



Victorian Certificate of Education 2009

LITERATURE

Written examination

Thursday 5 November 2009

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

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

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

<i>Tasks</i>	<i>Marks</i>
1	20
2	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 and/or white out liquid/tape, dictionaries.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

Materials supplied

- Task book of 64 pages, including the **Assessment criteria** and a checklist on page 64.
- One or more script books. All script books contain unruled (rough work only) pages for making notes, plans and drafts if you wish.

The task

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

Each text must be chosen from a different part.

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

At the end of the task

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

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

Instructions

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

The list is divided into five parts.

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

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

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1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Emma*

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

1.

"I do so wonder, Miss Woodhouse, that you should not be married, or going to be married! so charming as you are!"—

Emma laughed, and replied,

"My being charming, Harriet, is not quite enough to induce me to marry; I must find other people charming—one other person at least. And I am not only, not going to be married, at present, but have very little intention of ever marrying at all."

"Ah! so you say; but I cannot believe it."

"I must see somebody very superior to any one I have seen yet, to be tempted; Mr. Elton, you know, (recollecting herself,) is out of the question: and I do *not* wish to see any such person. I would rather not be tempted. I cannot really change for the better. If I were to marry, I must expect to repent it."

"Dear me!—it is so odd to hear a woman talk so!"—

"I have none of the usual inducements of women to marry. Were I to fall in love, indeed, it would be a different thing! but I never have been in love; it is not my way, or my nature; and I do not think I ever shall. And, without love, I am sure I should be a fool to change such a situation as mine. Fortune I do not want; employment I do not want; consequence I do not want: I believe few married women are half as much mistress of their husband's house, as I am of Hartfield; and never, never could I expect to be so truly beloved and important; so always first and always right in any man's eyes as I am in my father's."

"But then, to be an old maid at last, like Miss Bates!"

"That is as formidable an image as you could present, Harriet; and if I thought I should ever be like Miss Bates! so silly—so satisfied—so smiling—so prosing—so undistinguishing and unfastidious—and so apt to tell every thing relative to every body about me, I would marry tomorrow. But between *us*, I am convinced there never can be any likeness, except in being unmarried."

"But still, you will be an old maid! and that's so dreadful!"

"Never mind, Harriet, I shall not be a poor old maid; and it is poverty only which makes celibacy contemptible to a generous public! A single woman, with a very narrow income, must be a ridiculous, disagreeable, old maid! the proper sport of boys and girls; but a single woman, of good fortune, is always respectable, and may be as sensible and pleasant as anybody else.

* * *

2.

"Here is something quite new to me. Do you know it?—Cramer.—And here are a new set of Irish melodies. That, from such a quarter, one might expect. This was all sent with the instrument. Very thoughtful of Col. Campbell, was not it?—He knew Miss Fairfax could have no music here. I honour that part of the attention particularly; it shews it to have been so thoroughly from the heart. Nothing hastily done; nothing incomplete. True affection only could have prompted it."

Emma wished he would be less pointed, yet could not help being amused; and when on glancing her eye towards Jane Fairfax she caught the remains of a smile, when she saw that with all the deep blush of consciousness, there had been a smile of secret delight, she had less scruple in the amusement, and much less compunction with respect to her.—This amiable, upright, perfect Jane Fairfax was apparently cherishing very reprehensible feelings.

He brought all the music to her, and they looked it over together.—Emma took the opportunity of whispering,

"You speak too plain. She must understand you."

"I hope she does. I would have her understand me. I am not in the least ashamed of my meaning."

"But really, I am half ashamed, and wish I had never taken up the idea."

"I am very glad you did, and that you communicated it to me. I have now a key to all her odd looks and ways. Leave shame to her. If she does wrong, she ought to feel it."

"She is not entirely without it, I think."

"I do not see much sign of it. She is playing *Robin Adair* at this moment—*his* favourite."

Shortly afterwards Miss Bates, passing near the window, descried Mr. Knightley on horseback not far off.

"Mr. Knightley I declare!—I must speak to him if possible, just to thank him. I will not open the window here; it would give you all cold; but I can go into my mother's room you know. I dare say he will come in when he knows who is here. Quite delightful to have you all meet so!—Our little room so honoured!"

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Emma* – continued

3.

The intermediate month was the one fixed on, as far as they dared, by Emma and Mr. Knightley.—They had determined that their marriage ought to be concluded while John and Isabella were still at Hartfield, to allow them the fortnight's absence in a tour to the sea-side, which was the plan.—John and Isabella, and every other friend, were agreed in approving it. But Mr. Woodhouse—how was Mr. Woodhouse to be induced to consent?—he, who had never yet alluded to their marriage but as a distant event.

When first sounded on the subject, he was so miserable, that they were almost hopeless.—A second allusion, indeed, gave less pain.—He began to think it was to be, and that he could not prevent it—a very promising step of the mind on its way to resignation. Still, however, he was not happy. Nay, he appeared so much otherwise, that his daughter's courage failed. She could not bear to see him suffering, to know him fancying himself neglected; and though her understanding almost acquiesced in the assurance of both the Mr. Knightleys, that when once the event were over, his distress would be soon over too, she hesitated—she could not proceed.

In this state of suspense they were befriended, not by any sudden illumination of Mr. Woodhouse's mind, or any wonderful change of his nervous system, but by the operation of the same system in another way.—Mrs. Weston's poultry-house was robbed one night of all her turkeys—evidently by the ingenuity of man. Other poultry-yards in the neighbourhood also suffered.—Pilfering was *housebreaking* to Mr. Woodhouse's fears.—He was very uneasy; and but for the sense of his son-in-law's protection, would have been under wretched alarm every night of his life. The strength, resolution, and presence of mind of the Mr. Knightleys, commanded his fullest dependence. While either of them protected him and his, Hartfield was safe.—But Mr. John Knightley must be in London again by the end of the first week in November.

The result of this distress was, that, with a much more voluntary, cheerful consent than his daughter had ever presumed to hope for at the moment, she was able to fix her wedding-day—and Mr. Elton was called on, within a month from the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin, to join the hands of Mr. Knightley and Miss Woodhouse.

The wedding was very much like other weddings, where the parties have no taste for finery or parade; and Mrs. Elton, from the particulars detailed by her husband, thought it all extremely shabby, and very inferior to her own.—“Very little white satin, very few lace veils; a most pitiful business!—Selina would stare when she heard of it.”—But, in spite of these deficiencies, the wishes, the hopes, the confidence, the predictions of the small band of true friends who witnessed the ceremony, were fully answered in the perfect happiness of the union.

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 2 Pat Barker: *Regeneration*

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

1.

Pat Barker, *Regeneration*,
Penguin Books, 1992

pp 30–31

2.

Pat Barker, *Regeneration*,
Penguin Books, 1992

p 63

1: Novels

1 – 2 Pat Barker: *Regeneration* – continued

3.

Pat Barker, *Regeneration*,
Penguin Books, 1992

p 238

1: Novels

1 – 3 Anne Brontë: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

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

1.

‘I will not be insulted Mr Markham!’ cried she almost infuriated at my manner – ‘So you had better leave the house at once, if you came only for that.’

‘I did not come to insult you: I came to hear your explanation.’

‘And I tell you I won’t give it!’ retorted she, pacing the room in a state of strong excitement, with her hands clasped tightly together, breathing short, and flashing fires of indignation from her eyes. ‘I will not condescend to explain myself to one that can make a jest of such horrible suspicions, and be so easily led to entertain them.’

‘I do not make a jest of them, Mrs Graham,’ returned I, dropping at once my tone of taunting sarcasm. ‘I heartily wish I could find them a jesting matter! And as to being easily led to suspect, God only knows what a blind, incredulous fool I have hitherto been, perseveringly shutting my eyes and stopping my ears against everything that threatened to shake my confidence in you, till proof itself confounded my infatuation!’

‘What proof, sir?’

‘Well, I’ll tell you. You remember that evening when I was here last?’

‘I do.’

‘Even then, you dropped some hints that might have opened the eyes of a wiser man; but they had no such effect upon me: I went on trusting and believing, hoping against hope, and adoring where I could not comprehend – It so happened, however, that after I had left you, I turned back – drawn by pure depth of sympathy, and ardour of affection – not daring to intrude my presence openly upon you, but unable to resist the temptation of catching one glimpse through the window, just to see how you were; for I had left you apparently in great affliction, and I partly blamed my own want of forbearance and discretion as the cause of it. If I did wrong, love alone was my incentive, and the punishment was severe enough; for it was just as I had reached that tree, that you came out into the garden with your friend. Not choosing to show myself, under the circumstances, I stood still, in the shadow, till you had both passed by.’

‘And how much of our conversation did you hear?’

‘I heard quite enough, Helen. And it was well for me that I did hear it; for nothing less could have cured my infatuation. I always said and thought, that I would never believe a word against you, unless I heard it from your own lips. All the hints and affirmations of others I treated as malignant, baseless slanders; your own self-accusations I believed to be overstrained; and all that seemed unaccountable in your position, I trusted that you could account for if you chose.’

* * *

2.

December 20th, 1824. – This is the third anniversary of our felicitous union. It is now two months since our guests left us to the enjoyment of each other’s society; and I have had nine weeks’ experience of this new phase of conjugal life – two persons living together, as master and mistress of the house, and father and mother of a winsome, merry little child, with the mutual understanding that there is no love, friendship, or sympathy between them. As far as in me lies, I endeavour to live peaceably with him: I treat him with unimpeachable civility, give up my convenience to his, wherever it may reasonably be done, and consult him in a business-like way on household affairs, deferring to his pleasure and judgment, even when I know the latter to be inferior to my own.

As for him: for the first week or two, he was peevish and low – fretting, I suppose, over his dear Annabella’s departure – and particularly ill-tempered to me: everything I did was wrong; I was cold-hearted, hard, insensate; my sour, pale face was perfectly repulsive; my voice made him shudder; he knew not how he could live through the winter with me; I should kill him by inches. Again I proposed a separation, but it would not do: he was not going to be the talk of all the old gossips in the neighbourhood: he would not have it said that he was such a brute his wife could not live with him; – no; he must contrive to bear with me.

‘I must contrive to bear with *you* you mean,’ said I, ‘for as long as I discharge my functions of steward and housekeeper, so conscientiously and well, without pay and without thanks, you cannot afford to part with me. I shall therefore remit these duties when my bondage becomes intolerable.’ This threat, I thought, would serve to keep him in check, if anything would.

I believe he was much disappointed that I did not feel his offensive sayings more acutely, for when he had said anything particularly well calculated to hurt my feelings, he would stare me searchingly in the face, and then grumble against my ‘marble heart,’ or my ‘brutal insensibility.’ If I had bitterly wept, and deplored his lost affection, he would, perhaps, have condescended to pity me, and taken me into favour for a while, just to comfort his solitude and console him for the absence of his beloved Annabella, until he could meet her again, or some more fitting substitute. Thank heaven, I am not so weak as that! I was infatuated once, with a foolish, besotted affection, that clung to him in spite of his unworthiness, but it is fairly gone now – wholly crushed and withered away; and he has none but himself and his vices to thank for it.

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 3 Anne Brontë: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* – continued

3.

‘Now, Rose, I’ll tell you a piece of news – I hope you’ve not heard it before, for good, bad or indifferent, one always likes to be the first to tell – It’s about that sad Mrs Graham –’

‘Hush-sh-sh!’ whispered Fergus, in a tone of solemn import. ‘“We never mention her; her name is never heard.”’ And glancing up, I caught him with his eye askance on me, and his finger pointed to his forehead; then, winking at the young lady with a doleful shake of the head, he whispered – ‘a monomania – but don’t mention it – all right but that.’

‘I should be sorry to injure anyone’s feelings,’ returned she, speaking below her breath, ‘another time, perhaps.’

‘Speak out, Miss Eliza!’ said I, not deigning to notice the other’s buffooneries, ‘you needn’t fear to say anything in my presence – that is *true*.’

‘Well,’ answered she, ‘perhaps you know already that Mrs Graham’s husband is not really dead, and that she had run away from him?’ I started, and felt my face glow; but I bent it over my letter, and went on folding it up as she proceeded; ‘but perhaps you did *not* know that she is now gone back to him again, and that a perfect reconciliation has taken place between them? Only think,’ she continued, turning to the confounded Rose, ‘what a fool the man must be!’

‘And who gave you this piece of intelligence, Miss Eliza?’ said I, interrupting my sister’s exclamations.

‘I had it from a very authentic source, sir.’

‘From whom, may I ask?’

‘From one of the servants at Woodford.’

‘Oh! I was not aware that you were on such intimate terms with Mr Lawrence’s household.’

‘It was not from the man himself, that I heard it; but he told it in confidence to our maid Sarah, and Sarah told it to me.’

‘In confidence, I suppose; and you tell it in confidence to us; but *I* can tell *you* that it is but a lame story after all, and scarcely one half of it true.’

While I spoke, I completed the sealing and direction of my letters, with a somewhat unsteady hand, in spite of all my efforts to retain composure, and in spite of my firm conviction that the story *was* a lame one – that the supposed Mrs Graham, most certainly, had not *voluntarily* gone back to her husband, or dreamt of a reconciliation. Most likely, she was gone away, and the tale-bearing servant, not knowing what was become of her, had *conjectured* that such was the case, and our fair visitor had detailed it as a certainty, delighted with such an opportunity of tormenting me. But it was possible – barely possible, that someone might have betrayed her, and she had been taken away by force. Determined to know the worst, I hastily pocketed my two letters, and muttering something about being too late for the post, left the room, rushed into the yard and vociferously called for my horse.

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 4 Charles Dickens: *Bleak House*

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

1.

‘Quite an adventure for a morning in London!’ said Richard, with a sigh. ‘Ah, cousin, cousin, it’s a weary word this Chancery!’

‘It is to me, and has been ever since I can remember,’ returned Ada. ‘I am grieved that I should be the enemy – as I suppose I am – of a great number of relations and others; and that they should be my enemies – as I suppose they are; and that we should all be ruining one another, without knowing how or why, and be in constant doubt and discord all our lives. It seems very strange, as there must be right somewhere, that an honest judge in real earnest has not been able to find out through all these years where it is.’

‘Ah, cousin!’ said Richard. ‘Strange, indeed! all this wasteful wanton chess-playing *is* very strange. To see that composed Court yesterday jogging on so serenely, and to think of the wretchedness of the pieces on the board, gave me the headache and the heartache both together. My head ached with wondering how it happened, if men were neither fools nor rascals; and my heart ached to think they could possibly be either. But at all events, Ada – I may call you Ada?’

‘Of course you may, cousin Richard.’

‘At all events, Ada, Chancery will work none of its bad influence on *us*. We have happily been brought together, thanks to our good kinsman, and it can’t divide us now!’

‘Never, I hope, cousin Richard!’ said Ada, gently.

Miss Jellyby gave my arm a squeeze, and me a very significant look. I smiled in return, and we made the rest of the way back very pleasantly.

In half-an-hour after our arrival, Mrs Jellyby appeared; and in the course of an hour the various things necessary for breakfast straggled one by one into the dining-room. I do not doubt that Mrs Jellyby had gone to bed, and got up in the usual manner, but she presented no appearance of having changed her dress. She was greatly occupied during breakfast; for the morning’s post brought a heavy correspondence relative to Borriboola-Gha, which would occasion her (she said) to pass a busy day. The children tumbled about, and notched memoranda of their accidents in their legs, which were perfect little calendars of distress; and Peepy was lost for an hour and a half, and brought home from Newgate market by a policeman. The equable manner in which Mrs Jellyby sustained both his absence, and his restoration to the family circle, surprised us all.

She was by that time perseveringly dictating to Caddy, and Caddy was fast relapsing into the inky condition in which we had found her.

* * *

2.

‘Your ladyship, I conclude with that,’ Mr Guppy rises. ‘If you think there’s enough, in this chain of circumstances put together – in the undoubted strong likeness of this young lady to your ladyship, which is a positive fact for a jury – in her having been brought up by Miss Barbary – in Miss Barbary stating Miss Summerson’s real name to be Hawdon – in your ladyship’s knowing both those names *very well* – and in Hawdon’s dying as he did – to give your ladyship a family interest in going further into the case, I will bring those papers here. I don’t know what they are, except that they are old letters: I have never had them in my possession yet. I will bring those papers here, as soon as I get them; and go over them for the first time with your ladyship. I have told your ladyship my object. I have told your ladyship that I should be placed in a very disagreeable situation, if any complaint was made; and all is in strict confidence.’

Is this the full purpose of the young man of the name of Guppy, or has he any other? Do his words disclose the length, breadth, depth, of his object and suspicion in coming here; or, if not, what do they hide? He is a match for my Lady there. She may look at him, but he can look at the table, and keep that witness-box face of his from telling anything.

‘You may bring the letters,’ says my Lady, ‘if you choose.’

‘Your ladyship is not very encouraging, upon my word and honour,’ says Mr Guppy, a little injured.

‘You may bring the letters,’ she repeats, in the same tone, ‘if you—please.’

‘It shall be done. I wish your ladyship good day.’

On a table near her is a rich bauble of a casket, barred and clasped like an old strong chest. She, looking at him still, takes it to her and unlocks it.

‘Oh! I assure your ladyship I am not actuated by any motives of that sort,’ says Mr Guppy; ‘and I couldn’t accept of anything of the kind. I wish your ladyship good day, and am much obliged to you all the same.’

So the young man makes his bow, and goes down-stairs; where the supercilious Mercury does not consider himself called upon to leave his Olympus by the hall-fire, to let the young man out.

As Sir Leicester basks in his library, and dozes over his newspaper, is there no influence in the house to startle him; not to say, to make the very trees at Chesney Wold fling up their knotted arms, the very portraits frown, the very armour stir?

No. Words, sobs, and cries, are but air; and air is so shut in and shut out throughout the house in town, that sounds need be uttered trumpet-tongued indeed by my Lady in her chamber, to carry any faint vibration to Sir Leicester’s ears; and yet this cry is in the house, going upward from a wild figure on its knees.

‘O my child, my child! Not dead in the first hours of her life, as my cruel sister told me; but sternly nurtured by her, after she had renounced me and my name! O my child, O my child!’

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 4 Charles Dickens: *Bleak House* – continued

3.

‘Pray what has been done to-day?’ asked Allan.

‘I beg your pardon?’ said Mr Kenge, with excessive urbanity.

‘What has been done to-day?’

‘What has been done,’ repeated Mr Kenge. ‘Quite so. Yes. Why, not much has been done; not much. We have been checked – brought up suddenly, I would say – upon the – shall I term it threshold?’

‘Is this Will considered a genuine document, sir?’ said Allan; ‘will you tell us that?’

‘Most certainly, if I could,’ said Mr Kenge; ‘but we have not gone into that, we have not gone into that.’

‘We have not gone into that,’ repeated Mr Vholes, as if his low inward voice were an echo.

‘You are to reflect, Mr Woodcourt,’ observed Mr Kenge, using his silver trowel, persuasively and smoothly, ‘that this has been a great cause, that this has been a protracted cause, that this has been a complex cause. Jarndyce and Jarndyce has been termed, not inaptly, a Monument of Chancery practice.’

‘And Patience has sat upon it a long time,’ said Allan.

‘Very well indeed, sir,’ returned Mr Kenge, with a certain condescending laugh he had. ‘Very well! You are further to reflect, Mr Woodcourt,’ becoming dignified to severity, ‘that on the numerous difficulties, contingencies, masterly fictions, and forms of procedure in this great cause, there has been expended study, ability, eloquence, knowledge, intellect, Mr Woodcourt, high intellect. For many years, the – a – I would say the flower of the Bar, and the – a – I would presume to add, the matured autumnal fruits of the Woolsack – have been lavished upon Jarndyce and Jarndyce. If the public have the benefit, and if the country have the adornment, of this great Grasp, it must be paid for, in money or money’s worth, sir.’

‘Mr Kenge,’ said Allan, appearing enlightened all in a moment. ‘Excuse me, our time presses. Do I understand that the whole estate is found to have been absorbed in costs?’

‘Hem! I believe so,’ returned Mr Kenge. ‘Mr Vholes, what do *you* say?’

‘I believe so,’ said Mr Vholes.

‘And that thus the suit lapses and melts away?’

‘Probably,’ returned Mr Kenge. ‘Mr Vholes?’

‘Probably,’ said Mr Vholes.

‘My dearest life,’ whispered Allan, ‘this will break Richard’s heart!’

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 5 E M Forster: *A Passage to India*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *A Passage to India*.

1.

‘Two ladies are coming to tea to meet you – I think you know them.’

‘Meet me? I know no ladies.’

‘Not Mrs Moore and Miss Quested?’

‘Oh yes – I remember.’ The romance at the mosque had sunk out of his consciousness as soon as it was over. ‘An excessively aged lady; but will you please repeat the name of her companion?’

‘Miss Quested.’

‘Just as you wish.’ He was disappointed that other guests were coming, for he preferred to be alone with his new friend.

‘You can talk to Miss Quested about the Peacock Throne if you like – she’s artistic, they say.’

‘Is she a Post-Impressionist?’

‘Post-Impressionism, indeed! Come along to tea. This world is getting too much for me altogether.’

Aziz was offended. The remark suggested that he, an obscure Indian, had no right to have heard of Post-Impressionism – a privilege reserved for the Ruling Race, that. He said stiffly, ‘I do not consider Mrs Moore my friend, I only met her accidentally in my mosque,’ and was adding, ‘A single meeting is too short to make a friend,’ but before he could finish the sentence the stiffness vanished from it, because he felt Fielding’s fundamental goodwill. His own went out to it, and grappled beneath the shifting tides of emotion which can alone bear the voyager to an anchorage but may also carry him across it onto the rocks. He was safe really – as safe as the shore-dweller who can only understand stability and supposes that every ship must be wrecked, and he had sensations the shore-dweller cannot know. Indeed, he was sensitive rather than responsive. In every remark he found a meaning, but not always the true meaning, and his life, though vivid, was largely a dream. Fielding, for instance, had not meant that Indians are obscure, but that Post-Impressionism is; a gulf divided his remark from Mrs Turton’s ‘Why, they speak English,’ but to Aziz the two sounded alike. Fielding saw that something had gone wrong, and equally that it had come right, but he didn’t fidget, being an optimist where personal relations were concerned, and their talk rattled on as before.

* * *

2.

Miss Quested and Aziz and a guide continued the slightly tedious expedition. They did not talk much, for the sun was getting high. The air felt like a warm bath into which hotter water is trickling constantly, the temperature rose and rose, the boulders said, ‘I am alive,’ the small stones answered, ‘I am almost alive.’ Between the chinks lay the ashes of little plants. They meant to climb to the rocking-stone on the summit, but it was too far, and they contented themselves with the big group of caves. *En route* for these, they encountered several isolated caves, which the guide persuaded them to visit, but really there was nothing to see; they lit a match, admired its reflection in the polish, tested the echo and came out again. Aziz was ‘pretty sure they should come on some interesting old carvings soon’, but only meant he wished there were some carvings. His deeper thoughts were about the breakfast. Symptoms of disorganization had appeared as he left the camp. He ran over the menu: an English breakfast, porridge and mutton chops, but some Indian dishes to cause conversation, and pan afterwards. He had never liked Miss Quested as much as Mrs Moore, and had little to say to her, less than ever now that she would marry a British official.

Nor had Adela much to say to him. If his mind was with the breakfast, hers was mainly with her marriage. Simla next week, get rid of Antony, a view of Tibet, tiresome wedding bells, Agra in October, see Mrs Moore comfortably off from Bombay – the procession passed before her again, blurred by the heat, and then she turned to the more serious business of her life at Chandrapore. There were real difficulties here – Ronny’s limitations and her own – but she enjoyed facing difficulties, and decided that if she could control her peevishness (always her weak point), and neither rail against Anglo-India nor succumb to it, their married life ought to be happy and profitable. She mustn’t be too theoretical; she would deal with each problem as it came up, and trust to Ronny’s common sense and her own. Luckily, each had abundance of common sense and goodwill.

But as she toiled over a rock that resembled an inverted saucer she thought, ‘What about love?’ The rock was nicked by a double row of footholds, and somehow the question was suggested by them. Where had she seen footholds before? Oh yes, they were the pattern traced in the dust by the wheels of the Nawab Bahadur’s car. She and Ronny – no, they did not love each other.

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 5 E M Forster: *A Passage to India* – continued

3.

Friends again, yet aware that they would meet no more, Aziz and Fielding went for their last ride in the Mau jungles. The floods had abated and the Rajah was officially dead, so the Guest House party were departing next morning, as decorum required. What with the mourning and the festival, the visit was a failure. Fielding had scarcely seen Godbole, who promised every day to show him over the King-Emperor George Fifth High School, his main objective, but always made some excuse. This afternoon Aziz let out what had happened: the King-Emperor had been converted into a granary, and the Minister of Education did not like to admit this to his former Principal. The school had been opened only last year by the Agent to the Governor-General, and it still flourished on paper; he hoped to start it again before its absence was remarked and to collect its scholars before they produced children of their own. Fielding laughed at the tangle and waste of energy, but he did not travel as lightly as in the past; education was a continuous concern to him because his income and the comfort of his family depended on it. He knew that few Indians think education good in itself, and he deplored this now on the widest grounds. He began to say something heavy on the subject of Native States, but the friendliness of Aziz distracted him. This reconciliation was a success, anyhow. After the funny shipwreck there had been no more nonsense or bitterness, and they went back laughingly to their old relationship as if nothing had happened. Now they rode between jolly bushes and rocks. Presently the ground opened into full sunlight and they saw a grassy slope bright with butterflies, also a cobra, which crawled across doing nothing in particular, and disappeared among some custard-apple trees. There were round white clouds in the sky, and white pools on the earth; the hills in the distance were purple. The scene was as park-like as England, but did not cease being queer. They drew rein, to give the cobra elbow-room, and Aziz produced a letter that he wanted to send to Miss Quested. A charming letter. He wanted to thank his old enemy for her fine behaviour two years back; perfectly plain was it now that she had behaved well. 'As I fell into our largest Mau tank under circumstances our other friends will relate, I thought how brave Miss Quested was, and decided to tell her so, despite my imperfect English. Through you I am happy here with my children instead of in a prison, of that I make no doubt. My children shall be taught to speak of you with the greatest affection and respect.'

'Miss Quested will be greatly pleased. I am glad you have seen her courage at last.'

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 6 Henry James: *Washington Square*

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

1.

‘When Catherine is about seventeen,’ he said to himself, ‘Lavinia will try and persuade her that some young man with a moustache is in love with her. It will be quite untrue; no young man, with a moustache or without, will ever be in love with Catherine. But Lavinia will take it up, and talk to her about it; perhaps, even, if her taste for clandestine operations doesn’t prevail with her, she will talk to me about it. Catherine won’t see it, and won’t believe it, fortunately for her peace of mind; poor Catherine isn’t romantic.’

She was a healthy well-grown child, without a trace of her mother’s beauty. She was not ugly; she had simply a plain, dull, gentle countenance. The most that had ever been said for her was that she had a ‘nice’ face, and, though she was an heiress, no one had ever thought of regarding her as a belle. Her father’s opinion of her moral purity was abundantly justified; she was excellently, imperturbably good; affectionate, docile, obedient, and much addicted to speaking the truth. In her younger years she was a good deal of a romp, and, though it is an awkward confession to make about one’s heroine, I must add that she was something of a glutton. She never, that I know of, stole raisins out of the pantry; but she devoted her pocket-money to the purchase of cream-cakes. As regards this, however, a critical attitude would be inconsistent with a candid reference to the early annals of any biographer. Catherine was decidedly not clever; she was not quick with her book, nor, indeed, with anything else. She was not abnormally deficient, and she mustered learning enough to acquit herself respectably in conversation with her contemporaries, among whom it must be avowed, however, that she occupied a secondary place. It is well known that in New York it is possible for a young girl to occupy a primary one. Catherine, who was extremely modest, had no desire to shine, and on most social occasions, as they are called, you would have found her lurking in the background. She was extremely fond of her father and very much afraid of him; she thought him the cleverest and handsomest and most celebrated of men. The poor girl found her account so completely in the exercise of her affections that the little tremor of fear that mixed itself with her filial passion gave the thing an extra relish rather than blunted its edge. Her deepest desire was to please him, and her conception of happiness was to know that she had succeeded in pleasing him.

* * *

2.

He kept her waiting for half-an-hour – he had almost the whole width of the city to traverse – but she liked to wait, it seemed to intensify the situation. She ordered a cup of tea, which proved excessively bad, and this gave her a sense that she was suffering in a romantic cause. When Morris at last arrived, they sat together for half-an-hour in the duskiest corner of a back shop; and it is hardly too much to say that this was the happiest half-hour that Mrs. Penniman had known for years. The situation was really thrilling, and it scarcely seemed to her a false note when her companion asked for an oyster-stew, and proceeded to consume it before her eyes. Morris, indeed, needed all the satisfaction that stewed oysters could give him, for it may be intimated to the reader that he regarded Mrs. Penniman in the light of a fifth wheel to his coach. He was in a state of irritation natural to a gentleman of fine parts who had been snubbed in a benevolent attempt to confer a distinction upon a young woman of inferior characteristics, and the insinuating sympathy of this somewhat desiccated matron appeared to offer him no practical relief. He thought her a humbug, and he judged of humbugs with a good deal of confidence. He had listened and made himself agreeable to her at first, in order to get a footing in Washington Square; and at present he needed all his self-command to be decently civil. It would have gratified him to tell her that she was a fantastic old woman, and that he should like to put her into an omnibus and send her home. We know, however, that Morris possessed the virtue of self-control, and he had moreover the constant habit of seeking to be agreeable; so that, although Mrs. Penniman’s demeanour only exasperated his already unquiet nerves, he listened to her with a sombre deference in which she found much to admire.

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 6 Henry James: *Washington Square* – continued

3.

‘You said you wouldn’t make a scene!’ cried Morris. ‘I call this a scene.’

‘It’s you that are making it! I have never asked you anything before. We have waited too long already.’ And it was a comfort to her to think that she had hitherto asked so little; it seemed to make her right to insist the greater now.

Morris bethought himself a little. ‘Very well, then; we won’t talk about it any more. I will transact my business by letter.’ And he began to smooth his hat, as if to take leave.

‘You won’t go?’ And she stood looking up at him.

He could not give up his idea of provoking a quarrel; it was so much the simplest way! He bent his eyes on her upturned face, with the darkest frown he could achieve. ‘You are not discreet. You mustn’t bully me!’

But, as usual, she conceded everything. ‘No, I am not discreet; I know I am too pressing. But isn’t it natural? It is only for a moment.’

‘In a moment you may do a great deal of harm. Try and be calmer the next time I come.’

‘When will you come?’

‘Do you want to make conditions?’ Morris asked. ‘I will come next Saturday.’

‘Come to-morrow,’ Catherine begged; ‘I want you to come to-morrow. I will be very quiet,’ she added; and her agitation had by this time become so great that the assurance was not unbecoming. A sudden fear had come over her; it was like the solid conjunction of a dozen disembodied doubts, and her imagination, at a single bound, had traversed an enormous distance. All her being, for the moment, centred in the wish to keep him in the room.

Morris bent his head and kissed her forehead. ‘When you are quiet, you are perfection,’ he said; ‘but when you are violent, you are not in character.’

It was Catherine’s wish that there should be no violence about her save the beating of her heart, which she could not help; and she went on, as gently as possible, ‘Will you promise to come tomorrow?’

‘I said Saturday!’ Morris answered smiling. He tried a frown at one moment, a smile at another; he was at his wit’s end.

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 7 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights*

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

1.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2004
pp 45–46

2.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2004
pp 140–141

1: Novels

1 – 7 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights* – continued

3.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2004
pp 228–229

1: Novels

1 – 8 Andrew McGahan: *The White Earth*

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

1.

Andrew McGahan, *The White Earth*,
Allen & Unwin, 2004
pp 38–39

2.

Andrew McGahan, *The White Earth*,
Allen & Unwin, 2004
pp 170–171

1: Novels

1 – 8 Andrew McGahan: *The White Earth* – continued

3.

Andrew McGahan, *The White Earth*,
Allen & Unwin, 2004
pp 316–317

1: Novels

1 – 9 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

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

1.

After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.

The astonishment which I had at first experienced on this discovery soon gave place to delight and rapture. After so much time spent in painful labour, to arrive at once at the summit of my desires, was the most gratifying consummation of my toils. But this discovery was so great and overwhelming, that all the steps by which I had been progressively led to it were obliterated, and I beheld only the result. What had been the study and desire of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now within my grasp. Not that, like a magic scene, it all opened upon me at once: the information I had obtained was of a nature rather to direct my endeavours so soon as I should point them towards the object of my search, than to exhibit that object already accomplished. I was like the Arabian who had been buried with the dead and found a passage to life, aided only by one glimmering and seemingly ineffectual light.

I see by your eagerness and the wonder and hope which your eyes express, my friend, that you expect to be informed of the secret with which I am acquainted; that cannot be: listen patiently until the end of my story, and you will easily perceive why I am reserved upon that subject. I will not lead you on, unguarded and ardent as I then was, to your destruction and infallible misery. Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge and how much happier that man is who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow.

When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles, and veins, still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labour. I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organisation; but my imagination was too much exalted by my first success to permit me to doubt of my ability to give life to an animal as complex and wonderful as man.

* * *

2.

‘My heart beat quick; this was the hour and moment of trial, which would decide my hopes, or realise my fears. The servants were gone to a neighbouring fair. All was silent in and around the cottage: it was an excellent opportunity; yet, when I proceeded to execute my plan, my limbs failed me, and I sank to the ground. Again I rose; and, exerting all the firmness of which I was master, removed the planks which I had placed before my hovel to conceal my retreat. The fresh air revived me, and, with renewed determination, I approached the door of their cottage.

‘I knocked. “Who is there?” said the old man – “Come in.”

‘I entered; “Pardon this intrusion”, said I; “I am a traveller in want of a little rest; you would greatly oblige me if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the fire.”

“Enter,” said De Lacey, “and I will try in what manner I can to relieve your wants; but, unfortunately, my children are from home, and as I am blind, I am afraid I shall find it difficult to procure food for you.”

“Do not trouble yourself, my kind host; I have food; it is warmth and rest only that I need.”

‘I sat down, and a silence ensued. I knew that every minute was precious to me, yet I remained irresolute in what manner to commence the interview; when the old man addressed me. “By your language, stranger, I suppose you are my countryman; – are you French?”

“No, but I was educated by a French family, and understand that language only. I am now going to claim the protection of some friends, whom I sincerely love, and of whose favour I have some hopes.”

“Are they Germans?”

“No, they are French. But let us change the subject. I am an unfortunate and deserted creature; I look around, and I have no relation or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me, and know little of me. I am full of fears, for if I fail there, I am an outcast in the world forever.”

“Do not despair. To be friendless is indeed to be unfortunate; but the hearts of men, when unprejudiced by any obvious self-interest, are full of brotherly love and charity. Rely, therefore, on your hopes; and if these friends are good and amiable, do not despair.”

“They are kind – they are the most excellent creatures in the world; but unfortunately, they are prejudiced against me. I have good dispositions; my life has been hitherto harmless and in some degree beneficial; but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster.”

* * *

1: Novels

1 – 9 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein* – continued

3.

I entered the cabin where lay the remains of my ill-fated and admirable friend. Over him hung a form which I cannot find words to describe: – gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and distorted in its proportions. As he hung over the coffin, his face was concealed by long locks of ragged hair; but one vast hand was extended, in colour and apparent texture like that of a mummy. When he heard the sound of my approach, he ceased to utter exclamations of grief and horror, and sprung towards the window. Never did I behold a vision so horrible as his face, of such loathsome, yet appalling hideousness. I shut my eyes, involuntarily, and endeavoured to recollect what were my duties with regard to this destroyer. I called on him to stay.

He paused, looking on me with wonder; and, again turning towards the lifeless form of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by the wildest rage of some uncontrollable passion.

‘That is also my victim!’ he exclaimed: ‘in his murder my crimes are consummated; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh, Frankenstein! generous and self-devoted being! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas! he is cold, he cannot answer me.’

His voice seemed suffocated; and my first impulses, which had suggested to me the duty of obeying the dying request of my friend, in destroying his enemy, were now suspended by a mixture of curiosity and compassion. I approached this tremendous being; I dared not again raise my eyes to his face, there was something so scaring and unearthly in his ugliness. I attempted to speak, but the words died away on my lips. The monster continued to utter wild and incoherent self-reproaches. At length I gathered resolution to address him in a pause of the tempest of his passion: ‘Your repentance, I said, ‘is now superfluous. If you had listened to the voice of conscience, and heeded the stings of remorse, before you had urged your diabolical vengeance to this extremity, Frankenstein would yet have lived.’

‘And do you dream?’ said the daemon; ‘do you think that I was then dead to agony and remorse? – He,’ he continued, pointing to the corpse, ‘he suffered not in the consummation of the deed – oh! not the ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine during the lingering detail of its execution.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *Three Sisters*

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

1.

IRINA: . . . I don't like Solyony, he frightens me. He only talks nonsense . . .

TUZENBAKH: He's an odd man. I'm both sorry for him and annoyed by him, but more sorry. I think he's shy . . . When we're alone together, he's very clever and friendly, but in company he's a crude fellow, always picking quarrels. Don't go, let them sit at the table a moment. Let me be near you a bit. What are you thinking about?

[A pause.]

You're twenty, I'm not yet thirty. We've got so many years ahead of us, a long, long line of days, full of my love for you . . .

IRINA: Nikolay Lvovich, don't talk to me about love.

TUZENBAKH [not listening]: I have a passionate thirst for life, for the struggle, for work, and that thirst has merged in my soul with my love for you, Irina, and as if it were all planned, you are beautiful and life seems to me so beautiful. What are you thinking about?

IRINA: You say life is beautiful. Yes, but what if it only seems so! For us three sisters life has not yet been beautiful, it has choked us like a weed . . . My tears are streaming. We don't need that. [Quickly wipes her face and smiles.] We must work, work. We're gloomy and look at life so darkly because we don't know work. We were born to people who despised work . . .

[Enter NATALYA IVANOVNA; she is wearing a pink dress with a green belt.]

NATASHA: They're already sitting down to lunch in there . . . I'm late . . . [Gives a passing glance at the mirror and arranges herself.] I think my hair's all right . . . [Seeing Irina.] Dear Irina Sergeyevna, congratulations! [Gives her a heavy and prolonged kiss.] You have a lot of guests, I feel really guilty . . . Good afternoon, Baron.

OLGA [coming into the drawing-room]: And here is Natalya Ivanovna. How are you, my dear?

[They kiss.]

NATASHA: To the name-day girl. There're so many people, I'm terribly embarrassed . . .

OLGA: That's enough, they're all friends here. [In a low voice, with an air of alarm] You're wearing a green belt. It's not right, dear.

NATASHA: Is it bad luck?

OLGA: No, it simply doesn't go . . . and it's sort of odd . . .

NATASHA [in a tearful voice]: Really? But it's not green, more a sort of neutral colour. [Follows Olga into the hall.]

[Everyone sits down to lunch in the hall; no one is left in the drawing-room.]

* * *

2.

[The samovar is brought in; ANFISA stands by the samovar; after a little NATASHA comes in and also fusses round the table; SOLYONY comes in and after greeting the others sits down at the table.]

VERSHININ: Goodness, what a wind!

MASHA: Yes. I'm fed up with winter. I've now even forgotten what summer's like.

IRINA: The game will come out, I can see. We will be in Moscow.

FEDOTIK: No, it won't come out. Look, the eight was on the two of spades. [Laughs.] That means you won't get to Moscow.

CHEBUTYKIN [reading his newspaper]: Tsitsihar. Smallpox is raging there.

ANFISA [going up to Masha]: Masha, come and have your tea, dear. [To Vershinin] Please come, Your Honour . . . forgive me, sir, I've forgotten your name . . .

MASHA: Bring it here, Nyanya. I won't go over there.

IRINA: Nyanya!

ANFISA: Co-o-oming!

NATASHA [to Solyony]: Babies understand everything. 'Good morning, Bobik,' I said. 'Good morning, darling.' He gave me a special kind of look. You're thinking it's just the mother in me speaking, but no, no, I assure you! This is an exceptional child.

SOLYONY: If that child were mine, I'd fry it in a pan and eat it up. [Goes with a glass of tea into the drawing-room and sits down in a corner.]

NATASHA [covering her face with her hands]: What a rude, vulgar man!

MASHA: Happy is the man who doesn't notice whether it's now summer or winter. I think that if I were in Moscow I wouldn't mind about the weather . . .

VERSHININ: The other day I was reading the diary of a French minister, written in prison. The minister had been sent there over the Panama affair. With what delight, with what rapture he talks about the birds he sees from his prison window and which he never noticed before when he was a minister. Of course, now he's been released, he doesn't notice the birds, just as before. In the same way you too won't notice Moscow when you're living there. We have no happiness and it doesn't exist, we only desire it.

TUZENBAKH [taking a box from the table]: Where are the sweets?

IRINA: Solyony's eaten them.

TUZENBAKH: All of them?

ANFISA [serving tea]: There's a letter for you, sir.

VERSHININ: For me? [Takes the letter.] It's from my daughter. [Reads.] Yes, of course . . . Excuse me, Mariya Sergeyevna, I'll go off quietly. I won't have tea. [Gets up in a state of agitation.] These incidents are always happening . . .

MASHA: What is it? It's not a secret, is it?

VERSHININ [quietly]: My wife has taken poison again. I must go. I'll go out without anyone noticing. All this is terribly unpleasant. [Kisses Masha's hand.] My dear, you fine, good woman . . . I'll go out here very quietly . . . [Exit.]

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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2: Plays

2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *Three Sisters* – continued

3.

CHEBUTYKIN: . . . Solyony started to needle the Baron and he lost his temper and insulted him, and the consequence was that Solyony was obliged to challenge him. [*Looks at his watch.*] I think it's the time now . . . At half past twelve in the public woods, the ones you can see from here on the other side of the river . . . Bang-bang. [*Laughs.*] Solyony imagines he's Lermontov and he even writes poetry. But joking apart, it's already his third duel.

MASHA: Whose?

CHEBUTYKIN: Solyony's.

MASHA: And the Baron's?

CHEBUTYKIN: The Baron's what?

[*A pause.*]

MASHA: Everything has become muddled in my head . . . Anyway, I say they shouldn't allow them. He could wound the Baron or even kill him.

CHEBUTYKIN: The Baron is a good man, but one baron more or one baron less – what can it matter? Let it be! What can it matter!

[*Beyond the garden is a cry: 'Hallo-o! Ho-ho!'*]

You can wait. That's Skvortsov shouting, the second. He's sitting in a boat.

[*A pause.*]

ANDREY: In my opinion, taking part in a duel and being present at one, even if in the capacity of a doctor, are both simply immoral.

CHEBUTYKIN: That's just appearances . . . There is nothing in the world, there is no 'we', we don't exist, it just seems we do . . . And what can it matter!

MASHA: That's how they go on talking and talking the whole day long . . . [*Starts walking.*] We live in this climate, it'll snow any moment, and on top of that we have these conversations . . . [*Stops.*] I won't go into the house, I can't go in there . . . When Vershinin comes, will you tell me . . . [*Walks down the avenue.*] And the migrant birds are starting to fly . . . [*Looks up.*] Swans or geese . . . Dear birds, happy birds . . . [*Exit.*]

ANDREY: Our house will be empty. The officers will leave, you will leave, my sister will be married, and I will remain alone in the house.

CHEBUTYKIN: What about your wife?

[*FERAPONT comes in with some papers.*]

ANDREY: My wife is my wife. She is honest, decent, yes, kind, but all the same there's something in her which brings her down to the level of a small, blind, horny-skinned animal. At all events, she isn't human. I'm talking to you as a friend, the only person I can open my soul to. I love Natasha, that is the truth, but sometimes I find her amazingly coarse, and then I get confused, I don't understand how or why I love her so, or at least did love her . . .

CHEBUTYKIN [*getting up*]: I, my friend, am going away tomorrow, maybe we shall never meet again, so this is my

advice to you. Just put on your hat, take a stick in your hand and leave . . . leave and start walking, walk and don't look round. And the further you walk, the better.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 2 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen*

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

1.

Michael Frayn, *Copenhagen*,
Methuen Student Edition, 2003

p 53

2.

Michael Frayn, *Copenhagen*,
Methuen Student Edition, 2003

p 71

2: Plays

2 – 2 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen* – continued

3.

Michael Frayn, *Copenhagen*,
Methuen Student Edition, 2003

p 92

2: Plays

2 – 3 Henrik Ibsen: *Hedda Gabler*

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

1.

MRS ELVSTED [*looking anxiously at her watch*]. But my dear Mrs Tesman, I really meant to go now.

HEDDA. Oh, surely there's no hurry. Now then, suppose you tell me a little about what your home's like.

MRS ELVSTED. But that's the last thing in the world I wanted to talk about!

HEDDA. Not to me, my dear? After all, we were at school together.

MRS ELVSTED. Yes, but you were a class above me. How dreadfully frightened of you I was in those days!

HEDDA. Were you frightened of me?

MRS ELVSTED. Yes. Dreadfully frightened. Because when we met on the stairs you always used to pull my hair.

HEDDA. No, *did* I?

MRS ELVSTED. Yes, and once you said you would burn it off.

HEDDA. Oh, that was only silly talk, you know.

MRS ELVSTED. Yes, but I was so stupid in those days. And since then, anyhow, we have drifted such a long, long way apart. Our circles were so entirely different.

HEDDA. Well, then, we'll see if we can come together again. Now, look here. When we were at school we used to talk like real close friends and call each other by our Christian names.

MRS ELVSTED. Oh no, you're making quite a mistake.

HEDDA. I certainly am *not*. I remember it perfectly well. So we are going to tell each other everything, as we did in the old days. [*Moving nearer with her stool.*] There we are! [*Kissing her cheek.*] Now you're to talk to me like a real friend and call me 'Hedda'.

MRS ELVSTED [*clasping and patting her hands*]. All this goodness and kindness – it's not a bit what I'm used to.

HEDDA. There, there, there! And I'm going to treat *you* like a friend, as I did before, and call you my dear Thora.

MRS ELVSTED. My name's Thea.

HEDDA. Yes, of course. Of course. I meant Thea. [*Looking sympathetically at her.*] So you're not used to much goodness or kindness, aren't you, Thea? Not in your own home?

MRS ELVSTED. Ah, if I *had* a home! But I haven't one. Never have had. ...

HEDDA [*looking at her a moment*]. I rather thought it must be something of that sort.

MRS ELVSTED [*gazing helplessly in front of her*]. Yes. Yes. Yes.

HEDDA. I can't quite remember now, but wasn't it as housekeeper that you went up there in the beginning – to the District Magistrate's?

MRS ELVSTED. Actually it was to have been as governess. But his wife – his late wife – was an invalid and was ill in bed most of the time. So I had to take charge of the house too.

HEDDA. But then, in the end, you became the mistress of the house.

MRS ELVSTED [*drearily*]. Yes, I did.

HEDDA. Let me see. ... About how long ago is it now?

MRS ELVSTED. Since I was married?

HEDDA. Yes.

MRS ELVSTED. It's five years ago now.

HEDDA. Yes, of course. It must be that.

2.

[*Tesman, with a tray, comes from the inner room.*]

TESMAN. Look at the good things we've got here. [*He puts the tray on the table.*]

HEDDA. Why are you bringing it yourself?

TESMAN [*filling the glasses*]. Why, because I think it's so jolly waiting on you, Hedda.

HEDDA. Oh, but you've filled both glasses now. And Mr Lövborg won't have any.

TESMAN. No, but Mrs Elvsted will be here soon.

HEDDA. Oh, of course; Mrs Elvsted –

TESMAN. Had you forgotten her? Eh?

HEDDA. We've got so absorbed in this. [*Showing him a picture.*] Do you remember that little village?

TESMAN. Ah, that's the one below the Brenner Pass! It was there we stayed the night –

HEDDA. – And met all those jolly tourists.

TESMAN. That's it. It was there. Just think, if we could have had *you* with us, Ejler! Well, well!

[*He goes in again and sits down with Brack.*]

LÖVBORG. Answer me just this one thing, Hedda.

HEDDA. Well?

LÖVBORG. Was there no love in your feeling for me either? Not a touch – not a flicker of love in that either?

HEDDA. I wonder if there actually was? To me it seems as if we were two good comrades. Two real, close friends. [*Smiling.*] You, especially, were absolutely frank.

LÖVBORG. It was you who wanted that.

HEDDA. When I look back at it, there really was something fine, something enthralling. There was a kind of courage about it, about this hidden intimacy, this comradeship that not a living soul so much as guessed at.

LÖVBORG. Yes, there was, Hedda! Wasn't there? When I came up to see your father in the afternoons. ... And the General used to sit right over by the window reading the papers, with his back to us ...

HEDDA. And we used to sit on the corner sofa.

LÖVBORG. Always with the same illustrated paper in front of us.

HEDDA. Yes, for lack of an album.

LÖVBORG. Yes, Hedda; and when I used to confess to you! Told you things about myself that no one else knew in those days. Sat there and owned up to going about whole days and nights blind drunk. Days and nights on end. Oh, Hedda, what sort of power in you was it – that forced me to confess things like that?

* * *

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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2: Plays

2 – 3 Henrik Ibsen: *Hedda Gabler* – continued

3.

MRS ELVSTED. Oh, how dreadful to think of! That he should end like this.

HEDDA [*to Brack*]. Was it in the chest?

BRACK. Yes, as I said.

HEDDA. Not in the temple, then?

BRACK. In the chest, Mrs Tesman.

HEDDA. Yes, well ... the chest is a good place, too.

BRACK. How do you mean, Mrs Tesman?

HEDDA [*evasively*]. Oh, nothing – nothing.

TESMAN. And the wound is dangerous, you say? Eh?

BRACK. The wound is absolutely fatal. Most likely it's all over already.

MRS ELVSTED. Yes, yes, I feel sure it is. It is all over! All over! Oh, Hedda!

TESMAN. But tell me, how did you find out all this?

BRACK [*shortly*]. From one of the police. Whom I had occasion to speak to.

HEDDA [*in a ringing voice*]. Something done, at last!

TESMAN [*horrificed*]. Good heavens! What are you saying, Hedda?

HEDDA. That there is an element of beauty in this.

BRACK. Hm. Mrs Tesman –

TESMAN. Of beauty! Fancy that!

MRS ELVSTED. Oh, Hedda, how can you talk of beauty in a thing like that!

HEDDA. Ejler Lövborg has balanced his account with himself. He has had the courage to do ... what had to be done.

MRS ELVSTED. No, don't ever believe that it happened in that way. What he has done was done in a moment of madness.

TESMAN. Done in despair.

HEDDA. It was not. Of that I am certain.

MRS ELVSTED. Yes, it was. In a moment of madness. Just as when he tore up our manuscript.

BRACK [*in surprise*]. Manuscript? The book, do you mean? Has he torn that up?

MRS ELVSTED. Yes, he did it last night.

TESMAN [*whispering softly*]. Oh, Hedda, we shall never get clear of this business.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 4 Joanna Murray-Smith: *Honour*

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

1.

HONOR: Perhaps we're both guilty of liking words more than people.
 GEORGE: I hope you didn't run that one by Claudia with the tape running.
 HONOR: No, I deftly fielded her questions about you.
 GEORGE: *What* about me?
 HONOR: Just how much of a sensitive, caring person *you* are.
 GEORGE: And did *you* find the truth more compelling than kindness?
 HONOR: No, actually. I painted a very nice portrait of you. Very large in the feminine side.
 GEORGE: Good.
 HONOR: She thought I was defending you as a way of defending my life with you—
 GEORGE: And?
 HONOR: I denied it. And yet, I sort of—just neatly avoided the less impressive things about you. Now why?
 GEORGE: Like what?
 HONOR: Why would I protect you if not to protect myself?
 GEORGE: Because you love me.
 HONOR: Well, yes because I *do* love you. But I wonder if something in me was embarrassed to say those things—those things that make me look—
 GEORGE: What?
 HONOR: Like a victim.
 GEORGE: What!
 HONOR: Just that.
 GEORGE: How?
 HONOR: You taking priority.
 GEORGE: When?
 HONOR: The early years.
 GEORGE: You were happy for that!
 HONOR: Yes—
 GEORGE: I didn't impose that on you. *We* chose it.
 HONOR: Sort of.
 GEORGE: You *wanted* me to do the doctorate. You *wanted* me to write the first book. We had Sophie!
 HONOR: Yes. But she made me feel a bit guilty about it.
 GEORGE: For what?
 HONOR: For the me that might have been, I suppose. I think she was rather disgusted that I hadn't propelled myself forward with the same velocity as you.
 GEORGE: She's young—
 HONOR: She's smart. [*Beat.*] You fell in love with 'The Writer', didn't you? Be honest.
 GEORGE: That's who you were. Yes, I loved your—your talent.
 HONOR: And I'm not 'The Writer' any more.
 GEORGE: You write!
 HONOR: Come on, George!
 GEORGE: But that's youth! To fall in love with all that we *might* become.

* * *

2.

GEORGE: You can't dictate feeling as if it's theory.
 SOPHIE: Isn't this where one's principles *are* tested? Or are they just for the public life, Dad?
 GEORGE: [*dawning on him*] You're a hard little thing, aren't you?
 SOPHIE: What happened? What happened to you?
 GEORGE: Listen to me, Sophie, you don't know about love—
 SOPHIE: Oh, really—
 GEORGE: Love alters. Once I felt—for Honor, I felt—but—
 SOPHIE: What?
 GEORGE: It's not the same.
 SOPHIE: [*quietly shocked*] You don't love her?
 GEORGE: I *do* love her. Yes. Yes. I do love her—but it's not—
 SOPHIE: What?
 GEORGE: [*struggling*] It's not—
 SOPHIE: Say it!
 GEORGE: *Passion*.
 SOPHIE: [*shocked*] What?
 GEORGE: It *can't* be passion!
 SOPHIE: Why not?
 GEORGE: Because history—
 SOPHIE: What?
 GEORGE: History—
 SOPHIE: History what?
 GEORGE: Kills passion.
 SOPHIE: History kills passion?
 GEORGE: I think so.
 SOPHIE: Why does that matter? You had it once. Once is enough!
 GEORGE: [*on a roll*] Passion is—that's where everything comes from. The will to work. The will to get up in the morning.
 SOPHIE: Is passion love?
 GEORGE: I—I—
 SOPHIE: Is passion love?
 GEORGE: I think so. I wake up in the morning and I feel—I—feel purpose surging through me—because she—she—she *excites* me—she's *alive* to me—I can't live without passion.
 SOPHIE: But you *have*, apparently—
 GEORGE: Yes, I have. [*Beat.*] But I'm not going to live without it any more. [*Beat.*] I didn't try to fall in love. Love happens.
 SOPHIE: You *let* it happen.
 GEORGE: I fell. I fell.
 SOPHIE: It's not the falling into—it's the falling away *from*—
 GEORGE: She's your mother. Of course you must defend her.
 SOPHIE: Jesus—don't you see? It's not *her* I'm defending. I think she's—she's a fool! Her life at the mercy of your whims!
 GEORGE: This is no whim.
 SOPHIE: You're—you're *pathetic*. But she—she invited this!

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 4 Joanna Murray-Smith: *Honour* – continued

3.

GEORGE: The law keeps us—

HONOR: Keeps us—

GEORGE: Safe. In the end, you'll be glad of the law, Honor.
Because it's, it's there to protect you.

HONOR: Oh, thank you!

GEORGE: I don't have to do this! I don't have to do this! I don't
have to advise you of your rights! I'm doing this because
I care about you.

HONOR: What does that mean?

GEORGE: We'll just divide—everything—I'm fine about that.

HONOR: Oh, you are?

GEORGE: Yes.

HONOR: Why *wouldn't* we divide everything?

GEORGE: Remember, Honor. I *have* worked hard.

Beat.

HONOR: What does that mean?

GEORGE: That's all. That's all.

HONOR: And I haven't?

GEORGE: Of course. Of course. And Gerry will look after
you.

HONOR: Even I know we can't have the same lawyer, George.

We can't both have *our* lawyer—

GEORGE: You have Gerry. That's what I'm saying. That's what
I'm saying. I'll look after myself.

HONOR: *Yes.*

GEORGE: I'll find someone.

HONOR: What do you think our lawyers will resolve,
George?

GEORGE: [*embarrassed*] The—the houses—you know—the
shares.

HONOR: The houses?

GEORGE: Yes.

HONOR: If you want the houses, George, you can have them.

GEORGE: No! No! That's the point! You need to be *practical*,
Honor. I want you to be comfortable.

HONOR: Comfortable?

GEORGE: Obviously, neither of us is going to be able to live
extravagantly. I can't support two—two households.

HONOR: Two households?

GEORGE: Even I am a household, Honor. Even I am a
household.

HONOR: What will I—? Where will I—? [*Realising*] How will
I—live?

GEORGE: Honor, you'll be all right. I promise. You'll be all
right.

HONOR: You *promise*?

GEORGE: Yes.

HONOR: [*angrily*] And what does that mean? What does that
mean when you promise something? That I'll be all right for
some time? That I'll get used to things being all right? That
I'll feel comfortable and safe? And then, and then when you
feel like it—when you feel like making a change—

GEORGE: I'll call Gerry and tell him what's going on and we'll
have a meeting—You're not—you're not destitute, Honor.

If you're careful, you'll—I'm sure you'll manage.

HONOR: We're dividing *everything*, are we?

GEORGE: I suppose so.

HONOR: So let's—I tell you what—Let's divide the misery too.
And the joy! The joy! *You* take half my misery and *I'll* take
half your new-found joy.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 5 Hannie Rayson: *Hotel Sorrento*

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

1.

EDWIN: . . . It's like the English chatter on ad nauseam and quite inadvertently we blunder into revealing things about ourselves. But your lot seem to do either of two things. They say exactly what's going on. Or else they're dead silent. Oh, no, there's a third thing. They do a lot of grunting. The men.

MEG *laughs despite herself*.

So it's not like Australians are less complex emotionally. . .

MEG: Oh, Edwin. . .

EDWIN: Well I used to think it was. I thought that was why I was so attracted to them – being so inordinately repressed myself as a human being – but I've realised it's all to do with the way it's expressed. You see, if you take. . .

MEG: Who was on the phone?

EDWIN: There's the list. Journalists mostly.

MEG: What are they doing ringing me on a Friday night?

EDWIN *shrugs*.

EDWIN: Nothing much on the telly I s'ppose.

Pause.

One chap rang from Australia. He said he used to go out with your sister.

MEG: Which one?

EDWIN: Pippa.

MEG: That's hardly a claim to fame.

EDWIN: That's what I said to him. 'You and the rest of the male population'.

MEG: You didn't!

EDWIN: I did.

MEG: What did he want?

EDWIN: Same as everybody else. An exclusive. The Meg Moynihan story. The unknown Aussie novelist makes it to the Booker short list with her second novel.

MEG *sighs and briefly scans the letter she is holding*.

MEG: Jesus Christ!

She flings it on the table.

EDWIN: What is it?

MEG: The London Book Council. They're organising a forum on women and autobiography. They want me to give the opening address.

EDWIN: What do you know about autobiography?

MEG: Exactly.

Pause.

But you must understand, I'm a woman writer. And as such I don't have any frame of reference beyond my own immediate experience. Didn't you know all novels written by women are merely dressed up diary entries?

EDWIN: So your novel is *really* about the adventures of Meg Moynihan en famille. That's quite funny really.

MEG: Hilarious.

* * *

2.

MARGE: Er. . . excuse me, I hope you don't think this is presumptuous, but er. . . I was wondering. . . whether you were Hilary Moynihan.

HIL: Yes, I am. Well I was.

MARGE: Related to Meg Moynihan?

HIL *laughs*.

HIL: Yep. She's my sister.

MARGE: Uh. Well I just wanted to say. . . er. . . I am sorry, my name's Marge Morrissey. . . I have a holiday house down on the Back Beach road. And this is a friend of mine, Dick Bennett.

HIL: Hi.

MARGE: I'd just like to say that. . . I loved your sister's book. I think. . . it's one of the most beautiful books I've ever read. And I. . . just wanted to tell you. That's all.

HIL *smiles warmly at MARGE*.

HIL: Thank you. Well, thank you on her behalf. She'd be very touched by that. I'll tell her.

MARGE: Would you?

HIL: Sure. She'll be here next week as a matter of fact.

MARGE: Oh.

DICK: Sorrento?

HIL: Yeah. Oh, you're not from the press I hope?

DICK: No.

Pause.

MARGE: No.

HIL: Oh, good. It's supposed to be a secret. She doesn't want the place crawling with journalists apparently.

HIL *laughs and shakes her head a little disbelievingly*.

DICK: No. Good idea.

MARGE: She's coming home to her family.

HIL: Yeah. Next Wednesday.

MARGE: How lovely.

HIL: We haven't seen her since. . . well I met her in Italy in. . . '85. . . so that's six years ago. But she hasn't been home for. . . years.

MARGE: Oh, that'll be wonderful. A lovely family re-union.

HIL: Yeah.

MARGE: We won't tell anybody. Will we?

DICK: Er. . . no. We certainly won't.

HIL *laughs. The phone rings*.

HIL: Ah! Excuse me. Won't be a moment.

HIL *leaves*.

DICK: You bloody beauty. This is my lucky day. You little bloody beauty. The woman is going to be in town and no-one else from the media knows.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 5 Hannie Rayson: *Hotel Sorrento* – continued

3.

PIPPA: Big champion of the feminist movement our Dad!

TROY: He was coming around.

EDWIN: 'Let us sit and mock the good housewife

Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may
henceforth be bestowed equally.'

MEG: What are you talking about?

EDWIN: Shakespeare.

Pause.

Terrific bean salad Hil.

MEG *gives him a look.* EDWIN *grins impishly.*

DICK: If he was down on feminism, what did he make of your book?

Pause.

MEG: I don't know. I didn't have a chance to ask him.

Silence.

TROY: He liked it. What he read of it.

Pause.

But he said he didn't think you understood about loyalty.

Pause.

MEG: Loyalty to whom?

TROY: He just said that loyalty was the most important quality a person could have.

Silence. Noone quite knows what to say.

MARGE: Do you think he would have argued that loyalty was more important than truth?

HIL: Yes. I think he would have. Loyalty was a big issue for him. Sticking by your mates. . . all of that.

Silence.

EDWIN: I think people hold on to these things, like the notion of loyalty, or truth, as if they were unassailable which means that they lead fairly unexamined lives I would have thought. Er. . . with respect to your father. I was just speaking generally.

MARGE: Oh, I agree absolutely. It's like religion. It makes life so easy. Once you've signed up, you don't have to ask so many questions.

MEG: Exactly.

DICK: I suppose as a writer, this sort of thing must come up for you quite a lot.

MEG: What sort of thing?

DICK: The issue of loyalty. Writing as you do, so autobiographically. . .

EDWIN *scoffs.*

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 6 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet*

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

1.

CLAUDIUS How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
 HAMLET Not so my lord, I am too much i'th'sun.
 GERTRUDE Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
 Do not forever with thy vailèd lids
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.
 HAMLET Ay madam, it is common.
 GERTRUDE If it be,
 Why seems it so particular with thee?
 HAMLET Seems madam? nay it is, I know not seems.
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play,
 But I have that within which passes show –
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
 CLAUDIUS 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
 To give these mourning duties to your father;
 But you must know, your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
 In obstinate condolement is a course
 Of impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschooled.
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died today,
 'This must be so.' We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire,
 And we beseech you bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
 GERTRUDE Let not thy mother lose her prayers Hamlet.
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
 HAMLET I shall in all my best obey you madam.
 CLAUDIUS Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

* * *

2.

OPHELIA ...
 How does your honour for this many a day?
 HAMLET I humbly thank you, well, well, well.
 OPHELIA My lord, I have remembrances of yours
 That I have longèd long to re-deliver.
 I pray you now receive them.
 HAMLET No, not I,
 I never gave you aught.
 OPHELIA My honoured lord, you know right well you did,
 And with them words of so sweet breath composed
 As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
 Take these again, for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There my lord.
 HAMLET Ha, ha, are you honest?
 OPHELIA My lord?
 HAMLET Are you fair?
 OPHELIA What means your lordship?
 HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
 admit no discourse to your beauty.
 OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
 with honesty?
 HAMLET Ay truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform
 honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of
 honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was
 sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I
 did love you once.
 OPHELIA Indeed my lord you made me believe so.
 HAMLET You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot
 so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved
 you not.
 OPHELIA I was the more deceived.
 HAMLET Get thee to a nunnery – why wouldst thou be a breeder
 of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could
 accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother
 had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious,
 with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to
 put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to
 act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling
 between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all,
 believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's
 your father?
 OPHELIA At home my lord.
 HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the
 fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 6 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet* – continued

3.

ROSENCRANTZ Will't please you go my lord?

HAMLET I'll be with you straight; go a little before.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet]

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To fust in us unused. Now whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th'event –
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom
 And ever three parts coward – I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me.
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father killed, a mother stained,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain. Oh from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth. *Exit]*

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

1.

CONRADE What the good-year, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

DON JOHN There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRADE You should hear reason.

DON JOHN And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

CONRADE If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN I wonder that thou – being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn – goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

CONRADE Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CONRADE Can you make no use of your discontent?

DON JOHN I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio

What news, Borachio?

BORACHIO I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

DON JOHN Will it serve for any model to build mischief on?

What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

BORACHIO Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

DON JOHN Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

BORACHIO Even he.

DON JOHN A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

BORACHIO Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

DON JOHN A very forward March-chick!

* * *

2.

Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato

BENEDICK (*coming forward*) This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me? Why, it must be requited. I heard how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud; happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice

BEATRICE Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENEDICK

Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEATRICE I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENEDICK You take pleasure then in the message?

BEATRICE Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signor; fare you well.

Exit

BENEDICK Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner' – there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me' – that's as much as to say, 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.' If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

Exit

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Much Ado About Nothing* – continued

3.

BENEDICK Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUDIO God bless me from a challenge!

BENEDICK (*aside to Claudio*) You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUDIO Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

DON PEDRO What, a feast, a feast?

CLAUDIO I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

BENEDICK Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

DON PEDRO I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLAUDIO For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

DON PEDRO Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUDIO All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

DON PEDRO But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUDIO Yes, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick, the married man'?

BENEDICK Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. (*To Don Pedro*) My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company. Your brother the Bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. *Exit*

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 8 Sophocles: *Antigone*

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

1.

CREON (*to the SENTRY*):

You – you may go. You are discharged from blame.

Exit SENTRY.

Now tell me, in as few words as you can,

Did you know the order forbidding such an act?

ANTIGONE: I knew it, naturally. It was plain enough.

CREON: And yet you dared to contravene it?

ANTIGONE: Yes.

That order did not come from God. Justice,

That dwells with the gods below, knows no such law.

I did not think your edicts strong enough

To overrule the unwritten unalterable laws

Of God and heaven, you being only a man.

They are not of yesterday or to-day, but everlasting,

Though where they came from, none of us can tell.

Guilty of their transgression before God

I cannot be, for any man on earth.

I knew that I should have to die, of course,

With or without your order. If it be soon,

So much the better. Living in daily torment

As I do, who would not be glad to die?

This punishment will not be any pain.

Only if I had let my mother's son

Lie there unburied, then I could not have borne it.

This I can bear. Does that seem foolish to you?

Or is it you that are foolish to judge me so?

CHORUS: She shows her father's stubborn spirit: foolish

Not to give way when everything's against her.

CREON: Ah, but you'll see. The over-obstinate spirit

Is soonest broken; as the strongest iron will snap

If over-tempered in the fire to brittleness.

A little halter is enough to break

The wildest horse. Proud thoughts do not sit well

Upon subordinates. This girl's proud spirit

Was first in evidence when she broke the law;

And now, to add insult to her injury,

She gloats over her deed. But, as I live,

She shall not flout my orders with impunity.

My sister's child – ay, were she even nearer,

Nearest and dearest, she should not escape

Full punishment – she, and her sister too,

Her partner, doubtless, in this burying.

* * *

2.

CREON: I do believe the creatures both are mad;

One lately crazed, the other from her birth.

ISMENE: Is it not likely, sir? The strongest mind

Cannot but break under misfortune's blows.

CREON: Yours did, when you threw in your lot with hers.

ISMENE: How could I wish to live without my sister?

CREON: You have no sister. Count her dead already.

ISMENE: You could not take her – kill your own son's bride?

CREON: Oh, there are other fields for him to plough.

ISMENE: No truer troth was ever made than theirs.

CREON: No son of mine shall wed so vile a creature.

ANTIGONE: O Haemon, can your father spite you so?

CREON: You and your paramour, I hate you both.

CHORUS:

Sir, would you take her from your own son's arms?

CREON: Not I, but death shall take her.

CHORUS: Be it so.

Her death, it seems, is certain.

CREON: Certain it is.

No more delay. Take them, and keep them within –

The proper place for women. None so brave

As not to look for some way of escape

When they see life stand face to face with death.

The women are taken away.

CHORUS:

Happy are they who know not the taste of evil.

From a house that heaven hath shaken

The curse departs not

But falls upon all of the blood,

Like the restless surge of the sea when the dark storm drives

The black sand hurled from the deeps

And the Thracian gales boom down

On the echoing shore.

In life and in death is the house of Labdacus stricken.

Generation to generation,

With no atonement,

It is scourged by the wrath of a god.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 8 Sophocles: *Antigone* – continued

3.

TEIRESIAS: I will; and show you all that my skill reveals.

At my seat of divination, where I sit
 These many years to read the signs of heaven,
 An unfamiliar sound came to my ears
 Of birds in vicious combat, savage cries
 In strange outlandish language, and the whirr
 Of flapping wings; from which I well could picture
 The gruesome warfare of their deadly talons.
 Full of foreboding then I made the test
 Of sacrifice upon the altar fire.
 There was no answering flame; only rank juice
 Oozed from the flesh and dripped among the ashes,
 Smouldering and sputtering; the gall vanished in a puff.
 And the fat ran down and left the haunches bare.
 Thus (through the eyes of my young acolyte,
 Who sees for me, that I may see for others)
 I read the signs of failure in my quest.

And why? The blight upon us is *your* doing.
 The blood that stains our altars and our shrines,
 The blood that dogs and vultures have licked up,
 It is none other than the blood of Oedipus
 Spilled from the veins of his ill-fated son.
 Our fires, our sacrifices, and our prayers
 The gods abominate. How should the birds
 Give any other than ill-omened voices,
 Gorged with the dregs of blood that man has shed?
 Mark this, my son: all men fall into sin.
 But sinning, he is not for ever lost
 Hapless and helpless, who can make amends
 And has not set his face against repentance.
 Only a fool is governed by self-will.

Pay to the dead his due. Wound not the fallen.
 It is no glory to kill and kill again.

My words are for your good, as is my will,
 And should be acceptable, being for your good.

CREON: You take me for your target, reverend sir,
 Like all the rest. I know your art of old,
 And how you make me your commodity
 To trade and traffic in for your advancement.

* * *

2: Plays

2 – 9 Dylan Thomas: *Under Milk Wood*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Under Milk Wood*.

1.

Dylan Thomas, *Under Milk Wood*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp 16–17

2.

Dylan Thomas, *Under Milk Wood*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp 39–40

2: Plays

2 – 9 Dylan Thomas: *Under Milk Wood* – continued

3.

Dylan Thomas, *Under Milk Wood*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp 56–57

3: Short stories

3 – 1 Thea Astley: *Hunting the Wild Pineapple*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Hunting the Wild Pineapple*.

1.

Thea Astley, *Hunting the Wild Pineapple*,
Penguin, 1981
pp 18–19

2.

Thea Astley, *Hunting the Wild Pineapple*,
Penguin, 1981
pp 66–67

3: Short stories

3 – 1 Thea Astley: *Hunting the Wild Pineapple* – continued

3.

Thea Astley, *Hunting the Wild Pineapple*,
Penguin, 1981
pp 82–83

3: Short stories

3 – 2 A S Byatt: *Sugar & Other Stories*

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

1.

A S Byatt, *Sugar & Other Stories*,
Vintage, 1995
pp 36–37

2.

A S Byatt, *Sugar & Other Stories*,
Vintage, 1995
pp 74–75

3: Short stories

3 – 2 A S Byatt: *Sugar & Other Stories* – continued

3.

A S Byatt, *Sugar & Other Stories*,
Vintage, 1995
pp 125–126

3: Short stories

3 – 3 D H Lawrence: *Three novellas: The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird*.

1.

The Fox

But though she belonged to him, though she lived in his shadow, as if she could not be away from him, she was not happy. She did not want to leave him: and yet she did not feel free with him. Everything around her seemed to watch her, seemed to press on her. He had won her, he had her with him, she was his wife. And she—she belonged to him, she knew it. But she was not glad. And he was still foiled. He realised that though he was married to her and possessed her in every possible way, apparently, and though she *wanted* him to possess her, she wanted it, she wanted nothing else, now, still he did not quite succeed.

Something was missing. Instead of her soul swaying with new life, it seemed to droop, to bleed, as if it were wounded. She would sit for a long time with her hand in his, looking away at the sea. And in her dark, vacant eyes was a sort of wound, and her face looked a little peaked. If he spoke to her, she would turn to him with a faint new smile, the strange, quivering little smile of a woman who has died in the old way of love, and can't quite rise to the new way. She still felt she ought to *do* something, to strain herself in some direction. And there was nothing to do, and no direction in which to strain herself. And she could not quite accept the submergence which his new love put upon her. If she was in love, she ought to *exert* herself, in some way, loving. She felt the weary need of our day to *exert* herself in love. But she knew that in fact she must no more exert herself in love. He would not have the love which exerted itself towards him. It made his brow go black. No, he wouldn't let her exert her love towards him. No, she had to be passive, to acquiesce, and to be submerged under the surface of love. She had to be like the seaweeds she saw as she peered down from the boat, swaying forever delicately under water, with all their delicate fibrils put tenderly out upon the flood, sensitive, utterly sensitive and receptive within the shadowy sea, and never, never rising and looking forth above water while they lived. Never. Never looking forth from the water until they died, only then washing, corpses, upon the surface. But while they lived, always submerged, always beneath the wave. Beneath the wave they might have powerful roots, stronger than iron, they might be tenacious and dangerous in their soft waving within the flood. Beneath the water they might be stronger, more indestructible than resistant oak trees are on land. But it was always under-water, always under-water. And she, being a woman, must be like that.

And she had been so used to the very opposite. She had had to take all the thought for love and for life, and all the responsibility.

* * *

2.

The Captain's Doll

Alexander wanted to climb on to the glacier. It was his one desire: to stand upon it. So under the pellucid wet wall they toiled among rocks upwards, to where the guide-track mounted the ice. Several other people were before them—mere day-tourists—and all uncertain about venturing any further. For the ice-slope rose steep and slithery, pure, sun-pocked, sweating ice. Still, it was like a curved back. One could scramble on to it, on and on up to the first level, like the flat on top of some huge paw.

There stood the little cluster of people, facing the uphill of sullen, pure, sodden-looking ice. They were all afraid: naturally. But being human, they all wanted to go beyond their fear. It was strange that the ice looked so pure, like flesh. Not bright, because the surface was soft like a soft, deep epidermis. But pure ice away down to immense depths.

Alexander, after some hesitation, began gingerly to try the ice. He was frightened of it. And he had no stick, and only smooth-soled boots. But he had a great desire to stand on the glacier. So, gingerly and shakily, he began to struggle a few steps up the pure slope. The ice was soft on the surface, he could kick his heel in it and get a little sideways grip. So, staggering and going sideways he got up a few yards, and was on the naked ice-slope.

Immediately the youths and the fat man below began to tackle it too: also two maidens. For some time, however, Alexander gingerly and scramblingly led the way. The slope of ice was steeper, and rounded, so that it was difficult to stand up in any way. Sometimes he slipped, and was clinging with burnt finger-ends to the soft ice-mass. Then he tried throwing his coat down, and getting a foot-hold on that. Then he went quite quickly by bending down and getting a little grip with his fingers, and going ridiculously as on four legs.

Hannele watched from below, and saw the ridiculous exhibition, and was frightened, and amused, but more frightened. And she kept calling, to the great joy of the Austrians down below:

"Come back. Do come back."

But when he got on to his feet again he only waved his hand at her, half crossly, as she stood away down there in her blue frock.—The other fellows with sticks and nail boots had now taken heart and were scrambling like crabs past our hero, doing better than he.

* * *

3: Short stories

3 – 3 D H Lawrence: *Three novellas: The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird* – continued

3.

The Ladybird

This was Daphne's home, where she had been born. She loved it with an ache of affection. But now it was hard to forget her dead brothers. She wandered about in the sun, with two old dogs paddling after her. She talked with everybody, gardener, groom, stableman, with the farm-hands. That filled a large part of her life—straying round talking with the work-people. They were of course respectful to her—but not at all afraid of her. They knew she was poor, that she could not afford a car or anything. So they talked to her very freely: perhaps a little too freely. Yet she let it be. It was her one passion at Thoresway, to hear the dependants talk and talk—about everything. The curious feeling of intimacy across a breach fascinated her. Their lives fascinated her: what they thought, what they *felt*.—There, what they felt. That fascinated her. There was a gamekeeper she could have loved—an impudent, ruddy-faced, laughing, ingratiating fellow; she could have loved him, if she had not been isolated beyond the breach of her birth, her culture, her consciousness. Her *consciousness* seemed to make a great gulf between her and the lower classes, the unconscious classes. She accepted it as her doom. She could never meet in real contact anyone but a super-conscious, finished being like herself: or like her husband: or her brothers. Her father had some of the unconscious dark blood-warmth of primitive people. But he was like a man who is damned. And the Count, of course. The Count had something that was hot and invisible, a dark flame of life that might warm the cold white fire of her own blood. But—.

They avoided each other. All three, they avoided one another. Basil too went off alone. Or he immersed himself in poetry. Sometimes he and the Count played billiards. Sometimes all three walked in the park. Often Basil and Daphne walked to the village, to post. But truly, they avoided one another, all three. The days slipped by.

At evening they sat together in the small west-room, that had books and a piano and comfortable shabby furniture of faded rose-coloured tapestry: a shabby room. Sometimes Basil read aloud. Sometimes the Count played the piano. And they talked. And Daphne stitch by stitch went on with a big embroidered bed-spread, which she might finish if she lived long enough. But they always went to bed early. They were really always avoiding one another.

* * *

4: Other literature

4 – 1 Anna Funder: *Stasiland*

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

1.

The day before the funeral Miriam and a friend took some of the wreaths she had received to the gravesite—there were too many to carry them all the next day. She noticed a fellow standing around, smoking, doing nothing much, watching.

A woman in the uniform of a cemetery official came up to her. ‘Are you with the Weber funeral?’

‘Yes.’

‘Well, I just wanted to say, don’t you get too upset tomorrow if there’s no laying-out, because it may just be that there isn’t.’

Miriam got her in full view, the smoker within earshot. ‘Let me tell you now, if there is no laying-out, there will be no funeral. I will call the whole thing off with everyone standing around here—I will make the kind of ruckus you have never seen. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?’

The next day there was a laying-out. Miriam says the coffin was far away, behind a thick pane of glass, and the whole thing was lit from below with purple neon light. ‘Even in that terrible light, I could still see his head injuries. And I could see his neck—they’d forgotten to cover it up. There were no strangulation marks, nothing.’ She looks across at me. ‘You’d think they would make sure to cover his neck if they wanted to stick with their story that he hanged himself, wouldn’t you?’ From there the coffin was sunk to another level and reappeared on a trolley wheeled by cemetery employees to the gravesite. All these details are slowed down in time, stuck in the amber of memory. In the minutes between the coffin sinking from view and re-emerging, she says, there would have been time for a body to be taken out.

‘A great many people were at the funeral,’ Miriam tells me, ‘but I think there were even more Stasi there.’ There was a van with long-range antennae for sound-recording equipment parked at the gates. There were men in the bushes with telephoto lenses. Everywhere you looked there were men with walkie-talkies. At the cemetery offices building work was going on: Stasi agents sat in pairs in the scaffolding.

‘Everyone, every single one of us was photographed. And you could see in advance the path the procession was to take from the chapel to the grave: it was marked at regular intervals all along by the Stasi men, just standing around.’ When they reached the grave, there were two of them sitting there on a trestle, ready to watch the whole thing. ‘As soon as the last person threw on their flowers,’ Miriam says, ‘the cemetery people started piling on the earth and it was too quick. It was just too quick.’

* * *

2.

‘My upbringing was so. . .’ he searches for the words, ‘so. . . GDR.’ His eyebrows move up and down. ‘Everything that was GDR-positive, that was me.’ Koch turns to a large cardboard box on the floor beside his desk. ‘My father put me on this track.’ He reaches into the box and pulls out a brownish photograph of his father in army uniform, with the expression men in armed services pictures often have, as if they are already elsewhere. Then he goes back to the box and produces a school report. He flashes it at me and I see the old-style gothic handwriting. Koch starts to read: ‘Hagen was a diligent and orderly pupil . . .’ And then he reads on through the report. We are right back at the beginning of his life. I look at the box, and the box is deep. It seems this afternoon we are going to go through it piece by plastic-wrapped piece.

‘You have to understand,’ he says, ‘in the context of my father, and of the propaganda of the Cold War—the GDR was like a religion. It was something I was brought up to believe in. . .’

He speaks passionately and loudly, although I am sitting close to him and the room is small. I watch him waving his arms and my microphone. He brings out more photographs and more documents and I hear him say, ‘You can see here after the war we had no mattresses, holes in our socks. . .’

But I am mulling over the idea of the GDR as an article of faith. Communism, at least of the East German variety, was a closed system of belief. It was a universe in a vacuum, complete with its own self-created hells and heavens, its punishments and redemptions meted out right here on earth. Many of the punishments were simply for lack of belief, or even suspected lack of belief. Disloyalty was calibrated in the minutest of signs: the antenna turned to receive western television, the red flag not hung out on May Day, someone telling an off-colour joke about Honecher just to stay sane.

I remember Sister Eugenia at school, with her tight sausage-fingers, explaining the ‘leap of faith’ that was required before the closed universe of Catholicism would make any sense. Her fingers made the leap, pink and unlikely, as we children drew the ‘fruits of the holy spirit’—a banana for redemption, as I recall—and all I could think of was a sausage-person walking off a cliff-top, believing all the time the hand of God would scoop him up. The sense of having someone examine your inner worth, the violence of the idea that it can in fact be measured, was the same. God could see inside you to reckon whether your faith was enough to save you. The Stasi could see inside your life too, only they had a lot more sons on earth to help.

* * *

4: Other literature

4 – 1 Anna Funder: *Stasiland* – continued

3.

The dark man appears to be the most senior person here. He has deep-set eyes and a calm voice. The others listen closely when he speaks. He says, 'Sometimes the satisfaction is in knowing that when people find out what happened to them it might give them some peace of mind—why they lost their place at the university, or what happened to the uncle who disappeared or whatever. It gives those affected an insight into their own lives.'

The others pour coffee and pass long-life milk down the table. I imagine getting more news about myself from a file. You would come to think of your past as a landscape you travelled through without noticing the signs.

'I think at the end the Stasi had so much information,' the fair man says, 'that they thought everyone was an enemy, because everyone was under observation. I don't think they knew who was for them, or against, or whether everyone was just shutting up.' He is shy and looks at his hands, closed around his coffee mug, when he speaks. 'When I find a file where they've been watching a family in their living room for twenty years I ask myself: what sort of people are they who want all this knowledge for themselves?'

'Are you moved by what you find sometimes?' I ask.

The young woman answers, 'When I find love letters I think, good grief, they really opened everything—and how many hands did these pass through? How many times were they copied? I'd hate for that to have happened to me. I don't feel too good about seeing them myself when I piece them together.'

The dark man says he is most shocked by how the Stasi used people's own distress against them. 'When they were in prison, for instance, offering to let them out on condition that they spy for the Stasi.' I think of Koch's father having to change political parties or be exiled to a Russian camp, or Frau Paul, who could have been bait in a trap to catch a westerner, and even of Julia, imprisoned in her country and offered freedom within it only if she would inform on the people in her life. I think of the generational cycles of tragedy the Germans have been inflicting on themselves.

'But this is not about the individuals,' the dark man continues. 'It is about a system that so manipulated people that it drove them to do these things. It shows how people can be used against one another. I'm reluctant to condemn them because the Stasi were also manipulated, they too needed jobs.' The others are nodding. 'On the other hand,' he says, 'there were lots of people who just said no. Not everyone can be bought.' He tells of an engineer who refused to inform, 'And nothing more happened to him. The file was simply closed.'

* * *

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Michael McGirr: *Bypass: The Story of a Road*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Bypass: The Story of a Road*.

1.

Michael McGirr, *Bypass: The Story of a Road*,
Pan Macmillan, 2005
pp 20–21

2.

Michael McGirr, *Bypass: The Story of a Road*,
Pan Macmillan, 2005
pp 175–176

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Michael McGirr: *Bypass: The Story of a Road* – continued

3.

Michael McGirr, *Bypass: The Story of a Road*,
Pan Macmillan, 2005
pp 245–246

4: Other literature

4 – 3 Tobias Wolff: *This Boy's Life*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *This Boy's Life*.

1.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,
Bloomsbury, 1989
pp 79–80

2.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,
Bloomsbury, 1989
pp 180–181

4: Other literature

4 – 3 Tobias Wolff: *This Boy's Life* – continued

3.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,
Bloomsbury, 1989
pp 231–232

5: Poetry

5 – 1 W H Auden: *Selected Poems*

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

1.

W H Auden, *Selected Poems*,
Ed. Edward Mendelson, Faber & Faber, 1979
pp 50–51

2.

W H Auden, *Selected Poems*,
Ed. Edward Mendelson, Faber & Faber, 1979
pp 95–96

5: Poetry

5 – 1 W H Auden: *Selected Poems* – continued

3.

W H Auden, *Selected Poems*,
Ed. Edward Mendelson, Faber & Faber, 1979

p 237

5: Poetry

5 – 2 Judith Beveridge: *Wolf Notes*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Judith Beveridge.

1.

The Saffron Picker

*To produce one kilogram of saffron, it
is necessary to pick 150,000 crocuses*

Soon, she'll crouch again above each crocus,
feel how the scales set by fate, by misfortune
are an awesome tonnage: a weight opposing

time. Soon, the sun will transpose its shadows
onto the faces of her children. She knows
equations: how many stigmas balance each

day with the next; how many days divvy up
the one meal; how many rounds of a lustrous
table the sun must go before enough yellow

makes a spoonful heavy. She spreads a cloth,
calls to the competing zeroes of her children's
mouths. An apronful becomes her standard –

and those purple fields of unfair equivalence.
Always that weight in her apron: the indivisible
hunger that never has the levity of flowers.

* * *

2.

Woman and Child

They listen to the myna birds dicker in the grass.

The child's blue shoes are caked with
garden dirt. When he runs, she sees the antics
of a pair of wrens. She works the garden,

a pot of rusting gardenias has given off its ales
and infused the danker germinations of her
grief. She watches her son chase pigeons,
kick at the leaves piled high. Now, a magpie

adds to his cascades of laughter as he runs with
the hose, pours a fine spray, happy to be giving
to the grass this silver courtship. She sighs,
watches the drops settle in. Today, who

can explain the sadness she feels. Surely this
day is to be treasured: the sun out, the breeze
like a cat's tongue licking a moon of milk;
her son expending himself in small, public

bursts, happy among clover where bees hover,
and unfold centrefolds of nectar. Today,
who can explain the heaviness in her head, as if
all her worries were tomes toward a larger work,

one she knows she will never finish, but to which
she must keep adding, thought by thought.

* * *

5: Poetry

5 – 2 Judith Beveridge: *Wolf Notes* – continued

3.

A Way

A winter here and a summer there
Old heron on a little lake without fish
Neither nudism nor matted hair

*

Old heron on a little lake without fish
Homes are miserable, hard to leave
A winter here and a summer there

*

Homes are miserable, hard to leave
Do not let your mind dwell on desire
Old heron on a little lake without fish

*

Do not let your mind dwell on desire
There is a way to the end of misery
Homes are miserable, hard to leave

*

There is a way to the end of misery
Neither nudism nor matted hair
Do not let your mind dwell on desire

*

A person's chest rises, then falls
A cartwheel follows the foot of an ox
There is a way to the end of misery

*

A cartwheel follows the foot of an ox
Do not let your mind dwell on desire
A person's chest rises, then falls

*

Do not let your mind dwell on desire
The aftertaste and the memory
A cartwheel follows the foot of an ox

*

The aftertaste and the memory
A winter here and a summer there
Do not let your mind dwell on desire

*

A winter here and a summer there
Homes are miserable, hard to leave
The aftertaste and the memory

* * *

5: Poetry

5 – 3 John Donne: *Selected Poetry*

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

1.

John Donne, *Selected Poems*,
Oxford World's Classics, 1996

p 95

2.

John Donne, *Selected Poems*,
Oxford World's Classics, 1996

pp 112–113

5: Poetry

5 – 3 John Donne: *Selected Poetry* – continued

3.

John Donne, *Selected Poems*,
Oxford World's Classics, 1996

p 201

5: Poetry

5 – 4 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Gwen Harwood.

1.

A Kitchen Poem

The farmer to his wife

Now the land shawls itself in gloom.

The mountain puts enchantment on.

I sit in this plain-spoken room,
and soon the cares of day are gone:

crows, starlings, eelworm, codlin moth,
all nature's murderous hosts are sweeping
from thought upon night's tide like froth.

Now tired with light my son is sleeping.

Too great with child to sit at ease
beside the window stands my wife
dreaming herself away from these
four walls to scintillating life,

where brats and all their fierce demands
don't happen. Brains are put to use.
Where tongues are cool with wit, and hands
unstained by work or walnut-juice.

Dear wife, let keen bluestockings grieve
over their academic wrongs;
astringent lady poets leave
the real world for unreal songs;

career-mad women reaffirm
their stand against male dominance;
elegant busybodies worm
scandal from every careless glance.

Used to each other as to air
we do not speak. But over all
my ripening fields and orchards where
Orion leads a waterfall

of stars, and dying summer's led
to fruitfulness, your beauty lies.
Children and work and daily bread
are rich beneath your royal skies.

* * *

2.

The Lion's Bride

I loved her softness, her warm human smell,
her dark mane flowing loose. Sometimes stirred by
rank longing laid my muzzle on her thigh.
Her father, faithful keeper, fed me well,
but she came daily with our special bowl
barefoot into my cage, and set it down:
our love feast. We became the talk of town,
brute king and tender woman, soul to soul.

Until today: an icy spectre sheathed
in silk minced to my side on pointed feet.
I ripped the scented veil from its unreal
head and engorged the painted lips that breathed
our secret names. A ghost has bones, and meat!
Come soon my love, my bride, and share this meal.

* * *

5: Poetry

5 – 4 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems* – continued

3.

The Twins

Three years old when their mother died
in what my grandmother called
accouchement, my father labour,
they heard the neighbours intone
“A mercy the child went with her.”

Their father raised them somehow.
No one could tell them apart.
At seven they sat in school
in their rightful place, at the top
of the class, the first to respond
with raised arm and finger-flick.

When one gave the answer, her sister
repeated it under her breath.
An inspector accused them of cheating,
but later, in front of the class,
declared himself sorry, and taught us
a marvellous word: *telepathic*.

On Fridays, the story went,
they slept in the shed, barred in
from their father’s rage as he drank
his dead wife back to his house.
For the rest of the week he was sober
and proud. My grandmother gave them
a basket of fruit. He returned it.
“We manage. We don’t need help.”

They could wash their own hair, skin rabbits,
milk the cow, make porridge, clean boots.

Unlike most of the class I had shoes,
clean handkerchiefs, ribbons, a toothbrush.
We all shared the schoolsorens and nits
and the language I learned to forget
at the gate of my welcoming home.

One day as I sat on the fence
my pinafore goffered, my hair
still crisp from the curlers, the twins
came by. I scuttled away
so I should not have to share
my Saturday sweets. My mother
saw me, and slapped me, and offered
the bag to the twins, who replied
one aloud and one sotto voce,
“No thank you. We don’t like lollies.”

They lied in their greenish teeth
as they knew, and we knew.

Good angel

give me that morning again
and let me share, and spare me
the shame of my parents’ rebuke.

If there are multiple worlds
then let there be one with an ending

quite other than theirs: leaving school
too early and coming to grief.

Or if this is our one life sentence,
hold them in innocence, writing
Our Father which art in Heaven
in copperplate, or drawing
(their work being done) the same picture
on the backs of their slates: a foursquare
house where a smiling woman
winged like an angel welcomes
two children home from school.

* * *

5: Poetry

5 – 5 John Keats: *The Major Works*

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

1.

John Keats, *The Major Works*,
Oxford World Classics, 2001

p 25

2.

John Keats, *The Major Works*,
Oxford World Classics, 2001

pp 273–274

5: Poetry

5 – 5 John Keats: *The Major Works* – continued

3.

John Keats, *The Major Works*,
Oxford World Classics, 2001

pp 285–286

5: Poetry

5 – 6 Philip Larkin: *Collected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Philip Larkin.

1.

Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*,
The Marvell Press and Faber & Faber, 2003
p 83

2.

Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*,
The Marvell Press and Faber & Faber, 2003
pp 92–93

5: Poetry

5 – 6 Philip Larkin: *Collected Poems* – continued

3.

Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*,
The Marvell Press and Faber & Faber, 2003
pp 111–112

Assessment criteria

The examination will address all of the criteria. All students will be examined against the following criteria.

1. Understanding of the text demonstrated in a relevant and plausible interpretation.
2. Ability to write expressively and coherently to present an interpretation.
3. Understanding of how views and values may be suggested in the text.
4. Analysis of how key passages and/or moments in the text contribute to an interpretation.
5. Analysis of the features of a text and how they contribute to an interpretation.
6. Analysis and close reading of textual details to support a coherent and detailed interpretation of the text.

A checklist for planning and revising

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

Have I written on texts from two different parts?

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

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

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

Have I expressed myself effectively and appropriately?

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

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

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?

END OF TASK BOOK

