

Victorian Certificate of Education
2017**LITERATURE**
Written examination**Monday 13 November 2017****Reading time: 11.45 am to 12.00 noon (15 minutes)****Writing time: 12.00 noon to 2.00 pm (2 hours)****TASK BOOK****Structure of book**

<i>Section</i>	<i>Number of questions</i>	<i>Number of questions to be answered</i>	<i>Number of marks</i>
A	30	1	20
B	30	1	20
			Total 40

- 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, correction fluid/tape and dictionaries.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

Materials supplied

- Task book of 68 pages, including **assessment criteria** on page 68
- One or more answer books

The task

- You are required to complete two pieces of writing: one for Section A and one for Section B.
- Each piece of writing must be based on a text selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.
- Each selected text must be from a different category (novels, plays, short stories, other literature, poetry). You must **not** write on two texts from the same category. Students who write on two texts from the same category will receive a score of zero for one of their responses.

Instructions

- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the answer book(s).
- In the answer book(s), indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.
- All written responses must be in English.

At the end of the examination

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

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

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23.	WEH Stanner	<i>The Dreaming & Other Essays</i>	6	52–53
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29.	Wisława Szymborska	<i>Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska</i>	6	64–65
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Assessment criteria

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SECTION A – Literary perspectives**Instructions for Section A**

You are required to complete **one** piece of writing in response to the topic set for **one** text.

Your selected text must be used as the basis for your response to the topic. You are required to produce an interpretation of the text using one literary perspective to inform your view.

Your selected text for Section A must be from a different category than your selected text for Section B.

In the answer book, indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 68 of this book.

Section A is worth 20 marks.

Novels**1. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees***

Consider the extent to which Calvino's *Baron in the Trees* is about refusing to conform to social expectations.

2. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

To what extent is Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* an indictment of colonialism?

3. Miles Franklin, *My Brilliant Career*

Franklin's *My Brilliant Career* depicts a society in which choices are limited for all individuals. To what extent do you agree?

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

North and South explores the conflicts produced by changing social conditions. Discuss.

5. Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*

At the end of the narrator's journey in *The Cat's Table*, there is little to compensate for what has been lost. Discuss.

6. Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

In *That Deadman Dance*, the narrative raises the possibility of peaceful coexistence between two very different cultures. To what extent do you agree?

7. Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

Consider the proposition that, in *The Man Who Loved Children*, the Pollits are unconventional yet the family dynamics are disturbingly real.

8. Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

To what extent is *The Leopard* a conservative text that presents change negatively?

9. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

Reflect on the idea that Vásquez's *The Sound of Things Falling* depicts a generation of Colombians caught up in a national tragedy.

Plays

10. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

To what extent is the title character in *Agamemnon* ultimately responsible for his own downfall?

11. Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*

To what extent does Ibsen's *A Doll's House* suggest that individuals can be shaped by the expectations of others?

12. Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

In *Rhinoceros*, Ionesco demonstrates that emotional appeals cannot be defeated by logic and reason. To what extent do you agree?

13. William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

Reflect on the idea that, in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, manhood is a highly prized but fragile state.

14. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

Shakespeare's romantic comedy *Twelfth Night* suggests the ambiguity of socially constructed gender roles. Discuss.

15. George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Pygmalion*, Shaw criticises society for its failure to recognise the potential in all individuals.

16. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

In *Buried Child*, Shepard suggests that the archetypal American family is fundamentally damaged. To what extent do you agree?

17. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

Discuss the proposition that characters in Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* are alone because they fail to deal with the 'inadmissible things' of life.

Short stories

18. Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

In *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*, Gogol offers a critique of Russian society, inviting us to laugh at the foolish and absurd. Discuss.

19. Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Dark Roots*, Kennedy is pessimistic about the possibility of individuals maintaining successful relationships.

20. Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*

In *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Proulx shows that hostility, violence and disadvantage shape the lives of the central characters. To what extent do you agree?

Other literature

21. Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

In Barnes's *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*, multiple narrative voices investigate the nature of history. Discuss.

22. Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

In her memoir, Fitzpatrick demonstrates that family shapes an individual's character. To what extent do you agree?

23. WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

Stanner's critique of government policies in *The Dreaming & Other Essays* shows that there has been a systematic attempt to erode Aboriginal identity. Discuss.

24. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

At its core, *Candide, or Optimism* explores various responses to its central question: how should one live? Discuss.

Poetry

25. Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

To what extent do the set poems from Browning's *Selected Poems* offer a critique of the social and moral conventions of Browning's time?

26. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

Discuss the proposition that the set poems from *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond* view writing as political.

27. Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

In many of the set poems from *Collected*, Dobson invites the reader to reflect on the passing of time and the transience of life. Discuss.

28. Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*

To what extent are the set poems in Heaney's *Opened Ground* concerned with resolving the problems of a personal and a political identity?

29. Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*

Discuss the proposition that the set poems from *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska* personalise the political to generate a strong, emotional response.

30. Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

Reflect on the idea that the set poems from Wallace-Crabbe's *New and Selected Poems* are a celebration of life in the face of loss.

SECTION B – Close analysis**Instructions for Section B**

You are required to complete **one** piece of writing based on **one** text in response to the task set.

Three passages have been set for every text. The set passages are presented in the order in which they appear in the nominated version of the text. The set passages are also reproduced as they appear in the nominated version of the text.

You must use **two or more** of the set passages as the basis for a discussion about the selected text.

In your response, refer in detail to the set passages and the selected text. You may include minor references to other texts.

Your selected text for Section B must be from a different category than your selected text for Section A.

In the answer book, indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 68 of this book.

Section B is worth 20 marks.

Novels

1. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Baron in the Trees*.

1.

I yearned to follow him ... the horn gilt and hanging on her neck by a chain.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998

pp. 113 and 114

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

My brother soon made himself useful ... which would burn up the trees with everyone on them.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998

pp. 202 and 203

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

1. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

3.

Youth soon passes on earth ... like a trio of drunks.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*,
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998

pp. 276 and 277

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

2. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Heart of Darkness*.

1.

Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me—still knitting with downcast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colours of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the centre. And the river was there—fascinating—deadly—like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. *Bon voyage*.

"In about forty-five seconds I found myself again in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I undertook amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to.

"I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am not used to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy—I don't know—something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly. People were arriving, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinising the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. *Ave!* Old knitter of black wool. *Morituri te salutant*. Not many of these she looked at ever saw her again—not half, by a long way.

* * *

2.

A torn curtain of red twill hung in the doorway of the hut, and flapped sadly in our faces. The dwelling was dismantled; but we could see a white man had lived there not very long ago. There remained a rude table—a plank on two posts; a heap of rubbish reposed in a dark corner, and by the door I picked up a book. It had lost its covers, and the pages had been thumbed into a state of extremely dirty softness; but the back had been lovingly stitched afresh with white cotton thread, which looked clean yet. It was an extraordinary find. Its title was, 'An Inquiry into some Points of Seamanship,' by a man Towzer, Towson—some such name—Master in his Majesty's Navy. The matter looked dreary reading enough, with illustrative diagrams and repulsive tables of figures, and the copy was sixty years old. I handled this amazing antiquity with the greatest possible tenderness, lest it should dissolve in my hands. Within, Towson or Towzer was inquiring earnestly into the breaking strain of ships' chains and tackle, and other such matters. Not a very enthralling book; but at the first glance you could see there a singleness of intention, an honest concern for the right way of going to work, which made these humble pages, thought out so many years ago, luminous with another than a professional light. The simple old sailor, with his talk of chains and purchases, made me forget the jungle and the pilgrims in a delicious sensation of having come upon something unmistakably real. Such a book being there was wonderful enough; but still more astounding were the notes pencilled in the margin, and plainly referring to the text. I couldn't believe my eyes! They were in cipher! Yes, it looked like cipher. Fancy a man lugging with him a book of that description into this nowhere and studying it—and making notes—in cipher at that! It was an extravagant mystery.

"I had been dimly aware for some time of a worrying noise, and when I lifted my eyes I saw the wood-pile was gone, and the manager, aided by all the pilgrims, was shouting at me from the river-side. I slipped the book into my pocket. I assure you to leave off reading was like tearing myself away from the shelter of an old and solid friendship.

"I started the lame engine ahead. 'It must be this miserable trader—this intruder,' exclaimed the manager, looking back malevolently at the place we had left. 'He must be English,' I said. 'It will not save him from getting into trouble if he is not careful,' muttered the manager darkly. I observed with assumed innocence that no man was safe from trouble in this world.

"The current was more rapid now, the steamer seemed at her last gasp, the stern-wheel flopped languidly and I caught myself listening on tiptoe for the next beat of the float, for in sober truth I expected the wretched thing to give up every moment. It was like watching the last flickers of a life. But still we crawled. Sometimes I would pick out a tree a little way ahead to measure our progress towards Kurtz by, but I lost it invariably before we got abreast. To keep the eyes so long on one thing was too much for human patience. The manager displayed a beautiful resignation. I fretted and fumed and took to arguing with myself whether or no I would talk openly with

Novels

2. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

Kurtz; but before I could come to any conclusion it occurred to me that my speech or my silence, indeed any action of mine, would be a mere futility. What did it matter what any one knew or ignored? What did it matter who was manager? One gets sometimes such a flash of insight. The essentials of this affair lay deep under the surface, beyond my reach, and beyond my power of meddling.

* * *

3.

“The manager appeared silently in the doorway; I stepped out at once and he drew the curtain after me. The Russian, eyed curiously by the pilgrims, was staring at the shore. I followed the direction of his glance.

“Dark human shapes could be made out in the distance, flitting indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river two bronze figures, leaning on tall spears, stood in the sunlight, under fantastic head-dresses of spotted skins, warlike and still in statuesque repose. And from right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman.

“She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly upon the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

“She came abreast of the steamer, stood still, and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water’s edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of wild sorrow and of dumb pain mingled with the fear of some struggling, half-shaped resolve. She stood looking at us without a stir, and like the wilderness itself, with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A whole minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of yellow metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped as if her heart had failed her. The young fellow by my side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us all as if her life had depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her bared arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable desire to touch the sky, and at the same time the swift shadows darted out on the earth, swept around on the river, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. A formidable silence hung over the scene.

“She turned away slowly, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the bushes to the left. Once only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets before she disappeared.

* * *

Novels

3. Miles Franklin, *My Brilliant Career*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *My Brilliant Career*.

1.

The curse of Eve being upon my poor mother in those days, she was unable to follow her husband. Pride forbade her appealing to her neighbours, so on me devolved the duty of tracking my father from one pub to another and bringing him home.

Had I done justice to my mother's training I would have honoured my paternal parent in spite of all this, but I am an individual ever doing things I oughtn't at the time I shouldn't.

Coming home, often after midnight, with my drunken father talking maudlin conceited nonsense beside me, I developed curious ideas on the fifth commandment. Those journeys in the spring-cart through the soft faint starlight were conducive to thought. My father, like most men when under the influence of liquor, would allow no one but himself to handle the reins, and he was often so incapable that he would keep turning the horse round and round in the one place. It is a marvel we never met with an accident. I was not nervous, but quite content to take whatever came, and our trusty old horse fulfilled his duty, ever faithfully taking us home along the gum-tree-lined road.

My mother had taught me from the Bible that I should honour my parents, whether they were deserving of honour or not.

Dick Melvyn being my father did not blind me to the fact that he was a despicable, selfish, weak creature, and as such I despised him with the relentlessness of fifteen, which makes no allowance for human frailty and weakness. Disgust, not honour, was the feeling which possessed me when I studied the matter.

Towards mother I felt differently. A woman is but the helpless tool of man—a creature of circumstances.

Seeing my father beside me, and thinking of his infant with its mother, eating her heart out with anxiety at home, this was the reasoning which took possession of me. Among other such inexpressible thoughts I got lost, grew dizzy, and drew back appalled at the spirit which was maturing within me. It was a grim lonely one, which I vainly tried to hide in a bosom which was not big or strong enough for its comfortable habitation. It was as a climbing plant without a pole—it groped about the ground, bruised itself, and became hungry searching for something strong to which to cling. Needing a master-hand to train and prune, it was becoming rank and sour.

* * *

2.

I put it down to his conceit. I thought that he fancied he could win any woman, and me without the least palaver or trouble. I felt annoyed. I said aloud, "I will become engaged to you;" to myself I added, "Just for a little while, the more to surprise and take the conceit out of you when the time comes."

Now that I understand his character I know that it was not conceit, but just his quiet unpretending way. He had meant all his actions towards me, and had taken mine in return.

"Thank you, Sybylla, that is all I want. We will talk about the matter some other time. I will go up to Caddagat next Sunday. You have surprised me nearly out of my wits," here he laughed. "I never dreamt you would say yes so easily, just like any other girl. I thought I would have a lot of trouble with you."

He approached me and was stooping to kiss me. I cannot account for my action or condemn it sufficiently. It was hysterical—the outcome of an over-strung, highly excitable, and nervous temperament. Perhaps my vanity was wounded, and my tendency to strike when touched was up in arms. The calm air of ownership with which Harold drew near annoyed me, or, as Sunday-school teachers would explain it, Satan got hold of me. He certainly placed a long strong riding-whip on the table beneath my hand. As Harold stooped with the intention of pressing his lips to mine, I quickly raised the whip and brought it with all my strength right across his face. The instant the whip had descended I would have smashed my arm on the doorpost to recall that blow. But that was impossible. It had left a great weal on the healthy sun-tanned skin. His moustache had saved his lips, but it had caught his nose, the left cheek, had blinded the left eye, and had left a cut on the temple from which drops of blood were rolling down his cheek and staining his white coat. A momentary gleam of anger shot into his eyes and he gave a gasp, whether of surprise, pain, or annoyance, I know not. He made a gesture towards me. I half expected and fervently wished he would strike. The enormity of what I had done paralysed me. The whip fell from my fingers and I dropped onto a low lounge behind me, and placing my elbows on my knees crouchingly buried my face in my hands; my hair tumbled softly over my shoulders and reached the floor, as though to sympathetically curtain my humiliation. Oh, that Harold would thrash me severely! It would have infinitely relieved me. I had done a mean unwomanly thing in thus striking a man, who by his great strength and sex was debarred retaliation. I had committed a violation of self-respect and common decency; I had given a man an ignominious blow in the face with a riding-whip. And that man was Harold Beecham, who with all his strength and great stature was so wondrously gentle—who had always treated my whims and nonsense with something like the amused tolerance held by a great Newfoundland for the pranks of a kitten.

* * *

Novels

3. Miles Franklin, *My Brilliant Career*

3.

Dear Harold,

I will not get a chance of speaking to you in the morning, so write. Never mention marriage to me again. I have firmly made up my mind—it must be No. It will always be a comfort to me in the years to come to know that I was loved once, if only for a few hours. It is not that I do not care for you, as I like you better than any man I have ever seen; but I do not mean ever to marry. When you lost your fortune I was willing to accede to your request, as I thought you wanted me; but now that you are rich again you will not need me. I am not good enough to be your wife, for you are a good man; and better, because you do not know you are good. You may feel uncomfortable or lonely for a little while, because, when you make up your mind, you are not easily thwarted; but you will find that your fancy for me will soon pass. It is only a fancy, Hal. Take a look in the glass, and you will see reflected there the figure of a stalwart man who is purely virile, possessing not the slightest attribute of the weaker sex, therefore your love is merely a passing flame. I do not impute fickleness to you, but merely point out a masculine characteristic, and that you are a man, and only a man, pure and unadulterated. Look around, and from the numbers of good women to be found on every side choose one who will make you a fitter helpmeet, a more conventional comrade, than I could ever do. I thank you for the inestimable honour you have conferred upon me; but keep it till you find some one worthy of it, and by and by you will be glad that I have set you free.

Good-bye, Hal!

Your sincere and affec. friend
Sybylla Penelope Melvyn

Then I crept into bed beside my little sister, and though the air inside had not cooled, and the room was warm, I shivered so that I clasped the chubby, golden-haired little sleeper in my arms that I might feel something living and real and warm.

“Oh, Rory, Rory!” I whispered, raining upon her lonely-hearted tears. “In all the world is there never a comrade strong and true to teach me the meaning of this hollow, grim little tragedy—life? Will it always be this ghastly aloneness? Why am I not good and pretty and simple like other girls? Oh, Rory, Rory, why was I ever born? I am of no use or pleasure to any one in all the world!”

* * *

Novels

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *North and South*.

1.

Margaret had never spoken of Helstone since she left it, except just naming the place incidentally. She saw it in dreams more vivid than life, and as she fell away to slumber at nights her memory wandered in all its pleasant places. But her heart was opened to this girl: 'Oh, Bessy, I loved the home we have left so dearly! I wish you could see it. I cannot tell you half its beauty. There are great trees standing all about it, with their branches stretching long and level, and making a deep shade of rest even at noonday. And yet, though every leaf may seem still, there is a continual rushing sound of movement all around – not close at hand. Then sometimes the turf is as soft and fine as velvet; and sometimes quite lush with the perpetual moisture of a little, hidden, tinkling brook near at hand. And then in other parts there are billowy ferns – whole stretches of fern; some in the green shadow; some with long streaks of golden sunlight lying on them – just like the sea.'

'I have never seen the sea,' murmured Bessy. 'But go on.'

'Then, here and there, there are wide commons, high up as if above the very tops of the trees –'

'I'm glad of that. I felt smothered like down below. When I have gone for an out, I've always wanted to get high up and see far away, and take a deep breath o' fulness in that air. I get smothered enough in Milton, and I think the sound yo' speak of among the trees, going on forever and ever, would send me dazed; it's that made my head ache so in the mill. Now on these commons I reckon there is but little noise?'

'No,' said Margaret; 'nothing but here and there a lark high in the air. Sometimes I used to hear a farmer speaking sharp and loud to his servants; but it was so far away that it only reminded me pleasantly that other people were hard at work in some distant place, while I just sat on the heather and did nothing.'

'I used to think once that if I could have a day of doing nothing, to rest me – a day in some quiet place like that yo' speak on – it would maybe set me up. But now I've had many days o' idleness, and I'm just as weary o' them as I was o' my work. Sometimes I'm so tired out I think I cannot enjoy heaven without a piece of rest first. I'm rather afeard o' going straight there without getting a good sleep in the grave to set me up.'

'Don't be afraid, Bessy,' said Margaret, laying her hand on the girl's; 'God can give you more perfect rest than even idleness on earth, or the dead sleep of the grave can do.'

* * *

2.

Margaret felt intuitively, that in an instant all would be uproar; the first touch would cause an explosion, in which, among such hundreds of infuriated men and reckless boys, even Mr Thornton's life would be unsafe, – that in another instant the stormy passions would have passed their bounds, and swept away all barriers of reason, or apprehension of consequence. Even while she looked, she saw lads in the background stooping to take off their heavy wooden clogs – the readiest missile they could find; she saw it was the spark to the gunpowder, and, with a cry, which no one heard, she rushed out of the room, down stairs, – she had lifted the great iron bar of the door with an imperious force – had thrown the door open wide – and was there, in face of that angry sea of men, her eyes smiting them with flaming arrows of reproach. The clogs were arrested in the hands that held them – the countenances, so fell not a moment before, now looked irresolute, and as if asking what this meant. For she stood between them and their enemy. She could not speak, but held out her arms towards them till she could recover breath.

'Oh, do not use violence! He is one man, and you are many,' but her words died away, for there was no tone in her voice; it was but a hoarse whisper. Mr Thornton stood a little on one side; he had moved away from behind her, as if jealous of anything that should come between him and danger.

'Go!' said she, once more (and now her voice was like a cry). 'The soldiers are sent for – are coming. Go peaceably. Go away. You shall have relief from your complaints, whatever they are.'

'Shall them Irish blackguards be packed back again?' asked one from out the crowd, with fierce threatening in his voice.

'Never, for your bidding!' exclaimed Mr Thornton. And instantly the storm broke. The hootings rose and filled the air – but Margaret did not hear them. Her eye was on the group of lads who had armed themselves with their clogs some time before. She saw their gesture – she knew its meaning, – she read their aim. Another moment, and Mr Thornton might be smitten down, – he whom she had urged and goaded to come to this perilous place. She only thought how she could save him. She threw her arms around him; she made her body into a shield from the fierce people beyond. Still, with his arms folded, he shook her off.

'Go away,' said he, in his deep voice. 'This is no place for you.'

'It is!' said she. 'You did not see what I saw.' If she thought her sex would be a protection, – if, with shrinking eyes she had turned away from the terrible anger of these men, in any hope that ere she looked again they would have paused and reflected, and slunk away, and vanished, she was wrong. Their reckless passion had carried them too far to stop – at least had carried some of them too far; for it is always the savage lads, with their love of cruel excitement, who head the riot – reckless to what bloodshed it may lead. A clog whizzed through the air. Margaret's fascinated eyes watched its progress; it missed its aim, and she turned sick with affright, but changed not her position, only hid her face on Mr Thornton's arm. Then she turned and spoke again:

Novels

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

‘For God’s sake! do not damage your cause by this violence. You do not know what you are doing.’ She strove to make her words distinct.

A sharp pebble flew by her, grazing forehead and cheek, and drawing a blinding sheet of light before her eyes. She lay like one dead on Mr Thornton’s shoulder. Then he unfolded his arms, and held her encircled in one for an instant:

‘You do well!’ said he. ‘You come to oust the innocent stranger. You fall – you hundreds – on one man; and when a woman comes before you, to ask you for your own sakes to be reasonable creatures, your cowardly wrath falls upon her! You do well!’ They were silent while he spoke. They were watching, open-eyed and open-mouthed, the thread of dark-red blood which wakened them up from their trance of passion. Those nearest the gate stole out ashamed; there was a movement through all the crowd – a retreating movement. Only one voice cried out:

‘Th’ stone were meant for thee; but thou wert sheltered behind a woman!’

* * *

3.

‘[...] A working man can hardly be made to feel and know how much his employer may have laboured in his study at plans for the benefit of his workpeople. A complete plan emerges like a piece of machinery, apparently fitted for every emergency. But the hands accept it as they do machinery, without understanding the intense mental labour and forethought required to bring it to such perfection. But I would take an idea, the working out of which would necessitate personal intercourse; it might not go well at first, but at every hitch interest would be felt by an increasing number of men, and at last its success in working come to be desired by all, as all had borne a part in the formation of the plan; and even then I am sure that it would lose its vitality, cease to be living, as soon as it was no longer carried on by that sort of common interest which invariably makes people find means and ways of seeing each other, and becoming acquainted with each other’s characters and persons, and even tricks of temper and modes of speech. We should understand each other better, and I’ll venture to say we should like each other more.’

‘And you think they may prevent the recurrence of strikes?’

‘Not at all. My utmost expectation only goes so far as this – that they may render strikes not the bitter, venomous sources of hatred they have hitherto been. A more hopeful man might imagine that a closer and more genial intercourse between classes might do away with strikes. But I am not a hopeful man.’

Suddenly, as if a new idea had struck him, he crossed over to where Margaret was sitting, and began, without preface, as if he knew she had been listening to all that had passed:

‘Miss Hale, I had a round-robin from some of my men – I suspect in Higgins’ handwriting – stating their wish to work for me, if ever I was in a position to employ men again on my own behalf. That was good, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes. Just right. I am glad of it,’ said Margaret, looking up straight into his face with her speaking eyes, and then dropping them under his eloquent glance. He gazed back at her for a minute, as if he did not know exactly what he was about. Then sighed; and saying, ‘I knew you would like it,’ he turned away, and never spoke to her again until he bid her a formal ‘good night.’

As Mr Lennox took his departure, Margaret said, with a blush that she could not repress, and with some hesitation,

‘Can I speak to you tomorrow? I want your help about – something.’

‘Certainly. I will come at whatever time you name. You cannot give me a greater pleasure than by making me of any use. At eleven? Very well.’

His eye brightened with exultation. How she was learning to depend upon him! It seemed as if any day now might give him the certainty, without having which he had determined never to offer to her again.

* * *

Novels

5. Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Cat's Table*.

1.

We considered ourselves good at vacuuming ... along the familiar rut they have made for themselves.

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, 2011
pp. 79–81

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

I remember still how we moved in that canal ... with our eyes wide open.

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, 2011
pp. 139 and 140

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

5. Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*

3.

WE SLIPPED INTO ENGLAND IN THE DARK ... horde of passengers
coming off the boat.

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, 2011
pp. 284 and 285

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage when this examination is
published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening
and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

6. Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *That Deadman Dance*.

1.

Drenched with spray ... King George Town people call this place now.

Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*,
Picador, 2013
pp. 9–11

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

As a much older man on the harbour shore ... Women no longer see an old man like him.

Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*,
Picador, 2013
pp. 158–160

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Novels

6. Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

3.

But what about the whales? ... Would they find a lone whale?

Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*,
Picador, 2013

pp. 338–340

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

7. Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Man Who Loved Children*.

1.

Henny sat dreaming, with the letter in her lap. She was not nervous and lively like the Pollits, her husband's family, who, she said, "always behaved like chickens with their heads cut off," but would sit there still, so gracefully languid, except to run her fingers over the tablecloth, tracing the design in the damask, or to alter her pose and lean her face on her hand and stare into the distance, a commonplace habit which looked very theatrical in Henny, because of her large, bright eyeballs and thin, high-curved black eyebrows. She was like a tall crane in the reaches of the river, standing with one leg crooked and listening. She would look fixedly at her vision and suddenly close her eyes. The child watching (there was always one) would see nothing but the huge eyeball in its glove of flesh, deep-sunk in the wrinkled skullhole, the dark circle round it and the eyebrow far above, as it seemed, while all her skin, unrelieved by brilliant eye, came out in its real shade, burnt olive. She looked formidable in such moments, in her intemperate silence, the bitter set of her discolored mouth with her uneven slender gambler's nose and scornful nostrils, lengthening her sharp oval face, pulling the dry skinfolds. Then when she opened her eyes, there would shoot out a look of hate, horror, passion, or contempt. The children (they were good children, as everyone said) would creep up, so as not to annoy her and say, at her elbow, "Moth, can Whitey come in?" Or some such thing, and she would start and cry,

"What do you mean sneaking up on me like that, are you spying on me like your father?" or, "Get out of my sight before I land you one, you creeper!" or, "What do you mean trying to frighten me, is it supposed to be funny?"

And at other times, as now, she would sit with her glances hovering round the room, running from dusty molding to torn curtain frill, from a nail under the transom left over from the last Christmas to a worn patch on the oilcloth by the door, threadbare under so many thousand little footsteps, not worrying about them, but considering each well-known item, almost amiable from familiarity, almost interested, as if considering anew how to fix up these things when fatigue had gone and the tea and rest had put new energy into her.

Henny had never lived in an apartment. She was an old-fashioned woman. She had the calm of frequentation; she belonged to this house and it to her. Though she was a prisoner in it, she possessed it. She and it were her marriage. She was indwelling in every board and stone of it: every fold in the curtains had a meaning (perhaps they were so folded to hide a darn or stain); every room was a phial of revelation to be poured out some feverish night in the secret laboratories of her decisions, full of living cancers of insult, leprosies of disillusion, abscesses of grudge, gangrene of nevermore, quintan fevers of divorce, and all the proliferating miseries, the running sores and thick scabs, for which (and not for its heavenly joys) the flesh of marriage is so heavily veiled and conventually interned.

* * *

2.

Louie and Sam chatted for a while on this interesting subject of countenanced murder, and then Sam told Louie that they must be serious, for murder was really a serious thing, because it meant hate, and hate produced all the wickedness of the world.

"If your own dear mother had lived, for example, my life would have been fulfilled and it would have been a paradise for me. I would not have minded if her mind had not developed, if she had just remained my own dear wife, for I should have been heartened to go on. Your dear mother understood my aims—or, let us say, she understood me and urged me on, in everything. She was anxious for me to study and get on, not for vulgar success, but because she was a true woman whose home was dear to her and because I was dear to her and you too, little Ducky she called you, and then because she knew of my high ambitions, through my so often having told them to her."

"What was your ambition?" asked Louie, full of interest. She too was very ambitious. She wished to be a Spartan, for example: if she could go to the dentist and never make a squeak, she felt she would make a great impression. Then she wished to become great. At present she only read about men of destiny.

"You know it, Looloo," he replied in a deep voice. "It is to be of those who spread the light, the children of light."

On the way back, he was soulfully happy. To amuse her he told her some more about permitted murder, for he could see it amused her. In some secret societies, it was understood that a traitor would be murdered by a member of the society: this was the understanding on which he entered the fraternity. Suicide ought to be recognized and permitted, for a person was captain of his own life. Murder of the unfit, incurable, and insane should be permitted. Children born mentally deficient or diseased should be murdered, and none of these murders would really be a crime, for the community was benefited, and the good of the whole was the aim of all, or should be.

"Murder might be beautiful, a self-sacrifice, a sacrifice of someone near and dear, for the good of others—I can conceive of such a thing, Looloo! The extinction of one life, when many are threatened, or when future generations might suffer—wouldn't you, even you, think that a fine thing? Why, we might murder thousands—not indiscriminately as in war now—but picking out the unfit and putting them painlessly into the lethal chamber. This alone would benefit mankind by clearing the way for a eugenic race. I am glad to say that some of our states have already passed laws which seem to point to a really scientific view of these things, in the near future. But you are right, Looloo, the old savages went us one better—the Polynesians got there before us, in a way."

When they got home, Louie was full of excitement. She had never come so near to talking about her own ambitions, and Sam was in a comradely mood.

"You will be all right, Looloo," concluded Sam, kissing her good night. "You are myself; I know you cannot go astray."

"I won't be like you, Dad."

He laughed, "You can't help it: you are myself."

* * *

Novels

7. Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

3.

True, the world was all ears and eyes for Sam's misfortune, but Sam bore it with noble dignity, for now at least people knew what he had borne all these years. But as to where the money had gone, he was as innocent as a babe, he told the creditors later on: it was like lightning opening the ground at his feet, and now, to a certain extent, he could understand some of the rages of the unfortunate, guilty, but miserable woman. She had been harassed by the bloodhounds of debt; their tongues had been belling in her brain, their maws opening at her shins, their hell-breath mixing with her breath all these years. Yes, if she had only confided in him, he would have been able to deny publicly his responsibility and so take possibility of credit away from her, or he would have been able to rein her in, save her from this criminal recklessness. For she knew, he said sadly, to Jo, alas! she knew only too well what money waste was: it was in the blood. She knew better than he, but she was a foolish, weak, silly woman with a taste for extravagance and no means of gratifying it. Where did the money go? They must not ask him. His salary would have been ample for a sensible woman, and he should have known better than to marry a rich girl with no idea of a planned economy.

Now, he proposed a five-year-plan for his creditors: he refused to let one borrowed cent go round the world in ragged trousers with his name to it—he would pay back everything. He had no money. They saw in him a penniless man, whose good name had been torn from his back by the wickedness of the world, but he would win his way back, make a new world for his children, and pay back all the money that the wretched creature had borrowed. There was not even any sense to all this waste: it was mere pointless ruin, for the money had gone to buy clothes and food that would have been paid for out of his salary if his salary had not been eaten up secretly by the loan sharks and bloodsucking usurers against whom he had no recourse, since their procedures were illegal. He walked back to Spa House a beaten man, with his pockets out and his name mud-spattered, true, said he; but what did he care for slander and name-slinging? In five years he would have paid off all, and his children would be prouder than ever of their father's honor; his truth crushed to earth would rise again, fresher from her mud bath.

* * *

Novels

8. Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Leopard*.

1.

Now, with his sensibility to presages and symbols ... as well as that of local beauty.

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Vintage, 2007
pp. 55–57

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

NOVEMBER, 1860
AS MEETINGS due to the marriage contract became more frequent ... able in any way to discern its origins.

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Vintage, 2007
pp. 102 and 103

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Novels

8. Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

3.

There was or had been a senate in Palermo ... simply that of
'doing' at all. [...]

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Vintage, 2007
pp. 134–136

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published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening
and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

9. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Sound of Things Falling*.

1.

Laverde handed her the cassette like a soldier surrendering his weapon, with fingers visibly smudged with blue billiard chalk. He went to sit down, submissive as I'd never seen him before, in the armchair the woman pointed him to; he put on the headphones, leaned back and closed his eyes. Meanwhile, I was looking for something to occupy my time while I waited, and my hand picked up Silva's poems as it might have chosen any other recording (I must have given in to the superstition of anniversaries). I sat down in my chair, picked up the corresponding headphones, adjusted them over my ears with that feeling of putting myself beyond or closer to real life, of starting to live in another dimension. And when the 'Nocturne' began to play, when a voice I couldn't identify – a baritone that verged on melodrama – read that first line that every Colombian has pronounced aloud at least once, I noticed that Ricardo Laverde was crying. *One night all heavy with perfume*, said the baritone over a piano accompaniment, and a few steps away from me Ricardo Laverde, who wasn't listening to the lines I was listening to, wiped the back of his hand across his eyes, then his whole sleeve, *with murmurs and music of wings*. Ricardo Laverde's shoulders began to shake; he hung his head, brought his hands together like someone praying. *And your shadow, lean and languid*, said Silva in the voice of the melodramatic baritone, *And my shadow, cast by the moonbeams*. I didn't know whether to look at Laverde or not, whether to leave him alone in his sorrow or go and ask him what was wrong. I remember having thought that I could at least take off my headphones, a way like any other of opening a space between Laverde and me, of inviting him to speak to me; and I remember deciding against it, having chosen the safety and silence of my recording, where the melancholy of Silva's poem would sadden me without putting me at risk. I guessed that Laverde's sadness was full of risks, I was afraid of what that sadness might contain, but my intuition didn't go far enough to understand what had happened. I didn't remember the woman Laverde had been waiting for, I didn't remember her name, I didn't associate him with the accident at El Diluvio, but I stayed where I was, in my chair and with the headphones on, trying not to interrupt Ricardo Laverde's sadness, and I even closed my eyes so I wouldn't bother him with my indiscreet gaze, to allow him a certain privacy in the middle of that public place. In my head, and only in my head, Silva said: *And they were one single long shadow*. In my self-contained world, where all was full of the baritone voice and Silva's words and the decadent piano music that enveloped them, a time went by that lengthens in my memory. Those who listen to poetry know how this can happen, time kept by the lines of verse like a metronome and at the same time stretching and dispersing and confusing us like dreamtime.

When I opened my eyes Laverde was no longer there.

* * *

2.

The first Monday of 1970 – a dry, tough, hot day, a day of so much light that the heavens seemed white instead of blue – Elaine rode off on Truman in the direction of Guarinocito, where they were building a school and she was going to talk about a literacy programme the volunteers in the department had begun to coordinate, and when she came around a corner she thought she saw Carlos and Mike Barbieri in the distance. That evening, when she got home, Ricardo had news for her: they'd got him a job, he was going to be away for a couple of days. He was going to bring a couple of televisions from San Andrés, nothing easier, but he would have to sleep over at the destination. That's how he put it, 'at the destination'. Elaine was pleased that he was starting to get work: maybe, after all, it wasn't going to be so hard to make a living as a pilot. 'Everything's going well,' Elaine wrote at the beginning of February. 'Of course, it's a thousand times easier to fly a light aircraft once you know how to read the instruments than to make village politicians cooperate with each other.' She added: 'And harder still for a woman.' And then:

One thing I have learned: since the people are used to being told what to do, I have begun to act like a *patrón*. I'm very sorry to have to report that it gets results. I got the women of Victoria (a nearby village) to demand the doctor organize a nutrition and dental-health campaign. Yes, it's odd to see the two together, but feeding themselves on sugar-water would destroy anyone's teeth. So, at least I've accomplished something. It's not much, but it's a start.

Ricardo is happy, that's for sure. Like a kid in a candy store. He's starting to get jobs, not a lot, but enough. He doesn't have the flying hours to become a commercial pilot yet, but that's better, because he charges less and they prefer him for that (in Colombia everything's better if it's done under the counter). Of course, I see less of him. He leaves very early, flying out of Bogotá and these jobs eat up his day. Sometimes he has to sleep over at his old house, at his parents' house, on his way out or on his way back, or both. And me here by myself. Sometimes it's infuriating but I have no right to complain.

* * *

Novels

9. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

3.

But maybe the strangest thing that afternoon was that everything we saw we saw in silence. We looked at each other frequently, but we never spoke anything more than an interjection or an expletive, perhaps because all that we were seeing was evoking different memories and different fears for each of us, and it seemed imprudent or perhaps rash to go rummaging around in each other's pasts. Because it was that, our common past, that was there without being there, like the unseen rust that was right in front of us eating away at the car doors and rims and fenders and dashboards and steering wheels. As for the property's past, we weren't overly interested: the things that had happened there, the deals that were made and the lives that were extinguished and the parties that were held and the violence that was planned, all that was a backdrop, scenery. Without a word we agreed we'd seen enough and began to walk towards the Nissan. And this I remember: Maya took my arm, or slipped her arm in mine like women used to do in times gone by, and in the anachronism of her gesture there was an intimacy I could not have predicted, that nothing had foretold.

Then it began to rain.

It was just drizzle at first, although with fat drops, but in a matter of seconds the sky turned as black as a donkey's belly and a downpour drenched our shirts before we had time to seek shelter anywhere. 'Shit, that's the end of our stroll,' said Maya. By the time we got to the Nissan, we were soaked to the skin; since we'd run (shoulders raised, one arm up to shield our eyes), the fronts of our trousers were wet through, while the back, almost dry, seemed made of a different fabric. The windows of the jeep fogged up immediately with the heat of our breathing, and Maya had to get a box of tissues out of the glove compartment to clean the windscreen so we wouldn't crash. She opened the vents, a black grille in the middle of the dashboard, and we began to move cautiously forward. But we had only gone about 100 metres when Maya stopped suddenly, rolled down the window as fast as she could so I, from the passenger seat, could see what she was looking at: thirty steps away from us, halfway between the Nissan and the pond, a hippopotamus was studying us gravely.

* * *

Plays

10. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Agamemnon*.

1.

CLYTAEMNESTRA:

The city's ours – in our hands this very day!

[...]

LEADER:

[...]The joy is worth the labour.

Aeschylus, 'Agamemnon', in *The Oresteia*,
Robert Fagles (trans.), Penguin Classics, 1979

pp. 215 and 216

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

AGAMEMNON:

First, [...]
the flattering mirror of the proud.

Aeschylus, 'Agamemnon', in *The Oresteia*,
Robert Fagles (trans.), Penguin Classics, 1979

pp. 133 and 134

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Plays

10. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

3.

AEGISTHUS:

You say! you slaves at the oars –
while the master on the benches cracks the whip?

[...]

CLYTAEMNESTRA:

[...] No bloodshed now.

Aeschylus, 'Agamemnon', in *The Oresteia*,
Robert Fagles (trans.), Penguin Classics, 1979

pp. 170 and 171

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Plays

11. Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *A Doll's House*.

1.

NORA: But . . . Oh, I see what you mean – you think perhaps Torvald might be able to do something for you.

MRS LINDE: Yes, I thought he might.

NORA: Oh, he will, Kristina; just leave it to me. I'll bring the subject up very cleverly. . . . I'll think of some wonderful way to put him in a good mood. . . . Oh, I should so like to help you.

MRS LINDE: It is kind of you, Nora, to want to do this for me . . . especially when you know so little about the troubles and hardships of life.

NORA: I? So little?

MRS LINDE [*smiling*]: Well, good heavens, a little bit of sewing and that sort of thing! You're only a baby, Nora!

NORA [*crossing the room with a toss of her head*]: Don't be so superior.

MRS LINDE: No?

NORA: You're like all the others – you none of you think I could do anything worth while. . . .

MRS LINDE: Well?

NORA: And you think I've had an easy life, with nothing to contend with.

MRS LINDE: But, Nora dear, you've just told me all your troubles.

NORAH: Pooh, they were nothing. [*Dropping her voice*] I haven't told you the really important thing.

MRS LINDE: The important thing? What was that?

NORA: I expect you look down on me, Kristina, but you've no right to. You're proud because you worked so hard for your mother all those years.

MRS LINDE: I don't look down on anyone; but of course I'm proud – and glad – to know that I was able to make Mother's last days a little easier.

NORA: And you're proud of what you did for your brothers.

MRS LINDE: I think I have every right to be.

NORA: I quite agree. But now let me tell you something, Kristina; I've got something to be proud of, too.

MRS LINDE: I'm sure you have; what is it?

NORA: Not so loud – suppose Torvald were to hear! I wouldn't have him find out for the world. No one must know about it – no one but you, Kristina.

MRS LINDE: But what is it?

NORA: Come over here. [*Pulling her down on the sofa beside her*] Oh yes, I've something to be proud of. It was I who saved Torvald's life.

* * *

2.

HELMER: But, Nora dear, you look tired out – have you been rehearsing too much?

NORA: No, I haven't rehearsed at all.

HELMER: Oh, but you should have.

NORA: Yes, I know I should have, but I can't do anything unless you help me, Torvald. I've forgotten absolutely everything.

HELMER: Oh, we'll soon polish it up again.

NORA: Yes, do take me in hand, Torvald – promise you will. I'm so nervous – all those people . . . You must give up the whole evening to me; you mustn't do a scrap of business – not even pick up a pen! You'll do that, won't you, dear Torvald?

TORVALD: I promise. This evening I'll be wholly and entirely at your service – you poor helpless little creature! Ah, but first, while I think of it, I must just – [*going towards the hall door*].

NORA: What do you want out there?

TORVALD: I'm just seeing if the post's come.

NORA: No, no, Torvald – don't do that.

HELMER: Why not?

NORA: Please don't Torvald – there's nothing there.

TORVALD: I'll just look [*He starts to go*].

[NORA, at the piano, plays the opening bars of the tarantella.]

HELMER [*stopping in the doorway*]: Aha!

NORA: I shan't be able to dance tomorrow if I don't go over it with you.

HELMER [*going to her*]: Nora dear, are you really so worried about it?

NORA: Yes, terribly worried. Let me rehearse it now – there's still time before dinner. Sit down and play for me, Torvald dear; criticize me, and show me where I'm wrong, the way you always do.

HELMER: I'd like to, if that's what you want. [*He sits at the piano*].

[NORA pulls a tambourine out of the box, then a long parti-coloured shawl which she quickly drapes round herself. Then, with a bound, she takes up her position in the middle of the floor, and calls:]

NORA: Now play for me, and I'll dance!

[HELMER plays and NORA dances. DR RANK stands behind HELMER at the piano and looks on.]

HELMER [*as he plays*]: Slower – slower!

NORA: I can only do it this way.

HELMER: Not so violently, Nora!

NORA: This is how it should go.

HELMER [*stops playing*]: No, no, that's all wrong.

NORA [*laughing and brandishing her tambourine*]: There! Didn't I tell you?

RANK: Let me play for her.

HELMER [*rising*]: Yes, do; then I can show her better.

[RANK sits at the piano and plays. NORA dances more and more wildly. HELMER, taking up a position by the stove, gives her frequent directions as she dances. She seems not to hear them, her hair comes down and falls over her shoulders, but she goes on dancing without taking any notice. MRS LINDE comes in.]

Plays

11. Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*

MRS LINDE [*stopping spellbound in the doorway*]: Ah!
 NORA [*as she dances*]: Oh, this is fun, Kristina!
 HELMER: But, Nora darling, you're dancing as if your life
 depended on it!
 NORA: So it does.

* * *

3.

NORA [*after a short pause*]: Doesn't it strike you that there's something strange about the way we're sitting here?
 HELMER: No . . . what?
 NORA: We've been married for eight years now. Don't you realize that this is the first time that we two – you and I, man and wife – have had a serious talk together?
 HELMER: Serious? What do you mean by that?
 NORA: For eight whole years – no, longer than that – ever since we first met, we've never exchanged a serious word on any serious subject.
 HELMER: Was I to keep forever involving you in worries that you couldn't possibly help me with?
 NORA: I'm not talking about worries; what I'm saying is that we've never sat down in earnest together to get to the bottom of a single thing.
 HELMER: But, Nora dearest, what good would that have been to you?
 NORA: That's just the point – you've never understood me. I've been dreadfully wronged, Torvald – first by Papa, and then by you.
 HELMER: What? By your father and me? The two people who loved you more than anyone else in the world.
 NORA [*shaking her head*]: You've never loved me, you've only found it pleasant to be in love with me.
 HELMER: Nora – what are you saying?
 NORA: It's true, Torvald. When I lived at home with Papa, he used to tell me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinion. If I thought differently, I had to hide it from him, or he wouldn't have liked it. He called me his little doll, and he used to play with me just as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house –
 HELMER: That's no way to talk about our marriage!
 NORA [*undisturbed*]: I mean when I passed out of Papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything to suit your own tastes, and so I came to have the same tastes as yours . . . or I pretended to. I'm not quite sure which . . . perhaps it was a bit of both – sometimes one and sometimes the other. Now that I come to look at it, I've lived here like a pauper – simply from hand to mouth. I've lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. That was how you wanted it. You and Papa have committed a grievous sin against me: it's your fault that I've made nothing of my life.
 HELMER: That's unreasonable, Nora – and ungrateful. Haven't you been happy here?
 NORA: No, that's something I've never been. I thought I had, but really I've never been happy.
 HELMER: Never . . . happy?
 NORA: No, only gay. And you've always been so kind to me. But our home has been nothing but a play-room. I've been your doll-wife here, just as at home I was Papa's doll-child. And the children have been my dolls in their turn. I liked it when you came and played with me, just as they liked it when I came and played with them. That's what our marriage has been, Torvald.

* * *

SECTION B – continued
 TURN OVER

Plays

12. Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Rhinoceros*.

1.

JEAN [*to Berenger*]: Instead of squandering all your spare money on drink, isn't it better to buy a ticket for an interesting play?

[...]

[*A sound of rapid galloping is heard approaching again, trumpeting and the sound of rhinoceros hooves and pantings; this time the sound comes from the opposite direction approaching from back-stage to front, in the left wings.*]

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.),
in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp. 30–32

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

12. Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

2.

JEAN: I tell you it's not as bad as all that.

[...]

JEAN [*from the bathroom in a very hoarse voice, difficult to understand*]: Utter rubbish!

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.),
in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp. 79 and 80

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

3.

BERENGER: Just the sight of them upsets me.

[...]

BERENGER [*getting up*]: Well, I don't want to accept the situation.

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.),
in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp. 91–93

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

13. William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Coriolanus*.

1.

II.1 Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the People, Sicinius and Brutus.

MENENIUS The augurer tells me we shall have news tonight.
 BRUTUS Good or bad?
 MENENIUS Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.
 SICINIUS Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
 MENENIUS Pray you, who does the wolf love?
 SICINIUS The lamb.
 MENENIUS Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Martius.
 BRUTUS He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.
 MENENIUS He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
 BOTH Well, sir.
 MENENIUS In what enormity is Martius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?
 BRUTUS He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
 SICINIUS Especially in pride.
 BRUTUS And topping all others in boasting.
 MENENIUS This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?
 BOTH Why, how are we censured?
 MENENIUS Because you talk of pride now – will you not be angry?
 BOTH Well, well, sir, well.
 MENENIUS Why, 'tis no great matter, for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins and be angry at your pleasures – at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Martius for being proud?
 BRUTUS We do it not alone, sir.
 MENENIUS I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single. Your abilities are too infantlike for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!
 BRUTUS What then, sir?
 MENENIUS Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

* * *

2.

COMINIUS
 I have been i' th' marketplace; and, sir, 'tis fit
 You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness or by absence. All's in anger.
 MENENIUS
 Only fair speech.
 COMINIUS I think 'twill serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.
 VOLUMNIA He must, and will.
 Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
 CORIOLANUS
 Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce? Must I
 With my base tongue give to my noble heart
 A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't.
 Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
 This mold of Martius, they to dust should grind it
 And throw't against the wind. To th' marketplace!
 You have put me now to such a part which never
 I shall discharge to th' life.
 COMINIUS Come, come, we'll prompt you.
 VOLUMNIA
 I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before.
 CORIOLANUS Well, I must do't.
 Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips, and my armed knees,
 Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath received an alms! I will not do't,
 Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth
 And by my body's action teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.
 VOLUMNIA At thy choice, then.
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin! Let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me,
 But owe thy pride thyself.
 CORIOLANUS Pray, be content.
 Mother, I am going to the marketplace.
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' th' way of flattery further.
 VOLUMNIA Do your will.

Exit Volumnia.

* * *

SECTION B – continued

Plays

13. William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

3.

AUFIDIUS Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

CORIOLANUS
Traitor? how now?

AUFIDIUS Ay, traitor, Martius!

CORIOLANUS Martius?

AUFIDIUS
Ay, Martius, Caius Martius! Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
"Coriolanus" in Corioles?

You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome –
I say "your city" – to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him and men of heart
Looked wond'ring each at other.

CORIOLANUS Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUFIDIUS
Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

CORIOLANUS Ha!

AUFIDIUS No more.

CORIOLANUS
Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion –
Who wears my stripes impressed upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave – shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

FIRST LORD
Peace, both, and hear me speak.

CORIOLANUS
Cut me to pieces, Volscies. Men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy? False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it. Boy?

AUFIDIUS Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

ALL CONSPIRATORS Let him die for't.

ALL PEOPLE Tear him to pieces! – Do it presently! –
He killed my son! – My daughter! – He killed my
cousin Marcus! He killed my father!

SECOND LORD

Peace, ho! No outrage. Peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offenses to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

CORIOLANUS O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

AUFIDIUS Insolent villain!

ALL CONSPIRATORS

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
Draw the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who falls.
Aufidius stands on him.

* * *

Plays

14. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Twelfth Night*.

1.

ORSINO There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA Ay, but I know –

ORSINO What dost thou know?

VIOLA Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

ORSINO And what's her history?

VIOLA A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i'th'bud
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers, too – and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

* * *

2.

MALVOLIO By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her
very c's, her u's, and her t's, and thus makes she her
great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW Her c's, her u's, and her t's: why that?

MALVOLIO [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my
good wishes' – her very phrases! By your leave,
wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with
which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom
should this be? [*Opens the letter*]

FABIAN This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO [*Reads*] Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.
'No man must know.' What follows? The
numbers altered! 'No man must know'! If this
should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO [*Reads*] I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

FABIAN A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO 'M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.' Nay, but first let
me see, let me see, let me see.
What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

FABIAN And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may
command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why,
this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no
obstruction in this, and the end – what should that
alphabetical position portend? If I could make that
resemble something in me – Softly! 'M.O.A.I.' –

SIR TOBY O ay, make up that! He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as
rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO 'M' – Malvolio. 'M' – why, that begins my name!

FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is
excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO 'M' – but then there is no consonancy in the
sequel that suffers under probation. 'A' should
follow, but 'O' does.

FABIAN And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry 'O'!

MALVOLIO And then 'I' comes behind.

FABIAN Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see
more detraction at your heels than fortunes before
you.

Plays

14. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

3.

MALVOLIO 'M.O.A.I.' This simulation is not as the former, and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose. *[Reads]* 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more! This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. *[Reads]* 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit*

* * *

OLIVIA Stay!
I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIOLA That you do think you are not what you are.
OLIVIA If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIOLA Then think you right: I am not what I am.
OLIVIA I would you were as I would have you be.
VIOLA Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
OLIVIA *[Aside]* O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.
VIOLA By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so, adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLIVIA Yet come again: for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhors to like his love.

Exeunt

* * *

Plays

15. George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Pygmalion*.

1.

MRS PEARCE [*returning*] This is the young woman, sir.

The flower girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the presence of Mrs Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some featherweight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

HIGGINS [*brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, babylike, making an intolerable grievance of it*] Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: I've got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. [*To the girl*] Be off with you: I don't want you.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Don't you be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. [*To Mrs Pearce, who is waiting at the door for further instructions*] Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

MRS PEARCE. Nonsense, girl! what do you think a gentleman like Mr Higgins cares what you came in?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, we are proud! He ain't above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS. Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Good enough for yə-oo. Now you know, don't you? I'm coming to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em tə-oo: make no mistake.

HIGGINS [*stupid*] Well!!! [*Recovering his breath with a gasp*] What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Don't I tell you I'm bringing you business?

HIGGINS. Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

THE FLOWER GIRL [*running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay*] Ah-ah-oh-ow-ow-ow-oo! [*Wounded and whimpering*] I won't be called a baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

Motionless, the two men stare at her from the other side of the room, amazed.

PICKERING [*gently*] But what is it you want?

THE FLOWER GIRL. I want to be a lady in a flower shop stead of sellin' at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him – not asking any favor – and he treats me zif I was dirt.

* * *

2.

HIGGINS [*fervently*] Thank God it's over!

Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didn't seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS. Oh, she wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No: it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadn't backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS. Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING. You've never been broken in properly to the social routine. [*Strolling over to the piano*] I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success: an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do it at all: they're such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position; and so they never learn. There's always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.

HIGGINS. Yes: that's what drives me mad: the silly people don't know their own silly business. [*Rising*] However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.

PICKERING. I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Goodnight. [*He goes*].

HIGGINS [*following him*] Goodnight. [*Over his shoulder, at the door*] Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. [*He goes out*].

Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.

HIGGINS [*in despairing wrath outside*] What the devil have I done with my slippers? [*He appears at the door*].

* * *

Plays

15. George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*

3.

LIZA [...] You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS [*thunderstruck*] Freddy!!! that young fool! That poor devil who couldn't get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman: do you not understand that I have made you a consort for a king?

LIZA. Freddy loves me: that makes him king enough for me. I don't want him to work: he wasn't brought up to it as I was. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS. What'll you teach, in heaven's name?

LIZA. What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS. Ha! ha! ha!

LIZA. I'll offer myself as an assistant to that hairyfaced Hungarian.

HIGGINS [*rising in a fury*] What! That impostor! that humbug! that toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! my discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. [*He lays hands on her*]. Do you hear?

LIZA [*defiantly non-resistant*] Wring away. What do I care? I knew you'd strike me some day. [*He lets her go, stamping with rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman*]. Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You can't take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! [*Purposely dropping her aitches to annoy him*] That's done you, Enry Iggin, it az. Now I don't care that [*snapping her fingers*] for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertize it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS [*wondering at her*] You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? [*Rising*] By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA. Yes: you can turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

HIGGINS. Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a millstone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength: a consort battleship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors instead of only two men and a silly girl.

Mrs Higgins returns, dressed for the wedding. Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant.

MRS HIGGINS. The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

LIZA. Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS HIGGINS. Certainly not. He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation.

LIZA. Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Goodbye. [*She goes to the door*].

* * *

Plays

16. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Buried Child*.

1.

DODGE: Turn it off! Turn the damn thing off! What's it doing on?

[...] DODGE *sleeps on, undisturbed.*)

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,
Vintage Books, 2006

pp. 40 and 41

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

SHELLY: Do you do much driving now?

[...]

TILDEN: [...] You probably want your coat back now. I would if I was you. (SHELLY *stares at the coat but doesn't move to take it.* [...])

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,
Vintage Books, 2006

pp. 76–79

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Plays

16. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

3.

HALIE: Oh, shut up, Bradley! Just shut up! You don't need your leg now!

[...]

DEWIS: Well, you can hardly blame others for not fulfilling your hallucination.

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,
Vintage Books, 2006

pp. 105 and 106

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Plays

17. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

1.

MARGARET: You're the only drinkin' man I know that it never seems t' put fat on.

[...]

Big Daddy is dying of cancer . . .

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2009

pp. 9 and 10

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2.

BRICK: Who *can* face truth? Can *you*?

[...]

[*He takes the crutch from Big Daddy's loose grip and swings out on the gallery leaving the doors open. (...)*]

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2009

pp. 67 and 68

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Plays

17. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

3.

BIG MAMA: [...]

Oh, you know we just got to love each other an' stay

[...]

MARGARET: Gracious! I didn't know that my little announcement was going to provoke such a storm!

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2009

pp. 87 and 88

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Short stories

18. Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman*, *The Government Inspector* and *Selected Stories*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Diary of a Madman*, *The Government Inspector* and *Selected Stories*.

1.

How Ivan Ivanovich Quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovich

However, to put matters right ... Everything went to the devil ...

Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman*, *The Government Inspector* and *Selected Stories*,
Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 73 and 74

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2.

Nevsky Prospekt

Thus perished a victim of insane passion ... they are considered cultured, highly educated men.

Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman*, *The Government Inspector* and *Selected Stories*,
Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 100 and 101

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Short stories

18. Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

3.

The Carriage

‘Very fine, very fine!’ ... The colonel, major and the other officers thanked him with polite bows.

Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*,
Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 202 and 203

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Short stories

19. Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Dark Roots*.

1.

Resize

He'd driven the car on their first date ... cups rimmed with
tidemarks of coffee.

Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*,
Scribe, 2012

pp. 61 and 62

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage when this examination is
published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening
and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Seizure

All she could think of ... That was the word.

Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*,
Scribe, 2012

pp. 110 and 111

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reproduce the full passage when this examination is
published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening
and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

19. Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*

3.

Direct Action

And, last of all ... the levels in the acetylene tank.

Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*,
Scribe, 2012

pp. 134–136

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Short stories

20. Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*.

1.

The Half-Skinned Steer

His interest in women began ... The anthropologist laughed.

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Harper Perennial, 2006

pp. 26 and 27

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

The Bunchgrass Edge of the World

What was there for Ottaline ... an Oregon cattle drive).

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Harper Perennial, 2006

pp. 140–142

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

20. Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*

3.

A Lonely Coast

All three women had been married ... Must be cuddly as a pile a sticks.”

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Harper Perennial, 2006

p. 216

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Other literature

21. Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*.

1.

The Survivor

She remembered the reindeer ... especially the parts we don't like.

Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*,
Vintage, 2009

pp. 83 and 84

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

The Mountain

They had climbed hard all afternoon ... ways as well.

Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*,
Vintage, 2009

pp. 162 and 163

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

21. Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

3.

Parenthesis

In fourteen hundred and ninety-three ... But they went
and found it just the same.

Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*,
Vintage, 2009
pp. 241–243

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage when this examination is
published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening
and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

22. Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*.

1.

Speak, Memory

Unlike my mother, who was very definitely part of a family, my father stood alone, self-fashioned, as was appropriate for one so great. He actually did have a family, as he would admit under questioning, but it was irrelevant to him, which I heard with awe. His mother and father—Irish Catholic, as I understood (inaccurate on both counts, as it later turned out, but that was my father's mythology of his family), in contrast to my mother's Scottish Presbyterians—were both dead, and he had been very sad when his mother died (he did not say anything about his reaction to his father's death). He had many siblings, but the only one I knew as a child was Kevin, the middle brother, whom Brian seemed to regard more in the light of a civil liberties case than a sibling (there had been some trouble when he was serving in the army in World War II). Brian claimed not to be able to remember the names of all his sisters and, when one of them greeted him by name on the tram, he thought she was being over-familiar (not recognising her, owing to his short sight) and snubbed her; that was one of his funny stories. For me as a small child, this was another proof of his remarkable singularity.

When I was older, but still quite young, he used to take me out—into town on the tram, to concerts, to restaurants, at least once to a May Day procession—and introduced me proudly to his friends. Doff must have come sometimes, but often the two of us went alone. Everyone knew him, and he knew everyone. In my eyes, he was the ultimate in *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre*: I could not imagine him at a disadvantage or at a loss to deal with a situation. He was my audience, the one who could be counted on to watch as I jumped from a tree branch and listen when I spoke (not always too busy, like Mummy), the one who was sure not only to applaud but to do so intelligently (not like the great-aunts, Ishie always excepted, who often didn't get the point). My love, pride and admiration for him were fully reciprocated; I felt him to be an absolutely reliable source of encouragement and approval, and indeed, seeing myself through his eyes, had nothing but approval and admiration for myself. It was impossible to imagine a better father.

* * *

2.

Now What?

Whatever my father thought about being passed over, he was extremely supportive of my mother in her first months at Monash. It made me conscious again of all his good qualities: the loyalty and generosity, the instinct to sympathise and support, the competence and worldly commonsense. Doff was very anxious about the new job, both in its social and intellectual aspects; and Brian was an asset to her, as he had been to me as a first-year university student: people knew who he was, and that made her an interesting person to meet. She started inviting Monash colleagues home for small parties, something almost unthinkable under the closed-door policy with which we had grown up. Brian didn't spoil the parties by being drunk, presumably the result of conscious effort, for 'making your Monash-people parties successful' was one of the few virtues he later claimed as a husband. Perhaps the self-restraint was only temporary, but it lasted long enough to launch Doff socially at Monash. I remember him at those early parties, charming to the women, friendly to the men, not patronising, not pompous, always a centre of attention (but in a way that brought Doff in too), a lively raconteur and attentive host. Fleeting, perhaps, the husband she had thought she was marrying twenty years earlier.

It was astonishing to see the change in her. First, she lost a lot of weight; then she bought clothes, started using lipstick, changed her hairstyle. She acquired a new manner, one with a good deal of sweetness along with the wry wit and an affectionate and interested concern for the young tutors she worked with ('like a mother to us', they tell me). She made friends, especially with the young. She learned to drive, since Monash was hard to reach by public transport, and bought a car. Nothing could stop her relentless negativism, of course, her habit of picking away at any generalisation and deconstructing any paradigm, but now it was done with a certain lightness, even whimsically. That was 'just Dorothy', people would say indulgently (Dorothy, not Doff, was the name she used at Monash). Like me, though a few years later, she had been miraculously liberated from the miseries of home and recovered the capacity of enjoyment. She fell in love with Monash—the staff, the students, the institution and its politics, everything about it—and talked so much about her colleagues that we came to wince at the sound of their names, though grateful for their existence in Doff's life. She became passionately interested in the history she taught, particularly the Renaissance course. While she was never a practising historian, in the sense of writing scholarly books and articles, she read very widely; great piles of Penguins rose from the desk she had installed in the living room. One of the endearing things about her at this time was her aim to learn *all* of human history, that is, the history of all times and places, not because she wanted to generalise (heaven forbid!) but for the sake of completeness.

* * *

Other literature

22. Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

3.

Afterword

They played Beethoven's 'Eroica' at my father's funeral. It was appropriate; he was a Beethoven man. And heroic, if looked at from the right angle. My problem was that, after the end of childhood, I never could get the angle right. Or didn't want to.

That's presumably why I have virtually no memory of the tributes paid to my father at his Testimonial Dinner in 1964. Good speeches were made at that dinner, though I don't seem to have heard them; his friends and admirers managed to capture a likeness while at the same time showing him, as the genre demands, in the best possible light. Bill Cook of the Rationalist Society called him:

a rare man who has always been prepared to argue in a cause which he holds to be right and humane, without regard to his own profit... He has appointed himself a kind of Ombudsman (unpaid) for the protection of rights under common law... He has always refused to obey the unwritten law: thou shalt do as thou art told and not ask why... Some might question whether a government of Brian Fitzpatrick's would be in the national interest. But a democracy without at least one would be a poorer place...

Well, that's fair enough, to use a favourite phrase of Brian's. But Labor Senator Sam Cohen was right, too, to question whether one could speak even hypothetically of a government, or any other collective entity, of Brian Fitzpatrick's: 'you don't talk about "people like Brian Fitzpatrick" ... He was "sui generis" ...' There was a lot of talk at the dinner about Brian tilting his lance, an image that for some reason makes me think of a medieval knight on a rocking horse. Still, the metaphor did neatly combine Brian's fondness for political and intellectual combat and his occupational status as a freelancer: 'He might be called a free lance, but his lance is not for sale ...' (Bill Cook again), and Sam Cohen added that:

he has never tilted his lance in a personal sense, and that's a reason you are all here tonight, people of so many different views—because none of you have ever had a bitter personal encounter with Brian; in conducting his public activities he is devoid of bitterness and hate.

To be sure, there was some hyperbole. One of the speakers at his funeral (for some reason reported in the same issue of *The Rationalist* as the Testimonial Dinner) spoke of him turning his back not only on the pampered and protected world of academia but also on the 'glittering prizes' of journalism in order 'to put his great talents at the service of the poor, the weak, the suffering—victims of injustice who had no-one to defend them or to right their wrongs', which seems to gloss over the question of who turned their backs on whom. But the dinner speakers didn't entirely ignore the negative: Clem Christesen, the editor of *Meanjin*, managed to squeeze in an Auden quotation to the effect that a person might be 'wrong and at times absurd' but still, like Brian, an exemplar of urbanity, tolerance, compassion and courage. 'His influence upon me has been greater than any other man's', said Clem, a significant

tribute from one who liked the influence trajectory to go the other way; he added sternly that most people present would have to agree that 'Brian Fitzpatrick has been *your* teacher [he meant a moral teacher], too'. A conscience for the rest of us, others echoed. Think what you will of Fitzpatrick, said Harold Holt, a representative of the Right who on this point found himself in agreement with the Leftist majority, you couldn't doubt his motives, or that he fought not for himself but for the common good as he conceived it.

* * *

Other literature

23. WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Dreaming & Other Essays*.

1.

The Aborigines (1938)

As it is, the old tribesmen of New South Wales and Victoria might as well have been shadows moving in the trees of the eighteenth century for all the imprint they have left behind. Will history be content to record their disappearance, and leave it at that?

The Australian point of view about it is shapeless. There are a few vestigial regrets appearing here and there in a mass of solid indifference. Implicitly, perhaps, this may mean that the loss of the primitive tribes is held, after all, to be heavily outweighed by the gain of the wealthy democracy which has replaced them; and it is true that there are now nearly 7,000,000 white Australians and a materially rich civilisation where formerly there were 300,000 Stone Age Aborigines and a wilderness. The material and social achievements of the 150 years since 1788 have indeed been unparalleled. It is also true that we embrace futility by piously wishing that the liberal regrets of today had been operative yesterday. Then, acquisitiveness and eagerness for progress drunk or sober were the driving incentives to colonial effort, and *laissez-faire* was still the golden rule on frontiers as well as in cities. Most of the conquest of Australia, and thus most of the obliteration of the tribes, took place between 1830 and 1890, the period in which economic expansionism, land hunger and pioneering were at their strongest. In such a period nothing which was then politically practicable could have been done to isolate the simple Australian tribes. They went down like ninepins, and made no mark on the ground.

There are few signs that the life and death of the tribes have made any mark at all on Australia; the thought, culture, even the literature of the dominion, have scarcely been affected. The native tragedy does not yet serve as the motif of dramatic, literary or artistic work of any consequence. There are no epics on the last of the tribes. There are no national monuments to a vanishing people, yet there is a monument to a mythical Dog on a Tucker-Box nine miles from Gundagai. There are not even a great many writers commercialising the disappearance of a quaint and at least tourist-worthy race. Spurious boomerangs are still made for tourists, and others only slightly less spurious for innocents who visit the encampment at La Perouse, but most of these artifacts are so inferior that even tourists pass them by. Each year in the golden winter of north Australia motor-tourist parties are visiting some of the more accessible Aboriginal camps, but they see little and take away less.

* * *

2.

Continuity and Change among the Aborigines

Indeed if one tried to invent two styles of life, as unlike each other as could be, while still following the rules which are necessary if people are to live together at all, one might well end up with something like the Aboriginal and the European traditions.

Where we have gone most seriously wrong is in two things. We imagine that when these Aboriginal traditions break down, as they widely have, only scraps survive and survive fortuitously. The other mistake is to imagine that the way to change this kind of continuity is by the rational demonstrations.

It would be helpful to stop thinking of the Aborigines as a 'primitive' people. They are a highly specialised people and a contemporary people. Their modes of life and thought have been elaborated over at least as long a period of time as we ordinarily think of as composing European 'history'. Unless we see both their contemporaneity and their specialisation, we set up a false model, a kind of 'genetic' model in which they are depicted as 'simple' or 'earlier' or 'more primitive' than ourselves. The image is of people lying somewhere along a uniform linear serial sequence with us. According to this model, we thus have only to 'teach' or 'show' Aborigines where they made their mistakes and they will quickly become Europeans in outlook, organisation and custom. All we have to do is instruct them in the manifest virtues of our style of life and, without undue strain, they will follow. This is a fantasy. It perishes on a single fact of life. They have to 'unlearn' being Aborigines, in mind, body and estate. The problems of 'unlearning' are visible in a thousand miserable encampments around the continent. These camps in part mirror our self-centredness. In part they mirror also the Aborigines' inability to work miracles. Consider the outcome if we were to try to convert the modern price economy to the medieval principle of the 'just price'. Yet this principle is closer to modern principles than any of our cultural principles are to those of the Aborigines. Their rapid assimilation to European culture will be possible only by a kind of brain-washing.

* * *

Other literature

23. WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

3.

Aborigines and Australian Society

Let me try to sum up what I have been saying. In the olden days all the dynamic things—that is, the changing, active, moving things—of the world, even things with only a potential for change, activity and movement, seem to have fascinated the Aborigines: the motions of the planets, comets and shooting stars; the tides and the winds; thunder and lightning; the whirlwinds and bushfires; the silent growth of plants, the change of the seasons—and of course the growth of human beings. All were brought up and given recognition and place in an interesting philosophy of life. Boyhood was a stage on a longer, dynamic path of life, not just from birth to death, but from before birth to after death. The body went along part of this path. The soul or spirit went over the whole of it. Other people had duties to you all the way along it. Before birth they helped your spirit find a mother. After death they helped your spirit to return to the world of invisible spirits. In life they helped you to manhood and to all the higher stages of attainment and respect. Initiation was meant to create in a boy an understanding of all this, and to make him see that he had a need of others but could also count on them and, correspondingly, had duties towards them.

It would miss the whole point to make too much of the particular customs by which this was done. The grown-up men used shock, fear, terror, privation, isolation, and mystery in the customs, but they used them with care and discretion, as materials of teaching. But they also used the most spectacular theatricals, and the best art, music, singing and dancing of which they were capable, interspersed with jollity and humour. There was always, unfailingly, someone—a strong guardian, a friend, as well as a teacher—who was there to give a boy support and protection. When it was all over, and only then, a boy could stand up proudly in a new status.

The calling of the boys, when they were taken away to be initiated, ‘creatures of the wilds’, was a way of saying: ‘man is truly man only within the companionship and the society of his fellows. Without them, he is not human.’

All that is now gone or going. Missions and governments did not care for it and saw no value in it. They thought they could do better by religious instruction and education in our style. It would be hard now to say on which sort of notion of people, culture and society they based their theories. They *were* theorists, though they might have denied it. But they could not find a way of making our religion and education part of Aboriginal ways of thinking and living, and they deepened their own instructional—and the Aborigines’ learning—troubles by refusing to teach literacy in the native languages or use them for teaching purposes. The custodians of the old tradition, seeing their wisdom, teaching and language thus dishonoured, and sometimes ridiculed by their own young under our teaching, retaliated. They withheld knowledge and wisdom they would ordinarily have felt under duty to pass on to the young. The ‘lost generation’ of which I speak are products of that process, and of the pallid, unstructured, imperceptive sequel that we condone and perhaps even approve.

* * *

Other literature

24. Voltaire, *Candide*, or *Optimism*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Candide*, or *Optimism*.

1.

During the whole voyage they discussed endlessly the philosophy of poor Pangloss. ‘We are going to another world,’ said Candide. ‘No doubt it must be there that all is well. For you have to admit, there is reason to blench at some of what goes on in our world, whether physically or morally.’ – ‘I love you with all my heart,’ Cunégonde said, ‘but my mind is still reeling from what I have seen, from what I have suffered.’ – ‘All will be well,’ Candide replied. ‘The sea of this new world is already superior to our European seas; it is calmer, its trade winds more constant. No doubt about it, the New World is the best of all possible worlds.’ – ‘God willing!’ said Cunégonde. ‘But I have been so horribly unhappy in my world so far, that my heart is almost sealed against hope.’ – ‘You two do nothing but complain,’ said the old woman, ‘but you have suffered nothing like my misfortunes, I can assure you!’ Cunégonde was on the verge of laughter, finding it very droll of this good creature to claim to be twice as unfortunate than herself. ‘Alas, my good woman,’ she said to her, ‘unless you have been raped by two Bulgars, been stabbed twice in the stomach, had two castles demolished, had the throats of two mothers and two fathers slit before your very eyes, and watched two lovers being flogged in an *auto-da-fé*, I really cannot see that you have the advantage over me; to which I might add that I was born a baroness, with seventy-two quarterings to my coat of arms, and have been put to work in a scullery.’ – ‘My dear young lady,’ replied the old woman, ‘you know nothing of my birth; and were I to show you my bottom you would not talk as you do, and would suspend your judgement.’ This speech aroused deep curiosity in the minds of Cunégonde and Candide; and the old woman continued as follows.

* * *

2.

Candide, seeing an edition of Milton, asked him if he did not consider that author to be a great man. ‘Who?’ said Pococuranté, ‘that barbarian who wrote an interminable commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of crabbed verse? That crude imitator of the Greeks, who distorts the Creation story and, where Moses shows the Eternal Being producing the world through the Word, has the Messiah pulling a large compass out of some celestial cupboard in order to take measurements for his work? You ask me to admire the man who ruined the hell and Satan of Tasso’s invention; who has Lucifer appear variously disguised as a toad or a pygmy, and has him rehash the same arguments a hundred times, and shows him quibbling over points of theology; who takes literally Ariosto’s bit of comedy about the invention of firearms, and has the devils firing off cannon in heaven? Neither I nor any other Italian has ever taken pleasure in this sad extravaganza. The marriage of Sin and Death, and the adders to which Sin gives birth, must nauseate any man of remotely delicate taste, and his long description of a hospital could only interest a grave-digger. This obscure, bizarre and disgusting poem was spurned at birth; I am only judging it as it was judged in its own country by its contemporaries. Anyway, I say what I think, and I care little whether others think like me.’ Candide was distressed by this speech for he admired Homer, and had some liking for Milton. ‘Alas!’ he said to Martin under his breath, ‘I rather fear this gentleman will have nothing but contempt for our German poets.’ – ‘No great harm in that,’ said Martin. – ‘But what a superior being, this Pococuranté,’ murmured Candide again, ‘what a genius! There is no pleasing him.’

Having thus inspected the library, they went down into the garden. Candide praised its many beauties. ‘It is all in the worst possible taste,’ said the owner. ‘Full of trifling conceits wherever you turn. As from tomorrow I am having another one laid out on a nobler plan.’

When our two curious visitors had taken leave of His Excellency, Candide turned to Martin: ‘Now then, you will agree that here is the happiest of men, for he is superior to all he possesses.’ – ‘Don’t you see,’ said Martin, ‘that he is disgusted by all he possesses? Plato said long ago that the best stomachs are not those that refuse every dish.’ – ‘But,’ said Candide, ‘isn’t there a pleasure in being critical, in discovering faults where other men think they see excellences?’ – ‘Which is to say,’ countered Martin, ‘that there is pleasure to be had in not taking pleasure?’ – ‘Oh, whatever you like!’ said Candide. ‘In which case no one is happy but me, when I see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again.’ – ‘One always does well to hope,’ said Martin.

* * *

Other literature

24. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

3.

‘You must have a vast and magnificent estate,’ said Candide to the Turk. – ‘I have but twenty acres,’ replied the Turk. ‘I cultivate them with my children; our work keeps at bay the three great evils: boredom, vice, and necessity.’

Back on his little farm, Candide reflected deeply on the words of the Turk. He said to Pangloss and Martin: ‘That worthy old man seems to have created for himself an existence far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour of dining.’ – ‘Rank and titles,’ said Pangloss, ‘are often dangerous, as all the philosophers agree: witness Eglon, King of the Moabites, who was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by his hair and stabbed in the heart with three spears; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Jehoram by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; and the Kings Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin and Zedekiah were all sold into captivity. And you will recall in what manner death came for Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart and Charles I, not to mention the three Henris of France and the Emperor Henry IV. And you must also know . . .’ – ‘All I know,’ said Candide, ‘is that we must cultivate our garden.’ – ‘You are right,’ said Pangloss, ‘for when man was placed in the garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum*, so that he might work: which proves that man was not born for rest.’ – ‘Let us set to work and stop proving things,’ said Martin, ‘for that is the only way to make life bearable.’

The little society all entered into this laudable plan; each began to exercise his talents. The small farm yielded a great deal. True, Cunégonde was still very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry-chef; Paquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the laundry. Everyone made himself useful, including Brother Girofleo, who was a first-rate carpenter and even became quite good company. Sometimes Pangloss would say to Candide: ‘All events form a chain in this, the best of all possible worlds. After all, had you not been expelled from a beautiful castle with great kicks to the behind for the love of Mademoiselle Cunégonde, and had you not been turned over to the Inquisition, and had you not roamed America on foot, and had you not run the Baron through with a fine thrust of your sword, and had you not lost all your sheep from the good land of Eldorado, you would not be sitting here now eating candied citron and pistachios.’ – ‘That is well said,’ replied Candide, ‘but we must cultivate our garden.’

* * *

Poetry

25. Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Robert Browning.

1.

The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church

Rome, 15—

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
 Nephews – sons mine ... ah God, I know not! Well –
 She, men would have to be your mother once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all.
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
 – Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
 Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
 He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
 And up into the airy dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.
 – Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!

* * *

2.

Love Among the Ruins

I
 Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop –
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

II

Now, – the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
 Into one)
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone –
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

IV

Now, – the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper over-rooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks –
 Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

V

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey
 Melt away –
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

* * *

SECTION B – continued

Poetry

25. Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

3.

Youth and Art

VI

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
 Cap and blouse – nay, a bit of beard too;
 Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
 With fingers the clay adhered to.

VII

And I – soon managed to find
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
 Was forced to put up a blind
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

VIII

No harm! It was not my fault
 If you never turned your eye's tail up
 As I shook upon E *in alt*,
 Or ran the chromatic scale up:

IX

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
 And the boys and girls gave guesses,
 And stalls in our street looked rare
 With bulrush and watercresses.

X

Why did not you pinch a flower
 In a pellet of clay and fling it?
 Why did not I put a power
 Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

XI

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
 (And yet the memory rankles)
 When models arrived, some minx
 Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

XII

But I think I gave you as good!
 'That foreign fellow, – who can know
 How she pays, in a playful mood,
 For his tuning her that piano?'

XIII

Could you say so, and never say
 'Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
 And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?'

XIV

No, no: you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over:
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

XV

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
 I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
 I've married a rich old lord,
 And you're dubbed knight and an R.A.

XVI

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
 It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
 We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
 Starved, feasted, despaired, – been happy.

XVII

And nobody calls you a dunce,
 And people suppose me clever:
 This could but have happened once,
 And we missed it, lost it for ever.

* * *

Poetry

26. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry set from this text.

1.

In the Grasp of Childhood Fields

Luis Cabalquinto

Depths of Field

I walk some hundred paces from the old house

...

in the grasp of childhood fields, I'll miss nothing.

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
*Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry
 from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*,
 WW Norton & Company, 2008

pp. 47 and 48

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2.

Parsed into Colors

Leung Ping-Kwan

Postcards of Old Hong Kong

The pictures we sent off have been touched up

...

how do we paint ourselves?

Translated from the Chinese by Martha P.Y. Cheung

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
*Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry
 from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*,
 WW Norton & Company, 2008

pp. 70 and 71

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Poetry

26. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*
-

3.

Parsed into Colors

Gregory Djanikian

The Boy Who Had Eleven Toes

It was a sign of God's bounty,

...

The heel, suddenly, a profusion of feathers.

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
*Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry
from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*,
WW Norton & Company, 2008

pp. 76 and 77

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Poetry

27. Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Rosemary Dobson.

1.

The Mirror*Jan Vermeer Speaks*

Time that is always gone stays still

...

Are blinded in its blaze of light.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland Press, 2012

p. 82

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2.

Eutychus

The first day of the week he spoke to them

...

And spring to life again, like Eutychus.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland Press, 2012
pp. 137 and 138

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Poetry

27. Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

3.

The Almond-tree in the King James Version

White, yes, pale with the pallor of old timbers,

...

It is all in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland Press, 2012

p. 249

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Poetry

28. Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Seamus Heaney.

1.

Requiem for the Croppies

The pockets of our greatcoats full of barley –

...

And in August the barley grew up out of the grave.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

p. 22

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2.

The Strand at Lough Beg

in memory of Colum McCartney

...

Green scapulars to wear over your shroud.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 152 and 153

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Poetry

28. Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*

3.

A Transgression

The teacher let some big boys out at two

...

And their knowledge that loved on without ado.

(1994)

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

p. 393

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Poetry

29. Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Wisława Szymborska.

1.

Atlantis

Did they exist or not.
On an island or not.
Was it an ocean or not
that swallowed them up or not.

Did someone have someone to love?
Did someone have someone to fight with?
Did everything happen or nothing
there or not there?

There stood seven cities.
But are we sure of that?
They wished to stand forever.
Where then is the proof?

They did not invent gunpowder, no.
They did invent it, yes.

Hypothetical. Dubious.
Unimmortalized.
Unextracted from air,
from fire, from water, from earth.

Uncontained in stone
or in a drop of rain.
Unable seriously to pose
for a cautionary tale.

A meteor fell.
No, not a meteor.
A volcano erupted.
No, not a volcano.
Someone yelled something.
No, no one did.

On this plus minus Atlantis.

* * *

2.

Travel Elegy

All is mine but nothing owned,
nothing owned for memory,
and mine only while I look.

No sooner remembered than uncertain
are the goddesses of their heads.

Of the town of Samokov only rain
and nothing but the rain.

Paris from Louvre to fingernail
is covered with a film.

Of Boulevard Saint-Martin the steps remain
and lead into extinction.

Nothing more than a bridge and a half
in bridgey Leningrad.

Poor Uppsala
with the mite of a great cathedral.

The hapless dancer of Sofia,
a body without a face.

Separate—his face without eyes,
separate—his eyes without pupils,
separate—the pupils of a cat.

The Caucasian eagle soars
over a reconstruction of a canyon,
the impure gold of a sun
and fake stones.

All is mine but nothing owned,
nothing owned for memory,
and mine only while I look.

Innumerable, infinite,
yet individual to the very filament,
the grain of sand, the drop of water
—landscapes.

I won't retain one blade of grass
in sharp contour.

Greeting and farewell
in a single glance.

For excess and for lack
a single movement of the neck.

* * *

Poetry

29. Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*

3.

Psalm

Oh, how porous are the boundaries of man-made states!
 How numerous the clouds that float unpunished over them,
 how numerous the desert sands that shift from land to land,
 how numerous the mountain pebbles that go rolling into alien
 domains
 provocatively hopping!

Must I here enumerate how bird flies after bird,
 or how it just now lights upon the lowered barrier?
 Be it but a sparrow—its tail is now abroad,
 though its beak is still at home. Moreover—what a fidget!

From insects numberless I'll mention just the ant,
 which between the left and right boot of the borderguard
 to the question: from where to where?—disclaims all response.

Oh, to see all this chaos all at once in detail,
 on every continent!
 For is it not the privet on the opposite bank
 that smuggles its umpteenth leaf across the river?
 For who, if not the cuttlefish, brazenly long-armed,
 violates the sacred sphere of territorial waters?

In general can one talk of any kind of order
 if even the stars cannot be so arranged
 for each to know which shines for whom?

And add to this, the reprehensible spread of the fog!
 And the billowing of the dust over all the steppe's expanse,
 as if it were not cut in half at all!
 And the echoing of voices along the obliging waves of air,
 of summoning squealings and suggestive gurgles!

Only that which is human can be truly alien.
 The rest is all mixed forests, the burrowing of moles, and wind.

* * *

Poetry

30. Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Chris Wallace-Crabbe.

1.

Sacred Ridges above Diamond Creek*for Les Murray*

I want to make some kind of gesture of alien response,

...

but I lay down my arms.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*,
Carcamet, 2013

pp. 109 and 110

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2.

Reality

A lost boy in another body

...

let you go.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*,
Carcamet, 2013

p. 139

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Poetry

30. Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

3.

At the Clothesline

What I'd thought a fallen shirt

...

A rainbow ring around the moon.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*,
Carcamet, 2013

p. 179

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Assessment criteria

Section A will be assessed against the following criteria:

- development of an informed, relevant and plausible interpretation of the text
- understanding and analysis of the text, demonstrated through the use of textual evidence
- analysis and evaluation of the views and values foregrounded in the topic and underlying one literary perspective of the text, and awareness of how these views and values relate to the text
- expressive, fluent and coherent use of language and development of ideas

Section B will be assessed against the following criteria:

- understanding of the text, demonstrated in a relevant and plausible interpretation
- ability to write expressively and coherently to present an interpretation
- understanding of how views and values may be suggested in the text
- analysis of how key passages and/or moments in the text contribute to an interpretation
- analysis of the features of the text and how they contribute to an interpretation
- analysis and close reading of textual details to support a coherent and detailed interpretation of the text

END OF TASK BOOK

