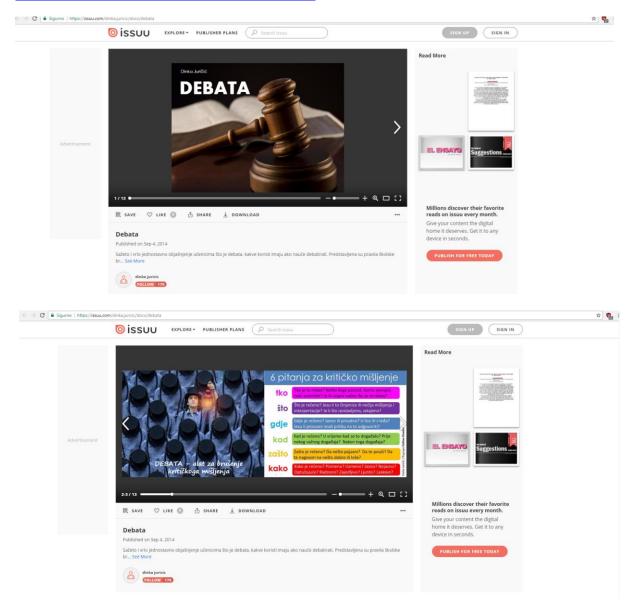




THE RULES OF DEBATE

https://issuu.com/dinka.juricic/docs/debata



The teacher organizes students into smaller groups (6 groups of 3 to 5 students) by random selection in the register. Moderators hand in a piece of paper to their parents for





notes and marks. Students work in small groups according to the principle of collaborative learning, each student reads their arguments for and against. The order of presentation: hot pencil method (on the faciliator's table, pencil is spinned, and the top of the pencil decides the first speaker). Parents participate individually, they listen and make notes as needed. Exercising listening, talking and managing time, the students keep notes and then, together with their parents, ask questions and make comments.

In the end, they choose successful theses / arguments that confirm or reject the defined thesis and support them with evidence from the text (quotes, paraphrases, retelling the part of the excerpt) as they were set, and reject badly articulated or inaccurate claims.

Students select two groups of three debates and representatives of judges (2 parents and 3 students).

C. Second Lesson: Debate and Self-Evaluation

Moderators explain the rules of the debate to the parents and students. Debate is a skill of discussion in which participants use pre-prepared arguments. Two opposing sides discuss the thesis. A well-formed thesis should be said with an affirmative sentence. The participants do not know whether they will be in affirmative or negative group, until then they have prepared arguments for both sides. When debaters find out which opinion they will represent, which can be determined by throwing dice, coins, drawing paper from hoods, etc., they have to represent their group regardless of whether it is their personal opinion. One group tries to convince the other in the truth of their arguments and persuade them to accept them. The judges monitor the time and finally, after the discussion and the closing words, evaluate the group's persuasiveness (scale 1 - 10) and determine the winner. The debate lasts exactly 18 minutes.

Affirmative and negation groups are selected. The negative argument debatant starts (60 seconds) – and the opposing group replicates (the affirmative debatant argues the negative arguments, asking questions that are trying to contradict him and weaken or break his arguments, time for questions and answers 90 seconds), followed by the first debatant of the other group, and the first group replicates. This is how all three debates are developed.

After their performance, a large group discussion (plenum) follows acording the general discussion rules (respect of the interlocutor, lack of speech interruption, respect for time, etc.).





Each group eventually sums up the final word. In the final speech, each debatant repeats or sums up his main arguments and supplements them by challenging opponents' arguments. It is not allowed to enter new arguments.

At the end of the debate, the judges preside over which group was more successful in evaluating the following: the talkative skills of the debates, the clarity of the arguments put forward, the persuasiveness of the speaker in defending his arguments, the ability of the debaters to find weakness in the opponent's arguments, respect of the set time.





ALICE MUNRO: LIVES OF GIRLS AND WOMEN (novel/short story) COLLABORATION PROPOSAL / GUIDE FOR PARENTS AND STUDENTS

Dear parents,

As a part of the Erasmus+ project of promoting good reading habits and the collaborative program between parents and school, we are inviting you to join us and take part in the preparation and the organisation of our "Literary workshop for parents and students".

Two copies of an excerpt from the novel "Lives Of Girls And Women" by the Nobel prize winner 2013., Alice Munro are attached, one copy each for the parent and the student. The main themes of the novel are the relationships of mother/daughter and parent/child in general.

In about a week you will take part in a class where you will interpret the novel together with your child. The school and its students will be thankful if you find some time for this new type of collaboration, hopefully in large numbers!

Dear students,

Please read the attached excerpt from the novel and think about its theme and motives. You will be taking part in a debate. Each student should prepare **five short arguments for OR against their thesis**. Your thesis needs to be in the form of a declarative sentence.

Del Jordan did the right thing by standing up to her mother. / Men are the stronger sex. / Girls are vulnerable and passive, while boys are strong and independent. / Sexual harassment and bullying shouldn't be acknowledged or reported. / There are certain books or newspapers that need to be banned. / The time of books is over.

September, 2017

Training materials for "Lives of girl and women"

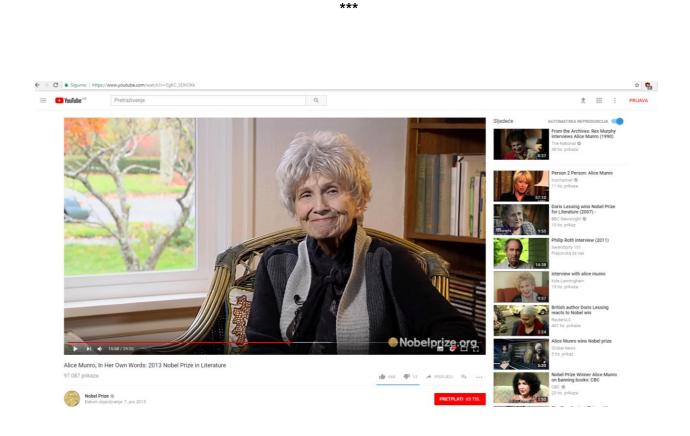




Please bring the excerpts from the novel to the workshop. Students should also bring ther written arguments for the debate.

Thank you for your cooperation!

Professional Team ERASMUS+: Handbook for reluctant, struggling and poor readers



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

Alice Munro, In Her Own Words: 2013 Nobel Prize in Literature

O roditeljima / Parents - 15:58...





Lives of Girls and Women

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That was a valedictory appearance for Mr. Chamberlain, as I ought to have guessed it might be. I came home at noon to find Fern sitting at the dining-room table, which was set for dinner, listening to my mother calling from the kitchen over the noise of the potato masher.

"Doesn't matter what anybody says. You weren't married. You weren't engaged. It's nobody's business. Your life is your own."

"Want to see my little love letter?" said Fern, and fluttered it under my nose.

Dear Fern, Owing to circumstances beyond my control, I am taking off this evening in my trusty Pontiac and heading for points west. There is a lot of the world I haven't seen yet and no sense getting fenced in. I may send you a postcard from California or Alaska, who knows? Be a good girl as you always were and keep licking those stamps and steaming open the mail, you may find a hundred-dollar-bill yet. When Mama dies I will probably come home, but not for long. Cheers, Art.

The same hand that had written: Del is a bad girl.

"Tampering with the mails is a Federal offense," said my mother, coming in. "I don't think that is very witty, what he says," She distributed canned carrots, mashed potatoes, meat loaf. No matter what the season, we ate a heavy meal in the middle of the day

"Looks like it hasn't put me off my food, anyway," said Fern sighing. She poured ketchup. "I could have had him. Long ago, I I'd wanted. He even wrote me letters mentioning marriage 1 should have kept them, I could have breach-of-promised him."

"A good thing you didn't," said my mother spiritedly, "or where would you be today?" Lives of Girls and Women

"Didn't what? Breach-of-promised him or married him?"

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"Married him. Breach-of-promise is a degradation to women." "Oh, I wasn't in danger of marriage."

"You had your singing. You had your interest in life."

"I was just usually having too good a time. I knew enough about marriage to know that's when your good times stop."

When Fern talked about having a good time she meant going to dances at the Lakeshore Pavilion, going to the Regency Hotel in Tupperton for drinks and dinner, being driven from one roadhouse to another on Saturday night. My mother did try to understand such pleasures, but she could not, any more than she could understand why people go on rides at a fair, and will get off and throw up, then go on rides again.

Fern was not one to grieve, in spite of her acquaintance with opera. Her expressed feeling was that men always went, and better they did before you got sick of them. But she grew very talkative; she was never silent.

"As bad as Art was," she said to Owen, eating supper. "He wouldn't touch any yellow vegetable. His mother should have taken the paddle to him when he was little. That's what I used to cell him."

"You're built the opposite from Art," she told my father. "The trouble with getting his suits fitted was he was so long in the body, short in the leg. Ransom's in Tupperton was the only place that could fit him."

"Only one time I saw him lose his temper. At the Pavilion when we went to a dance there, and a fellow asked me to dance, and I got up with him because what can you do, and he put his face down, right away down on my neck. Guzzling me up like I was chocolate icing! Art said to him, if you have to slobber don't to it on my girlfriend, I might want her myself! And he yanked him off. He did so!"





Lives of Girls and Women

I would come into a room where she was talking to my mother and there would be an unnatural, waiting silence. My mother would be listening with a trapped, determinedly compassionate, miserable face. What could she do? Fern was her good, perhaps her only, friend. But there were things she never thought she would have to hear. She may have missed Mr. Chamberlain.

"He treated you shabbily," she said to Fern, against Fern's shrugs and ambiguous laugh. "He did. He did. My estimation of a person has never gone down so fast. But nevertheless I miss him when I hear them trying to read the radio news."

For the Jubilee station had not found anybody else who could read the news the way it was now, full of Russian names, without panicking, and they had let somebody call Bach *Batch* on *In Memoriam*, when they played "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." It made my mother wild.

I had meant to tell Naomi all about Mr. Chamberlain, now it was over. But Naomi came out of her illness fifteen pounds lighter, with a whole new outlook on life. Her forthrightness was gone with her chunky figure. Her language was purified. Her daring had collapsed. She had a new delicate regard for herself. She sat under a tree with her skirt spread around her, watching the rest of us play volleyball, and kept feeling her forehead to see if she was feverish. She was not even interested in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain had gone, so preoccupied was she with herself and her illness. Her temperature had risen to over a hundred and five degrees. All the grosser aspects of sex had disappeared from her conversation and apparently from her mind although she talked a good deal about Dr. Wallis, and how he had sponged her hep himself, and she had been quite helplessly exposed to him, when she was sick.

So I had not the relief of making what Mr. Chamberlain had done into a funny, though horrifying, story. I did not know what to do with it. I could not get him back to his old role, I could not make him play the single-minded, simple-minded, vigorous, obliging lecher of my daydreams. My faith in simple depravity had weakened. Perhaps nowhere but in daydreams did the trap door open so sweetly and easily, plunging bodies altogether free of thought, free of personality, into self-indulgence, mad bad license. Instead of that, Mr. Chamberlain had shown me, people take along a good deal—flesh that is not overcome but has to be thumped into ecstasy, all the stubborn puzzle and dark turns of themselves.

Lives of Girls and Women

In June there was the annual strawberry supper on the lawns behind the United Church. Fern went down to sing at it, wearing the flowered chiffon dress my mother had helped her make. It was now very tight at the waist. Since Mr. Chamberlain had gone Fern had put on weight, so that she was not now soft and bulgy but really fat, swollen up like a boiled pudding, her splotched skin not shady anymore but stretched and shiny.

She patted herself around the midriff. "Anyway they won't be able to say I'm pining, will they? It'll be a scandal if I split the seams."

We heard her high heels going down the sidewalk. On leafy, cloudy, quiet evenings under the trees, sounds carried a long way. Sociable noise of the United Church affair washed as far as our treps. Did my mother wish she had a hat and a summer sheer dress on, and was going? Her agnosticism and sociability were often in conflict in Jubilee, where social and religious life were apt to be one and the same. Fern had told her to come ahead. "You're member. Didn't you tell me you joined when you got married?"

"My ideas weren't formed then. Now I'd be a hypocrite. I'm not a believer."

"Think all of them are?"

I was on the veranda reading *Arch of Triumph*, a book I had got out of the library. The library had been left some money and had hought a supply of new books, mostly on the recommendation of

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Mrs. Wallis, the doctor's wife, who had a college degree but not perhaps the tastes the Council had been counting on. There had been complaints, people had said it should have been left up to Bella Phippen, but only one book—*The Hucksters*—had actually been removed from the shelves. I had read it first. My mother had picked it up and read a few pages and been saddened.

"I never expected to see such a use made of the printed word."

"It's about the advertising business, how corrupt it is."

"That's not the only thing is corrupt, I'm afraid. Next day they will be telling about how they go to the toilet, why do they leave that out? There isn't any of that in *Silas Marner*. There isn't in the classic writers. They were good writers, they didn't need it."

I had turned away from my old favorites, Kristin Lavransdatter, historical novels. I read modern books now. Somerset Maugham. Nancy Mitford. I read about rich and titled people who despised the very sort of people who in Jubilee were at the top of societydruggists, dentists, storekeepers. I learned names like Balenciaga, Schiaparelli. I knew about drinks. Whisky and soda. Gin and tonic. Cinzano, Benedictine, Grand Marnier, I knew the names of hotels, streets, restaurants, in London, Paris, Singapore. In these books people did go to bed together, they did it all the time, but the descriptions of what they were up to there were not thorough in spite of what my mother thought. One book compared having sexual intercourse to going through a train tunnel (presumably if you were the whole train) and blasting out into a mountain meadow so high, so blest and beautiful, you felt as if you were in the sky. Books always compared it to something else, never told about it by itself.

"You can't read there," my mother said. "You can't read in that light. Come down on the steps."

So I came, but she did not want me to read at all. She wanted company.

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"See, the lilacs are turning. Soon we'll be going out to the

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Along the front of our yard, by the sidewalk, were purple lilacs gone pale as soft, delicate scrub rags, rusty specked. Beyond them the road, already dusty, and banks of wild blackberry bushes growing in front of the boarded-up factory, on which we could still read the big, faded, vainglorious letters: MUNDY PIANOS.

"I'm sorry for Fern," my mother said. "I'm sorry for her life." Her sad confidential tone warned me off.

"Maybe she'll find a new boyfriend tonight."

"What do you mean? She's not after a new boyfriend. She's had enough of all that. She's going to sing 'Where'er You Walk.' She's got a lovely voice, still."

"She's getting fat."

farm."

My mother spoke to me in her grave, hopeful, lecturing voice. "There is a change coming I think in the lives of girls and women. Yes. But it is up to us to make it come. All women have had up till now has been their connection with men. All we have had. No more lives of our own, really, than domestic animals. *He shall hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force, a little closer than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.* Tennyson wrote that. It's true. *Was* true. You will want to have children, though."

That was how much she knew me.

"But I hope you will—use your brains. Use your brains. Don't be distracted. Once you make that mistake, of being—distracted, over a man, your life will never be your own. You will get the burden, a woman always does."

"There is birth control nowadays," I reminded her, and she hooked at me startled, though it was she herself who had publicly imbarrassed our family, writing to the Jubilee *Herald-Advance* that "prophylactic devices should be distributed to all women on public relief in Wawanash County, to help them prevent any fur-





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ther increase in their families." Boys at school had yelled at me, "Hey, when is your momma giving out the proplastic devices?"

"That is not enough, though of course it is a great boon and religion is the enemy of it as it is of everything that might ease the pangs of life on earth. It is self-respect I am really speaking of. Self-respect."

I did not quite get the point of this, or if I did get the point I was set up to resist it. I would have had to resist anything she told me with such earnestness, such stubborn hopefulness. Her concern about my life, which I needed and took for granted, I could not bear to have expressed. Also I felt that it was not so different from all the other advice handed out to women, to girls, advice that assumed being female made you damageable, that a certain amount of carefulness and solemn fuss and self-protection were called for, whereas men were supposed to be able to go out and take on all kinds of experiences and shuck off what they didn't want and come back proud. Without even thinking about it, I had decided to do the same. Baptizing

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In our third year of high school Naomi switched to Commercial; suddenly freed from Latin, physics, algebra, she mounted to the third floor of the school where under the sloping roof typewriters clacked all day and the walls were hung with framed maxims preparing one for life in the business world. *Time and Energy are my Capital; if I Squander them, I shall get no Other.* The effect, after the downstairs classrooms with their blackboards covered with foreign words and abstract formulae, their murky pictures of buttles and shipwrecks and heady but decent mythological adventures, was that of coming into cool ordinary light, the real and hung world. A relief to most. Naomi liked it.

In March of that year she got a job in the office of the creamery. the was through with school. She told me to come and see her after four o'clock. I did, without much idea of what I was getting into. I thought Naomi would make a face at me from behind the munter. I was going to put on my quavery old-lady voice and say

September, 2017

Training materials for "Lives of girl and women"

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