



Victorian Certificate of Education 2003

LITERATURE

Written examination

Thursday 6 November 2003

Reading time: 3.00 pm to 3.15 pm (15 minutes)

Writing time: 3.15 pm to 5.15 pm (2 hours)

TASK BOOK

- Students are permitted to bring into the examination room: pens, pencils, highlighters, erasers, sharpeners and rulers.
- Students are NOT permitted to bring into the examination room: blank sheets of paper and/or white out liquid/tape.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

Materials supplied

- Task book of 66 pages, including the **Assessment Criteria** and a checklist on page 66.
- One or more script books. All script books contain unruled (rough work only) pages for making notes, plans and drafts if you wish.

The task

- You are required to complete **two** pieces of writing based on **two texts** selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.

Each text must be chosen from a different part.

- Each piece of writing is worth half of the total assessment for the examination.
- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the script book(s).
- Write the **part numbers** and **text numbers** of your selected texts on the front cover(s) of your script book(s).
- All written responses must be in English.

At the end of the task

- Place all other used script books inside the front cover of one of the used script books.
- You may keep this task book.

Students are NOT permitted to bring mobile phones and/or any other electronic communication devices into the examination room.

Instructions

You are required to complete **two** pieces of writing based on **two texts** selected from the list on pages 2 and 3.

The list is divided into five parts.

The texts you select must be chosen from different parts. **You must not write on two texts from the same part.** If you answer on two texts from the same part, **one** of the pieces will be awarded zero marks.

1. Find the passages for the texts on which you wish to write.
2. Three passages have been set for every text.
3. The passages are printed in the order in which they appear in the texts.
4. For each of your selected texts, you must use one or more of the passages as the basis for a discussion of that text.
5. In your pieces of writing, refer in detail to the passage or passages and the texts. You may include minor references to other texts.
6. As a guide, each piece of writing should be between 400–1000 words. However, length will not be a major consideration in the assessment.

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1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Pride and Prejudice*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Pride and Prejudice*.

1.

When dinner was over, she returned directly to Jane, and Miss Bingley began abusing her as soon as she was out of the room. Her manners were pronounced to be very bad indeed, a mixture of pride and impertinence; she had no conversation, no stile, no taste, no beauty. Mrs. Hurst thought the same, and added,

“She has nothing, in short, to recommend her, but being an excellent walker. I shall never forget her appearance this morning. She really looked almost wild.”

“She did indeed, Louisa. I could hardly keep my countenance. Very nonsensical to come at all! Why must *she* be scampering about the country, because her sister had a cold? Her hair so untidy, so blowsy!”

“Yes, and her petticoat; I hope you saw her petticoat, six inches deep in mud, I am absolutely certain; and the gown which had been let down to hide it, not doing its office.”

“Your picture may be very exact, Louisa,” said Bingley; “but this was all lost upon me. I thought Miss Elizabeth Bennet looked remarkably well, when she came into the room this morning. Her dirty petticoat quite escaped my notice.”

“*You* observed it, Mr. Darcy, I am sure,” said Miss Bingley; “and I am inclined to think that you would not wish to see *your sister* make such an exhibition.”

“Certainly not.”

“To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ankles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! what could she mean by it? It seems to me to shew an abominable sort of conceited independence, a most country town indifference to decorum.”

“It shews an affection for her sister that is very pleasing,” said Bingley.

“I am afraid, Mr. Darcy,” observed Miss Bingley, in a half whisper, “that this adventure has rather affected your admiration of her fine eyes.”

“Not at all,” he replied; “they were brightened by the exercise.”—A short pause followed this speech, and Mrs. Hurst began again.

“I have an excessive regard for Jane Bennet, she is really a very sweet girl, and I wish with all my heart she were well settled. But with such a father and mother, and such low connections, I am afraid there is no chance of it.”

“I think I have heard you say, that their uncle is an attorney in Meryton.”

“Yes; and they have another, who lives somewhere near Cheapside.”

“That is capital,” added her sister, and they both laughed heartily.

“If they had uncles enough to fill *all* Cheapside,” cried Bingley, “it would not make them one jot less agreeable.”

“But it must very materially lessen their chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world,” replied Darcy.

To this speech Bingley made no answer; but his sisters gave it their hearty assent, and indulged their mirth for some time at the expense of their dear friend’s vulgar relations.

* * * *

2.

When coffee was over, Colonel Fitzwilliam reminded Elizabeth of having promised to play to him; and she sat down directly to the instrument. He drew a chair near her. Lady Catherine listened to half a song, and then talked, as before, to her other nephew; till the latter walked away from her, and moving with his usual deliberation towards the piano forte, stationed himself so as to command a full view of the fair performer’s countenance. Elizabeth saw what he was doing, and at the first convenient pause, turned to him with an arch smile, and said,

“You mean to frighten me, Mr. Darcy, by coming in all this state to hear me? But I will not be alarmed though your sister *does* play so well. There is a stubbornness about me that never can bear to be frightened at the will of others. My courage always rises with every attempt to intimidate me.”

“I shall not say that you are mistaken,” he replied, “because you could not really believe me to entertain any design of alarming you; and I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance long enough to know, that you find great enjoyment in occasionally professing opinions which in fact are not your own.”

Elizabeth laughed heartily at this picture of herself, and said to Colonel Fitzwilliam, “Your cousin will give you a very pretty notion of me, and teach you not to believe a word I say. I am particularly unlucky in meeting with a person so well able to expose my real character, in a part of the world, where I had hoped to pass myself off with some degree of credit. Indeed, Mr. Darcy, it is very ungenerous in you to mention all that you knew to my disadvantage in Hertfordshire—and, give me leave to say, very impolitic too—for it is provoking me to retaliate, and such things may come out, as will shock your relations to hear.”

“I am not afraid of you,” said he, smilingly.

“Pray let me hear what you have to accuse him of,” cried Colonel Fitzwilliam. “I should like to know how he behaves among strangers.”

“You shall hear then—but prepare yourself for something very dreadful. The first time of my ever seeing him in Hertfordshire, you must know, was at a ball—and at this ball, what do you think he did? He danced only four dances! I am sorry to pain you—but so it was. He danced only four dances, though gentlemen were scarce; and, to my certain knowledge, more than one young lady was sitting down in want of a partner. Mr. Darcy, you cannot deny the fact.”

“I had not at that time the honour of knowing any lady in the assembly beyond my own party.”

“True; and nobody can ever be introduced in a ball-room. Well, Colonel Fitzwilliam, what do I play next? My fingers wait your orders.”

“Perhaps,” said Darcy, “I should have judged better, had I sought an introduction, but I am ill qualified to recommend myself to strangers.”

“Shall we ask your cousin the reason of this?” said Elizabeth, still addressing Colonel Fitzwilliam. “Shall we ask him why a man of sense and education, and who has lived in the world, is ill-qualified to recommend himself to strangers?”

“I can answer your question,” said Fitzwilliam, “without applying to him. It is because he will not give himself the trouble.”

1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Pride and Prejudice* – continued

“I certainly have not the talent which some people possess,” said Darcy, “of conversing easily with those I have never seen before. I cannot catch their tone of conversation, or appear interested in their concerns, as I often see done.”

* * * *

3.

“You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come.”

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

“Indeed, you are mistaken, Madam. I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here.”

“Miss Bennet,” replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, “you ought to know, that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere *you* may choose to be, you shall not find *me* so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this, I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature, reached me two days ago. I was told, that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood; though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you.”

“If you believed it impossible to be true,” said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, “I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?”

“At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted.”

“Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family,” said Elizabeth, coolly, “will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence.”

“If! do you then pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?”

“I never heard that it was.”

“And can you likewise declare, that there is no *foundation* for it?”

“I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions, which *I* shall not choose to answer.”

“This is not to be borne. Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?”

“Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible.”

“It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But *your* arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in.”

“If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it.”

“Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns.”

“But you are not entitled to know *mine*; nor will such behaviour as this, ever induce me to be explicit.”

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 2 John Banville: *The Book of Evidence*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Book of Evidence*.

1.

John Banville, *The Book of Evidence*,
Minerva, 1990
pp 33–34

2.

John Banville, *The Book of Evidence*,
Minerva, 1990
pp 110–111

1: Novels

1 – 2 John Banville: *The Book of Evidence* – continued

3.

John Banville, *The Book of Evidence*,
Minerva, 1990
pp 207–208

1: Novels

1 – 3 Georgia Blain: *Closed for Winter*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Closed for Winter*.

1.

I wait. The number 12 to Martin's house, where he will be reading his book in his favourite recliner chair, one bar of the heater on, just enough to warm his feet, but leaving the rest of the house cold. Across the road, the number 12 to Dorothy's, where she will be sitting under the flicker of the kitchen light, pasting her clip-pings into her book.

One or the other. It is always one or the other.

And I am, for a moment, tempted to turn it all upside down, to cross the road and head in the wrong direction, to where the wind throws the sea into a dark confusion and the few who dare to be out are bent low to avoid its force.

But it is just a momentary temptation. I block it out because I cannot bear to think that my escape is not my escape, that the place from which I have tried to escape is now the place to which I am tempted to flee.

The awning overhead lifts high in the wind but does not fall again. It snaps and is hurled down the street, clattering to the ground before flying off again. And as the bus pulls up, I think, *That is me, I will snap too, this cannot last, it cannot last any longer.*

But I get onto the bus and pay my fare. The dramatics are, as usual, confined to my head, the exterior continues to do what it has always done.

I sit near the front, and with my cheek resting against the window, I am resigned to heading the way I am expected to go. Home. To Martin.

Who is, I imagine, waiting for my key in the lock.

Who is, I imagine, worried that I am not home.

Who is, I imagine, in love with me again.

But when I reach my destination, it is not as I had anticipated. The house is empty. Dark, cold and silent.

I stand at the front door and let the unmistakable fact sink in. Slowly.

And I am suddenly frightened that he has done what I have always been afraid he will do. Left me. Alone.

* * * *

2.

We do not talk about the past.

We do not refer directly to it. Not in the way Tony did.

This is not to say it is never mentioned, it is (or at least aspects of it are), but it is only Dorothy who speaks and she speaks of a past she has created. There are great tracts we never traverse, names we never utter and events to which we never refer; some facts, some fantasies, a pile of each on either side of me. And each year the space between us shifts. It is a desert and the sandstorms are constant, changing the shape of all I know before my eyes.

I remember but I do not know what I remember any more. It becomes harder, not easier, to know what is truth and what is a lie.

Fat Tony pushed off the end of the jetty.

Fat Tony flicking his cigarette into the oncoming traffic on Grange Road.

In sympathy for your loss, and Dorothy throws the card into the bin. She does not want to speak of certain things. She does not want realities.

They didn't do nothin', and I do not want direct words either, walking down the road towards my mother's house, hoping they will have faded into the heavy evening sky by the time the back gate swings shut behind me.

Home from work and I am staring at my face in the bathroom mirror. Under the yellow of the bare light bulb, I can see my eyes, my nose, my mouth, my hair, my skin, and I am, as I often am, overwhelmed by the sensation of looking at the face of someone I do not know.

One green eye, one blue.

My eyes are blue-green. Neither one nor the other.

I stare at myself and I cannot see the whole.

There is mould on the mirror and on the walls. The paint peels in grey strips from the ceiling. The bathroom window is cracked, diagonally, a jagged line from top to bottom, and the shower rose is tied on with a piece of

1: Novels

1 – 3 Georgia Blain: *Closed for Winter* – continued

string. I look at each and every one of these realities and then look at myself once more before opening the door.

John Mills is waiting to say goodbye.

He is in the lounge room, and as I walk in, I know he has been looking at the photograph of Frances, the one on top of the television, the one that appeared in the newspaper.

* * * *

3.

In the darkness of this room, I can just see the two of us. There, reflected in the mirror on her dressing-table. I cannot see our faces, only my torso and, there, on the bed, the shape that I know is my mother, her hand outstretched to mine, both of us reaching for him. My father.

I let my arm fall.

My father worked on the lines, out where the scrub lies low and flat and the soil slips dry like sand through your fingers.

He did not want to leave me, and Dorothy would sigh, *but we had no money. It is a testament to our love. Because he did love me. This much*, and she would stretch her arms out wide, or was it Frances who did that? I do not know.

My father came home when he was between jobs. A week here, a few days there, and in the year he died, he was back for a couple of months.

If I try to remember him from this time, I have only a sense of his presence. I have no solid memories, no incidents that I can recall; *I was only four*, I told Martin, *my recollections are vague*. I have nothing but a sense; a sense from years of stumbling in the dark. This is all I can rely upon.

Did he do it? I ask my mother, finally finding the words I want, but as I speak, I know there is no point. She speaks in stories, one piled on top of the other. Any truth that once existed has long since been buried, so dark so deep so forgotten, rotten at the bottom of the pile.

She looks at me and she looks beyond me.

We loved each other, your father and I, really loved each other, and she wipes her hair back from her face, her beautiful hair, the envy of all the other girls, as she talks of him, the same words over and over again.

She reaches for my hand and I am about to pull away, I am about to turn from her, but then I see us both again, there in the mirror, just the two of us, her lying in her bed and me standing by her side.

There is only her and me. This is what is left. And she will have no answers for me. Not if I shook her, not if I shouted at her, not if I begged or pleaded.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 4 Giuseppe di Lampedusa: *The Leopard*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Leopard*.

1.

At the end a statue of Flora speckled with yellow-black lichen exhibited her centuries-old charms with an air of resignation; on each side were benches holding quilted cushions, also of grey marble; and in a corner the gold of an acacia tree introduced a sudden note of gaiety. Every sod seemed to exude a yearning for beauty soon muted by languor.

But the garden, hemmed and almost squashed between these barriers, was exhaling scents that were cloying, fleshy and slightly putrid, like the aromatic liquids distilled from the relics of certain saints; the carnations superimposed their pungence on the formal fragrance of roses and the oily emanations of magnolias drooping in corners; and somewhere beneath it all was a faint smell of mint mingling with a nursery whiff of acacia and a jammy one of myrtle; from a grove beyond the wall came an erotic waft of early orange-blossom.

It was a garden for the blind: a constant offence to the eyes, a pleasure strong if somewhat crude to the nose. The *Paul Neyron* roses, whose cuttings he had himself bought in Paris, had degenerated; first stimulated and then enfeebled by the strong if languid pull of Sicilian earth, burnt by apocalyptic Julys, they had changed into objects like flesh-coloured cabbages, obscene and distilling a dense almost indecent scent which no French horticulturist would have dared hope for. The Prince put one under his nose and seemed to be sniffing the thigh of a dancer from the Opera. Bendicò, to whom it was also proffered, drew back in disgust and hurried off in search of healthier sensations amid dead lizards and manure.

But the heavy scents of the garden brought on a gloomy train of thought for the Prince: "It smells all right here now; but a month ago . . ."

He remembered the nausea diffused throughout the entire villa by certain sweetish odours before their cause was traced: the corpse of a young soldier of the Fifth Regiment of Sharpshooters who had been wounded in the skirmish with the rebels at San Lorenzo and come up there to die, all alone, under a lemon tree. They had found him lying face downwards in the thick clover, his face covered in blood and vomit, crawling with ants, his nails dug into the soil; a pile of purplish intestines had formed a puddle under his bandoleer. Russo the agent had discovered this object, turned it over, covered its face with his red handkerchief, thrust the guts back into the gaping stomach with some twigs, and then covered the wound with the blue flaps of the cloak; spitting continuously with disgust, meanwhile, not right on, but very near the body. And all this with meticulous care. "Those swine stink even when they're dead." It had been the only epitaph to that derelict death.

* * * *

2.

From the height of his own assured happiness Tancredi tried to console him: "You see, I've known Concetta all her life: she's the sweetest creature in the world; a mirror of all the virtues; but she's a little too reserved, too withdrawn, I'm afraid she has too high an opinion of herself; and then she's Sicilian to the very marrow: she's never left here; she might never feel at home in a place where one has to arrange a week ahead for a plate of macaroni!"

Tancredi's little joke, one of the earliest expressions of national unity, brought a smile from Cavriaghi again; pains and sorrows did not stay with him long. "But I'd have laid in cases of your macaroni for her, of course! Anyway what's done is done; I only hope your uncle and aunt, who've been so sweet to me, won't take against me for having thrust myself among you pointlessly." He was reassured quite sincerely, for Cavriaghi had made himself liked by everyone except Concetta (and perhaps liked by Concetta too, in a way) for the boisterous good humour which he combined with the most plaintive sentimentality; then they talked of something else, that is they talked of Angelica.

"You know, Falconeri, you *are* a lucky dog! To go and find a jewel like Signorina Angelica in this pigsty (excuse my calling it that, my dear fellow). What a beauty, good God, what a beauty! Lucky rascal, leading her round for hours in the remotest corners of this house as huge as our own cathedral! And not only lovely, but clever and cultured too; and good as well; one can see that in her eyes, in that sweet innocence of hers."

Cavriaghi went on ecstatically about Angelica's goodness, under Tancredi's amused glance. "The really good person in all this is you yourself, Cavriaghi." The phrase slipped unnoticed over that Milanese optimism. Then, "Listen," said the young count, "you'll be leaving in a few days; don't you think it's time I was introduced to the mother of the young baroness?"

This was the first time—and from a Lombard voice—that Tancredi heard his future wife called by a title. For a second he did not realise who the other was referring to. Then the prince in him rebelled. "Baroness? what d'you mean, Cavriaghi? She's a dear, sweet creature whom I love and that's quite enough."

That it really was "quite enough" was not actually true; but Tancredi was perfectly sincere; with his atavistic habit of great possessions it seemed to him that the estates of Gibildolce and Settesoli, all those bags of gold, had been his since the time of Charles of Anjou, always.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 4 Giuseppe di Lampedusa: *The Leopard* – continued

3.

The four green cases contained dozens of day and night shirts, dressing-gowns, pillow-cases, sheets carefully divided into “best” and “second-best”: the trousseau collected by Concetta herself fifty years before. Now those padlocks were never opened for fear incongruous demons might leap out, and under the ubiquitous Palermo damp the contents grew yellow and decayed, useless for ever and for anyone. The portraits were of dead people no longer loved, the photographs of friends who had hurt her in their lifetime, the only reason they were not forgotten in death; the water-colours showed houses and places most of which had been sold, or rather stupidly bartered away by spendthrift nephews. Anyone looking carefully into the heap of moth-eaten fur would have noticed two erect ears, a snout of black wood, and two astonished eyes of yellow glass; it was Bencicò, dead for forty-five years, embalmed for forty-five years, nest now of spiders’ webs and moth, detested by the servants who had been imploring Concetta for dozens of years to have it thrown on the rubbish heap; but she always refused, reluctant to detach herself from the only memory of her past which aroused no distressing sensations.

But the distressing sensations of today (at a certain age every day punctually produces its own) all referred to the present. Much less devout than Carolina, much more sensitive than Caterina, Concetta had understood the meaning of the Vicar-General’s visit and foreseen the consequences; orders to take away all or nearly all the relics, the changing of the picture above the altar, an eventual reconsecration of the chapel. She had never really believed in the authenticity of these relics, and had paid up with the indifference of a father settling a bill for toys which are of no interest to himself but help to keep the children quiet. To her the removal of these objects was a matter of indifference; what did touch her, the day’s real thorn, was the appalling figure the Salina family would now cut with ecclesiastical authorities, and soon with the entire city. The Church kept its secrets much better than anyone else in Sicily, but that did not mean much yet; all would be spread round in a month or two; as everything spreads on this island which should have as its symbol not the Trinacria but the Ear of Dionysius at Syracuse which makes the lightest sigh resound for fifty yards. And the Church’s esteem meant a lot to her. The prestige of her name had slowly disappeared, the family fortune, divided and subdivided, was at best equivalent to that of any number of other lesser families and very much smaller than that of some rich industrialists. But in the Church, in their relations with it, the Salina had maintained their pre-eminence.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 5 William Maxwell: *So Long, See You Tomorrow*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *So Long, See You Tomorrow*.

1.

William Maxwell, *So Long, See You Tomorrow*,
Harper Collins, 1998
pp 4–5

2.

William Maxwell, *So Long, See You Tomorrow*,
Harper Collins, 1998
pp 57–58

1: Novels

1 – 5 William Maxwell: *So Long, See You Tomorrow* – continued

3.

William Maxwell, *So Long, See You Tomorrow*,
Harper Collins, 1998
pp 121–122

1: Novels

1 – 6 Claire Messud: *The Last Life*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Last Life*.

1.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*, Picador, 1999
pp 84–85

2.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*, Picador, 1999
pp 154–155

1: Novels

1 – 6 Claire Messud: *The Last Life* – continued

3.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*, Picador, 1999
pp 333–334

1: Novels

1 – 7 Alex Miller: *Conditions of Faith*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Conditions of Faith*.

1.

Alex Miller, *Conditions of Faith*,
Allen & Unwin, 2001
pp 139–140

2.

Alex Miller, *Conditions of Faith*,
Allen & Unwin, 2001
pp 175–176

1: Novels

1 – 7 Alex Miller: *Conditions of Faith* – continued

3.

Alex Miller, *Conditions of Faith*,
Allen & Unwin, 2001
pp 346–347

1: Novels

1 – 8 Toni Morrison: *Beloved*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Beloved*.

1.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, Vintage, 1997
pp 14–15

2.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, Vintage, 1997
pp 226–227

1: Novels

1 – 8 Toni Morrison: *Beloved* – continued

3.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*, Vintage, 1997

pp 272–273

1: Novels

1 – 9 Mark Twain: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

1.

And there was the ferry-boat full of people, floating along down. I knowed what was the matter, now. ‘Boom!’ I see the white smoke squirt out of the ferry-boat’s side. You see, they was firing cannon over the water, trying to make my carcass come to the top.

I was pretty hungry, but it warn’t going to do for me to start a fire, because they might see the smoke. So I set there and watched the cannon-smoke and listened to the boom. The river was a mile wide, there, and it always looks pretty on a summer morning – so I was having a good enough time seeing them hunt for my remainders, if I only had a bite to eat. Well, then I happened to think how they always put quicksilver in loaves of bread and float them off because they always go right to the drowned carcass and stop there. So says I, I’ll keep a lookout, and if any of them’s floating around after me, I’ll give them a show. I changed to the Illinois edge of the island to see what luck I could have, and I warn’t disappointed. A big double loaf come along, and I most got it, with a long stick, but my foot slipped and she floated out further. Of course I was where the current set in the closest to the shore—I knowed enough for that. But by-and-by along comes another one, and this time I won. I took out the plug and shook out the little dab of quicksilver, and set my teeth in. It was ‘baker’s bread’ – what the quality eat – none of your low-down corn-pone.

I got a good place amongst the leaves, and set there on a log, munching the bread and watching the ferry-boat, and very well satisfied. And then something struck me. I says, now I reckon the widow or the parson or somebody prayed that this bread would find me, and here it has gone and done it. So there ain’t no doubt but there is something in that thing. That is, there’s something in it when a body like the widow or the parson prays, but it don’t work for me, and I reckon it don’t work for only just the right kind.

I lit a pipe and had a good long smoke and went on watching. The ferry-boat was floating with the current, and I allowed I’d have a chance to see who was aboard when she come along, because she would come in close, where the bread did.

* * * *

2.

You couldn’t make out what the preacher said, any more, on account of the shouting and crying. Folks got up, everywheres in the crowd, and worked their way, just by main strength, to the mourners’ bench, with the tears running down their faces; and when all the mourners had got up there to the front benches in a crowd, they sung, and shouted, and flung themselves down on the straw, just crazy and wild.

Well, the first I knowed, the king got agoing; and you could hear him over everybody; and next he went a-charging up on to the platform and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was a pirate – been a pirate for thirty years, out in the Indian Ocean, and his crew was thinned out considerable, last spring, in a fight, and he was home now, to take out some fresh men, and thanks to goodness he’d been robbed last night, and put ashore off of a steam-boat without a cent, and he was glad of it, it was the blessedest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all the pirate crews in that ocean; and though it would take him a long time to get there, without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him, ‘Don’t you thank me, don’t you give me no credit, it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race – and that dear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!’

And then he busted into tears, and so did everybody. Then somebody sings out, ‘Take up a collection for him, take up a collection!’ Well, a half a dozen made a jump to do it, but somebody sings out, ‘Let *him* pass the hat around!’ Then everybody said it, the preacher too.

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat, swabbing his eyes, and blessing the people and praising them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there; and every little while the prettiest kind of girls, with the tears running down their cheeks, would up and ask him would he let them kiss him, for to remember him by; and he always done it . . .

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 9 Mark Twain: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* – continued

3.

He's a runaway nigger, and they've got him. Was you looking for him?'

'You bet I ain't! I run across him in the woods about an hour or two ago, and he said if I hollered he'd cut my livers out – and told me to lay down and stay where I was; and I done it. Been there ever since; afeard to come out.'

'Well,' he says, 'you needn't be afeared no more, becuz they've got him. He run off f'm down South, som'ers.'

'It's a good job they got him.'

'Well, I reckon! There's two hundred dollars reward on him. It's like picking up money out'n the road.'

'Yes, it is – and I could a had it if I'd been big enough; I see him *first*. Who nailed him?'

'It was an old fellow – a stranger – and he sold out his chance in him for forty dollars, becuz he's got to go up the river and can't wait. Think o' that, now! You bet I'd wait, if it was seven year.'

'That's me, every time,' says I. 'But maybe his chance ain't worth no more than that, if he'll sell it so cheap. Maybe there's something ain't straight about it.'

'But it *is*, though – straight as a string. I see the handbill myself. It tells all about him, to a dot – paints him like a picture, and tells the plantation he's frum, below Newrleans. No-sirree-bob, they ain't no trouble 'bout *that* speculation, you bet you. Say, gimme a chaw tobacker, won't ye?'

I didn't have none, so he left, I went to the raft, and set down in the wigwam to think. But I couldn't come to nothing. I thought till I wore my head sore, but I couldn't see no way out of the trouble. After all this long journey, and afer all we'd done for them scoundrels, here was it all come to nothing, everything all busted up and ruined, because they could have the heart to serve Jim such a trick as that, and make him a slave again all his life, and amongst strangers, too, for forty dirty dollars.

Once I said to myself it would be a thousand times better for Jim to be a slave at home where his family was, as long as he'd *got* to be a slave, and so I'd better write a letter to Tom Sawyer and tell him to tell Miss Watson where he was. But I soon give up that notion, for two things: she'd be mad and disgusted at his rascality and ungratefulness for leaving her, and so she'd sell him straight down the river again; and if she didn't, everybody naturally despises an ungrateful nigger, and they'd make Jim feel it all the time, and so he'd feel ornery and disgraced. And then think of *me*! It would get all around, that Huck Finn helped a nigger to get his freedom . . .

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 10 Patrick White: *A Fringe of Leaves*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *A Fringe of Leaves*.

1.

2.

Patrick White, *A Fringe of Leaves*, Vintage, 1997
pp 92–94

Patrick White, *A Fringe of Leaves*, Vintage, 1997
pp 282–283

1: Novels

1 – 10 Patrick White: *A Fringe of Leaves* – continued

3.

Patrick White, *A Fringe of Leaves*, Vintage, 1997

pp 398–400

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Cherry Orchard*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Cherry Orchard*.

1.

LOPAKHIN: I want to say something very nice and cheerful to you. [*Looking at his watch.*] I'll go now, there's no time to talk . . . well, I'll do it in two or three words. You already know that your cherry orchard is being sold to pay the debts, the sale is fixed for the twenty-second of August, but don't worry, my dear lady, there's a way out . . . Here is my plan. Listen! Your property is only twenty versts from the town, the railway has come near, and if you break up the cherry orchard and the land along the river into building plots and then lease them out for dachas, you'll have at least twenty-five thousand a year income.

GAYEV: Excuse me, what rubbish!

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: I don't quite understand you, Yermolay Alekseich.

LOPAKHIN: You'll get at least twenty-five roubles a year from holiday visitors for a *desyatina* of land, and if you advertise now, I'll bet you anything, by autumn you won't have a scrap left over, they'll take it all up. In a word, congratulations, you are rescued. The situation is wonderful here, the river's deep. Only of course it needs tidying and cleaning up . . . say, for example, pull down all the old buildings like this house, which isn't good for anything now, cut down the old cherry orchard . . .

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: Cut it down? My dear man, forgive me, you don't understand anything. If there is anything interesting, even remarkable, in the whole of this province, it's our cherry orchard.

LOPAKHIN: The only thing remarkable about the orchard is that it's very big. The trees bear fruit every other year, and you can't do anything with the fruit, no one buys it.

GAYEV: And the orchard is mentioned in the *Encyclopaedia*.

LOPAKHIN [*looking at his watch*]: If we don't come up with anything and actually do something, on the twenty-second of August both the cherry orchard and the whole estate will be sold at auction. Make your decision! There's no other solution, I swear to you. Absolutely none.

FIRS: In the old days, forty or fifty years ago, they dried the cherries, soaked them, marinaded them, made jam, and they used to . . .

GAYEV: Be quiet, Firs.

FIRS: And they used to send the dried cherries, whole wagonloads of them, to Moscow and Kharkov. That brought in money! And the dried cherries then were soft, juicy, sweet, perfumed . . . They knew a recipe then . . .

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: And where's that recipe now?

FIRS: They forgot it. No one can remember it.

PISHCHIK [*to Lyubov Andreyevna*]: What did you do in Paris? How was it? Did you eat frogs?

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: I ate crocodile.

PISHCHIK: Imagine that . . .

* * * *

2.

TROFIMOV: Man goes forward, perfecting his skills. Everything that is now beyond his reach will one day become near and comprehensible, only we must work, we must with all our strength help those who are seeking the truth. In Russia as yet we have very few who do work. The huge majority of the intelligentsia I know seek nothing, do nothing and aren't yet capable of hard work. They call themselves intelligentsia, but they're rude to servants, they treat peasants like animals, they are poor students, they read nothing seriously, they don't do a thing, they just talk about science, they understand little about art. They're all serious, they all have stern expressions, they all only talk about what is significant, they talk philosophy, but meanwhile in front of their eyes the workers eat disgusting food, sleep without pillows, thirty or forty to a room, everywhere fleas, stench, damp, immorality . . . And of course all our fine conversations are just to divert our own and others' attention. Show me where we have the crèches, which are talked of so much and so often, where are the reading rooms? They're just written about in novels, in fact they don't exist at all. There's only dirt, smallness of spirit, just Asia . . . I fear and dislike very serious expressions, I'm frightened of serious conversations. Better to be silent!

LOPAKHIN: You know, I get up before five in the morning, I work from morning to evening, well, I'm dealing the whole time with money, my own and others', and I see what people around me are like. You just have to start doing something to understand how few honest, decent people there are. Sometimes, when I can't sleep, I think, 'Lord, thou hast given us huge forests, immense fields, far, far horizons, and living here we ourselves really ought to be giants . . .'

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: So you need giants . . . They're only good in fairy tales, otherwise they're frightening.

[*At the back of the stage YEPKHODOV walks by playing his guitar.*]

[*Pensively.*] There goes Yepikhodov . . .

ANYA [*pensively*]: There goes Yepikhodov . . .

GAYEV: The sun has set, my friends.

TROFIMOV: Yes.

GAYEV [*quietly as if reciting*]: O nature, wonderful nature, you shine with an eternal light, lovely and indifferent, you whom we call mother, you combine within yourself being and death, you give life and you destroy . . .

VARYA [*imploringly*]: Uncle!

ANYA: Uncle, you've done it again!

TROFIMOV: Better double the yellow into the middle.

GAYEV: I'll shut up, I'll shut up.

[*They are all sitting lost in thought. Silence. There is only the sound of FIRS gently muttering. Suddenly there is a distant noise, as if up in the sky, the sound of a broken string, a dying, sad sound.*]

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Cherry Orchard* – continued

3.

TROFIMOV [*putting on the galoshes*]: Let's go, ladies and gentlemen! . . .

GAYEV [*very upset, afraid of crying*]: The train . . . the station . . . Cross shot into the centre, double the white into the corner pocket . . .

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: Let's go!

LOPAKHIN: Is everyone here? Is there anyone in there? [*Locks the side door on the left.*] Things are stored there, we must lock up. Let's go! . . .

ANYA: Farewell, house! Farewell, old life!

TROFIMOV: Hail, new life! . . . [*Goes out with Anya.*]

[*VARYA looks round the room and slowly goes out. YASHA and CHARLOTTA with the little dog go out.*]

LOPAKHIN: So, till the spring. Come on out . . . Goodbye! . . . [*Exit.*]

[*LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA and GAYEV are left alone together. As if they had been waiting for it, they fall on each other's necks and sob gently and quietly, afraid of being heard.*]

GAYEV [*desperately*]: My sister, my sister . . .

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: Oh my darling, my sweet, beautiful orchard! . . . My life, my youth, my happiness, farewell! . . . farewell! . . .

[*ANYA's voice, cheerfully calling: 'Mama! . . .'* TROFIMOV's voice, cheerful and excited: '*Hallo-o! . . .*']

To look at these walls, these windows one last time . . . Our mother used to love walking about this room . . .

GAYEV: My sister, my sister! . . .

[*ANYA's voice: 'Mama! . . .'* TROFIMOV's voice: '*Hallo-o! . . .*']

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: We're coming! . . .

[*Exeunt.*]

[*The stage is empty. There is the sound of all the doors being locked with keys, then the carriages leaving. It becomes quiet. The silence is broken by the hollow striking of an axe against a tree, sounding solitary and sad. There are footsteps. FIRS appears at the right-hand door. He is dressed as usual in a jacket and white waistcoat and slippers. He is ill.*]

FIRS [*going to the door, trying the handle*]: Locked. They've gone . . . [*Sits down on the sofa.*] They've forgotten about me . . . It doesn't matter . . . I'll sit here a moment . . . And Leonid Andreich probably didn't put on his fur coat but went off in his light one . . . [*Sighs worriedly.*] I didn't look . . . Young people! [*Mumbles something unintelligible.*] Life has gone by, as if I hadn't lived. [*Lies down.*] I'll lie down a moment . . . You've got no strength, nothing is left, nothing . . . Oh you . . . big booby! . . . [*Lies motionless.*]

[*There is the distant sound of a string breaking, as if in the sky, a dying, melancholy sound. Silence falls, and the only thing to be heard is a tree being struck with an axe far off in the orchard.*]

[*Curtain.*]

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 2 Jack Davis: *No Sugar*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *No Sugar*.

1.

SERGEANT: Been behavin' yourself?
 GRAN: Have you?
 SERGEANT: There's your butcher's order, meat and dripping.
 MILLY: [*inspecting the small packages*] You got two cream a tartar 'ere.
 SERGEANT: Right, let's change 'em.
 GRAN: Damper won't rise without no bicarbonate.
 SERGEANT: That shouldn't worry you, Granny, you should remember when you used to grind up jam and wattle seeds.
 GRAN: More better than white man's flour, no weevils in jam and wattle seeds.
 SERGEANT: Good tucker, eh?
 GRAN: When I was that high we go and get 'em and smash 'em up and get a bag full, that much!
 SERGEANT: You can still collect 'em, nothin' stoppin' you.
 GRAN: Where? *Wetjala* cut all the trees down.
 MILLY: Haven't got any soap yet.
 SERGEANT: I'm afraid that soap is no longer included as a ration item.
 MILLY: What do you mean, we got no more soap?
 SERGEANT: That's right.
 MILLY: But why? What am I gonna wash with? How can I keep my kids clean and sen 'em to school?
 SERGEANT: You could buy some.
 MILLY: What with?
 GRAN: What about *gnummarri*? You stop that too?
 SERGEANT: No, Granny, you still get your stick of nigger twist.
 [*He gives it to her.*]
 MILLY: Whose idea was it to stop the soap?
 SERGEANT: The idea, as you call it, came from the Aboriginal Department in Perth.
 GRAN: Mister Neville?
 MILLY: I just can't believe it: no soap!
 SERGEANT: Your trouble, Milly, is you got three healthy men bludging off you, too lazy to work.
 MILLY: Where they gonna get work?
 SERGEANT: They're afraid to look for it in case they find it.
 MILLY: Cockies want 'em to work for nothin'.
 GRAN: They not slaves, Chergeant!
 SERGEANT: Well, they'll have to work if you want luxury items like soap.

2.

NEVILLE: Today we are gathered here to celebrate the birth of this nation of Australia one hundred and forty-six years ago at Sydney Cove in the Eastern States. As I was driving up, I remembered that it is only a hundred and four years since the British flag was first raised on our West Australian shores. As I drove through Guildford, Midland and Bullsbrook, I saw men on the road, hundreds of men, and I was reminded that the world is in the grip of depression and that many people are suffering from hunger and deprivation of many of the essential elements which make for a contented existence. But you, in this small corner of the Empire, are fortunate in being provided for with adequate food and shelter.

JIMMY: [*muttering*] Yeah, weevily flour.

NEVILLE: ... And to be with family and friends.

Occasionally some of you might ponder why you are here —

JIMMY: [*a little louder*] Too bloody right.

SAM: [*to JIMMY*] *Dubakienny wahnginy, gnoolya.*

NEVILLE: ... It doesn't hurt to remind yourselves that you are preparing yourselves here to take your place in Australian society, to live as other Australians live, and to live alongside other Australians; to learn to enjoy the privileges and to shoulder the responsibilities of living like the white man, to be treated equally, not worse, not better, under the law.

[*Pause. He looks around at the others on the dais.*]

SAM: What's he talkin' about?

JIMMY: He's talkin' outa his *kwon*.

SISTER: [*aside, to NEVILLE*] The hymn.

NEVILLE: We are now going to sing the song ... ah, hymn.

NEAL: [*aside to NEVILLE*] The hymn, then the flag raising.

NEVILLE: Sing the hymn before we raise the flag and sing the national anthem. [*To SISTER EILEEN*] Sorry, I've forgotten.

SISTER: 'There is a Happy Land'.

NEVILLE: 'There is a Happy Land'.

[*SISTER EILEEN stands.*]

ALL: [*singing*]

There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day:
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 'Worthy is our Saviour King!'
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye!

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 2 Jack Davis: *No Sugar* – continued

3.

[As the whites continue, the Aborigines break into full clear voice with a parody of the words.]

There is a happy land,
Far, far away.
No sugar in our tea,
Bread and butter we never see.
That's why we're gradually
Fading away.

NEVILLE: Stop, stop. Stop that immediately.

[The Aborigines repeat the parody even louder.]

Stop it. Stop this nonsense immediately. Never in my life have I witnessed such a disgraceful exhibition.

[The song stops.]

I'm appalled by this disgraceful demonstration of ingratitude. I can tell you that you will live to rue this day.

There will be no privileges from now on.

JIMMY: *[calling out]* Rotten spuds and onions?

NEVILLE: Be quiet! And there will be no Christmas this year! No Christmas!

* * * *

NEAL: Good, now get out. The sooner you leave, the better.
JOE: *[leaving]* I'll see you one day, in hell. And you won't have your cat-o'-nine-tails.

[He laughs and walks out with BILLY.]

BILLY: Hey, what that one milly milly?

JOE: Me an' Mary clearin' out, an' that one say we not allowed to go to Northam.

BILLY: Augh, *gudeeah*, silly fella.

JOE: If I go back to Northam he put me this one.

[He puts his fingers across his face, indicating gaol.]

BILLY: That your country. You back sit down that place.

[MARY enters with some baby clothes.]

MARY: Everything all right?

JOE: Couldn't be better.

MARY: What happened?

JOE: He told us to get outa the Settlement.

MARY: When?

JOE: Tomorrow, next day, soon as we like.

MARY: Why?

JOE: 'Coz the bastard's scared of us.

BILLY: You watch this one, she go Kargudda but she still Oomboolgari girl.

JOE: She'll be all right.

BILLY: You want this one?

[He hands him his whip.]

Kill rabbit, snake, bungarra.

JOE: No, Billy, that's yours.

BILLY: Ne'mine, ne'mine.

MARY: Take it, it's a gift.

JOE: Thanks, old man.

[JOE walks off, leaving BILLY and MARY together.]

MARY: Goodbye, *dumbart*.

JOE: *[returning to BILLY]* Here, *gnummari*.

[He gives BILLY the rest of his packet of Luxor. BILLY breaks one up and puts it in his pipe. He gazes at them as they walk off.]

NEAL: *[off]* Billy!

BILLY: Comin' boss. Comin'.

[He exits.]

Long Pool Camp, Moore River, morning. The fire is burning. JOE rolls a swag. MILLY gives MARY a sugar bag. The others stand around.

MILLY: There's enough flour there for three dampers, a fryin' pan, billy can and two mugs. A bit of drippin', too, and a spud and a couple a' onions.

MARY: Thanks, Mum.

SAM: Where will you go, son?

JOE: Back to Northam.

GRAN: You wanna watch them *manatj*, they *warrah* there now.

JOE: Yeah, Gran. Don't worry, if they git rough we just move on.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 3 Euripides: *The Bacchae*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Bacchae*.

1.

DIONYSUS:

From the fields of Lydia and Phrygia, fertile in
gold, I travelled first to the sun-smitten Persian plains,
The walled cities of Bactria, the harsh Median country,
Wealthy Arabia, and the whole tract of the Asian coast
Where mingled swarms of Greeks and Orientals live
In vast magnificent cities; and before reaching this,
The first city of Hellas I have visited,
I had already, in all those regions of the east,
Performed my dances and set forth my ritual
To make my godhead manifest to mortal men.
The reason why I have chosen Thebes as the first
place
To raise my Bacchic shout, and clothe all who respond
In fawnskin habits, and put my thyrsus in their hands –
The weapon wreathed with ivy-shoots – my reason is
this:
My mother's sisters said – what they should have been
the last
To say – that I, Dionysus, was not Zeus's son;
That Semele, being with child – they said – by some
mortal,
Obeyed her father's prompting, and ascribed to Zeus
The loss of her virginity; and they loudly claimed
That this lie was the sin for which Zeus took her life.
Therefore I have driven those same sisters mad, turned
them
All frantic out of doors; their home now is the mountain;
Their wits are gone. I have made them bear the emblem of
My mysteries; the whole female population of Thebes,
To the last woman, I have sent raving from their homes.
Now, side by side with Cadmus' daughters, one and all
Sit roofless on the rocks under the silver pines.
For Thebes, albeit reluctantly, must learn in full
This lesson, that my Bacchic worship is a matter
As yet beyond her knowledge and experience;
And I must vindicate my mother Semele
By manifesting myself before the human race
As the divine son whom she bore to immortal Zeus.
Now Cadmus has made over his throne and kingly
honours
To Pentheus, son of his eldest daughter Agauë. He
Is a fighter against gods, defies me, excludes me from
Libations, never names me in prayers. Therefore I will
Demonstrate to him, and to all Thebes, that I am a god.
When I have set all in order here, I will pass on
To another place, and manifest myself. Meanwhile
If Thebes in anger tries to bring the Bacchantes home
By force from the mountain, I myself will join that army
Of women possessed and lead them to battle. That is
why
I have changed my form and taken the likeness of a man.
Come, my band of worshippers, women whom I have
brought
From lands of the east, from Tmolus, bastion of Lydia,
To be with me and share my travels! Raise the music
Of your own country, the Phrygian drums invented by
Rhea the Great Mother and by me. Fill Pentheus' palace
With a noise to make the city of Cadmus turn and look!

– And I will go to the folds of Mount Cithaeron, where
The Bacchantes are, and join them in their holy dance.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 3 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

2.

DIONYSUS:

Your girdle has come loose; and now your dress does not
Hang, as it should, in even pleats down to the ankle.

PENTHEUS:

That's true, I think – at least by the right leg, on this
side;

But on the other side the gown hangs well to the heel.

DIONYSUS:

You'll surely count me chief among your friends, when
you

Witness the Maenads' unexpected modesty.

PENTHEUS:

Ought I to hold my thyrsus in the right hand – so,
Or in the left, to look more like a Bacchanal?

DIONYSUS:

In the right hand; and raise it at the same time as
Your right foot. I am glad you are so changed in mind.

PENTHEUS:

Could I lift up on my own shoulders the whole weight
Of Mount Cithaeron, and all the women dancing there?

DIONYSUS:

You could, if you so wished. The mind you had before
Was sickly; now your mind is just as it should be.

PENTHEUS:

Shall we take crowbars? Or shall I put my shoulder under
The rocks, and heave the mountain up with my two arms?

DIONYSUS:

Oh, come, now! Don't destroy the dwellings of the
nymphs,
And the quiet places where Pan sits to play his pipes.

PENTHEUS:

You are right. We ought not to use force to overcome
Those women. I will hide myself among the pines.

DIONYSUS:

Hide – yes, you'll hide, and find the proper hiding-place
For one who comes by stealth to spy on Bacchic rites.

PENTHEUS:

Why yes! I think they are there now in their hidden nests,
Like birds, all clasped close in the sweet prison of love.

DIONYSUS:

What you are going to watch for is this very thing;
Perhaps you will catch them – if you are not first
caught yourself.

PENTHEUS:

Now take me through the central streets of Thebes; for I
Am the one man among them all that dares do this.

* * * *

3.

AGAUE: Women of Asia! Worshippers of Bacchus!

AGAUE *tries to show them* PENTHEUS' head; *they shrink*
from it.

CHORUS: Why do you urge me? Oh!

AGAUE: I am bringing home from the mountains
A vine-branch freshly cut,
For the gods have blessed our hunting.

CHORUS: We see it . . . and welcome you in fellowship.

AGAUE: I caught him without a trap,
A lion-cub, young and wild.
Look, you may see him: there!

CHORUS: Where was it?

AGAUE: On Cithaeron;
The wild and empty mountain –

CHORUS: Cithaeron!

AGAUE: . . . spilt his life-blood.

CHORUS: Who shot him?

AGAUE: I was first;
All the women are singing,
'Honour to great Agauë!'

CHORUS: And then – who next?

AGAUE: Why, Cadmus' . . .

CHORUS: What – Cadmus?

AGAUE: Yes, his daughters –
But after me, after me –
Laid their hands to the kill.
Today was a splendid hunt!
Come now, join in the feast!

CHORUS: What, wretched woman? *Feast?*

AGAUE [*tenderly stroking the head as she holds it*]:
This calf is young; how thickly
The new-grown hair goes crisping
Up to his delicate crest!

CHORUS: Indeed, his long hair makes him
Look like some wild creature.

AGAUE: The god is a skilled hunter;
And he poised his hunting women,
And hurled them at the quarry.

CHORUS: True, our god is a hunter.

AGAUE: Do you praise me?

CHORUS: Yes, we praise you.

AGAUE: So will the sons of Cadmus . . .

CHORUS: And Pentheus too, Agauë?

AGAUE: Yes, he will praise his mother
For the lion-cub she killed.

CHORUS: Oh, fearful!

AGAUE: Ay, fearful!

CHORUS: You are happy?

AGAUE: I am enraptured;
Great in the eyes of the world,
Great are the deeds I've done,
And the hunt that I hunted there!

CHORUS:

Then show it, poor Agauë – this triumphant spoil
You've brought home; show it to all the citizens of
Thebes.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 4 William Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

1.

MESSENGER

News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY

Grates me! The sum.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows

If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you: 'Do this, or this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that.

Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

ANTONY

How, my love?

CLEOPATRA

Perchance? Nay, and most like.

You must not stay here longer. Your dismissal

Is come from Caesar. Therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say! Both!

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's Queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay. Our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life

Is to do thus – when such a mutual pair

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to weet

We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA

Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?

I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony

Will be himself.

ANTONY

But stirred by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Love and her soft hours,

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch

Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?

CLEOPATRA

Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY

Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom everything becomes – to chide, to laugh,

To weep; whose every passion fully strives

To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.

No messenger but thine; and all alone

Tonight we'll wander through the streets and note

The qualities of people.

* * * *

2.

AGRIPPA

Who does he accuse?

CAESAR

Caesar; and that, having in Sicily

Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him

His part o'th'isle. Then does he say he lent me

Some shipping, unrestored. Lastly, he frets

That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain

All his revenue.

AGRIPPA

Sir, this should be answered.

CAESAR

'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,

That he his high authority abused,

And did deserve his change. For what I have conquered,

I grant him part; but then in his Armenia,

And other of his conquered kingdoms, I

Demand the like.

MAECENAS

He'll never yield to that.

CAESAR

Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train

OCTAVIA

Hail, Caesar and my lord! Hail, most dear Caesar!

CAESAR

That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA

You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

CAESAR

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Caesar's sister. The wife of Antony

Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach

Long ere she did appear. The trees by th'way

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Raised by your populous troops. But you are come

A market maid to Rome, and have prevented

The ostentation of our love; which, left unshown,

Is often left unloved. We should have met you

By sea and land, supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 4 William Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra* – continued

3.

CLEOPATRA

Give me my robe; put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me. Now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
 Yare, yare, good Iras; quick – methinks I hear
 Antony call. I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
 The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So, have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell.

She kisses them. Iras falls and dies

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
 The gods themselves do weep.

CLEOPATRA

This proves me base;

If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. (*To an asp*) Come, thou
 mortal wretch,
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
 Unpoliced!

CHARMIAN O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN

O, break! O, break!

CLEOPATRA

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle –
 O, Antony! Nay, I will take thee too.

She applies another asp to her arm

What should I stay –

She dies

CHARMIAN

In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phoebus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royall!

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 5 William Shakespeare: *Richard II*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Richard II*.

1.

KING RICHARD

Ourself and Bushy
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench.
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends',
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN

Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now, for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

KING RICHARD

We will ourselves in person to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

KING RICHARD

Where lies he?

BUSHY

At Ely House.

KING RICHARD

Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.
Pray God we may make haste and come too late!

ALL

Amen!

Exeunt

* * * * *

2.

BOLINGBROKE

Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power.
Provided that my banishment repealed
And lands restored again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen;
The which how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go signify as much while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tattered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters – on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard, how he looks.

The trumpets sound parley without, and answer within; then a flourish. King Richard appeareth on the walls with the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury

BOLINGBROKE

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing, discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

YORK

Yet looks he like a king. Behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack for woe
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

* * * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 5 William Shakespeare: *Richard II* – continued

3.

RICHARD

Alack, why am I sent for to a king
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry 'All hail!' to me?
 So Judas did to Christ. But He in twelve
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the King! Will no man say Amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, Amen.
 God save the King, although I be not he;
 And yet Amen if Heaven do think him me.
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

YORK

To do that office of thine own good will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer:
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

RICHARD

Give me the crown.

Here, cousin – seize the crown. Here, cousin –
 On this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water.
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs whilst you mount up on high.

BOLINGBROKE

I thought you had been willing to resign.

RICHARD

My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs. Still am I king of those.

BOLINGBROKE

Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

RICHARD

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is loss of care by old care done;
 Your care is gain of care by new care won.
 The cares I give, I have, though given away.
 They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLINGBROKE

Are you contented to resign the crown?

RICHARD

Ay, no. No, ay; for I must nothing be.
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 6 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Arcadia*.

1.

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993

pp 11–12

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 6 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia* – continued

2.

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993
pp 59–60

3.

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993
pp 89–90

3: Short stories

3 – 1 Beverley Farmer: *Collected Stories*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Collected Stories*.

1.

Melpo

'His heart break. Some children they find them one night together in the pear orchard: Magda with our enemy. They mother tell me. Dimitri was away. When Magda come home, I tok to her, I tell her I know, all the village know. I cry for my poor son. He will kill you, I say. She cry, she scream. She say she waitink baby. I say we want no *bastardo* in our femily. I pack all her *proika*. I say, go and never come back. When he come home, I tell Dimitri.'

The scaled eyes close, wet-rimmed. Kerry sighs.

'He told me about it. My divorce wasn't my fault either. And I don't play around.'

'For Dimitri next time should be only *parthena*. Veergin.'

'Isn't that up to Dimitri?'

'Is up to *you* now. You know thet, Keri. You can say no. Say *wait*.'

'And then what?'

'I know Greek girls of good families —'

'No. You tried that before. He told me. He wasn't interested, was he? Why arrange a marriage these days? I love Jimmy. We want to get married fairly soon. I'm going to have a baby. Jimmy's baby.'

'Hwat? You waitink baby?'

'Yes.'

'Hwen?'

'August.'

'August. I understand now.'

'So you see —'

'You should be *shame*!'

'Ashamed of a baby? Why, what's wrong with it? We aren't living in the Dark Ages. Jimmy's very happy. He likes kids. Ben adores him. He'll be a good father.'

'I understand now why he want to merry you. *Apo filotimo*! For honour. Because you trick him.'

'No. That isn't true.'

'You know hwat womans can do if they doan want baby. You know.'

'I *do* want the baby. So does he. You have no right —'

'I hev the right of mother. The right of mother who will die soon! My only livink son! Doan break my heart!'

Kerry, her face hot, pats the writhing yellow hands and stands up.

'I'd better go, Mrs Yannakopoulou. I'm sorry.'

'Wait! Listen to me: I hev money. Yes, I hev. They doan know nothink. Inside the bed.' She claws at the mattress. 'Gold pounds! Hwere they are? Take them. Hev the baby. Leave Dimitri alone. Hwere they are?'

'No, thanks.' Kerry pulls a wry face. 'I'm sorry about all this. And I was hoping you'd like me.'

* * * *

2.

Milk

'*Aman!* That *gaïdouraki*,' Yiayia snapped. 'People can starve there and no one will lift a finger.'

'You want some milk, is that it?' I shook my head. 'Come and help and I'll give you some.' He patted my shoulder and bent over Yiayia, but I heard. 'Ela, don't be hard on the boy, Sevasti *mou*. He's going soon.'

I stared at my father.

'Are we going soon?'

'Of course. You know we are.'

'When?'

'The day after tomorrow.'

'No!'

'Yes, we have to, Nick.'

In the barn I was not much use, but Pappou gave me the milk. I asked if he needed a donkey. No, he had a horse. He slapped its rump. He had no room, no feed, no use for a donkey. He said he was sorry. He was, I saw.

It was dark in the yard by then. Stelio was chasing Firefly with whoops and cracks of a whip. I said hullo. He stopped short with a giggle.

'Fyah Flyee. Here's mummy with your milky.'

He went on, though, cornering Firefly at last and trying to mount and ride him. When at last I had a chance to give him the bottles, he gobbled them and pressed hot and shaking against me.

'He loves his mummy,' Stelio sneered. 'Did you miss me yesterday, Niko?'

I shook my head and grinned back at his oily face.

'Know something, Niko?'

'What?'

'Your grandmother's mad. Everyone knows that.'

'Do they.'

'You know what else?'

'What?'

'If my father sees you here again he'll shoot you.'

That was a lie too. They didn't waste bullets. Besides his stepmother beat them both. I wished I could watch.

'You're going home this week, I hear. Poor Fyah Flyee.' He pulled up one long soft ear and crouched to yell. 'You hear that? Your mummy's going home.'

'Will you look after him, Stelio?' I wheedled, but sick, hopeless. 'Look, he likes you.' Firefly cringed.

'Me? I'm not a donkey's mother.'

I picked up the bottles. He was still hungry. Would I dare come back with more? Stelio's chant followed me home.

'Niko's Fyah Flyee's mother. Niko's a donkey's mother. Eh, Niko?'

He saw me turn by the porch lamp.

'Niko, *tha psófisei, xereis?*'

Niko, he'll die, you know? I knew.

'I'll eat him alive! I'm a *lykanthropos*. Ooooh!' He laughed, howling. I went straight to bed.

* * * *

3: Short stories

3 – 1 Beverley Farmer: *Collected Stories* – continued

3.

Among Pigeons

A pair of hard hands suddenly grabbed me round the ribs. With a yell I fought free. He roared laughing in my face: Uncle David. I said, 'Don't.'

'Hop on my knee,' he said, and my mother nodded to me, giggling, red in the face. People were looking on. I hung my head and did as I was told.

'What a lump of lard. Hey. Give us a tickle, Luke,' he said, and I scrambled my hands in his armpits while he sat there stiffly frowning. 'My turn,' he said and tickled hard. I yelled and gasped and rolled, clamped relentlessly. His beer glass fell with a splash on the cloth. 'Hell. Stronger than he looks. Now hit me. Go on, I know you want to. I want you to. I'm telling you to. Biff, come on. Biff! Ready set? Go!'

I writhed, throwing myself back against him as if he were still fiercely tickling me, laughing in deep, rhythmic, helpless barks. 'No,' I gargled. 'No! Mum!' I flung her a glance: she was standing his glass upright, her face set in its smile, her head on one side.

'Go easy, Dave.'

'Luke can take it.' His moustache rasped hot on my ear: 'I mean it. Hit me hard! Are you a sook or what? No? Go on, then!'

I reared up and twisted to face him, my eyes watering, my fists clenched at my throat until I dared to shoot the left one out hard against his cheek. 'Biff!' I yelled, and my eyebrows rose into my sweaty hair with the effort of holding my breath. With a roar his head whipped back. My mother spluttered, widening her smile. At that I burst into a high quaver of a laugh, so my mouth was wide open when his open palm, swung wide from the shoulder, smashed into it and sent me thumping on to the bricks at his feet like a sack of flour.

'Luke!' All I could see was dew-slopped ivy leaves on moss and bricks. The breath from her mouth was a chilly flow along my cheek and down my collar. Parts of my face stung hot and numb. She touched them and her fingers came away dipped in red. 'Why did you do that?' she shrieked up into the silence.

'Got a blood nose, has he? Give us a look.'

A boot stepped forward. I flung an arm over my head and screamed as the sleeve grazed my split lip.

'Why did you do that?'

'That's what life's like. You know it. I know it. I reckon the sooner he knows it, the better off he'll be.'

'Get out.' She turned. 'Get him out, for God's sake, someone. Don't you *ever* come near us again.' Tears were dripping down her chin. She sat and hoisted me into her arms. 'Open your mouth, love, come on,' she kept saying into my hair until with a whimper I did as I was told. Her finger running over my teeth wobbled some of them. My mouth tasted inky. A burning lump was sprouting in the wetness of the temple where I had landed. She wiped the tail of blood dangling out of my nose. 'Is it broken? Thank God.'

'That's what life's like,' I heard him protesting as they took him away. 'You all know that, don't you? I know that —'

* * * *

3: Short stories

3 – 2 Alice Munro: *Dance of the Happy Shades*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Dance of the Happy Shades*.

1.

The office

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 1998
pp 72–73

2.

Boys and girls

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 1998
pp 123–125

3: Short stories

3 – 2 Alice Munro: *Dance of the Happy Shades* – continued

3.

A trip to the coast

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 1998
pp 188–189

3: Short stories

3 – 3 Flannery O'Connor: *Everything That Rises Must Converge*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Everything That Rises Must Converge*.

1.

Everything That Rises Must Converge

Flannery O'Connor, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, Faber and Faber, 1985

pp 10–11

3: Short stories

3 – 3 Flannery O'Connor: *Everything That Rises Must Converge* – continued

2.

Greenleaf

Flannery O'Connor, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, Faber and Faber, 1985

pp 51–53

3.

Revelation

Flannery O'Connor, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, Faber and Faber, 1985

pp 205–206

4: Other literature

4 – 1 Robert Drewe: *The Shark Net*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Shark Net*.

1.

‘You are committed for trial for murder,’ he said. His voice was brisk and cold and the usually shrewd eyes were flat behind his rimless glasses. Our jovial magistrate looked more like a Nazi intelligence officer.

As he announced his unsurprising decision, the defence lawyers were already bundling up their papers. Their faces didn’t show much expression either; only that they knew they had a job ahead of them with this one.

When, four years after the murders began, the long-awaited announcement of the arrest finally came, the front-page photograph of the small hunched figure, a blanket thrown over his head, being led by detectives from the lockup through a handful of intensely curious onlookers to the court holding cells, was greeted by a mass exhalation of breath.

The government, the police and the suburbs sighed with relief. *Thank God!* Now life could go back to normal.

I was one of the onlookers standing in the asphalt courtyard between the lockup and the holding cells. I was just in the picture: on the edge of the newspaper photograph leaning in. I was barely in the frame. I was a left ear, a nose tip, a cheek, a piece of jaw, a jacket shoulder, a sleeve, a hand, a notebook. I was present, but only just. I was made of gradations of grey dots.

When they opened the cell door and hustled the prisoner outside, a whiff of carbolic acid followed him from the lockup into the courtyard. A detective threw a cell blanket over his head to thwart the photographers. (They’d make sure there wouldn’t be any chance of a mistrial because of over-exuberant publicity.) As we thronged towards the small hooded figure the high carbolic stink almost knocked me over.

Already a legendary monster, he was there, shuffling past us, and then he was gone. His shuffle across the courtyard, the bustle of captors and onlookers, the snapping of photographs, the flash of Speed-Graphics, had taken no more than twenty seconds. The photograph of course captured the tension and excitement of the moment but rendered us all – prisoner, police and press – immobile.

I wasn’t much more than a slice of nose, chin and notebook but I couldn’t stop looking at this photo, too. It reminded me that while life seemed tumultuous to me at the moment, my existence was marginal and my inactivity was probably permanent.

After the committal proceedings, however, with the assignment completed, the story filed (forty-five paragraphs, seven of them written by me), the news editor satisfied, the time-book signed, the next day’s assignment noted, the feeling that I’d always be standing dumbly on the periphery of things was the least of my worries.

* * * *

2.

I regarded it in a sensual light from the moment I saw Roberta Ainslie’s shoulder-blades. I’d never given girls’ backs much thought before. I was too busy with the idea of girls’ fronts. But she was tall and tanned and elegantly curvaceous and wearing a one-piece turquoise swimsuit cut low in the back. She was walking gingerly over the reef into the Basin, the reef pool which was the island’s favourite swimming spot. She looked about seventeen.

‘Look at that!’ I said to Sten and Dogs.

‘Gaul-bait,’ said Sten.

‘Bullshit,’ I said.

In the time it took her to step out over the reef, wincing and giving little squeals when she trod on a sharp rock, then pose at the outer edge and dive elegantly into the sea – two minutes at most – I developed a major interest. When she surfaced dramatically and self-consciously, the way all the girls did, spearing up into the air, chest out, head thrown back to smooth her hair, then opened her eyes and smiled distantly in the general direction of the boys salivating on the shore – and I got a front view – I fell for her.

Sten said, ‘She’s only thirteen, I heard.’

‘So, who’s superstitious?’ Dogs said languidly.

‘Crap,’ I said. ‘Not looking like that.’ But it was a blow. Yet again I pondered how amazingly different girls were. A thirteen-year-old boy was still a kid. ‘Anyway, I’m only fifteen myself.’

‘Sixteen, when I last heard,’ said Sten.

‘Only by a few minutes.’

‘He’s getting over-excited,’ said Dogs, ‘just because he’s legally allowed to do it from today.’

‘Only if the bird’s sixteen, too,’ said Sten. ‘Otherwise it’s carnal knowledge.’ He shook his head sorrowfully. ‘Six months inside.’

‘You’d do better with the bakery girl,’ Dogs suggested.

‘You’ve got a head start there.’

They couldn’t put me off. ‘Are we going to say hello, or not?’ For once I thought I could overcome my usual perverse shyness. I was prepared to show I was as willing as I felt.

‘Cradle-snatcher,’ Sten muttered. But they didn’t need much urging.

We went for the gradual approach. We stood a little way off and skimmed stones in the water. Then we pushed each other in. We progressed to some increasingly reckless dives, somersaults and bombs off the Diving Rock, and then a dangerous under-the-reef swimming contest. We tapered off by noisily carving our initials on a rock face near her now languidly sunbaking figure.

And at some stage, Roberta and I somehow started talking. ‘It’s my birthday,’ I announced giddily.

* * * *

4: Other literature

4 – 1 Robert Drewe: *The Shark Net* – continued

3.

Some grown men and women remember their mothers as the scent of face powder, or the mingled scents of the inside of a handbag, or perhaps as a particular rustle of fabric after the good-night kiss. My mother was the smell of salt water, warm tanned flesh and the satiny femaleness of her bathing costume. She was the faint perished-rubber odour of her bathing cap.

The family albums showed her vigour and athleticism. She'd played competitive tennis, recovered from a broken pelvis in a show-jumping accident and enjoyed highboard diving. The diving came as a surprise to me when I was twelve and old enough to have few illusions about parental heroism. She'd never mentioned it.

We were picnicking one Sunday at Yanchep, north of Perth, and had gone swimming in the pool of the Yanchep Inn to cool off after lunch. My mother swam her usual laps, then suddenly she left the water, climbed the high diving tower, stood poised way above us, frowning slightly, and jack-knifed perfectly into the pool. The rest of us were bobbing in the shallow end – my pale, outclassed father, my brother and sister and I.

No one spoke for a moment. When she surfaced and swam to the edge of the pool and jauntily hoisted herself up she was grinning. She dived again, a perfect swallow dive this time. After that, whenever I saw the Jantzen swimwear trademark of the diving woman in the bathing cap I thought of her.

What astonished us was her apparent good health until that day, her sporting ability and agility – and, of course, her relatively young age. She'd turned forty-seven three weeks before.

How instantly those attributes and impressions fell away. Fitness. Youth. The Jantzen diving girl. As soon as she lapsed into unconsciousness the resilience left my mother's flesh. Her body was already transformed into something else. Her shoulder muscle didn't give when I squeezed it. Her cheek was cool to my kiss. Her eyes weren't quite shut. The open bits, grey and cloudy where they were supposed to be green, didn't look like normal eye tissue.

* * * *

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Thomas Lynch: *The Undertaking*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Undertaking*.

1.

Thomas Lynch, *So The Undertaking*, Vintage, 1998
pp 11–13

2.

Thomas Lynch, *So The Undertaking*, Vintage, 1998
pp 29–30

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Thomas Lynch: *The Undertaking* – continued

3.

Thomas Lynch, *So The Undertaking*, Vintage, 1998

pp 100–101

4: Other literature

4 – 3 W G Sebald: *The Emigrants*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Emigrants*.

1.

Paul Bereyter

W G Sebald, *The Emigrants*, Harvill Press, 1997
pp 61–63

2.

Ambros Adelwarth

W G Sebald, *The Emigrants*, Harvill Press, 1997
pp 144–145

4: Other literature

4 – 3 W G Sebald: *The Emigrants* – continued

3.

Max Feber

W G Sebald, *The Emigrants*, Harvill Press, 1997

pp 190–191

5: Poetry

5 – 1 William Blake

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of William Blake.

1.

The School Boy

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn
O! it drives all joy away:
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day,
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour.
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child when fears annoy
But droop his tender wing
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd,
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy
Or the summer fruits appear
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear.

* * * *

2.

The Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow
Crying 'weep 'weep! in notes of woe:
Where are thy father & mother? say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath
And smil'd among the winter's snow:
They clothed me in the clothes of death
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, & dance & sing
They think they have done me no injury:
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King
Who make up a heaven of our misery.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 1 William Blake – continued

3.

London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls:

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 2 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The General Prologue*.

1.

The Frere

Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun:
 He was an esy man to yeve penaunce,
 Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce.
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive
 Is signe that a man is wel yshryve;
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt;
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may nat wepe, although hym soore smerte
 Therfore in stede of wepyng and preyeres
 Men moote yeve silver to the povre freres.
 His typet was ay farsed ful of knyves
 And pynnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
 And certainly he hadde a murye note:
 Wel koude he synge and pleyen on a rote;
 Of yeddynges he baar outrely the pris.
 His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys;
 Therto he strong was as a champioun.
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun
 And everich hostiler and tappestere
 Bet than a lazar or a beggestere,
 For unto swich a worthy man as he
 Acorded nat, as by his facultee,
 To have with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
 It is nat honest; it may nat avaunce,
 For to deelen with no swich poraille,
 But al with riche and selleres of vitaille.
 And over al, ther as profit sholde arise,
 Curteis he was and lowely of servyse;
 Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the beste beggere in his hous;
 [And yaf a certeyn ferme for the graunt;
 Noon of his bretheren cam ther in his
 haunt;]
 For thogh a wydwe hadde noght a sho,
 So plesaunt was his "*In principio*,"
 Yet wolde he have a ferthyng, er he wente.
 His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.

* * * *

2.

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre PERSON OF A TOUN,
 But riche he was of hooly thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
 His parissshens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient,
 And swich he was yprevred ofte sithes.
 Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
 Unto his povre parissshens aboute
 Of his offryng and eek of his substaunce.
 He koude in litel thyng have suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lefte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
 The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lite,
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he
 taughte.
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
 And this figure he added eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what shal iren do?
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
 And shame it is, if a prest take keep,
 A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
 By his clenness, how that his sheep sholde
 lyve.
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre
 And ran to Londoun unto Seinte Poules
 To seken hym a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie;
 He was a shepherde and noght a mercenarie.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 2 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* – continued

3.

Amorwe, whan that day bigan to sprynge,
 Up roos oure Hoost, and was oure aller cok,
 And gadrede us togidre alle in a flok,
 And forth we riden a litel moore than paas
 Unto the Wateryng of Seint Thomas;
 And there oure Hoost bigan his hors areste
 And seyde, "Lordynges, herkneth, if yow leste.
 Ye woot youre foreward, and I it yow recorde.
 If even-song and morwe-song accorde,
 Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
 As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale,
 Whoso be rebel to my juggement
 Shal paye for al that by the wey is spent.
 Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne;
 He which that hath the shorteste shal bigynne.
 Sire Knyght," quod he, "my mayster and my
 lord,
 Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord.
 Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady Prioress.
 And ye, sire Clerk, lat be youre shamefastnesse,
 Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man!"
 Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
 And shortly for to tellen as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
 The sothe is this: the cut fil to the Knyght,
 Of which ful blithe and glad was every wyght,
 And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
 By foreward and by composicioun,
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
 And whan this goode man saugh that it was so,
 As he that wys was and obedient
 To kepe his foreward by his free assent,
 He seyde, "Syn I shal bigynne the game,
 What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
 Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye."

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 3 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

1.

Now of my fifthe housbonde wol I telle.
 God lete his soule nevere come in helle!
 And yet was he to me the mooste shrewe;
 That feeles I on my ribbes al by rewe,
 And evere shal unto myn endyng day.
 But in oure bed he was so fressh and gay,
 And therwithal so wel koude he me glose,
 Whan that he wolde han my *bele chose*;
 That thogh he hadde me bete on every bon,
 He koude wynne agayn my love anon.
 I trowe I loved hym best, for that he
 Was of his love daungerous to me.
 We wommen han, if that I shal nat lye,
 In this matere a queynte fantasye:
 Wayte what thyng we may nat lightly have,
 Therafter wol we crie al day and crave.
 Forbede us thyng, and that desiren we;
 Preesse on us faste, and thanne wol we fle.
 With daunger oute we al oure chaffare;
 Greet prees at market maketh deere ware,
 And to greet cheep is holde at litel prys:
 This knoweth every womman that is wys.
 My fifthe housbonde — God his soule
 blesse! —
 Which that I took for love, and no richesse,
 He som tyme was a clerk of Oxenford,
 And hadde left scole, and wente at hom to bord
 With my gossib, dwellynge in oure toun;
 God have hir soule! Hir name was Alisoun.
 She knew myn herte, and eek my privetee,
 Bet than oure parisshe preest, so moot I thee!
 To hire biwreyed I my conseil al.
 For hadde myn housbonde pissed on a wal,
 Or doon a thyng that sholde han cost his lyf,
 To hire, and to another worthy wyf,
 And to my nece, which that I loved weel,
 I wolde han toold his conseil every deel.
 And so I dide ful often, God it woot,
 That made his face often reed and hoot
 For verray shame, and blamed hymself for he
 Had toold to me so greet a pryvetee.

* * * *

2.

And many a wydwe, for that they been wise,
 The queene herself sittynge as a justise,
 Assembled been, his answeere for to heere;
 And afterward this knyght was bode appeere.
 To every wight comanded was silence,
 And that the knyght sholde telle in audience
 What thyng that worldly wommen loven best.
 This knyght ne stood nat stille as doth a best,
 But to his questioun anon answerde
 With manly voys, that al the court it herde:
 “My lige lady, generally,” quod he,
 “Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee
 As wel over hir housbond as hir love,
 And for to been in maistrie hym above.
 This is youre mooste desir, thogh ye me kille.
 Dooth as yow list; I am heer at youre wille.”
 In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,
 Ne wydwe that contraried that he sayde,
 But seyden he was worthy han his lyf.
 And with that word up stirte the olde wyf,
 Which that the knyght saugh sittynge on the
 grene:
 “Mercy,” quod she, “my sovereyn lady queene!
 Er that youre court departe, do me right.
 I taughte this answeere unto the knyght;
 For which he plighte me his trouthe there,
 The firste thyng that I wolde hym requere
 He wolde it do, if it lay in his myghte.
 Bifore the court thanne preye I thee, sir
 knyght,”
 Quod she, “that thou me take unto thy wyf,
 For wel thou woost that I have kept thy lyf.
 If I seye fals, sey nay, upon thy fey!”
 This knyght answerde; “Allas and weyla-
 wey!
 I woot right wel that swich was my biheste.
 For Goddes love, as chees a newe requestel
 Taak al my good and lat my body go.”

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 3 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* – continued

3.

“Chese now,” quod she, “oon of thise thynges
tweye:

To han me foul and old til that I deye,
And be to yow a trewe, humble wyf,
And nevere yow displese in al my lyf,
Or elles ye wol han me yong and fair,
And take youre aventure of the repair
That shal be to youre hous by cause of me,
Or in som oother place, may wel be.
Now chese yourselven, wheither that yow
liketh.”

This knyght avyseth hym and sore siketh,
But atte laste he seyde in this manere:
“My lady and my love, and wyf so deere,
I put me in youre wise governance;
Cheseth youreself which may be moost ples-
ance

And moost honour to yow and me also.
I do no fors the wheither of the two,
For as yow liketh, it suffiseth me.”

“Thanne have I gete of yow maistrie,” quod
she,

“Syn I may chese and governe as me lest?”

“Ye, certes, wyf,” quod he, “I holde it best.”

“Kys me,” quod she, “we be no lenger wrothe,
For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe —
This is to seyn, ye, bothe fair and good.
I prey to God that I moote sterven wood,
But I to yow be also good and trewe
As evere was wyf, syn that the world was newe.
And but I be to-morn as fair to seene
As any lady, emperice, or queene,
That is bitwixe the est and eke the west,
Dooth with my lyf and deth right as yow lest.
Cast up the curtyyn, looke how that it is.”

And whan the knyght saugh verrailly al this,
That she so fair was, and so yong therto,
For joye he hente hire in his armes two.
His herte bathed in a bath of blisse.
A thousand tyme a-rewe he gan hire kisse,
And she obeyed hym in every thyng
That myghte doon hym plesance or likyng.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 4 John Forbes

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of John Forbes.

1.

Speed, a Pastoral

John Forbes, *Collected Poems*,
Brandl & Schlesinger, 2001

p 111

2.

On Tiepolo's, *Banquet of Cleopatra*

John Forbes, *Collected Poems*,
Brandl & Schlesinger, 2001

p 189

5: Poetry

5 – 4 John Forbes – continued

3.

3 Songs for Charles Darwin

2) The First Fleet Asleep

John Forbes, *Collected Poems*,
Brandl & Schlesinger, 2001
pp 254–255

5: Poetry

5 – 5 Robert Gray

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Robert Gray.

1.

Walking in an American Wood

The moist deer woods seem sliding down, on one side of the railway line;
on the other, the slate Ohio; and beyond,
continuous factories, black and hieroglyphic-square,
through a feather-brushed drizzle, at dawn.
From the long nozzles of those recurrent chimneys is torn,
in bursts, a heavy vermilion flame,
rolling sideways, heavily as lava,
and the grey sky beats and crumples there, as though a
pounded drum.

The eye of Osiris, where a bough is missing,
on the tooled leather of a silver birch, as I turn into the woods, before
a stack of dead cars,
and old houses on the outskirts of town, maple-splattered.
The pretence at innocence of an American architecture:
child-drawn, blocky, in clapboard, with wide-eyed windows,
and simple steep roof.
Cars, long as crocodiles, are slewed up and sleeping, as yet,
on the bank before each door, and the television aerials
are packed together
like waiting cattle-prods.
There is no more innocence here
than there's sincerity in all of that talk about you're
welcome and having a nice day.
Americans seem to believe you may have to eat or be
eaten, and therefore
the complementary, frightened insistence on sociability.
I can make out a bike tube and cardboard boxes flung into
the branches
above someone's yard, and wet newspaper and bits of
automobile lying about.
In another yard, a half-sized statue of Jesus,
with downward, open arms, is looking towards the house;
and, as always, an American flag, big as a double
bed-sheet;
this one on a pole from an upstairs window.

Inside the woods there are stiff little ferns, coffee-dusted
with spore,
all about the steep, leaf-mulch ground. I climbed through
fallen sticks.
Left-over snow lies between roots and behind large rocks,
as if heaps of wet salt.
From the hilltop, I look back, among trunks, onto the
river,
that's moving like poured treacle,
the flat folds of its pouring shown-up by sideways light.
The mist is rising eerily as a flying saucer, from the
further, river-bound woodland.

* * * *

2.

Diptych

. . . My father, I see, was hopelessly melancholic —
the position of those wary
small eyes, and thin lips, on the long-boned face,
proclaimed the bitterness of every pleasure, except those of
form.
He often drank alone
at the RSL club, and had been known to wear a carefully-
considered tie
to get drunk in the sandhills, watching the sea.
When he was ill and was at home at night, I would look into
his bedroom,
at one end of a gauzed verandah,
from around the door and a little behind him,
and see his frighteningly high-domed skull under the
lamp-light, as he read
in a curdle of cigarette smoke.
Light shone through wire mesh onto the packed hydrangea-
heads,
and on the great ragged mass of insects, like bees over a
comb, that crawled tethered
and ignored right beside him. He seemed content, at these
times,
as though he'd done all that he could to himself,
and had been forced, objectively, to give up.
He liked his bland ulcer-patient food
and the big heap of library books I had brought. (My
instructions always were:
'Nothing whingeing. Nothing by New York Jews;
nothing by women, especially the French; nothing
translated from the Russian.')
And yet, the only time I actually heard him say that he'd
enjoyed anything
was when he spoke of the bush, once. 'Up in those hills,'
he advised me, pointing around, 'when the sun is coming
out of the sea, standing amongst
that high timber, you can feel at peace.'
I was impressed. He asked me, another time, that when
he died
I should take his ashes somewhere, and not put him with
the locals, in the cemetery.
I went up to one of the hills he had named
years earlier, at the time of day he had spoken of, when
the half-risen sun
was as strongly-spiked as that one
on his Infantry badge,
and I scattered him there, utterly reduced at last,
amongst the wet, breeze-woven grass.
For all his callousness to my mother, I had long
accepted him.
After all, he'd given, or shown me, the best advice,
and had left me alone. And I'd come by then to think
that all of us are pathetic.
Opening his plastic, brick-sized box, that morning,
my pocket-knife slid
sideways and pierced my hand — and so I dug with
that one

5: Poetry

5 – 5 Robert Gray – continued

into his ashes, which I found were like a mauvish-grey
marble dust,
and felt that I needn't think of anything else to say.

* * * *

3.

Currawongs

I noticed one had grown weak,

in the park, below our railing. Through the summer afternoon
it stood drowsily about,
although wary, and when at last the darkness had sifted down
it died, by leaping out,

suddenly, beneath the only headlights in some while on
our street,
confused, at the last minute.
That most resonant thump, of something live; and also,
I thought,
crunch of bird-twigs. I found it

still breathing, horribly; the beak split wide, and held by a
thread,
as happens when wood is splayed,
the eyes squeezed hard, without lashes or tears. It was crash-
landed,
crumpled. I ran for a spade;

and answered, 'Don't come,' while disentangling the blade in
the dark;
returned, to find it was gone —
and saw two boys, holding something on the far side of the park,
who looked behind as they ran.

God no, I thought — they'll poke about, then toss it into a
lane,
soon bored, or over a fence
to a dog, and cackle and run on, already with some new plan. . . .
Those birds are their most intense

at twilight, in scalloping flight, against the horizon's fire-coal
orange, where it tilts a ramp
onto indigo. They'll strictly show and close the wing's porthole
like a signalman his lamp.

There are some admire them, who admire what remains them
in us,
who admire the deed, *elan*,
health, affirmation; but now what I see, also, is the pathos
of braggarts and the strong.

At dusk, stepping beneath the drawn latex of vast grey fig trees,
the wolf-whistling currawongs;
or scoring across harbour sails, that are stretched like beer bellies;
above waves' slap, listless as thongs.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 6 Adrienne Rich

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Adrienne Rich.

1.

Aunt Jennifer's Tigers

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe*,
W W Norton & Co, 2002

p 4

2.

Diving into the Wreck

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe*,
W W Norton & Co, 2002

pp 102–103, last 43 lines

5: Poetry

5 – 6 Adrienne Rich – continued

3.

Integrity

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe*,
W W Norton & Co, 2002

pp 171–172

5: Poetry

5 – 7 William Shakespeare

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*.

1.

Sonnet 65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?
O fearful meditation: where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

* * * *

2.

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 7 William Shakespeare – continued

3.

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 8 Jennifer Strauss

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Jennifer Strauss.

1.

Tierra del Fuego

1. Burning questions

'Intreat me not
to leave thee, or to return
from following after thee;
for whither thou goest, I will go;
and where thou lodgest I will lodge'—

pit of your stomach
or did it
burn like bile
flooding your palate with premonitions
of foreignness?

* * * *

*A very fine text, but whose
was the language
proposed for use?*

(Having come for love to an alien place
she is full of questions
and silence):

*Without the language
everything
depends on signs signs are portents*

(each night

*in this foreign land
the familiar dead
walk in my dreams
absorbed in conversation—
the homely words
flow over, round like cool water
but still I'm parched,
they do not speak with me—*

what does this mean?)

And you—exile,
blown on the winds
of politics' stormy rhetoric —
when you came
to my silence-sodden Anzac city
and they called it
'a public holiday'
did the flame of your language
sink despairing
to the dark

5: Poetry

5 – 8 Jennifer Strauss – continued

2.

Solstice

At the tulip's heart a black sun glows.

In cold and rain, nowhere-near-Spring, you brought
Tulips and daffodils, vivid response
To a formal kindness.

The daffodils tired first
Petalled skirts crêping;
The stiff tulips
Spreading their petals
Showed the improbable
Blaze at their heart.

Crossing your hands, disciplined, upon your lap,
You told the trivia that make up anguish
Petty, predictable.

On solstice day
The unwithered petals
Fell to a touch,
A single flurry
Of fire-bird plumage
Tipped with black.

'It's not,' you said 'really that he's so awful,
Only that one believes life could be -
Somehow - different.'

At the tulip's heart a black sun glows.

* * * *

3.

Wife to Horatio

You didn't know Horatio had a wife?
Of course he did. To marry is the fate
Of ordinary men. And his wife says:
'No interviews! They are forbidden.
My husband is a private citizen,
And ill. You think I'd let vultures like you
Rip open that old wound? Why would you want
To dig up all that buried agony?
Hamlet's skull whitens like Yorick's now
And on those walls where once the dead king stalked
The sturdy sons of Fortinbras play ball.
His rule is well enough. Was it surprising
That he grew restive hearing Hamlet praised
Perpetually? Not that I'd criticise
My husband's friend; I'm told that friendship's noble,
Ophelia was my friend—we laughed a lot.
I know that Hamlet had great difficulties,
And when the great have problems, we all know,
It is the ordinary lives that pay.
Ophelia was my friend—but she was dead,
And the live child in my belly jumped
When the king frowned. I found that I had wits
(My family too was not uninfluential):
We sought permission to withdraw from court.
It came readily, and as a bonus
Horatio was appointed (a neat move)
To write the official life of the late Prince—
Oh yes, the work's in progress. There came too
The settlement of this estate. The king
Is not ungenerous. He sent birth gifts,
The boy a handsome set of fencing foils,
My daughter pearls. Yes, that's Ophelia
Playing by the river. Aren't we afraid?
Not more than ordinary parents are.
Horatio, it's true, was rather anxious,
And no, we didn't talk it out. Come, come,
You've lived in Denmark, surely you must know
What miseries breed from talk. We needed
Action. There'll be no drowning here.
I've seen to it that she knows how to swim.'

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 9 W B Yeats

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of W B Yeats.

1.

Easter 1916

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our winged horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

* * * *

2.

Meditations in Time of Civil War

I *Ancestral Houses*

Surely among a rich man's flowering lawns,
Amid the rustle of his planted hills,
Life overflows without ambitious pains;
And rains down life until the basin spills,
And mounts more dizzy high the more it rains
As though to choose whatever shape it wills
And never stoop to a mechanical
Or servile shape, at others' beck and call.

Mere dreams, mere dreams! Yet Homer had not sung
Had he not found it certain beyond dreams
That out of life's own self-delight had sprung
The abounding glittering jet; though now it seems
As if some marvellous empty sea-shell flung
Out of the obscure dark of the rich streams,
And not a fountain, were the symbol which
Shadows the inherited glory of the rich.

Some violent bitter man, some powerful man
Called architect and artist in, that they,
Bitter and violent men, might rear in stone
The sweetness that all longed for night and day,
The gentleness none there had ever known;
But when the master's buried mice can play,
And maybe the great-grandson of that house,
For all its bronze and marble, 's but a mouse.

O what if gardens where the peacock strays
With delicate feet upon old terraces,
Or else all Juno from an urn displays
Before the indifferent garden deities;
O what if levelled lawns and gravelled ways
Where slippered Contemplation finds his ease
And Childhood a delight for every sense,
But take our greatness with our violence?

What if the glory of escutcheoned doors,
And buildings that a haughtier age designed,
The pacing to and fro on polished floors
Amid great chambers and long galleries, lined
With famous portraits of our ancestors;
What if those things the greatest of mankind
Consider most to magnify, or to bless,
But take our greatness with our bitterness?

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 9 W B Yeats – continued

3.

The Second Coming

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

* * * *

Assessment Criteria

The extent to which the response demonstrates:

1. relevance to the task
2. a close reading through appropriate selection and discussion of textual detail
3. complexity of ideas
4. awareness of the ways in which aspects of texts contribute to interpretations of texts
5. coherence
6. expressiveness.

A checklist for planning and revising

Have I included the part numbers and text numbers of my chosen texts on the front cover(s) of all script books?

Have I written on texts from two different parts?

Have I demonstrated my knowledge and understanding of the chosen texts?

Have I referred to the chosen texts in detail to illustrate or justify my responses?

Have I discussed at least one set passage for each text in detail?

Have I edited my final version for spelling, punctuation and sentence structure?

Are there places where my handwriting would be difficult to read and should be tidied?

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?