

The power of words	
enjeux et forme de communication : Art, in its many forms, has long served as a bridge between individuals, cultures, and generations. Beyond its aesthetic appeal, it functions as a powerful mode of communication – transmitting emotions, ideas, and stories that transcend the barriers of language and geography.	
	Can art challenge the way we think?
At the end of the Unit, I will	Decide on which book should be banned / be saved from the ban
What vocabulary will I need ?	Protesting challenging morality Censorship opinion
What grammatical structure will I need ?	Modal verb passive voice conditionals
What documents will be used ?	1- Protesting 1a- Blowing in the Wind, Bob Dylan, 1962 1b- On the Rainy River, Tim O'Brian, <i>The things they carried</i> 1990 2- challenging morality 2a- Once Upon a time, Nadine Gordimer, 1989 2b- How "Philadelphia" Has, And Hasn't, Changed How We See AIDS, abridged from Adam B. Vary, <i>BuzzFeed News Reporter</i>, December 4, 2018 2c- We ate the children last, <i>Yann Martel</i>, The guardian 2004 3- Censorship 3a- How it all began Ray Bradbury <i>Fahrenheit 451</i> October 19, 1953 3b- This Story is no Longer Available, Dface, 2025 3c : Common Reasons Given for Challenging or Banning Books, <i>Arizona State University Library Guide</i> Source: "Common Reasons for Banning Books," Fort Lewis College, John F. Reed Library. Banned Books, Censorship & Free Speech, Web. March 19, 2014 3d- Banned books: What a new wave of restrictions could mean for students , USA TODAY, 2022 4- Rewriting our classics? 4a- Changes to Roald Dahl's classic children's books spark censorship spat, Lianne Kolirin, <i>CNN</i>, Feb 11 2023- 4b- why books should never be banned, Chimamanda Ngozi, BBC sounds 2023

What will I learn about ?	How art is a powerful mean of communication
Final Task	A new list of ban books has been issued. You will need to save one of it

INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUR FINAL TASK :

1- You will have an hour full to write your justification

2- you will need **to pick one book** from the list bellow;

The Handmaid's tale

Harry Potter

the Catcher in the Rhye

Mauss

Born a Crime

1984

of mice and men

3- **AND choose** another piece of art (book, song, painting...)

4- you will be entitled bullet notes on the English book you have decided to pick above (short summary- list of people...)

5- you may use one of the books we have studied

6- you must give your opinion on how these 2 pieces of art are challenging communication.

Can art challenge the way we think?

1- Protesting

1a- Blowing in the Wind, Bob Dylan, 1962

travail sur la chanson:

We find a series of questions about peace, war, and freedom that, frustratingly, still haven't been answered today. It is a song that doesn't tell us what to think; it asks us to look around and see the obvious.

The song became the anthem of the Civil Rights Movement not because it was angry, but because it was undeniable. Bob Dylan adapted the melody from an old spiritual, "No More Auction Block," connecting his new words to a long history of struggle. We love how he stripped away the complex poetry he is known for and left us with something a child could sing, but only an adult could truly feel.

Travail à partir de l'écoute de la chanson: feeling, rythm, lyrics
puis travail sur la chanson en elle meme

1b- On the Rainy River, Tim O'Brian, *The things they carried* 1990

3 partie: moment où il

reçoit la lettre, moment où il s'enfuit, moment où il prend sa décision

(https://pages.uoregon.edu/eherman/teaching/texts/OBrien_TheThingsTheyCarried.pdf)

Reading circle: cf fichier dédié pdf

consigne: Read the text and prepare your role

Mettre les élèves ensemble par rôle et par texte pour échanger en début d'heure puis les remettre par

groupe de 5 (un rôle sur chacun des textes, par groupe)

débuter le reading circle:

You will work in groups, and discuss the text all together. I will give the group a task after this discussion. You

must make the best of the 15 minutes I will give you.

faire faire reading circle (3 min par personne => 15 minutes) puis leur donner la consigne finale:

travail de groupe: each group will write the blurb (100/150 mots) and a few sentence from the reviews

échange entre groupe: reconstitution de la nouvelle

what is the story about? What message is conveyed?

Summarize it in 5 questions

confrontations des questions / points de vu

2- challenging morality

2a- Once Upon a time, Nadine Gordimer, 1989 : lecture, explication

mise en valeur de l'appartheid

// entre les blancs et les noirs, traitement, raison pour laquelle l'histoire est écrite

2b- How "Philadelphia" Has, And Hasn't, Changed How We See AIDS, abridged from Adam B. Vary, *BuzzFeed News Reporter*, December 4, 2018

travail sur le pourquoi de l'importance de ce film ce que ça apporter

2c- We ate the children last, *Yann Martel*, The guardian 2004

travail sur la nouvelle en deux parties: étude partie 1

puis travail sur la fin de la nouvelle: what do you think will happen, and confrontation avec ce qui se passe pour de vrai

3- Censorship

3a- How it all began Ray Bradbury *Fahrenheit 451* October 19, 1953:

donner le texte sans contexte, faire faire deviner ce qui se passe, les raisons, l'origine mise en commun au tableau (prévoir 4 groupes): à partir de cette mise en commun explication à l'oral puis écriture en pairwork dans le cahier.

3b- this story is no longer available (mural by DFace)

Anne-Charlotte Legrand, lycée Alain – Académie de Versailles

Houston, TX 77002

Details

Artist: DFace

The mural is about books and their key role in supporting a diversity of opinions, tolerance, and freedom of speech. Books are essential and have always been across cultures and times. They are how knowledge is preserved and shared and act as doorways to connecting us with the diversity of the world around us.

In an increasingly polarized world, books are fundamental to keep open dialogues and conversations.

The mural comes in support of the @unitednations Sustainable Development Goal #4 about ensuring quality education for all, and #16.10 about freedom of speech

3c : Common Reasons Given for Challenging or Banning Books, *Arizona State University Library Guide* Source: "Common Reasons for Banning Books," Fort Lewis College, John F. Reed Library. Banned Books, Censorship & Free Speech. November 15, 2013. Web. March 19, 2014

lecture et classement des arguments

conclusion: est-ce vraiment entendable?

Liste de livres auquel on pense qui pourraient être bannis: réfléchir à pourquoi

échange: conclusion

would you or would you not?

3d- Banned books: What a new wave of restrictions could mean for students , USA TODAY, 2022 :

CO classique en exercice

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kDcqAsyg_hc

4- **Rewriting our classics?**

4a- Changes to Roald Dahl's classic children's books spark censorship spat, Lianne Kolirin, *CNN, Feb 11 2023-*

4b- why books should never be banned BBC sounds – CO – noté

idée DST:

Mildred backed away as if she were suddenly confronted by a pack of mice that had come up out of the floor. He could hear her breathing rapidly and her face was paled out and her eyes were fastened wide. She said his name over, twice, three times. Then moaning, she ran forward, seized a book and ran toward the kitchen incinerator.

He caught her, shrieking. He held her and she tried to fight away from him, scratching.

"No, Millie, no! Wait! Stop it, will you? You don't know... stop it!" He slapped her face, he grabbed her again and shook her.

She said his name and began to cry.

"Millie!" he said. "Listen. Give me a second, will you? We can't do anything. We can't burn these. I want to look at them, at least look at them once. Then if what the Captain says is true, we'll burn them together, believe me, we'll burn them together. You must help me." He looked down into her

face and took hold of her chin and held her firmly. He was looking not only at her, but for himself and what he must do, in her face. "Whether we like this or not, we're in it. I've never asked for much from you in all these years, but I ask it now, I plead for it. We've got to start somewhere here, figuring out why we're in such a mess, you and the medicine at night, and the car, and me and my work. We're heading right for the cliff, Millie. God, I don't want to go over. This isn't going to be easy. We haven't anything to go on, but maybe we can piece it out and figure it and help each other. I need you so much right now, I can't tell you. If you love me at all you'll put up with this, twenty-four, forty-eight hours, that's all I ask, then it'll be over. I promise, I swear! And if there is something here, just one little thing out of a whole mess of things, maybe we can pass it on to someone else."

She wasn't fighting any more, so he let her go. She sagged away from him and slid down the wall, and sat on the floor looking at the books. Her foot touched one and she saw this and pulled her foot away.

"That woman, the other night, Millie, you weren't there. You didn't see her face. And Clarisse. You never talked to her. I talked to her. And men like Beatty are afraid of her. I can't understand it. Why should they be so afraid of someone like her? But I kept putting her alongside the firemen in the house last night, and I suddenly realized I didn't like them at all, and I didn't like myself at all any more. And I thought maybe it would be best if the firemen themselves were burnt."

Ray Bradbury *Fahrenheit 451* October 19, 1953,



Common Reasons Given for Challenging or Banning Books, *Arizona State University Library Guide*

Each book that is banned or censored is done so for the content within the pages. There are a few common reasons that books have been banned or censored in schools, libraries, and book stores. These include:

Racial Issues: About and/or encouraging racism towards one or more group of people.

Encouragement of "Damaging" Lifestyles: Content of book encourages lifestyle choices that are not of the norm or could be considered dangerous or damaging. This could include drug use, co-habitation without marriage, or homosexuality.

Blasphemous Dialog: The author of the book uses words such as "God" or "Jesus" as profanity. This could also include any use of profanity or swear words within the text that any reader might find offensive.

Sexual Situations or Dialog: Many books with content that include sexual situations or dialog are banned or censored.

Violence or Negativity: Books with content that include violence are often banned or censored. Some books have also been deemed too negative or depressing and have been banned or censored as well.

Presence of Witchcraft: Books that include magic or witchcraft themes. A common example of these types of books are J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter Series.

Religious Affiliations (unpopular religions): Books have been banned or censored due to an unpopular religious views or opinions in the content of the book. This is most commonly related to satanic or witchcraft themes found in the book. Although, many books have also been banned or censored for any religious views in general that might not coincide with the public view.

Political Bias: Most Commonly occurs when books support or examine extreme political parties/philosophies such as: fascism, communism, anarchism, etc.

Age Inappropriate: These books have been banned or censored due to their content and the age level at which they are aimed. In some cases children's books are viewed to have "inappropriate" themes for the age level at which they are written for.

Source: "Common Reasons for Banning Books," Fort Lewis College, John F. Reed Library. Banned Books, Censorship & Free Speech. November 15, 2013. Web. March 19, 2014.

Changes to Roald Dahl's classic children's books spark censorship spat

Dahl, who died in 1990 at age 76, was the creator of characters such as Matilda, the BFG, Fantastic Mr. Fox, Willy Wonka and the Twits. His books have sold more than 300 million copies and have been translated into 63 languages, while there have been numerous adaptations of his work.

4b- Changes to Roald Dahl's classic children's books spark censorship spat

Dahl, who died in 1990 at age 76, was the creator of characters such as Matilda, the BFG and, Willy Wonka. His books have sold more than 300 million copies and have been translated into 63 languages, while there have been numerous adaptations of his work for both the big and small screens. However, the author has long been regarded as controversial and in 2020 his estate officially apologized for antisemitic comments made during his lifetime.

It has now emerged that current editions of his books, published by Puffin, feature the following wording at the bottom of the copyright page: "Words matter. The wonderful words of Roald Dahl can transport you to different worlds and introduce you to the most marvelous characters. This book was written many years ago and so we regularly review the language to ensure that it can continue to be enjoyed by all today." These revisions have been worked on by "sensitivity readers" from an organization called Inclusive Minds, which describes itself as "a collective for people who are passionate about inclusion, diversity, equality and accessibility in children's literature, and are committed to changing the face of children's books."

In a lengthy report published on Saturday, British newspaper The Daily Telegraph revealed that it had found hundreds of changes across the author's many children's books. Close analysis by its journalists revealed that language relating to gender, race, weight, mental health and violence had been cut or rewritten. This included removing words such as "fat" and "ugly," as well as descriptions using the colors black and white. Journalists working on the piece found 59 changes in "The Witches" alone."

Booker prizewinner Salman Rushdie took to Twitter Saturday to voice his opposition to the move by Puffin, in conjunction with the late author's estate. "Roald Dahl was no angel but this is absurd censorship. Puffin Books and the Dahl estate should be ashamed,". Rushdie, 75, is no stranger to the debate around censorship. Following the release of his 1988 novel "The Satanic Verses," the then-Iranian leader Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini issued a fatwa calling for his death. The Indian-born author lost the sight in one eye after being attacked at a lecture in New York last year.

Even British Prime Minister Rishi Sunak has now waded into the Dahl controversy, speaking out against the move to update the books. When asked at a press briefing on Monday whether it is right to censor children's books, Sunak's spokesperson replied: "When it comes to our rich and varied literary heritage, the Prime Minister agrees with the BFG that you shouldn't 'gobblefunk' around with words." The spokesperson added "We've always defended the right to free speech and expression."

In a statement sent to CNN, the author's estate, the Roald Dahl Story Company, explained that the current review with Puffin, and in partnership with Inclusive Minds, began in 2020 -- the year before Dahl's works were acquired by Netflix. It said: "We want to ensure that Roald Dahl's wonderful stories and characters continue to be enjoyed by all children today. When publishing new print runs of books written years ago, it's not unusual to review the language used alongside updating other details including a book's cover and page layout. Our guiding principle throughout has been to maintain the storylines, characters, and the irreverence and sharp-edged spirit of the original text. Any changes made have been small and carefully considered."

Suzanne Nossel, CEO of PEN America, a network of writers protecting freedom of expression, responded angrily to news of the revisions on social media. In a thread of 13 tweets, she said the organization was "alarmed" by the changes. She wrote: "If we start down the path of trying to correct for perceived slights instead of allowing readers to receive and react to books as written, we risk distorting the work of great authors and clouding the essential lens that literature

offers on society."

Philip Pullman, the acclaimed author of the "His Dark Materials" fantasy series, took a somewhat different approach to the news. While he did not express support for the changes, he told BBC Radio 4's "Today" show that Dahl's books should be left to "fade away." He highlighted the fact that whatever changes might be made today, millions of older editions are circulating in schools, libraries, second-hand stores and elsewhere. He said: "All those words are still there. Are you going to round up all the books and cross them out with a big black pen?" Pullman acknowledged that language changes over time and said children should be encouraged to pick up alternative authors. Of Dahl's books, he said: "Let them fade away -- read better writers."

Lianne Kolirin, *CNN, Feb 11 2023*

How "Philadelphia" Has, And Hasn't, Changed How We See AIDS

In 1988, screenwriter Ron Nyswaner got a distraught phone call from filmmaker Jonathan Demme. Demme's best friend had just been diagnosed with AIDS — then a death sentence that promised unspeakable suffering. According to Demme, the only thing he knew to do with his grief and terror was to make a movie about the disease, and he wanted to know if Nyswaner would make it with him. "My response was immediate. I said, 'Of course.'" At that time, AIDS had been ravaging the country for seven years, devastating an entire generation of gay men and stoking a palpable and unshakable panic. It was no less than a public health catastrophe, but the entertainment industry had done almost nothing on a major scale to depict it.

Anti-LGBT prejudice had only just started in the 1970s, but the hysteria over AIDS in the 1980s had literalized the lie that LGBT people were dangerous. An openly gay lead character still felt practically impossible, let alone one with a terminal illness. In that hostile environment, making the first mainstream movie about a gay man with AIDS could have seemed exceptionally daunting. To have a real impact within the culture, however, Nyswaner and Demme quickly realized they had to take the biggest swing possible with their film. Nyswaner said. "We knew we wanted to make a mainstream, commercial success ... that would appeal to the largest audience possible."

They succeeded. *Philadelphia* opened on Dec. 22, 1993, and was an immediate hit. The film was No. 1 at the domestic box office two weekends in a row. Tom Hanks won the Oscar for Best Actor for playing the film's hero, Andrew Beckett, a gay lawyer with AIDS, and Bruce Springsteen won an Oscar and multiple Grammys for his haunting song "Streets of Philadelphia," which opens the film.

After their initial conversation, Demme and Nyswaner settled on the reassuring structure of the courtroom drama, which would allow an audience to watch their protagonist actively participate in fighting discrimination. After Andrew is suddenly fired from his prestigious law firm, he suspects it's because the managing partners realized he's gay and has AIDS, two facts he'd hidden from them. Andy decides to sue for wrongful termination. The only lawyer who will represent him, however, is Joe Miller (Denzel Washington). He initially begs off working with Andy out of his fear of AIDS and loathing of gay people, and only agrees to take the case after he witnesses Andy experiencing the kind of casual discrimination in a law library that Joe knows all too well as a black man trying to build a career as a lawyer. Joe's slow-burn friendship with Andy ends up forming the heart of the movie.

Watching *Philadelphia* today, though, what is even more striking is how Andy and Miguel's relationship as a loving, committed couple *still* feels uncommon — in any mainstream entertainment. Of all the potentially controversial elements in *Philadelphia*, the scene that often caused audiences to react with the most vocal incredulity when it first played in theaters was when Andy and Miguel visit Andy's entire family at his childhood home, and they shower them both with unequivocal love and support. American attitudes about LGBT civil rights have undergone such a radical transformation in the last 25 years that it's bracing to recall a time when it was such an

accepted truth that gay people were universally rejected by their families that portraying otherwise came off like a preposterous fantasy.

If the depiction of Andy's family has caught up with the times, the element of *Philadelphia* that feels the most of its own time is the character of Joe — namely, his flagrant homophobia. In one early scene, Joe spells out to his wife how much the idea of gay people and gay sex repulses him. At the time, Joe was meant to be the surrogate for the vast majority of the film's intended audience.

The most poignant and heartbreaking aspect of *Philadelphia* now is how it stands as one of the only documents — and certainly the most well known — of what it meant to be alive at that time, and of the people who no longer are. On Jan. 1, 1995, just over a year after the movie opened, the New York Times reported that of the 53 people with HIV or AIDS who appear in *Philadelphia*, 43 had already died. "I watch the movie with a lot of grief," Nyswaner said. "I knew most of those people. So to me, I'm looking at a photo book of people that are gone." In the same breath, however, Nyswaner described making the movie as a "joyful" experience. "It's all very personal," he said. "I understand that there's a sociological aspect to this movie, but it was the greatest two or three years of my life in many ways. ... The set was filled with joy."

abridged from Adam B. Vary, *BuzzFeed News Reporter*, December 4, 2018

We ate the Children last – Part 1

The first human trial was on Patient D, a 56-year-old male, single and childless, who was suffering from colon cancer. He was a skeletal man with white, bloodless skin who could no longer ingest even clear fluids. He was aware that his case was terminal and he waived all rights to legal redress should the procedure go wrong. His recovery was astounding. Two days after the operation, he ate six lunch meals in one sitting. He gained 24 kilos in two weeks. Clearly, his liver, pancreas and gall bladder, the source of greatest worry, had adapted to the transplant. The only side-effect noted at the time concerned his diet. Patient D rapidly came to dislike sweet dishes, then spicy ones, then cooked food altogether. He began to eat bananas and oranges without peeling them. A nurse reported that one morning she found him eating the flowers in his room.

The French medical team felt vindicated. Until then, the success rate of full-organ xenografts was zero; all transplants of animal organs to humans - the hearts, livers and bone marrow of baboons, the kidneys of chimpanzees - had failed. The only real achievement in the field was the grafting of pigs' heart valves to repair human hearts and, to a lesser extent, of pigs' skin on to burn victims.

The team decided to examine the species more closely. But the process of rendering pigs' organs immunologically inert proved difficult, and few organs were compatible. The potential of the pig's digestive system, despite its biological flexibility, stirred little interest in the scientific community, especially among the Americans; it was assumed that the porcine organ would be too voluminous and that its high caloric output would induce obesity in a human. The French were certain that their simple solution to the double problem - using the digestive system of a smaller, pot-bellied species of pig - would become the stuff of scientific legend, like Newton's apple. "We have put into this man a source of energy both compact and powerful - a Ferrari engine!" boasted the leader of the medical team.

Patient D was monitored closely. When asked about what he ate, he was evasive. A visit to his apartment three months after the operation revealed that his kitchen was barren; he had sold everything in it, including fridge and stove, and his cupboards were empty. He finally confessed that he went out at night and picked at garbage. Nothing pleased him more, he said, than to gorge himself on putrid sausages, rotten fruit, mouldy brie, baguettes gone green, skins and carcasses, and

other soured leftovers and kitchen waste. He spent a good part of the night doing this, he admitted, since he no longer felt the need for much sleep and was embarrassed about his diet. The medical team would have been concerned except that his haemoglobin count was excellent, his blood pressure was ideal, and further tests revealed what was plain to the eye: the man was bursting with good health. He was stronger and fitter than he had been in all his life.

Regulatory approval came swiftly. The procedure replaced chemotherapy as the standard treatment for all cancers of the digestive tract that did not respond to radiotherapy.

Les Bons Samaritains, a lobby group for the poor, thought to apply this wondrous medical solution to a social problem. They suggested that the operation be made available to those receiving social assistance. The poor often had unwholesome diets, at a cost both to their health and to the state, which had to spend so much on medical care. What better, more visionary remedy than a procedure that in reducing food budgets to nothing created paragons of fitness? A cleverly orchestrated campaign of petitions and protests - " Malnutrition: zéro! Déficit: zéro! " read the banners - easily overcame the hesitations of the government.

The procedure caught on among the young and the bohemian, the chic and the radical, among all those who wanted a change in their lives. The opprobrium attached to eating garbage vanished completely. In short order, the restaurant became a retrograde institution, and the eating of prepared food a sign of attachment to deplorable worldly values. A revolution of the gut was sweeping through society. "Liberté! Liberté! " was the cry of the operated. The meaning of wealth was changing. It was all so heady. The telltale mark of the procedure was a scar at the base of the throat; it was a badge we wore with honour.

Yann Martel, *The Guardian*, Jul 2004

We ate the Children last – Part 2

Little was made at the time of a report by the Société protectrice des animaux on the surprising drop in the number of stray cats and dogs. Garbage became a sought-after commodity.

Unscrupulous racketeers began selling it. Dumps became dangerous places. Garbage collectors were assaulted. The less fortunate resorted to eating grass.

Then old people began vanishing without a trace. Mothers who had turned away momentarily were finding their baby carriages empty. The government reacted swiftly. In a matter of three days, the army descended upon every one of the operated, without discrimination between the law-abiding and the criminal. The newspaper *Le Cochon Libre* tried to put out a protest, but the police raided their offices and only a handful of copies escaped destruction. There were terrible scenes during the round-up: neighbours denouncing neighbours, children being separated from their families, men, women and children being stripped in public to look for telling scars, summary executions of people who tried to escape. Internment camps were set up, nearly always in small, remote towns: Les Milles, Gurs, Le Vernet d'Ariège, Beaune-la-Rolande, Pithiviers, Recebedou.

No provisions were made for food in any of the camps. The story was the same in all of them: first the detainees ate their clothes and went naked. Then the weaker men and women disappeared.

Then the rest of the women. Then more of the men. Then we ate those we loved most. The last known prisoner was an exceptional brute by the name of Jean Proti. After 41 days without a morsel of food except his own toes and ears, and after 30 hours of incessant screaming, he died.

I escaped. I still have a good appetite, but there is a moral rot in this country that even I can't digest. Everyone knew what happened, and how and where. To this day everyone knows. But no one talks about it and no one is guilty. I must live with that

Yann Martel, *The Guardian*, Jul 2004

How it all began

" When did it all start, you ask, this job of ours, how did it come about, where, when? Well, I'd say it really got started around about a thing called the Civil War. Even though our rule-book claims it was founded earlier. The fact is we didn't get along well until photography came into its own. Then—motion pictures in the early twentieth century. Radio. Television. Things began to have mass.

Now let's take up the minorities in our civilization, shall we? Bigger the population, the more minorities. Don't step on the toes of the dog-lovers, the cat-lovers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, Mormons, Baptists, Unitarians, second-generation Chinese, Swedes, Italians, Germans, Texans, Brooklynites, Irishmen, people from Oregon or Mexico. The bigger your market, Montag, the less you handle controversy, remember that! All the minor minor minorities with their navels to be kept clean. Authors, full of evil thoughts, lock up your typewriters. They did. It didn't come from the Government down. There was no dictum, no declaration, no censorship, to start with, no! Technology, mass exploitation, and minority pressure carried the trick, thank God. Today, thanks to them, you can stay happy all the time.

You must understand that our civilization is so vast that we can't have our minorities upset and stirred. Ask yourself, What do we want in this country, above all? People want to be happy, isn't that right? Haven't you heard it all your life? I want to be happy, people say. Well, aren't they? Don't we keep them moving, don't we give them fun? That's all we live for, isn't it? For pleasure, for titillation? And you must admit our culture provides plenty of these."

"Yes."

"Coloured people don't like Little Black Sambo. Burn it. White people don't feel good about Uncle Tom's Cabin. Burn it. Someone's written a book on tobacco and cancer of the lungs? The cigarette people are weeping? Burn the book. Serenity, Montag. Peace, Montag. Take your fight outside. Better yet, into the incinerator. Funerals are unhappy and pagan? Eliminate them, too. Five minutes after a person is dead he's on his way to the Big Flue, the Incinerators serviced by helicopters all over the country. Ten minutes after death a man's a speck of black dust. Let's not quibble over individuals with memoriams. Forget them. Burn them all, burn everything. Fire is bright and fire is clean."

Ray Bradbury *Fahrenheit 451* October 19, 1953

Exercise 1 — Modal verbs

Complete each sentence with the appropriate modal verb : **must, should, can, could, might, may, will**. Choose the one that best fits the meaning according to you.

1. In *Blowin' in the Wind*, Dylan suggests that people _____ question injustice instead of simply accepting it.
 2. In *On the Rainy River*, Tim O'Brien _____ make a difficult moral decision when he is faced with the possibility of going to war.
 3. Governments _____ be careful when they decide whether a book is dangerous, because censorship can limit freedom of expression.
 4. Some readers _____ find *Fahrenheit 451* disturbing because it presents a society where books are forbidden.
 5. When rewriting classic children's books, publishers _____ consider both modern sensitivities and the importance of preserving the author's original voice.
-

Exercise 2 — Passive voice

Rewrite each sentence in the **passive voice**. Keep the meaning and the tense as close as possible to the original.

1. Some readers have challenged *Once Upon a Time* because of its disturbing representation of violence.
 2. Censors banned many books from schools and libraries in different periods of history.
 3. The film *Philadelphia* changed the way many people saw AIDS and discrimination.
 4. Publishers have changed some words in Roald Dahl's classic children's books.
 5. Critics are currently debating whether these changes should be made to other classic works.
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Exercise 3 — Conditionals

Complete each sentence with the correct form of the verbs in brackets. Use the **first, second or third conditional** where appropriate.

1. If people _____ (listen) more carefully to protest songs such as *Blowin' in the Wind*, they might become more aware of social injustice.
2. If Tim O'Brien _____ (refuse) to go to war, his life could have taken a completely different direction.
3. If a government _____ (ban) books simply because they contain controversial ideas, students may have fewer opportunities to question society.
4. If *Fahrenheit 451* were written today, Bradbury _____ (probably / explore) new forms of censorship and technology.
5. If publishers had not changed some of Roald Dahl's books, the recent debate about rewriting classics _____ (not / become) so controversial

Once upon a Time

Someone has written to ask me to contribute to an anthology of stories for children. I reply that I don't write children's stories; and he writes back that at a recent congress/book fair/seminar a certain novelist said every writer ought to write at least one story for children. I think of sending a postcard saying I don't accept that I "ought" to write anything.

And then last night I woke up or rather was awakened without knowing what had roused me.

A voice in the echo-chamber of the subconscious?

A sound.

A creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor. I listened. I felt the apertures of my ears distend with concentration. Again: the creaking. I was waiting for it; waiting to hear if it indicated that feet were moving from room to room, coming up the passage – to my door. I have no burglar bars, no gun under the pillow, but I have the same fears as people who do take these precautions, and my windowpanes are thin as rime, could shatter like a wineglass. A woman was murdered (how do they put it) in broad daylight in a house two blocks away, last year, and the fierce dogs who guarded an old widower and his collection of antique clocks were strangled before he was knifed by a casual laborer he had dismissed without pay.

I was staring at the door, making it out in my mind rather than seeing it, in the dark. I lay quite still – a victim already-- the arrhythmia of my heart was fleeing, knocking this way and that against its body-cage. How finely tuned the senses are, just out of rest, sleep! I could never listen intently as that in the distractions of the day, I was reading every faintest sound, identifying and classifying its possible threat.

But I learned that I was to be neither threatened nor spared. There was no human weight pressing on the boards, the creaking was a buckling, an epicenter of stress.

I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my bodyrelease me to sleep again. So I began to tell myself a story, a bedtime story.

In a house, in a suburb, in a city, there were a man and his wife who loved each other very much and were living happily ever after. They had a little boy, and they loved him very much. They had a cat and a dog that the little boy loved very much. They had a car and a caravan trailer for holidays, and a swimming-pool which was fenced so that the little boy and his playmates would not fall in and drown. They had a housemaid who was absolutely trustworthy and an itinerant gardener who was highly recommended by the neighbors. For when they began to live happily ever after they were warned, by that wise old witch, the husband's mother, not to take on anyone off the street. They were inscribed in a medical benefit society, their pet dog was licensed, they were insured against fire, flood damage and theft, and subscribed to the local Neighborhood Watch, which supplied them with a plaque for their gates lettered YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED over the silhouette of a would-be intruder. He was masked; it could not be said if he was black or white, and therefore proved the property owner was no racist.

It was not possible to insure the house, the swimming pool or the car against riot damage. There were riots, but these were outside the city, where people of another color were quartered. These people were not allowed into the suburb except as reliable housemaids and gardeners, so there was nothing to fear, the husband told the wife. Yet she was afraid that some day such people might come up the street and tear off the plaque YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and open the gates and stream in... Nonsense, my dear, said the husband, there are police and soldiers and tear-gas and guns to keep them away. But to please herfor he loved her very much and buses were being burned, cars stone and schoolchildren shot by the police in those quarters out of sight and hearing of the suburbhe had electronically controlled gates fitted. Anyone who pulled off the sign YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and tried to open the gates would have to announce his intentions by pressing a button and speaking into a receiver relayed to the house. The little boy was fascinated by the device and used it as a walkie-talkie in cops and robbers play with his small friends.

The riots were suppressed, but there were many burglaries in the suburb and somebody's trusted housemaid was tied up and shut in a cupboard by thieves while she was in charge of her employers' house. The trusted housemaid of the man and wife and little boy was so upset by this misfortune befalling a friend left, as she herself often was, with responsibility for the possessions of the man and his wife and the little boy that she implored her employers to have burglar bars attached to the doors and windows of the house, and an alarm system installed. The wife said, She is right, let us take heed of her advice. So from every window and door in the house where they were living happily ever after they now saw the tree and sky through bars, and when the little boy's pet cat tried to climb in by the fanlight to keep him company in his little bed at night, as it customarily had done, it set off the alarm keening through the house.

The alarm was often answered it seemed by other burglar alarms, in other houses, that had been triggered by pet cats or nibbling mice. The alarms called to one another across the gardens in shrills and bleats and wails that everyone soon became accustomed to, so that the din roused the inhabitants of the suburb no more than the croak of frogs and musical grating of cicadas' legs.

Then the time came when many of the people who were not trusted housemaids and gardeners hung about the suburb because they were unemployed. Some importuned for a job: weeding or painting a roof; anything, madam. But the man and his wife remembered the warning about taking on anyone off the street. Some drank liquor and fouled the street with discarded bottles. Some begged, waiting for the man or his wife to drive the car out of the electronically operated gates. They sat about with their feet in the gutters for it was a beautiful suburb, spoiled only by their presence and sometimes they fell asleep lying right before the gates in the midday sun. The wife could never see anyone go hungry. She sent the trusted housemaid out with bread and tea, but the trusted housemaid said these were **loafers** and **tsotsis**, who would come and tie her and shut her in a cupboard. The husband said, She's right. Take heed of her advice. You only encourage them with your bread and tea. They are looking for their chance . . . And he brought the little boy's tricycle from the garden into the house every night, because if the house was surely secure, once locked and with the alarm set, someone might still be able to climb over the wall or the electronically closed gates into the garden.

You are right, said the wife, then the wall should be higher. And the wise old witch, the husband's mother, paid for the extra bricks as her Christmas present to her son and his wife, the little boy got a Space Man outfit and a book of fairy tales.

But every week there were more reports of intrusion: in broad daylight and the dead of night, in the early hours of the morning, and even in the lovely summer twilight a certain family was at dinner while the bedrooms were being ransacked upstairs. The man and his wife, talking of latest armed robbery in the suburb, were distracted by the sight of the little boy's pet cat effortlessly arriving over the seven-foot wall, descending first with a rapid bracing of extended forepaws down on the sheer vertical surface, and then a graceful launch, landing with swishing tail within the property. The whitewashed wall was marked with the cat's comings and goings; and on the street side of the wall there were larger red-earth smudges that could have been made by the kind of broken running shoes, seen on the feet of unemployed loiterers, that had no innocent destination.

When the man and wife and little boy took the pet dog for its walk round the neighborhood streets they no longer paused to admire this show of roses or that perfect lawn; these were hidden behind an array of different varieties of security fences, walls and devices. The man, wife, little boy and dog passed a remarkable choice. While the little boy and the pet dog raced ahead, the husband and wife found themselves comparing the possible effectiveness of each style against its appearance; and after several weeks when they paused before this barricade or that without needing to speak, both came out with the conclusion that only one was worth considering. It was the ugliest but the most honest in its suggestion of the pure concentration-camp style, no frills, all evident efficacy. Placed the length of walls, it consisted of a continuous coil of stiff and shining metal serrated into jagged blades, so that there would be no way of climbing over it and no way through its tunnel without getting entangled in its fangs. There would be no way out, only a struggle getting bloodier and bloodier, a deeper and sharper hooking and tearing of flesh. The wife shuddered to look at it. You're right, said the husband, anyone would think twice... And they took heed of the advice on a small board fixed to the wall: Consult DRAGON'S TEETH The People For Total Security.

Next day a gang of workmen came and stretched the razor-bladed coils all round the walls of the house where the husband and wife and little boy and pet dog and cat were living happily ever after. The sunlight flashed and slashed, off the serrations, the cornice of razor thorns encircled the home, shining. The husband said, Never mind. It will weather. The wife said, You're wrong. They guarantee it's rust-proof. And she waited until the little boy had run off to play before she said, I hope the cat will take heed . . . The husband said, Don't worry, my dear, cats always look before they leap. And it was true that from that day on the cat slept in the little boy's bed and kept to the garden, never risking a try at breaching security.

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One evening, the mother read the little boy to sleep with a fairy story from the book the wise old witch had given him at Christmas. Next day he pretended to be the Prince who braves the terrible thicket of thorns to enter the palace and kiss the Sleeping Beauty back to life: he dragged a ladder to the wall, the shining coiled tunnel was just wide enough for his little body to creep in, and with the first fixing of its razor-teeth in his knees and hands and head he screamed and struggled deeper into its tangle. The trusted housemaid and the itinerant gardener, whose "day" it was, came running, the first to see and to scream with him, and the itinerant gardener tore his hands trying to get at the little boy. Then the man and his wife burst wildly into the garden and for some reason (the cat, probably) the alarm set up wailing against the screams while the bleeding mass of the little boy was hacked out of the security coil with saws, wire-cutters, choppers, and they carried it he man, the wife, the hysterical trusted housemaid and the weeping gardener into the house.

Nadine Gordimer, 1986

loafers :

tsotsis: hooligans