss feelings and emotions – do they help people in their life? 15. Comment on the poem (define the main idea, speak on the emotional background) and explain how it may be related to our topic.

EMILY DICKINSON

(1830-1886)

I am 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 June

To an admiring bog.

16. Can you think of the situations when feelings and emotions may be dangerous? 16. Is it possible to control one's feelings and emotions? How? 17. Would it be better if people got rid of feelings and emotions and lived only according to the common sense? 18. Would you like to be always cool and in control? Why or why not? What might be the consequences of that?

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ... the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. 2. You should have

killed yourself last week. 3. I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing. 4. I am of those who like to stay late at the caffè with all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night. 5. It was a nothing that he knew too well.

III. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). Physically unable to hear anything or unable to hear well; the act of killing yourself; a feeling that you have no hope at all; formal attention or consideration that is shown towards someone or something; slow and unwilling; you have it if you are not able to sleep.

IV. Written assignment:

Write about importance of emotions in or life and pros and cons of each type of revealing feelings after you answer the questions of the quiz. Use suggested list of words.

QUIZ: EXPRESSING YOUR FEELINGS

Which of your feelings do you let other people know about? Which do you keep to yourself?

Sometimes it's a good thing to say what you feel. At other times it's better to keep quiet about your feelings. Sometimes it's hard to know exactly what it is you do feel. At other times feelings are so strong they seem to overwhelm you. How often do you express what you feel?

Controlling or letting feelings out. The stereotype of the English is that they are cold, reserved and unemotional. Compared with the extravagant French or the explosive Italians the English are an uptight lot. If they do feel anything they're not likely to let you know. It's a caricature but it has some truth in it.

They grow in a culture which tells them that it's good to control one's feelings. They learn that it's best to restrain their warmth, tears, anger. They learn that it's better to be rational. But is it? What happens to feelings you don't express? Many people argue

that they don't just disappear. They continue to exist under the surface and affect the way you feel and behave.

Anger that you don't express to others can become anger that you turn against yourself. Fears that you don't talk about may make you timid in all things. You may put on a brave front but inside you're fearful and anxious. Hurts and disappointments that you've never cried over may make you protect yourself hard against any possible new hurt and become overcautious about getting close to others.

How do you show your feelings? The following quiz looks at some feelings that are common to us all and some of the different ways that people react to them. Reactions can range from expressing the feeling spontaneously and directly to finding some way of denying that it exists at all. For each section circle the answer that is most typical of you.

1. Anger

When you feel angry, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Raising your voice or shouting at the person you're angry with.
- B. Explaining quietly why you're angry.
- C. Trying not to be angry (perhaps because you think it's wrong or unfair).
- D. Telling yourself you're not really angry or that you've not really got anything to be angry about.

2. Feeling sad or upset

When you feel sad or upset, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Crying about it to someone else.
- B. Talking to a friend about what's upset you.
- C. Going away and crying on your own.
- D. Telling yourself you don't really feel upset or sad or that you

don't really have anything to feel upset or sad about.

3. Feeling frightened or worried

When you feel frightened or worried, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Trembling, shaking or crying as you tell someone how you feel.
- B. Talking to a friend about the things that are frightening or worrying you.
- C. Going away on your own and crying about it or feeling bad.
- D. Telling yourself you don't really feel frightened or worried or that you don't really have anything to feel frightened or worried about.

4. Feeling embarrassed or ashamed

When you feel embarrassed or ashamed, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Laughing in embarrassment as you try to explain to someone why you feel embarrassed or ashamed.
- B. Talking to a friend later about how you felt embarrassed or why you felt so ashamed.
- C. Swallowing hard and wishing the floor would open so that you could disappear from sight.
- D. Pretending you're not in the least embarrassed or ashamed and putting an arrogant or cocky face on it.

5. Feeling happy

When you are feeling happy, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Laughing and smiling, telling someone how you feel.
- B. Analyzing to yourself or others the reasons why you're happy.
- C. Going around with an inner glow.
- D. Telling yourself this can't last, it's not really true or it's not right to be happy when others aren't.

6. Feeling disgust or dislike

When you feel disgust or dislike, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Screwing up your face, grimacing as you say what you feel.
- B. Talking a friend how much you dislike or feel disgust about something or someone.
- C. Controlling your disgust or dislike.
- D. Pretending that nothing's happened, ignoring the things or people that make you feel this way.

7. Feeling warmth or affection for others

When you feel warmth or affection for others, which of the following reactions would be most typical of you?

- A. Touching, holding, embracing, and kissing other people.
- B. Talking to a friend about the way you feel.
- C. Deciding not to express how you feel, perhaps because you're afraid you might get hurt.
- D. Telling yourself it's sloppy and sentimental to feel like this about people and pushing the feelings away.

Do you express feelings directly? The “a” statements show ways in which feelings can be expressed directly. You feel something and you show it.

Talk about them? The “b” statements show ways in which feelings can be partially expressed by talking about them. Talking about your feelings can help you get clear about what you feel. You can get support. You may start to built up the confidence to express feelings more directly.

Keep them to yourself? The “c” statements are about trying to control your feelings. Sometimes you may feel it's best to keep quiet about what you feel. You may not want to make yourself vulnerable before others. Or you may decide that expressing your feelings would be destructive to someone else. If you always keep your feelings to yourself, however, you may find that they start to come out in other ways.

Deny them? The “d” statements are about ways of denying your feelings altogether. You may think they're not nice. Or you may

be frightened of their strength. Again, these denied feelings may emerge in other ways.

List of the words to be used in the written task: FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS – attitude, emotion, impulse, instinct, mood, sensation, sentiment(s), temper, urge; WORRIED – agitated, annoyed, anxious, concerned, confused, dismayed, distressed, disturbed, downhearted, embarrassed, enraged, envious, fierce, grief-stricken, humiliated, intimidated, miserable, neglected, nervous, petrified, puzzled, regretful, shy, upset, wild; NOT WORRIED – composed, conscience-clean, contented, cool, orderly, relieved, restrained, self-possessed, serene.

Can you guess why there are more negative words mentioned than positive?

BEAUTY: WHEN THE OTHER DANCER IS THE SELF

by Alice Walker

It is a bright summer day in 1947. My father, a fat, funny man with beautiful eyes and a subversive wit, is trying to decide which of his eight children he will take with him to the county fair. My mother, of course, will not go. She is knocked out from getting most of us ready: I hold my neck stiff against the pressure of her knuckles as she hastily completes the braid ing and then beribboning of my hair.

My father is the driver for the rich old white lady up the road. Her name is Miss Mey. She owns all the land for miles around, as well as the house in which we live. All I remember about her is that she once offered to pay my mother thirty-five cents for cleaning her house, raking up piles of her magnolia leaves, and washing her family's clothes, and that my mother—she of no money, eight children, and a chronic earache—refused it. But I do not think of this in 1947. I am two and a half years old. I want to go everywhere my

daddy goes. I am excited at the prospect of riding in a car. Someone has told me fairs are fun. That there is room in the car for only three of us doesn't faze me at all. Whirling happily in my starchy frock, showing off my biscuit-polished patent-leather shoes and lavender socks, tossing my head in a way that makes my ribbons bounce, I stand, hands on hips, before my father. "Take me, Daddy," I say with assurance; "I'm the prettiest!"

Later, it does not surprise me to find myself in Miss Mey's shiny black car, sharing the back seat with the other lucky ones. Does not surprise me that I thoroughly enjoy the fair. At home that night I tell the unlucky ones all I can remember about the merry-go-round, the man who eats live chick ens, and the teddy bears, until they say: that's enough, baby Alice. Shut up now, and go to sleep.

It is Easter Sunday, 1950, I am dressed in a green, flocked, scalloped-hem dress (handmade by my adoring sister, Ruth) that has its own smooth satin petticoat and tiny hot-pink roses tucked into each scallop. My shoes, new T-strap patent leather, again highly biscuit-polished. I am six years old and have learned one of the longest Easter speeches to be heard that day, totally unlike the speech I said when I was two: "Easter lilies / pure and white / blossom in / the morning light." When I rise to give my speech I do so on a great wave of love and pride and expectation. People in the church stop rustling their new crinolines. They seem to hold their breath. I can tell they admire my dress, but it is my spirit, bordering on sassiness (womanishness), they secretly applaud.

"That girl's a little mess," they whisper to each other, pleased.

Naturally I say my speech without stammer or pause, unlike those who stutter, stammer, or, worst of all, forget. This is before the word "beautiful" exists in people's vocabulary, but "Oh, isn't she the cutest thing!" frequently floats my way. "And got so much sense!" they gratefully add ... for which thoughtful addition I thank them to this day.

It was great fun being cute. But then, one day, it ended.

I am eight years old and a tomboy. I have a cowboy hat, cowboy boots, checkered shirt and pants, all red. My playmates are my brothers, two and four years older than I. Their colors are black and green, the only difference in the way we are dressed. On Saturday nights we all go to the picture show, even my mother; Westerns are her favorite kind of movie. Back home, "on the ranch," we pretend we are Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, Lash LaRue (we've even named one of our dogs Lash LaRue); we chase each other for hours rustling cattle, being outlaws, delivering damsels from distress. Then my parents decide to buy my brothers guns. These are not "real" guns. They shoot "BBs," copper pellets my brothers say will kill birds. Because I am a girl, I do not get a gun. Instantly I am relegated to the position of Indian. Now there appears a great distance between us. They shoot and shoot at everything with their new guns. I try to keep up with my bow and arrows.

One day while I am standing on top of our makeshift "garage"—pieces of tin nailed across some poles—holding my bow and arrow and looking out toward the fields, I feel an incredible blow in my right eye. I look down just in time to see my brother lower his gun.

Both brothers rush to my side. My eye stings, and I cover it with my hand. "If you tell," they say, "we will get a whipping. You don't want that to happen, do you?" I do not. "Here is a piece of wire," says the older brother, picking it up from the roof; "say you stepped on one end of it and the other flew up and hit you." The pain is beginning to start. "Yes," I say. "Yes, I will say that is what happened." If I do not say this is what happened, I know my brothers will find ways to make me wish I had. But now I will say anything that gets me to my mother.

Confronted by our parents we stick to the lie agreed upon. They place me on a bench on the porch and I close my left eye while

they examine the right. There is a tree growing from underneath the porch that climbs past the railing to the roof. It is the last thing my right eye sees. I watch as its trunk, its branches, and then its leaves are blotted out by the rising blood.

I am in shock. First there is intense fever, which my father tries to break using lily leaves bound around my head. Then there are chills: my mother tries to get me to eat soup. Eventually, I do not know how, my parents learn what has happened. A week after the "accident" they take me to see a doctor. "Why did you wait so long to come?" he asks, looking into my eye and shaking his head. "Eyes are sympathetic," he says. "If one is blind, the other will likely become blind too."

This comment of the doctor's terrifies me. But it is really how I look that bothers me most. Where the BB pellet struck there is a glob of whitish scar tissue, a hideous cataract, on my eye. Now when I stare at people—a favorite pastime, up to now—they will stare back. Not at the "cute" little girl, but at her scar. For six years I do not stare at anyone, because I do not raise my head.

Years later, in the throes of a mid-life crisis, I ask my mother and sister whether I changed after the "accident." "No," they say, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

What do I mean?

I am eight, and, for the first time, doing poorly in school, where I have been something of a whiz since I was four. We have just moved to the place where the "accident" occurred. We do not know any of the people around us because this is a different county. The only time I see the friends I knew is when we go back to our old church. The new school is the former state penitentiary. It is a large stone building, cold and drafty, crammed to overflowing with boisterous, ill-disciplined children. On the third floor there is a huge circular imprint of some partition that has been torn out.

"What used to be here?" I ask a sullen girl next to me on our

way past it to lunch.

"The electric chair," says she.

At night I have nightmares about the electric chair, and about all the people reputedly "fried" in it. I am afraid of the school, where all the students seem to be budding criminals.

"What's the matter with your eye?" they ask, critically.

When I don't answer (I cannot decide whether it was an "accident" or not), they shove me, insist on a fight.

My brother, the one who created the story about the wire, comes to my rescue. But then brags so much about "protecting" me, I become sick.

After months of torture at the school, my parents decide to send me back to our old community, to my old school. I live with my grandparents and the teacher they board. But there is no room for Phoebe, my cat. By the time my grandparents decide there is room, and I ask for my cat, she cannot be found. Miss Yarborough, the boarding teacher, takes me under her wing, and begins to teach me to play the piano. But soon she marries an African— a "prince," she says—and is whisked away to his continent.

At my old school there is at least one teacher who loves me. She is the teacher who "knew me before I was born" and bought my first baby clothes. It is she who makes life bearable. It is her presence that finally helps me turn on the one child at the school who continually calls me "one-eyed bitch." One day I simply grab him by his coat and beat him until I am satisfied. It is my teacher who tells me my mother is ill.

My mother is lying in bed in the middle of the day, something I have never seen. She is in too much pain to speak. She has an abscess in her ear. I stand looking down on her, knowing that if she dies, I cannot live. She is being treated with warm oils and hot bricks held against her cheek. Finally a doctor comes. But I must go back to my grandparents' house. The weeks pass but I am hardly aware of it.

All I know is that my mother might die, my father is not so jolly, my brothers still have their guns, and I am the one sent away from home.

"You did not change," they say.

Did I imagine the anguish of never looking up?

I am twelve. When relatives come to visit I hide in my room. My cousin Brenda, just my age, whose father works in the post office and whose mother is a nurse, comes to find me. "Hello," she says. And then she asks, looking at my recent school picture, which I did not want taken, and on which the "glob," as I think of it, is clearly visible, "You still can't see out of that eye?"

"No," I say, and flop back on the bed over my book.

That night, as I do almost every night, I abuse my eye. I rant and rave at it, in front of the mirror. I plead with it to clear up before morning. I tell it I hate and despise it. I do not pray for sight. I pray for beauty.

"You did not change," they say.

I am fourteen and baby-sitting for my brother Bill, who lives in Boston. He is my favorite brother and there is a strong bond between us. Understanding my feelings of shame and ugliness he and his wife take me to a local hospital, where the "glob" is removed by a doctor named O. Henry. There is still a small bluish crater where the scar tissue was, but the ugly white stuff is gone. Almost immediately I become a different person from the girl who does not raise her head. Or so I think. Now that I've raised my head I win the boyfriend of my dreams. Now that I've raised my head I have plenty of friends. Now that I've raised my head classwork comes from my lips as faultlessly as Easter speeches did, and I leave high school as valedictorian, most popular student, and queen, hardly believing my luck. Ironically, the girl who was voted most beautiful in our class (and was) was later shot twice through the chest by a male companion, using a "real" gun, while she was pregnant. But that's another story in itself. Or is it?

"You did not change," they say.

It is now thirty years since the "accident." A beautiful journalist comes to visit and to interview me. She is going to write a cover story for her magazine that focuses on my latest book. "Decide how you want to look on the cover," she says. "Glamorous, or whatever."

Never mind "glamorous," it is the "whatever" that I hear. Suddenly all I can think of is whether I will get enough sleep the night before the photography session: if I don't, my eye will be tired and wander, as blind eyes will.

At night in bed with my lover I think up reasons why I should not appear on the cover of a magazine. "My meanest critics will say I've sold out," I say. "My family will now realize I write scandalous books."

"But what's the real reason you don't want to do this?" he asks.

"Because in all probability," I say in a rush, "my eye won't be straight."

"It will be straight enough," he says. Then, "Besides, I thought you'd made your peace with that."

And I suddenly remember that I have.

I remember:

I am talking to my brother Jimmy, asking if he remembers anything unusual about the day I was shot. He does not know I consider that day the last time my father, with his sweet home remedy of cool lily leaves, chose me, and that I suffered and raged inside because of this. "Well," he says, "all I remember is standing by the side of the highway with Daddy, trying to flag down a car. A white man stopped, but when Daddy said he needed somebody to take his little girl to the doctor, he drove off."

I remember:

I am in the desert for the first time. I fall totally in love with it. I am so overwhelmed by its beauty, I confront for the first time, consciously, the meaning of the doctor's words years ago: "Eyes are

sympathetic. If one is blind, the other will likely become blind too." I realize I have dashed about the world madly, looking at this, looking at that, storing up images against the fading of the light. But I might have missed seeing the desert! The shock of that possibility—and gratitude for over twenty-five years of sight—sends me literally to my knees. Poem after poem comes—which is perhaps how poets pray.

On Sight

I am so thankful I have seen
The Desert
And the creatures in the desert
And the desert Itself.

The desert has its own moon
Which I have seen
With my own eye.

There is no flag on it.

Trees of the desert have arms
All of which are always up
That is because the moon is up
The sun is up
Also the sky
The stars
Clouds
None with flags.

If there *were* flags, I doubt
the trees would point.

Would you?

But mostly, I remember this:

I am twenty-seven, and my baby daughter is almost three. Since her birth I have worried about her discovery that her mother's eyes are different from other people's. Will she be embarrassed? I think. What will she say? Every day she watches a television

program called "Big Blue Marble." It begins with a picture of the earth as it appears from the moon. It is bluish, a little battered-looking, but full of light, with whitish clouds swirling around it. Every time I see it I weep with love, as if it is a picture of Grandma's house. One day when I am putting Rebecca down for her nap, she suddenly focuses on my eye. Something inside me cringes, gets ready to try to protect myself. All children are cruel about physical differences, I know from experience, and that they don't always mean to be is another matter. I assume Rebecca will be the same.

But no-o-o-o. She studies my face intently as we stand, her inside and me outside her crib. She even holds my face maternally between her dimpled little hands. Then, looking every bit as serious and lawyerlike as her father, she says, as if it may just possibly have slipped my attention: "Mommy, there's a world in your eye." (As if, "Don't be alarmed, or do anything crazy.") And then, gently, but with great interest: "Mommy, where did you get that world in your eye?"

For the most part, the pain left then. (So what, if my brothers grew up to buy even more powerful pellet guns for their sons and to carry real guns themselves. So what, if a young "Morehouse man" once nearly fell off the steps of Trevor Arnett Library because he thought my eyes were blue.) Crying and laughing I ran to the bathroom, while Rebecca mumbled and sang herself off to sleep. Yes indeed, I realized, looking into the mirror. There was a world in my eye. And I saw that it was possible to love it: that in fact, for all it had taught me of shame and anger and inner vision, I did love it. Even to see it drifting out of orbit in boredom, or rolling up out of fatigue, not to mention floating back at attention in excitement (bearing witness, a friend has called it), deeply suitable to my personality, and even characteristic of me.

That night I dream I am dancing to Stevie Wonder's song "Always" (the name of the song is really "As," but I hear it as "Always"). As I dance, whirling and joyous, happier than I've ever

been in my life, another bright-faced dancer joins me. We dance and kiss each other and hold each other through the night. The other dancer has obviously come through all right, as I have done. She is beautiful, whole and free. And she is also me.

EXERCISES:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. What is the outline of the story? 2. Give general characteristic of the passage: the topic, the problematic points, and your impression. 3. Why did the main character's mother refuse the work offered by rich old white lady? What does this fact prove? 4. What do the facts that the main character's father tries to break down intense fever by lily leaves, her mother offers her soup when she has chills and they take her to see a doctor a week after the "accident" prove? 5. How did the main character's feelings, behavior and thoughts change after the accident? Did she really change? In what way if yes? 6. What was the main character's attitude towards herself after the accident? How could the fact that she was called "baby Alice", "a little mess", "the cutest thing" and "a whiz" before the accident and "one-eyed bitch" after it influence her? 7. How can the fact that the school was the former state penitentiary and children know where the electric chair was influence their personality? 8. What does the fact that parents bought even more forceful guns tell us about? 9. What brought relief to Alice? 10. To what extent does our appearance influence our psyche? 11. What kind of appearance is attractive to other people? Does it depend on the built, hair color, complexion, something else? 12. How did stereotypes of the ideal appearance change in the course of time? 13. Some people do not like their appearance. Why? 14. Is it a good idea to have plastic surgery to change one's appearance? 15. Would you like to change your appearance by plastic surgery? Why or why not? 16. What factors can influence one's character? 17. Does our character change

throughout our life? 18. Can you change a child's character to have a good-natured grown-up? How can you do it? 19. What kind of character do you have? Would you like to change it? Why or why not? What might happen if you managed to do it? 20. Now we speak about personal features – agree or disagree with the sentences to check how you understand English words denoting different personal characteristics:

- Someone who is selfish wants it all for himself.
- A merciless person does not feel sad to be cruel.
- To be benign is to be kind and friendly.
- A generous person takes everything he can get.
- Ruthless means unable to be cruel.
- A mean person is kind and generous.
- A benevolent person wants to do good and be kind.
- Daring is taking risks when it is easy to do so.
- If you are too afraid to move you are petrified.
- Timid is not having the time to be afraid.
- If you are bold you have courage.
- Apprehensive is being afraid in advance.
- A cowardly person runs toward danger.
- Audacious means being extremely brave or daring.
- Something scary makes you afraid.
- A courageous person does brave things.
- Intrepid means ready to run away again and again.

21. Complete the sentences with the correct word:

- A (spiteful, merciless, benign) person hurts you in little ways.
- The king was a good man and a (selfish, merciless,

benign) leader of his people.

- She was a (merciless, spiteful, selfish) tennis player and never gave her opponent even the smallest chance.
- A (ruthless, selfish, generous) man, he always gave money to the poor.
- She was so (mean, considerate, merciless) of others that she always served her guests their favorite foods even if she did not like them.
- He is so (benign, generous, selfish) – he will not even give you one French fry.
- The sick and dying loved the (benevolent, mean, ruthless) lady who came to visit them.
- It is (considerate, mean, selfish) to tie your grandmother's shoelaces together.
- It was a (cowardly, timid, bold) move to say no to the boss.
- To swim across the river at night was (audacious, scary, timid) of him.
- It was (intrepid, courageous, apprehensive) of her to pull the children from the fire.

22. Comment on the proverbs: You cannot judge a tree by its bark. You cannot judge the horse by the harness. Many a fine dish has nothing on it.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ... a subversive wit. 2. My mother, of course, will not go. 3. ... womanishness... 4. And got so much sense!" they gratefully add ... for which thoughtful addition I thank them to this day. 5. It was great fun being cute. 6. Eyes are sympathetic. 7. For six years I do not stare at anyone, because I do not raise my head. 8. I am the one sent away from home. 9. ... the anguish of never looking up. 10. I abuse my eye. 11. A white man stopped, but when Daddy said he

needed somebody to take his little girl to the doctor, he drove off. 12. There was a world in my eye. 13. ... for all it had taught me of shame and anger and inner vision, I did love it.

III. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). По-материнські; дівчисько-шибеник; цькувати; нахвалятися; страждання.

B). A quality of being confident and not really caring what other people think about you; to speak with a lot of pauses and repeated sounds, either because you have a speech problem, or because you are nervous; the student who has received the best marks all the way through school, and usually makes a speech at the graduation ceremony; someone who has done something illegal; the feeling of disbelief and surprise you have when something very unexpected happens, especially something bad or frightening..

IV. Written assignment:

Write about personality of the literature main character that appeals to you. Ground your choice. Use the words given below:

CHEERFUL: amusing, careless, joyful, talkative; UNHAPPY: complaining, helpless, hysterical, moody, pessimistic, unkempt; GOOD-NATURED: generous, having good intentions, loyal, non-confrontational, outgoing, straightforward, unpretentious; ILL-NATURED: bitchy, bossy, cowardly, insincere, mean, quarrelsome, repulsive, secretive, snobbish, stingy, vain, violent, wicked; BRAVE: decisive, reckless, risky, uncompromising; NOT BRAVE: cautious, hesitant, humble.

THE BOOK OF THE SHAMAN

by Nicholas Wood

(Extract)

We are not human beings by accident or by right; we are

merely two-legged creatures. Becoming a human being in the truest sense of the word is a journey we can undertake with joy – or a path we ignore at our peril.

The world has changed so much in the last two hundred years and change is accelerating so fast that we can feel dizzy just trying to keep up. Since the Industrial Revolution, we have gone from being a largely rural society to a society in which many of us rarely leave an urban environment. We experience the shifting seasons mostly by glimpsing the weather when we step outside our workplace or visit the supermarket, and by variations in the products we find on the shelves.

It is a world that our ancestors could scarcely have imagined, but beneath our feet – beneath the concrete and the steel, the stone and the gravel – is the earth. It has always been there, and we earth people walk upon it. We can choose to walk on it in contempt, or we can walk on it in a sacred way. Deep beneath the streets of New York, London, or Paris, our ancestors walked long ago and made a sacred connection with the earth. They held ceremonies and danced, called to the spirits, prayed, and found sacred enrichment.

Modern life can make the spiritual world seem remote and alien, yet most people still pick up pinecones in the park, or marvel at the shape of a seashell. There is an instinctive human need to wonder about the world and to communicate with it. A spiritual awareness of the world, a respectful acknowledgment of its total aliveness and wonder, is known as animism. Animists believe that a mountain has a spirit, that the earth has a spirit, and that a tree also has a spirit. They may speak to a thunderstorm or an ocean; they may talk to a car. Animism is the root of all the spiritual traditions on earth. It was the way our ancestors saw the world, and, deep down, it remains part of our nature. Tribal people throughout the world shared one central belief: they saw the world as being deeply alive. They shared a sense of being connected to the world, stitched into the sacred fabric of

creation – an important thread in the way things are.

Animism is the principle behind the ancient spiritual path of shamanism. A shaman is a person who is profoundly aware that the world is alive with spirits and spiritual energy. For the shaman, everything is alive and possesses a spirit. Everything is part of creation and equal to all other parts. Shamans have knowledge of the spiritual structure of life. He or she recognizes that the spirits of the mountains, the rivers, the ancestors, and all of the other spirits who share our world are available to us here and now. Shamans study the ways of the “old people” and of those who have gone before us, and find ways to communicate with the spirits all around them. They ask the spirits for help with healing, and learn to understand and assist the dance of life, the great dance of which we are all part.

The ways of the shaman are not meant to give you power over others, or to bring you material success; they are meant to bring you into closer contact with the dance in which all things move, to deepen your awareness of it, to allow you to experience the wonder of the seas and the moon, the tree and eagle – and to become a more complete being. Shamanism is not in you like some magical power. It is not something you do from yourself, in isolation, like a superhero. It is a dialogue and a service to the spirits.

Because all things are alive, all things must be respected. The ethics of shamanism is therefore of prime importance. The first step on the shamanic path is to learn that every action must be performed with respect and gratitude. You cannot simply go out and cut down a tree; the tree is a being just as you are. You need to talk to it, and thank it for its gifts.

In shamanic cultures, sickness is a spiritual matter. Illness is the result of a misalignment between the person and the world, or between the soul and the body, so shamans treat illness from a spiritual perspective. In the shamanic view, the most frequent reason for illness is “soul loss”. Many shamanic cultures see the human soul

as having a number of parts, and believe that certain of these can be lost or removed from the main core of the soul. The loss leaves the owner in a lethargic, depressed state – without vitality, fire, and passion for life. The sufferer may want to sleep a great deal, and have little appetite for food or stimuli. The person can become withdrawn, and may perceive life as a dream from which it is impossible to awaken. He or she may feel lightheaded, or fuzzy, and unable to act decisively.

Some shamans think that soul loss is epidemic in Western societies. In their view, spiritual starvation, isolation from the natural world, and an institutionalized powerlessness in the face of work and social demands cause many in the Western world to lose parts of their soul in order to survive. The illness and the sense of isolation experienced by many in Western society are symptomatic of this.

...You can walk only your own path – no one else's. You must learn your own strengths and weaknesses, your own language of sacredness.

Being a whole person means that you are not running around the edge of your life – you are standing firmly in the center of it. You have your emotions, your body, your mind, and your spirit, but you are more than these, because at the center of the wheel is your soul. Following a righteous path will help to make you a good and law-abiding person, but following a truly spiritual path will enable you to grow. On the spiritual path, life will seek you out and bring challenges that cause you to become bigger than you are.

Imagine for a moment that you are a flat circle with the four parts of yourself – mind, body, spirit, and emotion – all around you on the edge of that circle. Now widen this to visualize everyone in the same way. Picture us all with one leg in the center of the circle, as if we were big round tables with a single central leg.

If you have a lot of emotional weight at the south of your table, your table can tip and demand much of your everyday energy to stop

it from falling over. The same will be true of the north if you have mental concerns throwing that area out of balance. You could be so spiritual that you are no earthly good – making the east of your table top-heavy. Or perhaps you care too much about your physical comfort, tipping the west of your table. As your personal table tilts off balance – first one way, and then another - you need to expend a lot of energy just to prevent the entire table from falling over; you run around on the edge of your life.

Spiritual traditions spotlight this running around, and help you to deal with it. They show you how to clear your table of clutter, and to make it a sacred table, or *mesa*. The more you do this, the more you move into your sacred center, and connect with your soul, and as this happens, you become more grounded and balanced. Your table's central leg can support an enormous amount of weight if the weight is in the center of your life. It is only when we run around on the edge of our life that it is hard work.

Most of us do spend the best part of our lives running around the edge, expending all of our subtle energy. So what will you do when you suddenly have more energy at your disposal?

It may sound wonderful at first, but think for a moment. We live in a world filled with people living on the edge. It makes us all the same; the sharing is comfortable. We derive drama, entertainment, and companionship from living this way. If you move out of that habit, your relationship with others will change. That is the price of true wholeness.

Everything in this world is alive and related to you, so every place you go to gives the opportunity to perceive the world from a sacred viewpoint. Develop your awareness in your everyday life. As you walk down a street, try to sense the flow of energy along it. Do the same when you walk in the park; the land is alive even when it is filled with other people. Do not be too serious about it. Just tread lightly and explore the energy perceptions that you normally ignore.

As you go on your path, you will make mistakes; we all do. There will be times when you think you know so much, and discover that you know so very little. The spirits will go with you as you learn, and if you respect them and are open to the simple things they teach you, you will gain knowledge from them.

You will learn to walk gratefully on the earth, respecting yourself as a sacred being, and all others as sacred beings on the same sacred hoop. You will know when you are right without having the need to prove it, and step lightly on the knowledge of others, so as not to hurt it. You will know how to give direction to those who are lost. And when you are doing these things, your face will be turned towards being a human being – and the spirits will be with you.

EXERCISES:

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Give a summary of the passage. 2. Give general characteristic of the passage: the topic, the problematic points, your attitude to the ideas mentioned. 3. What are subtopics of the extract? 4. How can one become a human being in the truest sense of the word? 5. How would you characterize the present-day world in terms of our connection with nature? 6. What is animism? 7. Animism is characteristic to ancient people – can you prove that we all do possess such way of world perception too? 8. Who is a shaman? 9. What is shamanism in you for? 10. What is ethics of shamanism? 11. What is “soul loss”? 12. How can we become balanced? 13. What is the price of true wholeness? 14. How can we develop awareness in everyday life? Why should we do this? 15. What is meant by the word “path” in the passage? 16. Comment on the poems (define the main idea, speak on the emotional background) and explain how they may be related to our topic.

The Thinker

by Denise Fair
You sit there
 with your brilliant mind
 working at top rate.
People bow
 to your genius.
They worship your theories,
 your hypotheses
 and your brilliant deductions.
They make allowances for you,
 and support you,
 sustaining you.
So you can sit there
 with your head in your hand
 thinking,
Until your mind
 follows your body
 and turns to stone.

The Flame Within the Flame

by John Whyte
Have you ever seen the flame
within the flame of the flame
of a candle? A fellow tried
to show me once, but failed.
He's not the one to blame
I guess: he told me more –
like after you had seen
the flame within the flame
you'd never want to see the world again
the way it seemed before...
He said, I quote – There's a candle.

Without its flame it's nothing, right?
Not a candle at all, really, until
it's got a flame. Got a match?
Light it. Touch it lightly
to the wick, the match's fire,
and... flame. Now, he said,
the harder task, the one
that takes a surer touch
than mine and more than a match
is needed. We try to light
the flame within the flame.
You've got to light it
with your mind.
But here's the bind: I had to light
the flame within the flame
for he, my friend, was blind.

On Summer Days

by Nancy Senior

On summer days

In the flat land

Children hold to their ears a conch shell

To hear waves breaking inside the pearly
spirals

And wonder

That this small fragile house

Carries inside itself the ocean

V. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. We are not human beings by accident or by right; we are merely two-legged creatures. 2. Becoming a human being in the truest sense of the word is a journey we can undertake with joy – or a path we ignore at our peril. 3. The world has changed so much in the

last two hundred years and change is accelerating so fast that we can feel dizzy just trying to keep up. 4. We experience the shifting seasons mostly by glimpsing the weather when we step outside. 5. We can choose to walk on the earth in contempt, or we can walk on it in a sacred way. 6. Modern life can make the spiritual world seem remote and alien. 7. Illness is the result of a misalignment between the person and the world. 8. Some shamans think that soul loss is epidemic in Western societies. 9. ... an institutionalized powerlessness in the face of work and social demands... 10. You must learn your own language of sacredness. 11. On the spiritual path, life will seek you out and bring challenges that cause you to become bigger than you are. 12. You could be so spiritual that you are no earthly good. 13. They show you how to clear your table of clutter. 14. We live in a world filled with people living on the edge. 15. ... the sharing is comfortable.

VI. Find in the text equivalents for the following words and phrases.

A). На свій страх і ризик; обізнаність; визнання; спонука; замкнений, відлюдний; легковажний; метушливий; духовне голодування; доброчесний шлях; висвітлювати, ставити в центрі уваги.

B). Happening faster than usual or sooner than it is expected; with a feeling that somebody or something is not important and deserves no respect; holy; something that is able to be used or can easily be found; moral rules or principles of behavior for deciding what is right and wrong; to continue doing something; feeling as if you have no energy and no interest in doing anything; great strength, energy, eagerness and ability to do things; to form a picture of someone or something in your mind.

VII. Written assignment:

Investigate and write a paper on the topic “A dialogue between nature and people” using the words given below:

Acid rain, endangered species, extinct species, fertilizers, flora and fauna, fumes, habitat, marine, ozone layer, pesticides, pollution, rainforest, recycle, the greenhouse effect, toxic waste, ultraviolet light, vegetation, wildlife.

Для нотаток:

Навчальне видання

**НАВЧАЛЬНО-МЕТОДИЧНИЙ ПОСІБНИК
ДЛЯ ДОМАШНЬОГО ЧИТАННЯ
З АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ МОВИ**

Для студентів III курсу факультету іноземної філології

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