

## ANALYSING LANGUAGE, MODES OF APPEAL AND RHETORICAL DEVICES

Analysing the use of language, rhetorical figures and modes of appeal will reveal how a text appeals to its reader, and how a text uses language to convince its reader of its major claims.

1. Consider choice of words: Do certain semantic fields dominate? Do certain words evoke certain connotations? Are there certain emotive words? Do certain words reveal a specific attitude? What is the effect?
2. Consider rhetorical figures: Are there any specific tropes such as comparisons, metaphors, symbols, use of irony etc.?
3. Consider rhetorical figures: Are there any specific patterns in the text such as repetitions, alliterations, antitheses, rhetorical questions, etc.? What is the effect?
4. Consider modes of appeal: Is the text dominated by logos, ethos or pathos? Has this been the case for the rest of the text as well (the part you are not analysing here)? What is the effect of the (se) mode(s) of appeal dominating the text?

### PAIR WORK

- Find a new partner who worked on the opposite assignment as you. Share your findings from your analyses.
- Create a five-minute screencast – or another type of film – in which you present a complete analysis of the *argumentation and language* in lines 1 to 19 on page 76 of “The Limits of Diversity”. You could use [www.screencastomatic.com](http://www.screencastomatic.com) to do this assignment.
- Share your screencasts with your classmates.

### GROUP WORK

- Get together with another pair, so you form a group of four all together.
- Watch three screencasts from other pairs, and comment on elements that these screencasts included or left out that you hadn't.

### CLASS DISCUSSION

- Take turns presenting some of the points that you saw in the screencasts from other groups, or important points you saw other groups had left out.
- Discuss in class what Neil Bissoondath's attitude towards Canadian multiculturalism is?

Anne Jew

## EVERYBODY TALKED LOUDLY IN CHINATOWN

Anne Jew is a freelance writer in Vancouver, Canada.



Chinatown

## WHILE READING

Below you will find 13 statements about the short story "Everybody Talked Loudly in Chinatown" that must be answered with true or false. However, you must support your answer by finding specific proof in the text.

## TRUE OR FALSE?

	TRUE	FALSE
The story is told from the 3 <sup>rd</sup> person limited point of view.		
Lin feels limited by her Chinese heritage.		
Lin places individuality over Chinese family bonds.		
Lin accepts Chinese hierarchical family structures.		
Lin accepts the fact that people in Chinatown act as a natural part of their culture.		
Lin prefers the company of non-Chinese.		
Lin doesn't care what her parents say or think.		
Lin respects her father too much to react when he slaps her.		
Lin finally feels free when her grandmother dies.		
Lin falls asleep by her dead grandmother because she finally finds peace in her Chinese heritage.		
The main theme of this story is the generation gap within families.		
The most important thing for Lin is not to feel different from "ordinary" Canadians.		
It is impossible to combine two so different cultures in your life.		

## Everybody Talked Loudly In Chinatown

Lately I have been walking home from school in the sunshine with Todd. It's October and the leaves have turned, though the temperature hasn't changed since the end of August. My father says the reason for this is there were two Junes in the Chinese calendar this year. I wonder if that makes this year thirteen months long or if one month is left out to fit into the regular calendar. But I don't ask. He would launch into a long, boring explanation of the history of the Chinese calendar and say it was superior to the Western calendar. If it was anyone else, I would probably ask.

Todd is very good looking. All the girls at school think so, and it makes me feel good when they turn to look at us walk down the hall together. Sometimes on our walk home we stop at the park to sit on the swings and talk. Actually Todd talks a lot and I listen. He usually describes his daily visit to the vice principal, the cars he wants, and the bands he likes. There is a Led Zeppelin logo drawn onto the back of his jean jacket in black felt pen which kind of bothers me.

"Have you ever really listened to their lyrics? They just make so much sense." It's his favourite band.

I try hard to stay interested in what he says and ask him questions, but mostly I end up nodding my head and saying, "Uh huh, uh huh." He doesn't seem to mind my quietness though. His eyes are clear blue, almost like glass, and it's hard to describe the feeling I get when he looks at me. My whole body feels like it's melting to the ground, and I'm always surprised to see that it hasn't.

Today Todd walks me to the beginning of my block as usual and then crosses the street to go on. My mother would start to ask questions if she saw us together.

As I enter the house, I pass my grandmother's room to go upstairs. She is lying in there dying. I throw my bag into my room and head into the kitchen. I take out a bag of chips from the cupboard and pour a glass of orange juice and join my brother in the living room where he is watching a rerun of *The Brady Bunch*. It's the one where Jan refuses to wear her glasses and smashes into the family portrait with her bike. After a while I forget about the Bradys and start to daydream about Todd.

The next thing I know, my mother is waking me up to feed my grandmother, whose hands shake all the time so she can't do it herself. My brother and I take turns every night.

I stand by the window in the kitchen waiting for my mother to put the food onto the dinner tray. I draw hearts encircling Todd's initials and mine on the steamed glass.

"Hey, what are you doing?" she asks. I quickly wipe away the evidence.

"Nothing."

Her dinner is basically the same every night – soup, rice with water, steamed vegetables, salted fish and a thermos of tea. When I go into the room, she is sleeping with the quilt drawn up to her chin, which is usually how I find her now.

launch (vb) – affyre  
 su'perior (adj) – overlegen  
 swing (subst) – gyngje  
 felt pen (subst) – filtpen  
 'rerun (subst) –  
 genudsendelse  
 en'circle (vb) – lave cirkel  
 omkring  
 i'nittials (subst) –  
 forbogstaver  
 'thermos (subst) –  
 termokande  
 quilt (subst) – quiltet  
 tæppe

birth certificate (subst) -  
fødselsattest  
'bunched up' (adj) -  
klumpet sammen  
'fabric' (subst) - stof  
comb (vb) - friseere  
lobe (subst) - flip  
'clanging' (adj) - klirrende  
exaggerated (adj) -  
overdrevet

Before, my mother would move her to an armchair by the window where she could watch people walk by or she would watch the new television set my father bought for her. Her favourite shows were *The Roadrunner* and *The Beverly Hillbillies*, both which I couldn't stand. She would point and laugh and mumble something in Chinese. She didn't understand them, but I think she liked their movements. Now she stays in bed, too weak to get up.

She looks really old. I think she's almost eighty-four, but no one knows for sure. They didn't have birth certificates in China then, and she had to lie about her age when she came over to Canada. Her skin is bunched up like fabric and it just kind of hangs from her cheekbones. But it feels thin and soft. I touched it once when she was asleep. Her hair is grey and white and oily. It's combed back, making her forehead look like a shiny grapefruit. The lobes of her ears have been stretched by the weight of gold earrings I have never seen her take off. She is hardly moving. She almost looks as if she were dead already.

"Grandmother, it's time to eat rice."

She briefly opens her eyes and then closes them again.

"Grandmother, it's time to eat rice," I repeat a little louder.

She opens her eyes again, and I bring the tray closer for her to see. She starts to sit up, and I put down the tray to help her. After I prop her up onto some pillows, I ruck a paper napkin into the neck of her pyjamas and begin to feed her. I really hate doing it and I always want it to be over as soon as possible. Luckily she has been eating less and less. I have been begging my mother to do it instead, but so far she hasn't given in.

"You're not the one who has to bathe her and change the sheets. Don't be so bad. You are the only one she has treated well. She is going to die soon anyway."

My mother can't wait for my grandmother to die. She is always telling my brother and me how she was treated like a slave by Grandmother when she first married my father.

"Why didn't you stand up for yourself?" I ask.

"Oh, you don't know what it was like then."

We start with the soup. The spoon makes a clanging noise as it knocks against her teeth, sending a shiver through me. She still has all of them, which is amazing since my mother already has false front teeth. She doesn't chew the food very much though. It stays in her mouth a while, and then she makes a great effort to swallow. I try to show her how to chew by making exaggerated movements with my mouth, but she just ignores me. She finishes the soup, and we start on the rice in water. Some of it dribbles out of her mouth, so I have to scrape it off her chin and spoon it back in like I'm feeding a baby. I feel disgusted and guilty and I don't know why. I also feel guilty for not spending more time with her and for not wanting to spend more time with her. Todd would die if he knew I had to do this.

She is a grown-up who has always taken care of me, but now I have to take care of her. It bothers me. She used to be different.

'pastry' (subst) - kage  
'chubby' (adj) - tyk  
'stooping' (adj) -  
krumrygget  
acquaintance (subst) -  
bekendt  
'occupy' (vb) - beskæftige  
suspicious (adj) -  
mistænksom

When I was little, she would take me to Chinatown every weekend. We would go to a small pastry shop at the corner of Pender and Gore. I would have a Coke and a coconut bun while she had tea with the owners. I had to call them Uncle and Auntie although they weren't related to us. They spoke to each other about the people they knew: who was dying, who was dead, whose daughter-in-law was lazy. They drew out their words into sighs and shook their heads at the misfortunes of others. Sometimes they would comment on me, looking at me as if I couldn't see or hear them.

"Look at that high nose. She doesn't look Chinese."

"She is such a shy cute girl."

I usually watched the customers, the bell tinkling above the door as they came and went. Most were short, chubby women with unmade faces and hair. They always looked tired and reminded me of my mother. They carried plastic shopping bags with different shop logos on them in Chinese characters, and their children would run around them as they tried to order. They would scream out their orders and at their children at the same time.

There were also old stooping men with brown spots on their faces and the odd gold front tooth, and old women with straight grey hair pinned back over their ears. The old people were always buried under layers of clothing no matter what season it was.

Each time we left, the owners would give me a box of barbecued pork buns to take home.

"Lin, thank Uncle and Auntie."

"Thank you, Uncle and Auntie."

"What a cute girl."

My grandmother was very popular in Chinatown. While we shopped we would be stopped every few feet by her acquaintances. Everyone talked loudly and waved their arms. I couldn't understand why they had to be so loud. It seemed uncivilized. She also took me to visit her friends and I would occupy myself with extra game pieces while they played mah jong.

But as I started to grow up, I stopped going to Chinatown with her, where it was too loud, and then I stopped spending time with her altogether. I started to play with friends who weren't loud and who weren't Chinese. This upset my mother. She was suspicious of all other cultures. My best friend for a long time was a German girl who lived up the block. Everything was neat and orderly at her house, and her mother was a quiet, pleasant woman who offered me green apples from their tree. My mother only bought red ones in Chinatown.

Grandmother eats the rest of the rice and some vegetables and then motions me to stop. I wipe her mouth and chin and help her to lie down again. She closes her eyes, and I turn out the light and climb the stairs to my own dinner.

On our walk home from school the next day, Todd asks me to see a movie with him. I lie to my parents and tell them I am going with my girlfriend Sandra.



gorge (vb) – sluge  
 com'pel (vb) – tvinge  
 Certs (prop) – pastil til frisk  
 ånde  
 'faintly (adv) – svagt  
 sen'sation (subst) –  
 fornemmelse  
 sa'liva (subst) – spyt  
 'moisture (subst) – fugt  
 'mismatched (adj) –  
 forkert sammensat  
 charge (vb) – angribe  
 'eyelash (subst) – øjenvippe

She swears not to say anything to anyone. Todd pays for the movie and the popcorn, and we sit in the back row of the theatre. He puts one arm around me, balances the bucket of popcorn on his knee, holds his drink between his legs, and eats and drinks with his other hand. I am impressed. I usually gorge myself on popcorn, but I feel compelled to eat one kernel at a time.

Halfway through *The Great Santilli* and after we've finished the popcorn, Todd offers me a Certs. Then after a while he turns to me and kisses me on the lips. He opens his mouth on mine, and not knowing what to do, I open my mouth. I feel his tongue moving around in my mouth, so I move my tongue around in his. He still tastes faintly of popcorn under the flavour of the Certs. Just as I'm becoming used to the new sensation, he stops and kisses me on the lips and turns back to the movie. I can feel saliva clinging to the edges of my mouth, and not wanting to wipe it away with my hand, I press my face into his shoulder, hoping his shirt will absorb the moisture. It works.

As we leave the theatre, Todd takes hold of my hand. I am quickly beginning to fall in love.

"Now that was a great movie. That Robert Duvall guy is one harsh dude. What'd you think? Did you like it?"

"Yeah, I thought it was quite good."

"Yeah, it was great."

My hand feels good in his, but his strides are twice as long as mine, so our mismatched rhythms make us bounce along instead of walk. By now I am truly in love and I let him take me all the way home. Only the living room light is on, so we sit in the darkness of the carport in the back. Todd kisses me again and we move our tongues around. I am lost in the kissing until a car's headlights shine at us as it pulls into the driveway.

"Oh my God! It's my mother!"

I grab Todd's arm, and we run to the front of the house.

"Go! Hurry up!" He quickly kisses me and runs up the block. I stand around debating whether to go inside or escape to Sandra's house. I finally decide to go in. My mother and father are standing in the living room.

"How can you be so fearless! Going out with a white boy!" screams my mother.

My father walks up to me, his eyes wide with anger, and slaps me on the face. Automatically, I slap him back. He is stunned and I take the opportunity to run into my room. I expect him to come charging after me, but I am left alone for the rest of the night. It is only when the last light is turned out that I start to cry.

When I wake up hours later, my eyelashes are clumped together with dried tears. I didn't draw the curtains, so the moon shines into my room. Everything looks calm and quiet covered in moonlight. It comforts me. Todd, my father – it seemed to happen so long ago.

'fragile (adj) – skrøbelig

Only the hum of the fridge can be heard as I creep out into the hallway. I slowly climb down the stairs to my grandmother's bedroom. I imagine the sound of movement as I enter, but I stop and there is nothing. It is dark, so I feel my way over to the window and draw the curtains back a little. She is so still in the moonlight. I go to her and touch her face. It is soft, but cool. The shadows make it look almost ghostly. I take her hand, bony and fragile, and find she has no pulse. I drop it instantly and stand back to look at her. She is dead, I think. I stare at her face expecting it to move, but somehow it looks peaceful. I take her hand again, kneel beside the bed, and rest my head against her. Soon I am asleep.

### WORKING WITH THE TEXT IN CLASS

Choose one of your classmates to act as chairman while your teacher takes notes on your class discussion. The chairman may of course also join in the discussion whenever he/she sees fit.

- ✦ Discuss whether each of the thirteen statements are true or false, and prove or disprove the statements by finding specific examples in the text.

### POST-READING

#### CLASS WORK

Go to The National Film Board of Canada at [www.nfb.ca](http://www.nfb.ca) ▶ "The Chinese Violin"

- ✦ Divide the class into two, and let each half focus on one of the two assignments below.
  - Consider similarities and differences in themes between *The Chinese Violin* and "Everybody Talked Loudly in Chinatown".
  - Consider the symbols of the film and what they might represent, especially the symbol of the violin.
- ✦ Watch the eight-minute animated short film *The Chinese Violin* by Joe Chang from 2002.
- ✦ After watching the film, spend one minute writing some of your findings in a backchannel, e.g. [www.todaysmeet.com](http://www.todaysmeet.com).
- ✦ Sum up in class by discussing some of the answers on your backchannel.

## SYNTHESIS

## INDIVIDUAL WORK

- ✦ Write three to five lines in which you explain the differences between a cultural mosaic and a cultural melting pot, between diversity and assimilation.
- ✦ Share your text with your classmates, preferably on an online platform where everybody can read each other's contributions, e.g. [www.padlet.com](http://www.padlet.com).

## CLASS DISCUSSION

- ✦ Comment on two to four of your classmates' texts that you particularly like, and discuss what makes these texts stand out.

## PAIR WORK

Below is a list of the texts in this chapter.

- ✦ For each text, synthesise the main ideas or themes or messages in two to three words, and draw lines between the texts, supplemented with additional words that illustrate how these texts either compare or contrast.

**INTRODUCTION TO  
MULTICULTURALISM**  
by Robert Chr. Thomsen

**TWICE UPON  
A TIME**  
by Giles Walker

**THE LIMITS OF  
DIVERSITY**  
by Neil Bissoondath

**EVERYBODY  
TALKED LOUDLY  
IN CHINATOWN**  
by Anne Jew

**THE CHINESE  
VIOLIN**  
by Joe Chang

**THE CANADIAN  
MULTICULTURALISM  
ACT**

## CLASS DISCUSSION

- ✦ Sum up your comparisons and contrasts in class by drawing a mind map incorporating all of the texts, supplying it with the keywords from your pair work before.

# INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF CANADA

