**Lingua Inglese II**

a.a. 2019/2020

Course description: sample texts

TEXT (2)

**Keep off! Tate seed artwork restricted over dust risk**

A vast carpet of more than 100 million porcelain "seeds"[[1]](#footnote-1) in the Tate Modern has been declared out of bounds to art lovers only two days after it opened because it poses a health threat.

Visitors to the London gallery were initially allowed to walk on the imitation sunflower seeds, which cover 1,000 square metres of its Turbine Hall, but that has now changed. (Robert Dex, *The Independent*, 15 October 2010)

**Tate Modern ‘seeds’ artwork closed off as health risk**

An art exhibition involving 100 million porcelain sunflower seeds has been closed to visitors because it is generating dust that is a potential health hazard, the Tate Modern gallery said Friday. Chinese artist Ai Weiwei filled a giant hall at the London gallery with a 1,000 sq. meter (10,000 sq. foot) carpet of the imitation seeds, hand-crafted by thousands of artisans in China over a two-year period. Visitors were invited to walk across the surface when the show opened earlier this week. But the gallery said Friday that the "enthusiastic interaction of visitors" was releasing a "greater than expected level" of ceramic dust. It wasn't clear whether the seeds were breaking or simply being worn down. (*The Times*, 16 October 2010)

**Tate stops visitors trampling on Sunflowers seeds**

Tate Modern is to stop visitors walking over the Chinese artist Ai Weiwei's vast field of 100m porcelain sunflower seeds because of health and safety fears over ceramic dust. As revealed by the Guardian, the Turbine Hall installation has been closed since yesterday morning because of worries that dust inhalation might be a health risk. That means the thousands of visitors who traipsed through the installation between Monday and Wednesday were the lucky ones. The work will now be viewed from the building's bridge. (*The Guardian*, 15 October 2010)

TEXT (5)

[…] The books had a distinct smell I could only think of as the smell of books, new to me. I was just taking down a book called Coral Island when I saw the only person in the reading room look up at the clock from the newspaper he was reading. He was my form teacher, Mr Price.

I opened the book to the first page and turned away, hoping he hadn’t recognised me, but a moment later I felt a hand on my shoulder.

“Well I never! If it isn’t Lightning himself. And what are all these books?”

“These two’s me sister’s, sir, and I was just having a look at this one for me”

He looked at the title.

“You’re not ready for this one, Lightning, Mind if I help you?”

Without waiting for an answer he went over to where to where the Bs were and came back with a book with a brightly coloured dust cover.

“Read the title to me.”

I gulped, took the book and read aloud Sweet William. I wasn’t surprised that he looked surprised beacuse I always tried to wangle my way out of reading aloud in the classroom. Apart from PE, Mr Price taught us English.

“Who wrote it, then? Can you read the name?”

I couldn’t, but tried. I’d seen Dot’s boyfriend’s name on Christmas presents and postcards, and the first word looked like ‘Richard’. So that’s what I said.

“Not quite, Lightning. It’s ‘Richmal, and the second name is ‘Crompton’. Not an easy name. But I think you’ll like the book. Borrow it, Larry.”

It was the first time he’d used my real name except when he called the register before morning assembly.

“D’you think I’ll know all the words?”

He looked around him at the shelves of books, then back at me.

The words aren’t only in the book, Larry. They’re in your head. You’ve heard them. Not all of them perhaps, but more or less. What you’ve got to do is recognise them when you see them.” […] It’s the same with me. I mean, when I read those newspapers in there, most of the words are in my head and when I see them I recognise them. The ones I don’t recognise I have to guess, or I look them up in the dictionary. That’s what dictionaries are for.”

TEXT (7)

This paper considers the contentious term ‘semantic prosody’ and discusses a number of aspects of the concept described by the term. It is pointed out that although many writers use it to refer to the implied attitudinal meaning of a word, Sinclair uses the term to refer to the discourse function of a unit of meaning.

TEXT (8)

A cold and frosty morning there's not a lot to say

About the things caught in my mind

As the day was dawning my plane flew away

With all the things caught in my mind

And I wanna be there when you're...

Coming down

And I wanna be there when you hit the ground

So don't go away say what you say

But say that you'll stay

Forever and a day...in the time of my life

Cos I need more time yes I need more time

Just to make things right

Damn my situation and the games I have to play

With all the things caught in my mind

Damn my education I can't find the words to say

About all the things caught in my mind

Me and you what's going on?

All we seem to know is how to show

The feelings that are wrong

1. Sunflower seeds are a popular Chinese street snack but also hold another meaning for the artist, a political dissident in China. During the Cultural Revolution, propaganda images showed Chairman Mao as the sun and the mass of people as sunflowers turning towards him. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)