# APPENDICES

# APPENDIX A

# EXAMPLE OF ACADEMIC TEXTS (LINGUISTICS)

# 1
# The nature of language

Active voice

Linguistics is the name given to the discipline which studies human language. Two questions come immediately to mind. Firstly, what *is* human language? How, in general terms, can it be characterized? Secondly, what does its study involve? What is it that defines linguistics as a discipline?

Clearly, the two questions cannot be kept completely separate. Whenever you decide to study anything, you have already to some degree defined it for your own intents and purposes. Nevertheless, there are a number of very general observations about the nature of language that can be made, and which will be the concern of this first chapter. These will then lead us into more specific issues in linguistics which will be taken up in subsequent chapters.

Passive voice

## In the beginning ...

According to the Bible: 'In the beginning was the Word'. According to the Talmud: 'God created the world by a Word, instantaneously, without toil or pains'. Whatever more mystical meaning these pieces of scripture might have, they both point to the primacy of language in the way human beings conceive of the world.

Language certainly figures centrally in our lives. We discover our identity as individuals and social beings when we acquire it during childhood. It serves as a means of cognition and communication: it enables us to think for ourselves and to cooperate with other people in our community. It provides for present needs and future plans, and at the same time carries with it the impression of things past.

## The situations when the passive is used in academic texts

consonants as different types of letter elements, and in this case we would have nineteen consonant and thirteen vowel tokens.

To identify an element as a token, then, is to recognize it as a particular and actual instance of a general and abstract type. But, as we have seen, we can distinguish types of very different kinds: vowel and consonant letters, word forms, lexical items, and so on. The question arises as to what the grounds are for distinguishing different types? In other words, what are the principles of classification in linguistics?

### Principles of classification

Generally speaking, things are classified in linguistics in much the same way as they are classified everywhere else: on the basis of similarity. The philosopher Isaiah Berlin once made the observation that all philosophical enquiry developed from the formula: 'everything is like something: what is *this* like?' When we put two things in the same class we do so by identifying features they have in common and ignoring features which distinguish them. The question is, of course, *what* features do we take as significant? Take any number of things at random and you can always find some common features and therefore some criteria for classifying them as alike, no matter how different they might otherwise be. It is indeed of the very nature of language itself, as we have seen, that it enables us to impose an order on things in the physical world by classifying them in conventionally convenient ways. So the question is: what kind of likeness counts as significant in linguistic description?

The passive is used when the agent is not to be mentioned

It seems reasonable to suppose that it will be of a kind which is intrinsic to the nature of language itself. It was pointed out in Chapter 1 that one feature which appears to distinguish human language from the communication of other creatures is that of duality. This is the way the smallest elements of language, its sounds and letters, though meaningless in themselves, combine to form units at a higher level, i.e. words, which are meaningful. Since such combination of lower level elements to form units at a higher level is a defining feature of human language, one might assume that it would provide us with the principled basis for establishing likeness that we are looking for.

## Chapter 2
### The scope of linguistics

**Text 9**

FERDINAND DE SAUSSURE: *Course in General Linguistics* (edited by Charles Bally and Albert Sechehaye, and translated by Wade Baskin). Philosophical Library 1959, pages 13–14

*Saussure is generally regarded as one of the principal founders of modern linguistics. This text is taken from his celebrated* Cours de Linguistique Générale. *This work, based on Saussure's lectures and published posthumously, was not of his own composition, but compiled from the notes of his students and subsequently translated. Here, we find the distinction between* langue *and* parole, *and the identification of langue, the idealized common social knowledge of language, as the proper concern of linguistics as a discipline (see Chapter 2, pages 21–4).*

... If we could embrace the sum of word-images stored in the minds of all individuals, we could identify the social bond that constitutes language [*langue*]. It is a storehouse filled by the members of a given community through their active use of speaking [*parole*], a grammatical system that has a potential existence in each brain, or, more specifically, in the brains of a group of individuals. For language [*langue*] is not complete in any speaker; it exists perfectly only within a collectivity.

In separating language [*langue*] from speaking [*parole*] we are at the same time separating: (1) what is social from what is individual; and (2) what is essential from what is accessory and more or less accidental.

Language [*langue*] is not a function of the speaker; it is a product that is passively assimilated by the individual. It never requires premeditation, and reflection enters in only for the purpose of classification ...

Speaking [*parole*], on the contrary, is an individual act. It is willful and intellectual. Within the act, we should distinguish between: (1) the combinations by which the speaker uses the language code for expressing his own thought; and (2) the psychophysical mechanism that allows him to exteriorize those combinations.

The nonagent is more closely related to the theme of the text, rather than the agent

The nonagent is a participant in the immediately preceding sentence

Take the common expression 'He thought better of it'. Here, the subject is a normal sentence constituent and so can be replaced by an infinite number of other noun phrases ('I', 'You', 'They', 'The retired generals', 'The poor old pensioner living next door ...'). But although the noun phrase thus combines freely with what follows, the rest of the expression is resistant to replacement. It would be odd English to say: *'He reflected better of it', *'I thought worse of it', *'They thought better about it'. So this expression 'He thought better of it' consists in part of constituents which are combined and in part of lexical items which are compounded. It is not entirely fixed, as is 'by hook or by crook', for example, which is a complete lexical compound in that it admits of no interference at all (*'by the hook and the crook', *'by hooks or crooks', etc.). But it is not entirely free either, like 'He thought about it' which consists of a straightforward combination of sentence constituents. Grammatical rules can be seen as devices for regulating the meaning of words. The difficulty is that they are not completely regular in their application.

All this may seem to be fairly trivial—a detail or two about the peculiarities of English. But it illustrates again that semantics is not only a matter of assigning meaning to individual units, whether these be morphemes or words, but is also concerned with the *relationships* between them, how they act upon each other, how they fuse, compound, and combine in different ways. Semantics is the complex interplay of morphology, lexis, and syntax. Complex though it is, however, it does not account for all aspects of meaning. We still have pragmatics to consider.

## Meaning in context: pragmatics

Semantics is the study of meaning *in* language. It is concerned with what language means. This is not the same as what people mean *by* the language they use, how they actualize its meaning potential as a communicative resource. This is the concern of pragmatics.

The distinction is easy enough to demonstrate. Consider the expression:

The parson may object to it.

## The occurrence of passive constructions in academic texts

occasions and for different purposes. But this conscious exploitation is not the only source of variation. The patterning of a person's use of language is as naturally distinctive as a fingerprint. And even spoken utterances repeated by the same person, though they may sound identical, are never acoustically alike in every particular. It is obviously socially necessary to assume that certain things are the same, even if, on closer scrutiny, they turn out to be different.

The point then is that, from one perspective, language is a very general and abstract phenomenon. It is a shared and stable body of knowledge of linguistic forms and their function which is established by convention in a community. At the same time, it is very particular and variable if we look at the actuality of linguistic behaviour. Since social control is necessarily a condition on individual creativity, there is no contradiction here. It is simply that the nearer you get to actuality along the scale of idealization, the more differences you discern as the more general abstractions disappear. It is therefore convenient to mark off limiting points along this scale to define the scope of linguistic enquiry.

### *Langue* and *parole*

Passive with agent

One such mark was made by Ferdinand de Saussure, the Swiss scholar usually credited with establishing the principles of modern linguistics. In a celebrated series of lectures in the early part of the century, he proposed that linguistics should concern itself with the shared social code, the abstract system, which he called *langue*, leaving aside the particular actualities of individual utterance, which he called *parole*. *Langue* was, on his account, a collective body of knowledge, a kind of common reference manual, copies of which were acquired by all members of a community of speakers. This distinction between language as abstract system and actual speech can be justified on two grounds (and it is not always entirely clear which one Saussure is arguing for). Firstly, it is convenient in that it delimits an area of enquiry which is manageable: it is possible in principle to conceive of a linguistics of *parole*, but the individual particularities of actual acts of speech are so varied and heterogeneous as to be elusive of description. Secondly, the concept of *langue* can be said to capture the central and determining aspect of

Passive without agent

The situations when the passive occurs with an explicit agent in academic texts

flux. This is because language does not just change *over time* but varies *at any one time*, and indeed this cannot be otherwise because the members of a community which 'shares' a language will themselves be of different ages, will use language differently, and will have different communicative and communal uses for it. Different generations generate differences. No matter how small the period of time, or limited the variety of language, there will be variations within it as it is fine-tuned by the community of its users. And as some of these variable uses become conventionalized, so they become established as changed forms. In other words, diachronic change over time is simply, and inevitably, a result of synchronic variation at any one time.

The agent is nonhuman and old information

To illustrate his synchrony–diachrony distinction, Saussure drew an analogy with the game of chess. The synchronic cross-section of language (the state of *langue*) is, he argued, like the state of play at one time. We can study the disposition of the pieces on the board without considering the diachronic dimension of the game, that is to say, the moves that were made beforehand, or those that might be planned in the future. We can, in other words, see the pattern of pieces as a state of play and disregard it as a stage in the game. The analogy breaks down, however, because of course the game of chess is of its nature a sequence of separate stages and the game itself stops as each player takes a turn. But language is a continuity with no divisions of this kind. It is linguistics which makes it stop.

To say that diachrony and synchrony are not in reality distinct dimensions is not to invalidate the idealization that makes them distinct, but only to set limits on its claims to absolute validity. And this, as has been pointed out, is true of *all* models of language. If we wished to account for variation and change, we would draw the lines of idealization differently, but there would still be idealization. And the resulting model would necessarily be less revealing of the relative stability of language which serves as the necessary frame of reference in accounting for variation. You have to assume fixed points somewhere as bearings on description.

And as bearings on behaviour. It is important to note too that this assumption of stability can have a reality of its own. It is not only Saussure who conceives of language as a stable state. Although a close scrutiny of an actually occurring language will



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is a repetition of sounds which are associated with the letter 's'. One of these sounds is voiced (the vocal cords vibrate) in the words 'flies' and 'eves', and the other unvoiced as in 'summer'. The same distinction corresponds to spelling differences in the case of 'v' (voiced, as in '*eves*') and 'f' (unvoiced as in '*f*lies'). These distinctions are part of the sound system of English. But the sounds do not themselves have meaning. What they do is to combine in all manner of ways to form words which *are* meaningful. So although we can attribute no meaning to the sounds /s/ and /z/ or /f/ and /v/ as such, they serve to make up words which *are* different in meaning, as for example:

face /feɪs/ safe /seɪf/
phase /feɪz/ save /seɪv/

Obviously this duality provides language with enormous productive power: a relatively small number of elements at one level can enter into thousands of different combinations to form units of meaning at the other level.

So far we have considered duality in reference to spoken language but the same principle applies to written language as well. Here, letters enter into various combinations to form words whose different spelling signifies difference in meaning. As the examples given above indicate, sometimes there is a coincidence between sound elements and letter elements: the sound contrast in /seɪf/ and /seɪv/, for example, is marked by a corresponding spelling difference 'safe' and 'save'. But there are innumerable instances, and English is notorious in this respect, where the sound/spelling relationship is not at all straightforward (how do you pronounce the written word 'sow', how do you write the spoken word /saɪt/—'cite', 'sight', 'site'?) Languages differ widely in the degree and kind of correspondence between their sound and spelling systems.

The agent is nonhuman and new information

The very fact that duality can operate with both spoken sounds and written letters in human language is itself a feature of its flexibility. No animal communication appears to have exploited other media to develop alternative delivery systems in this way.

It can be argued, and it usually is argued, that human language is primarily spoken, on the grounds that it is *originally* spoken, both in the individual's acquisition of a language and in the history

reveal all manner of variation, people in the communities who speak it might well nevertheless *think* of their language as being settled and established, and accept the validity of grammars and dictionaries which record it as such. Members of a linguistic community may not have identical copies of *langue* in their heads, but they may nevertheless *believe* they do, and may consider whatever differences they do discern as matters of no real significance.

The agent is human

and old information

## Competence and performance

A comparable distinction to that of Saussure, designed to idealize language data, and to define the scope of linguistic enquiry, is made by Noam Chomsky. He distinguishes **competence**, the knowledge that native speakers have of their language as a system of abstract formal relations, and **performance**, their actual behaviour. Although performance must clearly be projected from competence, and therefore be referable to it, it does not *correspond* to it in any direct way. As with other aspects of human life, we do not necessarily act upon what we know, quite simply because actions are inevitably caught up in particular circumstances which set constraints and conditions on what we do. So it is that actual linguistic behaviour is conditioned by all manner of factors other than a knowledge of language as such, and these factors are, according to Chomsky, incidental, and irrelevant to linguistic description. Performance is particular, variable, dependent on circumstances. It may offer evidence of competence, but it is *circumstantial* evidence and not to be relied on. Abstract concepts of competence and actual acts of performance are quite different phenomena and you cannot directly infer one from the other. What we know cannot be equated with what we do.

Chomsky's distinction obviously corresponds in some degree to that of Saussure. It represents a similar dichotomy of knowledge and behaviour and a similar demarcation of the scope of linguistic enquiry. There are, however, differences. To begin with, there is no ambivalence in Chomsky as to the status of the distinction. It is not that competence is presented as a *convenient* construct and therefore a useful principle for language study: it is presented as a *valid* construct, as the central principle of language itself. To focus on competence is to focus on what is essential and



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the nouns 'parson', 'witness', and 'wedding' will always be stressed on the first syllable, and the verbs 'inspire', 'provoke', and 'decide' will always be stressed on the second. It is worth noticing that it seems to be a general tendency in English to mark the difference between these word classes in this way: nouns have first syllable stress, verbs second. Sometimes this change of stress marks the class difference between words which are semantically similar, as in 'REcord' (Noun, or N) and 'reCORD' (Verb, or Vb), or semantically different as 'REfuse' (N) and 'reFUSE' (Vb), or 'OBject' (N) and 'obJECT' (Vb).

In these cases, stress is a property of the words themselves. But stress can also be differentially applied by speakers to provide prominence to certain parts of what they are saying. Consider, for example, the following utterance:

The agent is human and new information

The chairman may resign.

The words 'chairman' and 'resign' carry their normal stress patterns with them, but there is also a general tendency in English to give extra prominence to the last stressed syllable in an utterance, so the normal way of saying this (the unmarked remark, so to speak) would be:

The chairman may resign.

But I can choose to say this differently by altering the stress pattern, as in:

The chairman may resign. (But nobody else will.)

The chairman may resign. (But, then again, he may not.)

So stress is a feature of speech which ranges beyond the individual sound segments and operates suprasegmentally over utterances. And this is not the only suprasegmental feature. When producing utterances, our voice goes up and down, and plays a rhythmic tune. In other (more technical) words, we vary not only stress but pitch also. This patterning of stress and pitch gives a particular intonation to what we say. So it is that in reference to the remark about the chairman, I may change pitch and use a falling tone on the last syllable and so give it the force of a statement:

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The situations when the passive occurs without an explicit agent in different situations in academic texts

one in opposition to a formalist one. The argument here is that it diminishes the very study of language to reduce it to abstract forms because to do so is to eliminate from consideration just about everything that is really significant about it and to make it hopelessly remote from people's actual experience. Language, the argument goes, is not essentially a static and well-defined cognitive construct but a mode of communication which is intrinsically dynamic and unstable. Its forms are of significance only so far as we can associate them with their communicative functions. On this account, the only valid linguistics is functional linguistics.

The agent is redundant or, easy to supply

But, as was indicated in Chapter 2, there are two senses in which linguistic forms can be said to be associated with functions, and therefore two ways of defining functional linguistics. Firstly, we can consider how the linguistic code has developed in response to the uses to which it is put. In this sense, functional linguistics is the study of how the formal properties of language are *informed* by the functions it serves, how it encodes perceptions of reality, ways of thinking, cultural values, and so on.

Secondly, we can think of the form–function association as a matter not of encoded meaning potential but of its actual realization in communication; and here we are concerned with the way language forms function *pragmatically* in different contexts of use. In this case formalist linguistics is challenged not because it defines the language code too narrowly without regard to the social factors which have formed it, but because it defines language *only* in reference to the code, without regard to how it is put to use in communication. The argument here is that linguistics should extend its scope to account not only for the knowledge of the internalized language of the code, or linguistic competence, but for the knowledge people have of how this is appropriately acted upon, or communicative competence.

These two senses of functional linguistics are frequently confused, and there has sometimes been a tendency to suppose that if you define the code in reference to the communicative functions that have influenced its formation over time, then it follows that you will automatically be accounting for the way in which the code functions in communication here and now. But to do this is to equate the *semantic potential* of the code with actual *pragmatic realizations* of it in communication.



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*provided with a language organ which only needs the environment to stimulate growth. If you take an 'environmentalist' position, there is no such organ, but only a general cognitive capability which interacts with environmental factors to yield different languages. In the 'nativist' view, of which Chomsky is a proponent, the common properties of language in general already exist before different languages are formed. In the 'environmentalist' view, which Halliday adopts, the common properties of language emerge because different languages are all subject to the same kinds of environmental influence (see Chapter 1, pages 11–15).*

In the psychological sphere, there have recently been two alternative lines of approach to the question of language development. These have been referred to as the 'nativist' and the 'environmentalist' positions. Everyone agrees, of course, that human beings are biologically endowed with the ability to learn language, and that this is a uniquely human attribute—no other species has it, however much a chimpanzee or a dolphin may be trained to operate with words or symbols. But the nativist view holds that there is a specific language-learning faculty, distinct from other learning faculties, and that this provides the human infant with a ready-made and rather detailed blueprint of the structure of language. Learning his mother tongue consists in fitting the patterns of whatever language he hears around him into the framework which he already possesses. The environmentalist view considers that language learning is not fundamentally distinct from other kinds of learning; it depends on those same mental faculties that are involved in all aspects of the child's learning processes. Rather than having built into his genetic makeup a set of concrete universals of language, what the child has is the ability to process certain highly abstract types of cognitive relation which underlie (among other things) the linguistic system; the very specific properties of language are not innate, and therefore the child is more dependent on his environment—on the language he hears around him, together with the contexts in which it is uttered—for the successful learning of his mother tongue. In a sense, therefore, the difference of views is a recurrence of the old controversy of nature and nurture, or heredity and environment, in a new guise.

The agent is unknown



Academic texts (Linguistics) p. 88

Language seems to be a feature of our essential humanity which enables us to rise above the condition of mere brutish beings, real or imagined. Shakespeare's Caliban in *The Tempest* 'gabbles like a thing most brutish' until Prospero teaches him language. In the play he is referred to as a monster, but that is better than being an ogre, who, according to W. H. Auden, is quite incapable of speech:

> The Ogre does what ogres can,
> Deeds quite impossible for Man,
> But one prize is beyond his reach,
> The Ogre cannot master speech.
> About a subjugated plain,
> Among its desperate and slain,
> The Ogre stalks with hands on hips,
> And drivel gushes from his lips.

We might note in passing, incidentally, that it is *speech* that the ogre cannot master. Whether this necessarily implies that *language* is also beyond his reach is another matter, for language does not depend on speech as the only physical medium for its expression. Auden may not imply such a distinction in these lines, but it is one which, as we shall see presently, it is important to recognize.

The agent is very general

It has been suggested that language is so uniquely human, distinguishes us so clearly from ogres and other animals, that our species might be more appropriately named *homo loquens* than *homo sapiens*. But although language is clearly essential to humankind and has served to extend control over other parts of creation, it is not easy to specify what exactly makes it distinctive. If, indeed, it *is* distinctive. After all, other species communicate after a fashion, for they could not otherwise mate, propagate, and cooperate in their colonies.

## The design of language

Other species communicate after a fashion. The question is after what fashion? Birds signal to each other by singing, bees by dancing, and these song and dance routines can be very elaborate. Are they language? One can argue that they are not in that they *are*

# APPENDIX B

## EXAMPLE OF NON-ACADEMIC TEXTS: MONOLOGUE (CHOCOLAT)

1

February 11
Shrove Tuesday

Active voice

WE CAME ON THE WIND OF THE CARNIVAL. A WARM WIND FOR February, laden with the hot greasy scents of frying pancakes and sausages and powdery-sweet waffles cooked on the hotplate right there by the roadside, with the confetti sleeting down collars and cuffs and rolling in the gutters like an idiot antidote to winter. There is a febrile excitement in the crowds which line the narrow main street, necks craning to catch sight of the crêpe-covered *char* with its trailing ribbons and paper rosettes. Anouk watches, eyes wide, a yellow balloon in one hand and a toy trumpet in the other, from between a shopping-basket and a sad brown dog. We have seen carnivals before, she and I; a procession of two hundred and fifty of the decorated *chars* in Paris last Mardi Gras, a hundred and eighty in New York, two dozen marching bands in Vienna, clowns on stilts, the *Grosses Têtes* with their lolling papier-mâché heads, drum majorettes with batons spinning and sparkling. But at six the world retains a special lustre. A wooden cart, hastily decorated with gilt and crêpe and scenes from fairy tales. A dragon's head on a shield, Rapunzel in a woollen wig, a mermaid with a

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## Tuesday, March 18

JOSÉPHINE COMMENTED ON MY SILENCE AS WE WORKED together. We have made three hundred of the Easter boxes since we began, stacked neatly in the cellar and tied with ribbons, but I plan for twice that many. If I can sell them all we will make a substantial profit, perhaps enough to settle here for good. If not – I do not think of that possibility, though the weathervane creaks laughter at me from its perch. Roux has already started work on Anouk's room in the loft. The festival is a risk, but our lives have always been determined by such things. And we have made every effort to make the festival a success. Posters have been sent as far as Agen and the neighbouring towns. Local radio will mention it every day of Easter week. There will be music – a few of Narcisse's old friends have formed a band – flowers, games. I spoke to some of the Thursday traders and there will be stalls in the square selling trinkets and souvenirs. An Easter-egg hunt for the children, led by Anouk and her friends, *cornets-surprise* for every entrant. And in La Céleste Praline, a giant chocolate statue of Eostre with a corn sheaf in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other, to be shared

Passive voice



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 244

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## Saturday, February 15

Middle voice { I KNOW THIS ISN'T MY USUAL DAY, *MON PÈRE*, BUT I NEEDED TO talk. The bakery opened yesterday. But it isn't a bakery. When I awoke yesterday morning at six the wrapping was off, the awning and the shutters were in place and the blind was raised in the display window. What was an ordinary, rather drab old house like all the others around it has become a red-and-gold confection on a dazzling white ground. Red geraniums in the window boxes. Crêpe-paper garlands twisted around the railings. And above the door a hand-lettered sign in black on oak:

La Céleste Praline
Chocolaterie Artisanale

Of course it's ridiculous. Such a shop might well be popular in Marseille or Bordeaux – even in Agen where the tourist trade grows every year. But in Lansquenet-sous-Tannes? And at the beginning of Lent, the traditional season of self-denial? It seems perverse, perhaps deliberately so. I looked into the



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 32

The situations when the passive is used in non-academic texts: monologue

Tannes, therefore no crime. I try to be like Anouk, to see beneath the disguise to the truth, but for now everything is blurred.

'Are we staying? Are we, *Maman*?' She tugs at my arm, insistently. 'I like it, I like it here. Are we staying?'

I catch her up into my arms and kiss the top of her head. She smells of smoke and frying pancakes and warm bedclothes on a winter's morning.

Why not? It's as good a place as any.

'Yes, of course,' I tell her, my mouth in her hair. 'Of course we are.'

Not quite a lie. This time it may even be true.

The passive is used when the agent is not to be mentioned

The carnival is gone. Once a year the village flares into transient brightness but even now the warmth has faded, the crowd dispersed. The vendors pack up their hotplates and awnings, the children discard their costumes and party-favours. A slight air of embarrassment prevails, of abashment at this excess of noise and colour. Like rain in midsummer it evaporates, runs into the cracked earth and through the parched stones, leaving barely a trace. Two hours later Lansquenet-sous-Tannes is invisible once more, like an enchanted village which appears only once every year. But for the carnival we should have missed it altogether.

We have gas but as yet no electricity. On our first night I made pancakes for Anouk by candlelight and we ate them by the fireside, using an old magazine for plates, as none of our things can be delivered until tomorrow. The shop was originally a bakery and still carries the baker's wheatsheaf carved above the narrow doorway, but the floor is thick with a floury dust, and we picked our way across a drift of junk mail as we came in. The lease seems ridiculously cheap, accustomed as we are to city prices; even so I caught the sharp glance of suspicion from the woman at the agency as I counted out the banknotes. On the lease



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p.15

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## Tuesday, March 4

THE FIRST GREEN OF THE SPRING CORN GIVES THE LAND A mellower look than you and I are used to. At a distance it seems lush – a few early drones stitch the air above its swaying, giving the fields a somnolent appearance. But we know that in two months' time all this will be burnt to stubble by the sun, the earth bared and cracked to a red glaze through which even the thistles are reluctant to grow. A hot wind scours what is left of the country, bringing with it drought, and in its wake, a stinking stillness which breeds disease. I remember the summer of '75, *mon père*, the dead heat and the hot white sky. We had plague after plague that summer. First the river-gypsies, crawling up what was left of the river in their filthy floating hovels, staying stranded in Les Marauds on the baking mudflats. Then the sickness which struck first their animals and then our own; a kind of madness, a rolling of the eyes, feeble jerking of the legs, bloating of the body though the animals refused to take water, then sweating, shivering and death amongst a heaving of purple-black flies; oh God, the air was ripe with them, ripe and sweet like the juice of a foul fruit. Do you remember? So hot that the

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T i t

The nonagent is more closely related to the theme of the text, rather than the agent.

she said calmly. 'I don't want to follow endless diet-sheets. I don't want to be waited on by kind nurses who talk to me as if I were in kindergarten. I'm eighty years old, for crying out loud, and if I can't be trusted to know what I want at my age—' She broke off abruptly. 'Who's that?'

There is nothing wrong with her hearing. I heard it too, the faint sound of a car drawing up on the uneven pathway outside. The doctor.

'If it's that sanctimonious quack, tell him he's wasting his time,' snapped Armande. 'Tell him I'm fine. Tell him to go find someone else to diagnose. I don't want him.'

I glanced outside. 'He seems to have brought half of Lansquenet with him,' I remarked mildly. The car, a blue Citroën, was packed with people. As well as the doctor, a pallid man in a charcoal suit, I could see Caroline Clairmont, her friend Joline and Reynaud crammed together on the back seat. The front was occupied by Georges Clairmont, looking sheepish and uncomfortable, silently remonstrating. I heard the car door slam, and the peewit-shrill of Caroline's voice soaring above the sudden clamour.

The nonagent is a participant in the immediately preceding sentence

*'I told her! Didn't I tell her, Georges? No-one can accuse me of neglecting my filial duty, I gave my all for that woman, and look how she—'*

A quick *crunch-criss* of steps across the stones, then the voices flared into cacophony as the unwanted visitors opened the front door.

*'Maman? Maman?* Hold on, darling, it's me! I'm coming! This way, Monsieur Cussonnet, this way into the – oh yes, you know your way around, don't you? Oh dear, the times I've told her – positively *knew* something like this would happen—'

Georges, feebly protesting: 'Do you really think we ought to interfere, Caro darling? I mean, let the doctor get on with it, you know?'



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 227

The occurrence of passive constructions in non-academic texts: monologue

head like maps. All kinds of recipes; torn from abandoned magazines in busy railway stations, wheedled from people on the road, strange marriages of my own confection. Mother with her cards, her divinations directed our mad course across Europe. Cookery cards anchored us, placed landmarks on the bleak borders. Paris smells of baking bread and *croissants*; Marseille of *bouillabaisse* and grilled garlic. Berlin was *Eisbrei* with *Sauerkraut* and *Kartoffelsalat*, Rome was the ice-cream I ate without paying in a tiny restaurant beside the river. Mother had no time for landmarks. All her maps were inside, all places the same. Even then we were different. Oh, she taught me what she could. How to see to the core of things, of people, to see their thoughts, their longings. The driver who stopped to give us a lift, who drove ten kilometres out of his way to take us to Lyon, the grocers who refused payment, the policemen who turned a blind eye. Not every time, of course. Sometimes it failed for no reason we could understand. Some people are unreadable, unreachable. Francis Reynaud is one of these. And even when it did not, the casual intrusion disturbed me. It was all too easy. Now making chocolate is a different matter. Oh, some skill is required. A certain lightness of touch, speed, a patience my mother would never have had. But the formula remains the same every time. It is safe. Harmless. And I do not have to look into their hearts and take what I need; these are wishes which can be granted simply, for the asking.

Guy, my confectioner, has known me for a long time. We worked together after Anouk was born and he helped me to start my first business, a tiny *pâtisserie-chocolaterie* in the outskirts of Nice. Now he is based in Marseille, importing the raw chocolate liquor direct from South America and converting it to chocolate of various grades in his factory.

Passive without agent

I only use the best. The blocks of couverture are



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 63

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## Saturday, March 1

ROUX'S BOAT IS ONE OF THE NEAREST TO THE SHORE, MOORED some distance from the rest, opposite Armande's house. Tonight paper lanterns were strung across its bows like glowing fruit, and, as we made our way into Les Marauds, we caught the sharp scent of grilling food from the river bank. Armande's windows had been flung open to overlook the river, and the light from the house made irregular patterns on the water. I was struck by the absence of litter, the care with which every scrap of waste had been placed in the steel drums for burning. From one of the boats further downriver came the sound of a guitar playing. Roux was sitting on the little jetty, looking into the water. A small group of people had already joined him, and I recognized Zézette, another girl called Blanche and the North African, Mahmed. Beside them something was cooking on a portable brazier filled with coals.

Passive with agent

Anouk ran to the fire at once. I heard Zézette warn her in a soft voice, 'Careful, sweetheart, it's hot.'

Blanche held out a mug containing warm spiced wine and I took it with a smile. 'See what you think of this.'

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Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 141

The situations when the passive occurs with an explicit agent in non-academic texts (Monologue)

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Tuesday, March 4

The agent is nonhuman

and old information

THE FIRST GREEN OF THE SPRING CORN GIVES THE LAND A mellower look than you and I are used to. At a distance it seems lush – a few early drones stitch the air above its swaying, giving the fields a somnolent appearance. But we know that in two months' time all this will be burnt to stubble by the sun, the earth bared and cracked to a red glaze through which even the thistles are reluctant to grow. A hot wind scours what is left of the country, bringing with it drought, and in its wake, a stinking stillness which breeds disease. I remember the summer of '75, *mon père*, the dead heat and the hot white sky. We had plague after plague that summer. First the river-gypsies, crawling up what was left of the river in their filthy floating hovels, staying stranded in Les Marauds on the baking mudflats. Then the sickness which struck first their animals and then our own; a kind of madness, a rolling of the eyes, feeble jerking of the legs, bloating of the body though the animals refused to take water, then sweating, shivering and death amongst a heaving of purple-black flies; oh God, the air was ripe with them, ripe and sweet like the juice of a foul fruit. Do you remember? So hot that the

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Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat ) p. 157

'Come up to my room!' she shrieked in my ear. 'They can, can't they, *Maman*, say they can! We can start right now, I've got paper, crayons—'

'They can,' I said.

An hour later the display window was embellished by a large poster – Anouk's design executed by Jeannot. The text, in large shaky green letters, read:

The agent is nonhuman

and new information

**GRAND FESTIVAL DU CHOCOLAT**
**AT LA CELESTE PRALINE**
**BEGINS EASTER SUNDAY**
**EVERYONE WELCOME**
**!!!BUY NOW WHILE STOCKS LAST!!!**

Around the text capered various creatures of fanciful design. A figure in a robe and a tall crown I took to be the Pope. Cutout shapes of bells had been pasted thickly at his feet. All the bells were smiling.

I spent most of the afternoon tempering the new batch of couverture and working on the window display. A thick covering of green tissue-paper for the grass. Paper flowers – daffodils and daisies, Anouk's contribution – pinned to the window-frame. Green-covered tins which once contained cocoa powder, stacked up against each other to make a craggy mountainside. Crinkly Cellophane paper wraps it like a covering of ice. Running past and winding into the valley, a river of blue silk ribbon, upon which a cluster of houseboats sit quiet and unreflecting. And below a procession of chocolate figures, cats, dogs, rabbits, some with raisin eyes, pink marzipan ears, tails made of licorice-whips with sugar flowers between their teeth . . . And mice. On every available surface, mice. Running up the sides of the hill, nestling in corners, even on the riverboats. Pink and white sugar coconut mice, chocolate mice of all colours, variegated mice marbled through with truffle and



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat ) p. 116

The agent is human
and old information

sailing downstream. And his wife would have welcomed them, so I heard. Fortunately Muscat is not intimidated by these people. Clairmont tells me he ousted them easily last week when they dared to set foot in his café. You see, *père*, in spite of their bravado they are cowards. Muscat has blocked off the path from Les Marauds to discourage them from passing. The possibility of violence should appal me, *père*, but in a way I would welcome it. It might give me the excuse I need to call the police from Agen. I should talk to Muscat again. He would know what to do.

The agent is human

and new information

but it's Mass this morning and there will be people in the square. February has reasserted its drab self and now it is raining; a freezing, gritty rain which slicks the paving and colours the sky the shade of old pewter. Anouk reads a book of nursery rhymes behind the counter and keeps an eye on the door for me as I prepare a batch of *mendiants* in the kitchen. These are my own favourites – thus named because they were sold by beggars and gypsies years ago – biscuit-sized discs of dark, milk or white chocolate upon which have been scattered lemon-rind, almonds and plump Malaga raisins. Anouk likes the white ones, though I prefer the dark, made with the finest 70 per cent couverture . . . Bitter-smooth on the tongue with the taste of the secret tropics. My mother would have despised this, too. And yet this is also a kind of magic.

Since Friday I have fitted a set of bar stools next to the counter of La Praline. Now it looks a little like the diners we used to visit in New York, red leather seats and chrome stems, cheerily kitsch. The walls are a bright daffodil colour. Poitou's old orange armchair lolls cheerily in one corner. A menu stands to the left, hand-lettered and coloured by Anouk in shades of orange and red:

chocolat chaud 10₣
chocolat espresso 15₣
chococcino 12₣
mocha 12₣

I baked a cake last night, and the hot chocolate is standing in a pot on the hob, awaiting my first customer. I make sure that a similar menu is visible from the window and I wait.

Mass comes and goes. I watch the passers-by, morose beneath the freezing drizzle. My door, slightly open,



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat ) p. 47

The situations when the passive occurs without an explicit agent in different situations in non- academic texts: monologue

not walk up to the counter. Instead he remained in the doorway, the wind blowing the folds of his soutane into the shop like the wings of a black bird.

'Monsieur.' I saw him eye the red ribbons with mistrust. 'Can I help you? I'm sure I know your favourites.' I lapsed into my sales banter automatically, but it is untrue. I have no idea of this man's tastes. He is a complete blank to me, a man-shaped darkness cut into the air. I feel no point of contact with him, and my smile broke on him like a wave on a rock. Reynaud gave me a narrow look of contempt.

'I doubt that.' His voice was low and pleasant, but I sensed dislike behind the professional tones. I recalled Armande Voizin's words – *I hear our M'sieur le Curé already has it in for you.* Why? An instinctive mistrust of unbelievers? Or can there be more? Beneath the counter I forked my fingers at him in secret.

'I wasn't expecting you to be open today.'

He is more sure of himself now he thinks he knows us. His small, tight smile is like an oyster, milky-white at the edges and sharp as a razor.

'On a Sunday, you mean?' I was at my most innocent. 'I thought I might catch the rush at the end of Mass.'

The tiny jibe failed to sting him.

'On the first Sunday of Lent?' He sounded amused, but beneath the amusement, there was disdain. 'I shouldn't think so. Lansquenet folk are simple folk, Madame Rocher,' he told me. '*Devout* folk.' He stressed the word gently, politely.

'It's *Mademoiselle* Rocher.' Small victory, but enough to break his stride. His eyes flicked towards Anouk who was still sitting at the counter with the tall chocolate-glass in one hand. Her mouth was smeared with frothy chocolate, and I felt it again like the sudden sting of a concealed nettle – the panic, the irrational

The agent is redundant or, easy to supply



Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 50

Tannes, therefore no crime. I try to be like Anouk, to see beneath the disguise to the truth, but for now everything is blurred.

'Are we staying? Are we, *Maman*?' She tugs at my arm, insistently. 'I like it, I like it here. Are we staying?'

I catch her up into my arms and kiss the top of her head. She smells of smoke and frying pancakes and warm bedclothes on a winter's morning.

Why not? It's as good a place as any.

'Yes, of course,' I tell her, my mouth in her hair. 'Of course we are.'

Not quite a lie. This time it may even be true.

The carnival is gone. Once a year the village flares into transient brightness but even now the warmth has faded, the crowd dispersed. The vendors pack up their hotplates and awnings, the children discard their costumes and party-favours. A slight air of embarrassment prevails, of abashment at this excess of noise and colour. Like rain in midsummer it evaporates, runs into the cracked earth and through the parched stones, leaving barely a trace. Two hours later Lansquenet-sous-Tannes is invisible once more, like an enchanted village which appears only once every year. But for the carnival we should have missed it altogether.

We have gas but as yet no electricity. On our first night I made pancakes for Anouk by candlelight and we ate them by the fireside, using an old magazine for plates, as none of our things can be delivered until tomorrow. The shop was originally a bakery and still carries the baker's wheatsheaf carved above the narrow doorway, but the floor is thick with a floury dust, and we picked our way across a drift of junk mail as we came in. The lease seems ridiculously cheap, accustomed as we are to city prices; even so I caught the sharp glance of suspicion from the woman at the agency as I counted out the banknotes. On the lease

The agent is unknown

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## Saturday, March 29
## Easter Eve

HELP ME, *PÈRE*. HAVEN'T I PRAYED ENOUGH? SUFFERED ENOUGH for our sins? My penance has been exemplary. My head swims from lack of food and sleep. Is this not the time of redemption, when all sins are washed away? The silver is back on the altar, the candles lit in anticipation. Flowers, for the first time since the beginning of Lent, adorn the chapel. Even mad St Francis is crowned with lilies, and their scent is like clean flesh. We have waited so long, you and I, since your first stroke. Even then you would not speak to me, though you spoke to others. Then, last year, the second stroke. They tell me you are unreachable, but I know this to be pretence, a waiting game. You will awake in your own time.

They found Armande Voizin this morning. Stiff and still smiling in her bed, *père*; another one who has evaded us. I gave her the last rites though she would not have thanked me even if she had heard. Perhaps I am the only one who still derives comfort from such things.

She *meant* to die last night, arranged everything to the minutest detail, food, drink, company. Her family



The agent is very general

Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 304

desperate wild animals came off the dried *marais* to the water. Foxes, polecats, weasels, dogs. Many of them rabid, flushed from their habitat by hunger and the drought. We would shoot them as they stumbled onto the river banks, shoot them or kill them with stones. The children stoned the gypsies too, but they were as trapped and desperate as their animals and they kept coming back. The air was blue with flies and the stench of their burning as they tried to halt the disease. Horses succumbed first, then cows, oxen, goats, dogs. We kept them at bay, refusing to sell goods or water, refusing medicine. Stranded on the flats of the dwindling Tannes, they drank bottled beer and river water. I remember watching them from Les Marauds, the silent slouching figures over their campfires at night, hearing the sobbing of someone – a woman or a child, I think – across the dark water.

Some people, weaklings – Narcisse amongst them – began to talk about charity. About pity. But you stayed strong. You knew what to do.

At Mass you read out the names of those who refused to co-operate. Muscat – old Muscat, Paul's father – barred them from the café until they saw reason. Fights broke out at night between the gypsies and the villagers. The church was desecrated. But you stood fast.

The speaker is being tactful

One day we saw them trying to hoist their boats across the flats to the open river. The mud was still soft and they slid thigh-deep in places, scrabbling for purchase against the slimy stones. Some pulled, harnessed to their barques by ropes, others pushed from behind. Seeing us watching, some cursed us in their harsh, hoarse voices. But it was another two weeks before they left at last, leaving their wrecked boats behind them. A fire, you said, *mon père*, a fire left untended by the drunkard and his slattern who owned

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Non-academic texts: monologue (Chocolat) p. 158

# APPENDIX C

## EXAMPLE OF NON-ACADEMIC TEXTS: DIALOGUE (CHOCOLAT)

in for a little amusement.' Her hand brushed mine like a cool breath. I tried to catch her thoughts, to see if she was making fun of me, but all I felt was humour and kindness.

Active voice → 'It's only a chocolate shop,' I said with a smile.

Armande Voizin chuckled. 'You really must think I was born yesterday,' she observed.

Passive voice → 'Really, Madame Voizin—'

'Call me Armande.' The black eyes snapped with amusement. 'It makes me feel young.'

'All right. But I really don't see why—'

'I know what wind you blew in on,' said Armande keenly. 'I felt it. Mardi Gras, carnival day. Les Marauds was full of carnival people; gypsies, Spaniards, tinkers, *pieds-noirs* and undesirables. I knew you at once, you and your little girl – what are you calling yourselves this time?'

'Vianne Rocher.' I smiled. 'And this is Anouk.'

'Anouk,' repeated Armande softly. 'And the little grey friend – my eyes aren't as good as they used to be – what is it? A cat? A squirrel?'

Anouk shook her curly head. 'He's a *rabbit*,' she said with cheery scorn. 'Called Pantoufle.'

'Oh, a rabbit. Of course.' Armande gave me a sly wink. 'You see, I know what wind you blew in on. I've felt it myself once or twice. I may be old, but no-one can pull the wool over my eyes. No-one at all.'

I nodded. 'Maybe that's true,' I said. 'Come over to La Praline one day; I know everyone's favourite. I'll treat you to a big box of yours.'

Armande laughed. 'Oh. I'm not allowed *chocolate*. Caro and that idiot doctor won't allow it. Or anything else I might enjoy,' she added wryly. 'First smoking, then alcohol, now this . . . God knows, if I gave up breathing perhaps I might live for ever.' She gave a snort of laughter, but it had a tired sound, and I saw her raise a hand to her chest in a clutching gesture eerily

makes a fool of Paul-Marie Muscat, no-one. I despise this hypocrisy. He must indeed win her back. I agree with that at least. But not for those reasons.

'If you want her back, Muscat,' I told him with some tartness, 'then you have been about it in a remarkably idiotic way so far.'

He bridled. 'I don't see that necessarily—'

'Don't be a fool.'

Lord, *père*, how can you ever have had such patience with these people?

'Threats, profanities, last night's shameful drunken display? How do you think *that* would help your case?'

Sullenly: 'I couldn't let her get away with what she did, *père*. Everyone's saying my wife walked out on me. And that interfering bitch Rocher . . .' His mean eyes narrowed behind his wire glasses. 'Serve her right if something happened to that fancy shop of hers,' he said flatly. 'Get rid of the bitch for good.'

Middle voice

I looked at him sharply. 'Oh?'

It was too close to what I have thought myself, *mon père*. God help me, when I saw that boat burning . . . It is a primitive delight, unworthy of my calling, a pagan thing which by right I should not feel. I have wrestled with it myself, *père*, in the small hours of the mornings. I have subdued it in myself, but like the dandelions it grows back, sending out insidious small rootlets. It was perhaps because of this – because I *understood* – that my voice was harsher than I intended as I replied. 'What kind of thing did you have in mind, Muscat?'

He muttered something barely audible.

'A fire, perhaps? A convenient fire?' I could feel the pressure of my rage growing against my ribs. Its taste, which is both metallic and sweetly rotten, filled my mouth. 'Like the fire which got rid of the gypsies?'

He smirked. 'Perhaps. Dreadful fire risk, some of these old houses.'

'Listen to me.' Suddenly I was appalled at the

The situations when the passive is used in non-academic texts: dialogue

triumphant grin. She looked at me in silence, her eyes dark with knowledge.

'Why didn't you tell me?' I said at last.

'You can't prove it,' said Joséphine. 'I didn't tell you anything.'

'You didn't need to. Is that why you're afraid of Roux? Because of what Paul did?'

She put up her chin stubbornly. 'I'm not *afraid* of him.'

'But you won't talk to him. You won't even stay in the same room with him. You can't look him in the eye.'

Joséphine folded her arms with the look of a woman who has nothing more to say.

'Joséphine?' I turned her face towards mine, forced her to look at me. '*Joséphine?*'

'All right.' Her voice was harsh and sullen. 'I knew, all right? I knew what Paul was going to do. I told him I'd tell if he tried anything, I'd warn them. That was when he hit me.' She gave me a venomous look, her mouth half-broken with unshed tears. 'So I'm a coward,' she said in a loud, shapeless voice. 'Now you know what I am; I'm not brave like you, I'm a liar and a coward. I let him do it, someone could have been killed, Roux could have been killed or Zézette or her baby and it would all have been *my fault!*' She took a long grating breath.

'Don't tell him,' she said. 'I couldn't stand it.'

'*I* won't tell Roux,' I told her gently. '*You're* going to do that.'

She shook her head wildly. 'I'm not. I'm not. I couldn't.'

'It's all right, Joséphine,' I coaxed. 'It wasn't your fault. And no-one <u>was killed</u>, were they?'

Stubbornly: 'I couldn't. I can't.'

'Roux isn't like Paul,' I said. 'He's more like you than you imagine.'

The passive is used when the agent is not to be mentioned



Non-academic texts: dialogue (Chocolat) p. 259

sheltered front garden, watching the river. Roux and Mahmed were perched on the roof's steep incline, resetting the loose slates. I noticed that the rotten facia and the gable-ends had been replaced and repainted a bright yellow. I waved at the two men and sat on the garden wall next to Armande while Anouk raced off to the river bank to find her friends of last night.

The old lady looked tired and puffy-faced beneath the brim of a wide straw hat. The piece of tapestry in her lap looked listless, untouched. She nodded to me briefly, but did not speak. Her chair rocked almost imperceptibly, *tick-tick-tick-tick*, on the path. Her cat slept curled beneath it.

'Caro came over this morning,' she said at last. 'I suppose I should feel honoured.' A movement of irritation.

Rocking; *tick-tick-tick-tick*.

'Who *does* she think she is?' snapped Armande abruptly. 'Marie Bloody Antoinette?' She brooded fiercely for a moment, her rocking gaining momentum. 'Trying to tell me what I can and can't do. Bringing her *doctor*—' She broke off to fix me with her piercing, birdlike gaze. 'Interfering little busybody. She always was, you know. Always telling tales to her father.' She gave a short bark of laughter. 'She doesn't get these airs from me, in any case. Not on your life. I never needed any doctor – or any priest – to tell me what to think.' Armande pushed out her chin defiantly and rocked even harder.

'Was Luc there?' I asked.

'No.' She shook her head. 'Gone to Agen for a chess tournament.' Her fixed expression softened. 'She doesn't know he came over the other day,' she declared with satisfaction. 'And she won't get to know, either.' She smiled. 'He's a good lad, my grandson. Knows how to hold his tongue.'

'I hear we were both mentioned in church this

Passive without agent

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The situations when the passive occurs without an explicit agent

in different situations in non- academic texts: dialogue

'That's OK.' I made my voice casual, disinterested. 'It happens all the time.' Joséphine looked at me for a second, suspiciously, then sensing no malice, relaxed a little. 'This is good.' Sipping the chocolate. 'Really good.'

'I make it myself,' I explained. 'From the chocolate liquor before the fat is added to make it solidify. This is exactly how the Aztecs drank chocolate, centuries ago.'

She shot me another quick, suspicious glance.

'Thank you for the present,' she said at last. 'Chocolate almonds. My favourite.' Then, quickly, the words rushing out of her in desperate, ungainly haste, 'I never took it on purpose. They'll have spoken about me, I know. But I don't steal. It's *them*' – contemptuous now, her mouth turned down in rage and self-hatred – 'the Clairmont bitch and her cronies. Liars.'

She looked at me again, almost defiantly. 'I heard you don't go to church.' Her voice was brittle, too loud for the small room and the two of us.

I smiled. 'That's right. I don't.'

'You won't last long here if you don't,' said Joséphine in the same high, glassy voice. 'They'll have you out of here the way they do everyone they don't approve of. You'll see. All this' – a vague, jerking gesture at the shelves, the boxes, the display window with its *pièces montées* – 'none of this will help you. I've heard them talking. I've heard the things they say.'

'So have I.' I poured myself a cup of chocolate from the silver pot. Small and black, like espresso, with a chocolate spoon to stir it. My voice was gentle. 'But I don't have to listen.' A pause while I sipped. 'And neither do you.'

Joséphine laughed.

The silence revolved between us. Five seconds. Ten.

'They say you're a witch.' That word again. She lifted her head defiantly. 'Are you?'

I shrugged, drank. 'Who says?'

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Non-academic texts: dialogue (Chocolat) p. 71

The agent is redundant or, easy to supply

triumphant grin. She looked at me in silence, her eyes dark with knowledge.

'Why didn't you tell me?' I said at last.

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Non-academic texts: dialogue (Chocolat) p. 259

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