



Victorian Certificate of Education 2004

LITERATURE

Written examination

Thursday 4 November 2004

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

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

TASK BOOK

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

Materials supplied

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

The task

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

Each text must be chosen from a different part.

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

At the end of the task

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

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

Instructions

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

The list is divided into five parts.

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

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

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1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Pride and Prejudice*

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

1.

When the dancing recommenced, however, and Darcy approached to claim her hand, Charlotte could not help cautioning her in a whisper not to be a simpleton and allow her fancy for Wickham to make her appear unpleasant in the eyes of a man of ten times his consequence. Elizabeth made no answer, and took her place in the set, amazed at the dignity to which she was arrived in being allowed to stand opposite to Mr. Darcy, and reading in her neighbours' looks their equal amazement in beholding it. They stood for some time without speaking a word; and she began to imagine that their silence was to last through the two dances, and at first was resolved not to break it; till suddenly fancying that it would be the greater punishment to her partner to oblige him to talk, she made some slight observation on the dance. He replied, and was silent again. After a pause of some minutes she addressed him a second time with

"It is *your* turn to say something now, Mr. Darcy.—*I* talked about the dance, and *you* ought to make some kind of remark on the size of the room, or the number of couples."

He smiled, and assured her that whatever she wished him to say should be said.

"Very well.—That reply will do for the present.—Perhaps by and bye I may observe that private balls are much pleasanter than public ones.—But *now* we may be silent."

"Do you talk by rule then, while you are dancing?"

"Sometimes. One must speak a little, you know. It would look odd to be entirely silent for half an hour together, and yet for the advantage of *some*, conversation ought to be so arranged as that they may have the trouble of saying as little as possible."

"Are you consulting your own feelings in the present case, or do you imagine that you are gratifying mine?"

"Both," replied Elizabeth archly; "for I have always seen a great similarity in the turn of our minds.—We are each of an unsocial, taciturn disposition, unwilling to speak, unless we expect to say something that will amaze the whole room, and be handed down to posterity with all the eclat of a proverb."

"This is no very striking resemblance of your own character, I am sure," said he. "How near it may be to *mine*, I cannot pretend to say.—*You* think it a faithful portrait undoubtedly."

"I must not decide on my own performance."

* * * *

2.

"Engaged to Mr. Collins! my dear Charlotte,—impossible!"

The steady countenance which Miss Lucas had commanded in telling her story, gave way to a momentary confusion here on receiving so direct a reproach; though, as it was no more than she expected, she soon regained her composure, and calmly replied,

"Why should you be surprised, my dear Eliza?—Do you think it incredible that Mr. Collins should be able to procure any woman's good opinion, because he was not so happy as to succeed with you?"

But Elizabeth had now recollected herself, and making a strong effort for it, was able to assure her with tolerable firmness that the prospect of their relationship was highly grateful to her, and that she wished her all imaginable happiness.

"I see what you are feeling," replied Charlotte,—"*you* must be surprised, very much surprised,—so lately as Mr. Collins was wishing to marry you. But when you have had time to think it all over, I hope you will be satisfied with what I have done. I am not romantic you know. I never was. I ask only a comfortable home; and considering Mr. Collins's character, connections, and situation in life, I am convinced that my chance of happiness with him is as fair, as most people can boast on entering the marriage state."

Elizabeth quietly answered "Undoubtedly;"—and after an awkward pause, they returned to the rest of the family. Charlotte did not stay much longer, and Elizabeth was then left to reflect on what she had heard. It was a long time before she became at all reconciled to the idea of so unsuitable a match. The strangeness of Mr. Collins's making two offers of marriage within three days, was nothing in comparison of his being now accepted. She had always felt that Charlotte's opinion of matrimony was not exactly like her own, but she could not have supposed it possible that when called into action, she would have sacrificed every better feeling to worldly advantage. Charlotte the wife of Mr. Collins, was a most humiliating picture!—And to the pang of a friend disgracing herself and sunk in her esteem, was added the distressing conviction that it was impossible for that friend to be tolerably happy in the lot she had chosen.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

3.

I know your disposition, Lizzy. I know that you could be neither happy nor respectable, unless you truly esteemed your husband; unless you looked up to him as a superior. Your lively talents would place you in the greatest danger in an unequal marriage. You could scarcely escape discredit and misery. My child, let me not have the grief of seeing *you* unable to respect your partner in life. You know not what you are about.”

Elizabeth, still more affected, was earnest and solemn in her reply; and at length, by repeated assurances that Mr. Darcy was really the object of her choice, by explaining the gradual change which her estimation of him had undergone, relating her absolute certainty that his affection was not the work of a day, but had stood the test of many months suspense, and enumerating with energy all his good qualities, she did conquer her father’s incredulity, and reconcile him to the match.

“Well, my dear,” said he, when she ceased speaking, “I have no more to say. If this be the case, he deserves you. I could not have parted with you, my Lizzy, to any one less worthy.”

To complete the favourable impression, she then told him what Mr. Darcy had voluntarily done for Lydia. He heard her with astonishment.

“This is an evening of wonders, indeed! And so, Darcy did every thing; made up the match, gave the money, paid the fellow’s debts, and got him his commission! So much the better. It will save me a world of trouble and economy. Had it been your uncle’s doing, I must and *would* have paid him; but these violent young lovers carry every thing their own way. I shall offer to pay him to-morrow; he will rant and storm about his love for you, and there will be an end of the matter.”

He then recollected her embarrassment a few days before, on his reading Mr. Collins’s letter; and after laughing at her some time, allowed her at last to go—saying, as she quitted the room, “If any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure.”

Elizabeth’s mind was now relieved from a very heavy weight; and, after half an hour’s quiet reflection in her own room, she was able to join the others with tolerable composure. Every thing was too recent for gaiety, but the evening passed tranquilly away; there was no longer any thing material to be dreaded, and the comfort of ease and familiarity would come in time.

When her mother went up to her dressing-room at night, she followed her, and made the important communication. Its effect was most extraordinary; for on first hearing it, Mrs. Bennet sat quite still, and unable to utter a syllable. Nor was it under many, many minutes, that she could comprehend what she heard; though not in general backward to credit what was for the advantage of her family, or that came in the shape of a lover to any of them. She began at length to recover, to fidget about in her chair, get up, sit down again, wonder, and bless herself.

“Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy! Who would have thought it! And is it really true? Oh! my sweetest Lizzy! how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane’s is nothing to it—nothing at all.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 2 Georgia Blain: *Closed for Winter*

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

1.

Georgia Blain, *Closed for Winter*,
Penguin, 1998

pp 52–53

2.

Georgia Blain, *Closed for Winter*,
Penguin, 1998

pp 128–130

1: Novels

1 – 2 Georgia Blain: *Closed for Winter* – continued

3.

Georgia Blain, *Closed for Winter*,
Penguin, 1998

pp 219–220

1: Novels

1 – 3 Joseph Conrad: *Heart of Darkness*

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

1.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, ‘followed the sea’ with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it has borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled – the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen’s Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bound on other conquests – and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith – the adventurers and the settlers; kings’ ships and the ships of men on ‘Change; captains, admirals, the dark ‘interlopers’ of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned ‘generals’ of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! . . . The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

* * * *

2.

‘We two whites stood over him, and his lustrous and inquiring glance enveloped us both. I declare it looked as though he would presently put to us some question in an understandable language; but he died without uttering a sound, without moving a limb, without twitching a muscle. Only in the very last moment, as though in response to some sign we could not see, to some whisper we could not hear, he frowned heavily, and that frown gave to his black death-mask an inconceivably sombre, brooding, and menacing expression. The lustre of inquiring glance faded swiftly into vacant glassiness. “Can you steer?” I asked the agent eagerly. He looked very dubious; but I made a grab at his arm, and he understood at once I meant him to steer whether or no. To tell you the truth, I was morbidly anxious to change my shoes and socks. “He is dead,” murmured the fellow, immensely impressed. “No doubt about it,” said I, tugging like mad at the shoelaces. “And, by the way, I suppose Mr Kurtz is dead as well by this time.”

‘For the moment that was the dominant thought. There was a sense of extreme disappointment, as though I had found out I had been striving after something altogether without a substance. I couldn’t have been more disgusted if I had travelled all this way for the sole purpose of talking with Mr Kurtz. Talking with . . . I flung one shoe overboard, and became aware that that was exactly what I had been looking forward to – a talk with Kurtz. I made the strange discovery that I had never imagined him as doing, you know, but as discoursing. I didn’t say to myself, “Now I will never see him,” or “Now I will never shake him by the hand,” but, “Now I will never hear him.” The man presented himself as a voice. Not of course that I did not connect him with some sort of action. Hadn’t I been told in all the tones of jealousy and admiration that he had collected, bartered, swindled, or stolen more ivory than all the other agents together. That was not the point. The point was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood out pre-eminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words – the gift of expression, the bewildering, the illuminating, the most exalted and the most contemptible, the pulsating stream of light, or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 3 Joseph Conrad: *Heart of Darkness* – continued

3.

“You were his friend,” she went on. “His friend,” she repeated, a little louder. “You must have been, if he had given you this, and sent you to me. I feel I can speak to you – and oh! I must speak. I want you – you who have heard his last words – to know I have been worthy of him. . . . It is not pride. . . . Yes! I am proud to know I understood him better than any one on earth – he told me so himself. And since his mother died I have had no one – no one – to – to—”

‘I listened. The darkness deepened. I was not even sure whether he had given me the right bundle. I rather suspect he wanted me to take care of another batch of his papers which, after his death, I saw the manager examining under the lamp. And the girl talked, easing her pain in the certitude of my sympathy; she talked as thirsty men drink. I had heard that her engagement with Kurtz had been disapproved by her people. He wasn’t rich enough or something. And indeed I don’t know whether he had not been a pauper all his life. He had given me some reason to infer that it was his impatience of comparative poverty that drove him out there.

“ . . . Who was not his friend who had heard him speak once?” she was saying. “He drew men towards him by what was best in them.” She looked at me with intensity. “It is the gift of the great,” she went on, and the sound of her low voice seemed to have the accompaniment of all the other sounds, full of mystery, desolation, and sorrow, I had ever heard – the ripple of the river, the sighing of the trees swayed by the wind, the murmurs of wild crowds, the faint ring of incomprehensible words cried from afar, the whisper of a voice speaking from beyond the threshold of an eternal darkness. “But you have heard him! You know!” she cried.

“Yes, I know,” I said with something like despair in my heart, but bowing my head before the faith that was in her, before that great and saving illusion that shone with an unearthly glow in the darkness, in the triumphant darkness from which I could not have defended her – from which I could not even defend myself.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 4 E M Forster: *Howards End*

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

1.

E M Forster, *Howards End*,
Penguin, 2001
pp 95–96

2.

E M Forster, *Howards End*,
Penguin, 2001
pp 217–218

1: Novels

1 – 4 E M Forster: *Howards End* – continued

3.

E M Forster, *Howards End*,
Penguin, 2001
pp 315–316

1: Novels

1 – 5 Giuseppe di Lampedusa: *The Leopard*

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

1.

As they ate in silence the Prince's blue eyes, narrowed behind half-closed lids, stared at his children one by one and numbered them with fear.

But, "A fine family," he was thinking. The girls plump, glowing, with gay little dimples, and between the forehead and nose that frown which was the hereditary mark of the Salina; the males slim but wiry, wearing an expression of fashionable melancholy as they wielded knives and forks with subdued violence. One of them had been away for two years: Giovanni, the second son, the most loved, the most difficult. One fine day he had vanished from home and there had been no news of him for two months. Then a cold but respectful letter arrived from London with apologies for any anxiety he had caused, reassurances about his health, and the strange statement that he preferred a modest life as clerk in a coal depot to a pampered (read: "fettered") existence in the ease of Palermo. Often a twinge of anxiety for the errant youth in that foggy and heretical city would prick the Prince's heart and torture him. His face grew darker than ever.

It grew so dark that the Princess, sitting next to him, put out her childlike hand and stroked the powerful paw reposing on the tablecloth. A thoughtless gesture, which loosed a whole chain of reactions in him; irritation at being pitied, then a surge of sensuality, not however directed towards her who had aroused it. Into the Prince's mind flashed a picture of Mariannina with her head deep in a pillow. He raised a dry voice: "Domenico," he said to a lackey, "go and tell Don Antonio to harness the bays in the brougham; I'll be going down to Palermo immediately after dinner." A glance into his wife's eyes, which had gone glassy, made him regret his order: but as it was quite out of the question to withdraw instructions already given, he persevered and even added a jeer to his cruelty; "Father Pirrone, you will come with me; we'll be back by eleven; you can spend a couple of hours at your Mother-house with your friends."

There could obviously be no valid reason for visiting Palermo at night in those disordered times, except some low love-adventure; and taking the family chaplain as companion was sheer offensive arrogance. So at least Father Pirrone felt, and was offended, though of course he acquiesced.

The last medlar had scarcely been eaten when the carriage wheels were heard crunching under the porch; in the hall, as a lackey handed the Prince his top hat and the Jesuit his tricorn, the Princess, now on the verge of tears, made a last attempt to hold him – vain as ever: "But Fabrizio, in times like these . . . with the streets full of soldiers, of hooligans . . . why, anything might happen."

* * * *

2.

"And you, Don Ciccio, how did you vote on the twenty-first?"

The poor man started; taken by surprise at a moment when he was outside the stockade of precautions in which like each of his fellow townsmen he usually moved, he hesitated, not knowing what to reply.

The Prince mistook for alarm what was really only surprise, and felt irritated. "Well, what are you afraid of? There's no one here but us, the wind and the dogs."

The list of reassuring witnesses was not really happily chosen; wind is a gossip by definition, the Prince was half Sicilian. Only the dogs were absolutely trustworthy and that only because they lacked articulate speech. But Don Ciccio had now recovered; his peasant astuteness had suggested the right reply – nothing at all. "Excuse me, Excellency, but there's no point in your question. You know that everyone in Donnafugata voted 'yes'."

Don Fabrizio did know this; and that was why this reply merely changed a small enigma into an enigma of history. Before the voting many had come to him for advice; all of them had been exhorted, sincerely, to vote "yes". Don Fabrizio, in fact, could not see what else there was to do: whether treating it as a *fait accompli* or as an act merely theatrical and banal, whether taking it as historical necessity or considering the trouble these humble folk might get into if their negative attitude were known. He had noticed, though, that not all had been convinced by his words; into play had come the abstract Machiavellianism of Sicilians, which so often induced these people, with all their generosity, to erect complex barricades on the most fragile of foundations. Like clinics adept at treatment based on fundamentally false analyses of blood and urine which they are too lazy to rectify, the Sicilians (of that time) ended by killing off the patient, that is themselves, by a niggling and hair-splitting rarely connected with any real understanding of the problems involved, or even of their interlocutors. Some of these who had made a visit *ad limina leopardorum* considered it impossible for a Prince of Salina to vote in favour of the Revolution (as the recent changes were still called in those remote parts), and they interpreted his advice as ironical, intended to effect a result in practice opposite to his words. These pilgrims (and they were the best) had come out of his study winking at each other – as far as their respect for him would allow – proud at having penetrated the meaning of the princely words, and rubbing their hands in self-congratulation at their own perspicacity just when this was most completely in eclipse.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 5 Giuseppe di Lampedusa: *The Leopard* – continued

3.

They were the most moving sight there, two young people in love dancing together, blind to each other's defects, deaf to the warnings of fate, deluding themselves that the whole course of their lives would be as smooth as the ballroom floor, unknowing actors set to play the parts of Juliet and Romeo by a director who had concealed the fact that tomb and poison were already in the script. Neither was good, each self-interested, turgid with secret aims; yet there was something sweet and touching about them both; those murky but ingenuous ambitions of theirs were obliterated by the words of jesting tenderness he was murmuring in her ear, by the scent of hair, by the mutual clasp of those bodies destined to die.

The two young people drew away, other couples passed, less handsome, just as moving, each submerged in their passing blindness. Don Fabrizio felt his heart thaw; his disgust gave way to compassion for all these ephemeral beings out to enjoy the tiny ray of light granted them between two shades, before the cradle, after the last spasms. How could one inveigh against those sure to die? It would be as vile as those fishvenders insulting the condemned in the Piazza del Mercato sixty years before. Even the female monkeys on the *poufs*, even those old boobies of friends were poor wretches, condemned and touching as the cattle lowing through city streets at night on their way to the slaughter-house; to the ears of each of them would one day come that tinkle he had heard three hours before behind San Domenico. Nothing could be decently hated except eternity.

And then these people filling the rooms, all these faded women, all these stupid men, these two vainglorious sexes were part of his blood, part of himself; only they could really understand him, only with them could he be at ease. "I may be more intelligent, I'm certainly more cultivated than they are, but I come from the same stock, with them I must make common cause."

He noticed Don Calogero talking to Giovanni Finale about a possible rise in the price of cheese and how in the hope of this beatific event his eyes had gone liquid and gentle. Don Fabrizio could slip away without remorse.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 6 William Maxwell: *So Long, See You Tomorrow*

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

1.

William Maxwell, *So Long, See You Tomorrow*,
Harper Collins, 1998
pp 11–12

2.

William Maxwell, *So Long, See You Tomorrow*,
Harper Collins, 1998
pp 55–56

1: Novels

1 – 6 William Maxwell: *So Long, See You Tomorrow* – continued

3.

William Maxwell, *So Long, See You Tomorrow*,
Harper Collins, 1998
pp 133–134

1: Novels

1 – 7 Claire Messud: *The Last Life*

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

1.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*,
Picador, 1999
pp 76–77

2.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*,
Picador, 1999
pp 123–124

1: Novels

1 – 7 Claire Messud: *The Last Life* – continued

3.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*,
Picador, 1999
pp 325–326

1: Novels

1 – 8 Alex Miller: *Conditions of Faith*

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

1.

They fell silent. The woman in the courtyard picked up her basket and folded her chair and went out under the covered way. The bell of Saint-Pierre-du-Gros-Caillou was tolling. Georges said, 'I'll take my report into the office in the morning and give Jean-Pierre a chance to read it before getting it typed. He's sure to have some good suggestions. I'll only be gone for an hour or two. I'll be back by midday. We can have lunch and do some sight-seeing.'

'I'd enjoy that.' She turned to him. 'But I don't need to be entertained. You're not going to have to change your life to fit it around me.' She reached and touched his cheek. 'Promise not to worry about me. You have your work.'

'I'll be home by midday,' he said firmly. 'We'll go out together.' He went over and fetched the pewter swan ashtray from the low table and held it out for her. She stubbed out her cigarette. She waited for him, seeing that he wished to speak of something.

'I didn't telephone Mother from Le Havre this morning.'

She watched him grind his cigarette between the spread wings of the swan and waited for him to go on.

He put the ashtray on the windowsill and looked at her. 'I need a chance to feel I'm actually back in Paris before facing my mother. I'm not just putting it off. The deck still seems to be heaving about, doesn't it?'

'It's not all going to be as easy as today has been, is it?'

He frowned. 'Mother's going to be all right. I'm sure of it.' He sounded just a little defensive. 'I need to feel I'm steady on my feet before I speak to her. That's all.'

'Chartres,' Emily said, considering the word.

'It's just a country town.'

'No. I know it's more than that. You can't say Chartres like you can say Mansfield or Wollongong. It's not the same thing at all.'

'Well,' he said. 'We'll see.' He gestured at the pieces of their luggage that lay about the floor. 'Let's leave this till tomorrow and go out and have a drink and get something to eat. I'm starving. Come on, Paris is waiting for you. Forget Chartres. We'll have more than enough of Chartres before we're finished.'

* * * *

2.

'Part of the handle from an Islamic drinking bowl. Five hundred years later than that piece in your hand.' He stood up and watched her. 'We don't have to move from this spot. It's all here.' He pointed. 'There's the lip of a Punic amphora over there. Second century B.C.' He gazed around. 'It's everywhere. In Tunisia you can ignore history but you can't avoid stepping on it.'

She said, 'I'll keep these.'

He looked at the fragments in the palm of her hand. 'You were only one generation out. It was my father who was the labourer. He worked for Antoine's father all his life. My father ignored our history. When he died, he had nothing.'

They looked at each other in silence.

'That's the lesson of the shards,' he said. 'If you ignore history, you stay in the dust. The soul of the Arab is in the dust today.'

She looked again at the pieces in her hand.

He turned toward the sunlit arena. 'Here's your friend, Monsieur Antoine Carpeaux, the magnanimous giver of gifts from the dust.'

She stood up. Antoine was hurrying across the arena toward them. He waved his hat when he saw her and she raised her hand. Her ankle was throbbing. She turned to Hakim and handed him the glass with its thick wad of green sodden mint leaves. 'Thank you for the tea.'

He took the glass from her. He looked miserable suddenly. 'What were you doing?'

Their eyes met.

'I don't know.'

'Why did you throw stones into the excavation, then go in after them? You must have had a reason for doing it.' He waited. 'What did you come here for?' he asked her with sudden bluntness.

'I came to have a rest from Paris.'

He laughed loudly. 'That filthy hole you just went into was the prison they kept Vibia Perpetua in after she'd been condemned to the beasts. If you ask Delattre, he'll tell you she was a martyr of the Holy Roman Church. The Christians claimed her and made a saint of her. But I say she was a misunderstood Berber woman and her life was a mystery. She was a young married woman from a respectable family and she waited for days in there to die in the arena and no one really knows why. It must have stunk then the way it stinks now. Flies and blood and rotting carcasses piled up all over the place. People and animals waiting to die. They let her keep her baby with her, but she chose to give the baby up and die alone. And while she waited to die she quietly composed a journal. A record of her imprisonment. Condemned to the beasts, the Romans called it. *Damnatio ad bestias*. It always makes me think of being condemned to become the beast, rather than to be killed by one. Condemned to become the beast in yourself.' He looked at her. 'Do you think that might be our fate?'

'The fate of the Arabs, you mean?'

He examined her appreciatively. 'Some poor devil stole a sheep and slaughtered it in there a few days ago. Food for his little family. It's all the same, isn't it? What's changed?'

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 8 Alex Miller: *Conditions of Faith* – continued

3.

‘I don’t know that you did understand. I don’t know that I understood myself.’ He looked at her. ‘It might sound heartless but Mother’s death has made me feel free. When my father died out there in Panama when I was a boy of eleven, I felt responsible for Mother and for the life I knew she expected to lead. I never questioned my responsibility to her. I accepted that I’d provide for her, now my father had gone.’ He slid his thumb and forefinger along the spill, extinguishing the flame. He replaced the spill in the blue glass vase. ‘We were poor. He left her debts and these bits and pieces. It must have been humiliating for her to have to come back to Chartres and rely on the spinster sister she’d left behind twelve years earlier.’ He turned and ashed his cigar in the coals and stood looking down at the fire. ‘I never really knew my father. He was always away in some foreign place supervising the construction of a road or a bridge or a canal. He wrote to me regularly. I kept all his letters. They’re upstairs here somewhere with my old school notebooks. It’s probably time to throw them out . . . I imagined him as he described himself, but I didn’t know him and he didn’t know me. We imagined each other. He was the ideal engineer to me, out there building the civilized world, and I was the perfect son for him, believing everything he told me and dreaming of being him one day. But if you ask me to remember his smell or his laugh or the way he ate or . . . I don’t remember ever being alone with him. I used to think I was like him. It was a coincidence that the year of his death was also the year of John Bradfield’s Sydney Harbour Bridge competition. At the Academy in Glasgow we were all going to be engineers. It was all we ever talked about. Our heroes weren’t Scott and Amundsen. Our heroes were Isambard Kingdom Brunel and John Augustus Roebling. Engineers who’d constructed enormous objects that had changed forever the way cities looked and people lived. We all thought we could do it.’ He paused and drew deeply on his cigar. ‘But that’s Bradfield, not me. He’s one of them. He’s like that. John Bradfield is Australia’s Brunel or Roebling. It will be a privilege to work alongside him. He’s still there after all these years, the war and everything, struggling to build his bridge. Believing in it with a kind of mad tenacity. The one idea ruling his life . . . To join the two halves of Sydney together and change his city forever. There’s never been anything else for him. Whoever wins the tender now, the Sydney Harbour Bridge will always be Bradfield’s. Without him it wouldn’t exist. It takes a kind of madness like his to bring these enormous objects into being.’

She sat looking at him. ‘Australia is just another country,’ she said. ‘It isn’t going to work a kind of magic for you. I know. I know Australia.’

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 9 Toni Morrison: *Beloved*

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

1.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*,
Vintage, 1997

pp 20–21

2.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*,
Vintage, 1997

pp 130–131

1: Novels

1 – 9 Toni Morrison: *Beloved* – continued

3.

Toni Morrison, *Beloved*,
Vintage, 1997

pp 270–271

1: Novels

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

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

1.

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

pp 68–69

2.

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

pp 188–189

1: Novels

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

3.

Patrick White, *A Fringe of Leaves*,
Vintage, 1997
pp 298–299

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Cherry Orchard*

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

1.

ANYA: So, how are things? Have you paid the interest?

VARYA: Of course not.

ANYA: My God, my God . . .

VARYA: The estate will be up for sale in August.

ANYA: My God . . .

LOPAKHIN [*looking in at the door and mooing like a cow*]:

Meh-eh-eh . . . [*Goes out.*]

VARYA [*with tears in her eyes*]: I want to hit him like this . . .
[*Shakes her fist.*]

ANYA [*hugging Varya, quietly*]: Varya, has he proposed?
[*VARYA shakes her head.*] But he loves you . . . Why don't
you have it out together, what are you waiting for?

VARYA: I don't think anything will work out for us. He is very
busy, he hasn't time for me . . . and doesn't pay me any
attention. Good luck to him, I can't stand seeing him . . .
Everyone talks about our wedding, everyone offers their
congratulations, and in fact there isn't anything, it's all like
a dream . . . [*In a different tone of voice*] You've got a little
brooch, a bee.

ANYA [*sadly*]: Mama bought it. [*Goes to her room, talking gaily,
like a child.*] In Paris I went up in a hot-air balloon!

VARYA: My darling has come! My beauty has come!

[*DUNYASHA has already come back with the coffee-pot and
is making coffee.*]

[*Stands by the door.*] Darling, all day I go about my work
round the house and all the time I'm dreaming. Marry you
to a rich man and then I'd be at peace, I'd go to a convent,
then to Kiev . . . to Moscow, and so I'd go off round the holy
places . . . From place to place. Bliss! . . .

ANYA: The birds are singing in the orchard. What's the time
now?

VARYA: It must be after two. It's time for you to be asleep,
darling. [*Going into Anya's room.*] Bliss!

[*Enter YASHA with a rug and travelling bag.*]

YASHA [*walking delicately across the stage*]: May I come
through here?

DUNYASHA: No one would recognize you, Yasha. You have
changed abroad.

YASHA: Hm . . . And who are you?

DUNYASHA: When you left here, I was that high . . . [*Shows
the height from the floor.*] Dunyasha, Fyodor Kozoyedov's
daughter. Don't you remember!

YASHA: Hm . . . My little pickle! [*Looks round and embraces
her; she shrieks and drops a saucer. YASHA quickly goes
out.*]

VARYA [*in the door, in a cross voice*]: What is it?

DUNYASHA [*with tears in her eyes*]: I've broken a saucer . . .

VARYA: That's good luck.

ANYA [*coming out of her room*]: We must warn Mama: Petya
is here . . .

VARYA: I told them not to wake him.

ANYA [*pensively*]: Six years ago Father died, a month later my
brother Grisha drowned in the river, a lovely boy of seven.
Mama couldn't take it, she went off, went off without a
backward glance . . . [*Shudders.*] I do understand her, if she
only knew it!

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

2.

TROFIMOV: Isn't it all the same whether the estate has been sold today or not? It's long been over, there's no turning back, the path's got overgrown. Calm down, my dear. You mustn't deceive yourself, for once in your life you must look the truth straight in the eye.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: What truth? You can see where truth is and where falsehood is, but I have really lost my sight, I can't see anything. You're boldly solving all the important questions, but tell me, my dear, isn't that because you are young, because you haven't had time to suffer as a result of a single one of your questions? You look ahead boldly, and isn't that because you don't see and don't expect anything terrifying, as life is still hidden from your young eyes? You're bolder, more honest, you have greater depth than any of us, but just think, be generous just with the tip of a finger, spare me. After all I was born here, here lived my father and mother, my grandfather, I love this house, I can't understand my life without the cherry orchard, and if it's now so necessary to sell, then sell me along with the orchard . . . [*Embraces Trofimov, kisses him on the forehead.*] And my son was drowned here . . . [*Weeps.*] You good, kind man, have pity for me.

TROFIMOV: You know I sympathize with you with all my soul.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: But you must say it in other words, other words . . . [*Takes out her handkerchief, a telegram falls on the floor.*] You can't imagine how heavy my heart is today. I find it noisy here, my spirit shudders at every sound, I shudder all over, but I can't go to my room, I'm frightened alone in the silence. Don't condemn me, Petya . . . I love you like one of my family. I would gladly let Anya marry you, I swear it to you, only you must study, my dear, you must finish your degree. You don't do anything, you're just tossed from place to place by fate, it's so strange . . . Isn't that the truth? Isn't it? And you must do something about your beard so it somehow grows . . . [*Laughs.*] You are a funny man!

TROFIMOV [*picking up the telegram*]: I don't want to be good-looking.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: The telegram is from Paris. I get one every day. Yesterday and today. That wild man is ill again, again there's something wrong with him . . . He asks my forgiveness, begs me to come, and really I ought to travel to Paris, to be near him. You look stern, Petya, but what can I do, my dear, what can I do, he is ill, lonely, unhappy, and who is there to look after him, to keep him out of mischief, to give him his medicine on time? And why conceal things or say nothing, I love him, that's obvious.

* * * *

3.

LOPAKHIN: How many years have you been studying at university?

TROFIMOV: Do think of something a little more original. That one's old and feeble. [*Hunts for his galoshes.*] You know, we probably won't meet again, so let me give you one piece of advice as a farewell gift: don't wave your arms about! Get rid of that habit of waving them about. And also this building of dachas, thinking that time will make smallholders out of the dacha people – that sort of thinking, again, is just like waving your arms about . . . All the same, I like you. You have fine, delicate fingers, like an artist's, you have a fine, delicate spirit.

LOPAKHIN [*embracing him*]: Goodbye, old chap. Thank you for everything. If you need it, take some money from me for the journey.

TROFIMOV: Why should I? I don't need it.

LOPAKHIN: But you haven't got any!

TROFIMOV: Yes, I have. Thank you. I got something for a translation. It's here, in my pocket. [*Anxiously*] My galoshes aren't here!

VARYA [*from the other room*]: Take your disgusting things! [*Throws a pair of rubber galoshes out onto the stage.*]

TROFIMOV: Why are you angry, Varya? Hm . . . But these aren't my galoshes!

LOPAKHIN: In the spring I sowed a thousand acres of poppy seed and now I've made forty thousand, net. And when my poppies were in bloom, what a sight it was! Well, I'm telling you I made forty thousand and so I'm offering you a loan because I can. Why turn up your nose at it? I'm a muzhik . . . it's as simple as that.

TROFIMOV: Your father was a muzhik, mine had a chemist's shop, and from that follows precisely nothing.

[*LOPAKHIN takes out his wallet.*]

Put it away, put it away . . . Even if you were to give me two hundred thousand, I wouldn't take it. I am a free man. And everything all of you, rich and poor, hold so high and dear – none of it has the slightest hold over me, it's all just like thistledown floating in the air. I can do without you, I can walk past you, I am strong and proud. Mankind is moving towards the greatest truth, towards the greatest happiness possible on earth, and I am in the front ranks!

LOPAKHIN: Will you get there?

TROFIMOV: I will.

[*A pause.*]

I will get there or I will show others the way there.

[*The distant sound of axe-strokes on a tree.*]

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 2 Jack Davis: *No Sugar*

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

1.

SERGEANT: Between you and me and the gatepost, the Council'd prefer it if you sent 'em to Moore River or somewhere.
GRAN: Chergeant!

[*The CONSTABLE goes to the door.*]

NEVILLE: Most councils would prefer that, Sergeant, but the place is bursting at the seams.

GRAN: [*to the CONSTABLE*] I wanna see him.

CONSTABLE: He's on the phone.

NEVILLE: You can only do your best, but I'm afraid you'll have to come up with another alternative.

CONSTABLE: [*to GRAN*] You'll have to come back later on.

GRAN: You ain't the boss . . . Chergeant!

NEVILLE: I'll be in touch soon.

SERGEANT: 'Bye, Mr Neville.

CONSTABLE: [*to GRAN*] I don't want any lip from you.

NEVILLE: Better leave you to it.

[*NEVILLE and the SERGEANT hang up.*]

GRAN: [*to the CONSTABLE*] And I don't want any from you.

[*To the SERGEANT, shouting*] Hey, Chergeant, your man gettin' cheeky out 'ere.

SERGEANT: [*to the CONSTABLE*] For God's sake, let 'em in.

MILLY: *Choo, choo.* Mum, don't shout.

SERGEANT: They can be heard all the way down the bloody street . . .

[*They enter. JIMMY barges into the Chief Protector's Office.*]

JIMMY: Mr Neville.

NEVILLE: I thought you were told to wait outside.

JIMMY: I only want a train fare.

NEVILLE: I distinctly heard Miss Dunn tell you to come back after two.

JIMMY: Too late, mixed goods leaves at eleven.

NEVILLE: You can catch the Kalgoorlie train at five.

JIMMY: I don't want to go to Kalgoorlie.

SERGEANT: [*to GRAN and MILLY, taking out the ration book*] Why weren't youse here yesterday?

NEVILLE: [*to JIMMY, exploding*] Wait outside, then.

GRAN: [*to the SERGEANT*] Had to go t'ospital.

NEVILLE: A travel voucher please, Miss Dunn.

MILLY: [*to the SERGEANT*] My gel's sick in 'ospital.

[*JIMMY ambles out and stretches out on the bench.*]

SERGEANT: [*taking out packets of rations*] Sugar, tea.

MILLY: We need blankets.

SERGEANT: [*to the CONSTABLE*] See if you can find some bicarb. There. Here's your stick of nigger twist, Gran.

MILLY: What about blankets?

SERGEANT: [*taking out a packet*] Flour . . . What?

MILLY: Blankets. My girl's in 'ospital with 'monia and pleurisy.

* * * *

2.

MATRON: Beg your pardon, but I thought you might —

NEAL: [*interrupting*] The bloody secession referendum. In favour, one hundred and sixty three thousand six hundred and fifty three, against seventy thousand seven hundred and six.

[*He stand and walks to the door, thrusting the paper at MATRON.*]

MATRON: Where are you going?

NEAL: Moora.

MATRON: What, holding a wake?

NEAL: I'm not staying here to listen to you gloat all bloody day.

MATRON: Well, before you go off to commiserate with your cronies in the hotel, you'd better do something about the runaways.

NEAL: What bloody runaways?

MATRON: [*looking him in the eye*] Mary Dargurru, and Joe Millimurra.

NEAL: Since when?

JIMMY: Mary wasn't in the dormitory last night, or at breakfast this morning.

NEAL: Jesus, they'll be miles away. Why didn't you say something last night?

MATRON: I thought she might have been somewhere else.

NEAL: [*yelling*] Billy!

MATRON: Apparently you told her she was going to work at the hospital and stay in the nurses' quarters.

NEAL: Who told you that? [*Yelling*] Billy!

BILLY: [*off*] Comin', boss.

MATRON: It seems she was terrified at the prospect of working in the hospital.

NEAL: They're all scared of the dead.

MATRON: I think she was scared of the living.

[*BILLY enters, buttoning up his jacket.*]

NEAL: Two runaways, Billy! You know Joe Millimurra, Northam native?

BILLY: Yeah, boss.

NEAL: And Mary Dargurru?

BILLY: That one Dargurru, my countryman. [*Pointing with his chin*] She got go back Oombulgarri.

NEAL: You better get movin'! They'll be at the railway line by now.

BILLY: Ne'mine boss. I find 'em. Take 'em whip?

NEAL: Yes, take your whip, and pick up some tucker from the store. Here!

[*He throws a stick of tobacco onto the floor. BILLY picks it up.*]

BILLY: Thanks, boss.

[*BILLY exits. MATRON turns to follow him.*]

MATRON: As matron in charge of the hospital, I thought it was my job to allocate nursing aides.

NEAL: I was only trying to help you.

MATRON: Or yourself.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

3.

Stirling's first acts was to issue a proclamation regarding the treatment of the native inhabitants.

[*He reads:*]

'And whereas the protection of the law doth of right belong to all people whatsoever who may come or be found within the territory aforesaid, I do hereby give notice that if any person or persons shall be, convicted of behaving in a fraudulent, cruel, or felonious manner towards the aboriginal race of inhabitants of this country, such a person or persons will be liable to be prosecuted and tried for the offence as if the same had been committed against any others of His Majesty's subjects.' In the same proclamation, all male persons between the ages of fifteen and fifty were required to enrol in the militia, to secure the safety of the territory from invasion and from the attacks of hostile native tribes as might be necessary.

[*Pause.*]

From the beginning the natives provided the settlers with bush food and assisted exploring parties, and a happy relationship between settlers and blacks continued for some eighteen months. The newcomers were yet to impress the blacks with the significance of their invasion. In November of that year, an Aborigine was shot while stealing flour. That was the beginning of the end. Constant pressure from the whites drove back the erstwhile native inhabitants, depriving them of their water and food supplies. Naturally enough, the bolder spirits among the blacks resented this, and we cannot wonder that the murder of isolated whites occurred during this period, with a heavy toll of black life being exacted in reprisal. On the twenty-seventh of October, 1834, Governor Stirling led a detachment of soldiers and civilians to the Murray River at Pinjarra. In the early morning they came across a camp of some sixty or seventy natives. The detachment took up positions on both sides of the river. Rain, which had been threatening for some time, began to fall heavily. The party opened fire and more natives appeared from shelters. The men defended themselves with spears, while the women and children sought shelter in the river. For one hour they were subjected to crossfire from twenty-four guns from both banks. The official estimate was fifteen to twenty dead, but only eight women and several children were finally rounded up.

[*He pauses and takes a drink of water.*]

One more word and I shall have finished. When referring to Australia's treatment of her Aborigines we are apt to refer somewhat scathingly to Tasmania's harshness in ridding herself of her natives within the first seventy years of settlement. In that time some six thousand natives disappeared and only one was left alive.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 3 Euripides: *Women of Troy*

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

1.

CASSANDRA:

... I will show you that this Troy of ours
Was more to be envied than those Greeks. They, for the
sake

Of one woman and her unlawful love, unleashed
The hunt for Helen and sent ten thousand men to death.
Their sage leader, to win what he most loathed, destroyed
What most he cherished; sacrificed the joys of home,
And his own child's life, to his brother – for a woman
Who was not plundered from him, but went willingly.

And when they reached the shore where the Scamander
flows,
What did they die for? To thrust invasion from their
borders
Or siege from their town walls? No! When a man was
killed,

He was not wrapped and laid to rest by his wife's hands,
He had forgotten his children's faces; now he lies
In alien earth. At home, things were as bad; women
Died in widowhood; fathers sank to childless age,
Missing the sons they brought up – who will not be there
To pour loving libation on their graves. Hellas
Has much, in truth, to thank this expedition for!
And there were worse things still, horrors too shameful for
A tongue tuned to the holy muse of prophecy.

How different for the men of Troy, whose glory it was
To die defending their own country! Those who fell
Were carried back by comrades to their homes, prepared
For burial by the hands they loved, and laid to rest
In the land that bore them; those who survived the field
returned

Each evening to their wives and children – joys denied
To the invaders. Even in Hector's death, mother,
I can see more than sorrow; for he did not die
Till he had made himself a hero's name; and this
Came through the Greek invasion – had they stayed at
home

Where would be Hector's glory? Paris too received
For his bride no nameless stranger, but the daughter of
Zeus.

Indeed to avoid war is a wise man's duty; yet
If war comes, then a hero's death confers as much
Fame on his city as a coward's brings infamy.
Therefore, dear Mother, you must not bewail our land,
Nor weep for my lost maidenhood. My bridal-bed
Promises death to my worst enemy and to yours.

* * * *

2.

TALTHYBIUS: Then know the worst: the Greeks are going to
kill your son.

ANDROMACHE: Oh, no, no! This is worse than what they do
to me.

TALTHYBIUS: Odysseus in a full assembly made his point –

ANDROMACHE: But this is horrible beyond all measure! Oh!

TALTHYBIUS: That such a great man's son must not be allowed
to live –

ANDROMACHE: By such a sentence may his own son be
condemned!

TALTHYBIUS:

But should be thrown down from the battlements of Troy.
Now accept this decision, and be sensible.

Don't cling to him, or tell yourself you have some
strength,

When you have none; but bear what must be like a queen.

You have no possible source of help. See for yourself:

Your city is destroyed, your husband dead; you are

A prisoner. Shall we match our strength against one
woman?

We can. I hope, therefore, you will not feel inclined

To struggle, or attempt anything unseemly, or

Likely to cause resentment. This too: don't call down

Curses upon the Greeks. If you say anything

To make the army angry, this child will receive

No mourning rites, no burial. If you are quiet,

And in a proper spirit accept what comes to you,

You will not have to leave his body unburied, and

You'll find the Achaeans more considerate to yourself.

ANDROMACHE:

O darling child, prized at too great a worth to live!

You die, at enemy hands, and leave me desolate.

Your noble father's greatness, which to other men

Brought hope and life and victory, will cost you your
death.

For you his courage proved a fatal heritage.

O marriage-bed, which welcomed me as Hector's bride –

Ill-fated happiness! I thought then my son would be

King over Asia's teeming multitudes; not die

By a Greek ritual of murder. – Little one,

You are crying. Do you understand? You tug my dress,

Cling to my fingers, nestling like a bird under

It's mother's wing. No Hector will come now to save

Your life, rise from the grave gripping his famous spear;

No army of your father's family, no charge

Of Phrygian fighters. You must leap from that sickening

Height, and fall, and break your neck, and yield your
breath,

With none to pity you. Dear child, so young in my arms,

So precious! O the sweet smell of your skin! When you

Were newly born I wrapped you up, gave you my breast,

Tended you day and night, worn out with weariness –

For nothing, all for nothing! Say good-bye to me

Once more, for the last time of all. Come close to me,

Wind your arms round my neck, and put your lips to
mine.

Hellenes! Inventors of barbaric cruelties!

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 3 Euripides: *Women of Troy* – continued

3.

TALTHYBIUS:

Poor creature! You are out of your mind with suffering.
– You men, take her to the ships; be watchful. She belongs
To Odysseus; she's his prize, and he must have her safe.

HECABE [*sobbing violently*]:

Zeus, our maker, begetter, Lord of our land!
We are Dardanus' children! See: is our torment just?

CHORUS:

He sees, and the flames burn on. The Mother of Cities
Is now no city; Troy is no longer Troy.

HECABE:

Troy is a beacon – look! On the hill every house is
blazing;
Along the crest of the ramparts, over the roofs,
The fire rushes and roars in the wake of the spear!

CHORUS:

Troy in her fearful fall has faded, vanished
At the breath of War, as smoke at the beating of wings!

HECABE [*kneeling and gazing at the ground*]:

Listen, Phrygian earth that nursed my children! [*Strophe*]
Listen, my sons! You know your mother's voice.

CHORUS:

No more prayers to the gods:
Call the dead in a ghostly chant!

HECABE:

I call the dead, I who am near to death,
Stretched on the soil, my hands beating the ground.

CHORUS [*kneeling with her*]:

We will kneel at your side,
Call on our dear lost dead below.

HECABE: Listen, souls of the dead!

CHORUS: Tell them our torment!

HECABE: We are driven like cattle far from home,

Away to a house of slavery!

Dead Priam, do you hear,
Unburied and unwept?

No, your ghost knows nothing of my agony.

CHORUS:

Though he died
By unholy murder,
Holy Death
Darkly closed his eyes.

HECABE:

Listen, temples of gods, beloved city, [*Antistrophe*]
Ravaged with flame, flowing with guiltless blood!

CHORUS:

Soon you will fall, and lie
With the earth you loved, and none shall name you!

HECABE:

Dust mingled with smoke spreads wings to the sky,
I can see nothing, the world is blotted out!

CHORUS: Earth and her name are nothing;

All has vanished, and Troy is nothing!

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 4 William Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*

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

1.

DUKE

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared, so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

FRIAR THOMAS It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased,
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office,
Who may, in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight
To do it slander. And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only this one – Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. *Exeunt*

* * * *

2.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas.

CLAUDIO Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA

O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother played my father fair,
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish. Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUDIO

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISABELLA

O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Going

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 4 William Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure* – continued

3.

PROVOST

This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

He unmuffles Claudio

DUKE (*to Isabella*)

If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardoned, and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
(*To Lucio*) You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

LUCIO 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick. If you will hang me for it, you may. But I had
rather it would please you I might be whipped.

DUKE

Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow –
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child – let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 5 William Shakespeare: *Richard II*

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

1.

JOHN OF GAUNT

Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden – demi-paradise –
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
For Christian service and true chivalry
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out – I die pronouncing it –
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!
*Enter King Richard, Queen Isabel, Aumerle, Bushy,
Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby*

YORK

The King is come. Deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

* * * *

2.

GARDENER (*to one man*)

Go, bind thou up young dangling apri-cocks
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.
Give some suppittance to the bending twigs.
(*To the other*)
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.
All must be even in our government.
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

FIRST MAN

Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing as in a model our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

GARDENER

Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke –
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

SECOND MAN

What, are they dead?

GARDENER

They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seized the wasteful King. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest being overproud in sap and blood
With too much riches it confound itself.
Had he done so to great and growing men
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live.
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

3.

RICHARD

... O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which faced so many follies,
That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face.
As brittle as the glory is the face,
(*he throws the glass down*)
For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

BOLINGBROKE

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

RICHARD

Say that again!
'The shadow of my sorrow' – ha, let's see.
'Tis very true. My grief lies all within,
And these external manner of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
There lies the substance; and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

BOLINGBROKE

Name it, fair cousin.

RICHARD

'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLINGBROKE

Yet ask.

RICHARD

And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE

You shall.

RICHARD

Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE

Whither?

RICHARD

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE

Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

RICHARD

O, good, 'convey!' – Conveyors are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

BOLINGBROKE

On Wednesday next we solemnly proclaim
Our coronation. Lords, be ready, all.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 6 Sam Shepard: *True West*

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

1.

Sam Shepard, *True West*,
Faber, 1997

pp 26–27

2.

Sam Shepard, *True West*,
Faber, 1997

p 39

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 6 Sam Shepard: *True West* – continued

3.

Sam Shepard, *True West*,
Faber, 1997
pp 58–59

3: Short stories

3 – 1 Beverley Farmer: *Collected Stories*

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

1.

Ismini

Ismini rinsed the dishes. The sun had left the window in a bronze haze. She switched the sallow bulb on and sat down under it to write.

MY GREEK GRANDMOTHER

My Greek grandmother, Yiayia Sophia, was swathed in her widow's mourning clothes and headscarf until she died. Her mouth was folded over her toothless gums, her skin yellow and creased, her grey hair worn in two long pigtails even in bed. A wick floating in oil on water kept a flame sputtering all night in front of the ikon in her room.

She knew all the prayers. All through Lent she fasted until she could hardly stand, her candle shaking, outside the church at the Easter midnight service. There were fireworks hanging and flaring, and we all cracked our red eggs and ate them and nursed our candle flames all the way home for luck. Then we had to eat her magieritsa.

I remember her hoarding our hens' eggs for days beforehand and hard-boiling them on Holy Thursday in red dye. We polished them, still warm, with cloths dipped in oil. She baked plaited tsourekis loaves. She made the magieritsa, the traditional soup of lamb offal, flushing out the lungs and entrails with the garden hose, screeching at the avid hens, stirring it all in the pot with onions and herbs like a witch at her cauldron.

The lamb itself my father had skinned and impaled on an iron rod. Its red eye-sockets, its grinning teeth with the spit thrust out like an iron tongue. All Easter Sunday morning it was twisted and basted over the trench of coals, speckled with charred herbs, while it turned dark brown and neighbours and relatives danced to the record-player on the back lawn. When they split the skull for my grandmother, she offered me a forkful of the brains.

'Eat it, silly,' she cackled. 'God gave it to us.'

'Ugh, no! I don't want it.'

She shrugged, mumbling the grey jelly.

Our cat had kittens once. A lovely pure black cat, a witch-cat, she lay purring, slit-eyed, as they butted and squeaked at her pink teats. Our cat was necessary, as the hens attracted mice. Kittens weren't. One day the cat was crying and clawing at a damp patch of ground under the tomatoes. I dug up the corpses, their fur and tiny mouths and moonstone eyes all clogged with earth. I accused Yiayia.

'Don't be silly,' was all she said.

She is dead and buried herself now, in foreign earth. I saw her dying, her old mouth agape fighting for breath; and dead in her coffin at last, a yellow mask and folded lizard-claws. She was always too old to love me. I'm too old to hate her any more. (430 words)

* * * *

2.

The Albatross

I stole a glance at my watch. Ten to eight. I would miss the concert broadcast. Worse, I risked disgracing myself and offending Madame, too stuffed with honey cake as I was by now to eat a thing more. Unless—could she possibly have meant *afternoon* tea? Was it time to go? A fountain of heat washed through me and my face boiled: what if they were only waiting for me to go? How—what to say? My bristly armpits stung. I writhed as hot buffets of sweat and depilatory cream and the sickening cologne filled my nostrils.

At eight Monsieur gave up and withdrew with courtly apologies for wanting to listen in to the symphony concert. From behind the door came trickles and swells of resinous music and then the whimper of a violin solo. The old lady's head drooped, soft as a coiled white cat. Madame sat smoking in the lamplight. When at last I found the nerve to lurch to my stiff feet, we were all galvanised into inane grins and nods, gushes and reassurances, handshakes, waves and merry yells in the doorway. *Au revoir! Au revoir, ma petite!*

The tramlines stretched back long and glinting. I could not go home yet and bare my humiliation to my mother's sharp eyes, my father sunk in silence, my empty room. I clopped and shuffled through fallen leaves down the broad streets and along the canal, turbid and sleek, coiling and uncoiling into the bay. No one was in sight. Quickly I hopped over the sea wall to spread the blue wings of my coat and squat like a hen: hot urine poured, hissed out of me, the aching hoard of hours, steaming, rank with tea. Above the grey sand moved the dome of the stars. I sat and watched the moon float up from the sea floor of city lights and lie hanging, milk-white in a net of clouds.

And I thought of the albatross.

I wondered through what trials Madame had had to come, and I would have to come. I thought with loathing of the gauche and shallow, sniggering schoolgirl who had cringed at her side while she gave up her free time to read Baudelaire aloud patiently, over and over. How could I face her in class now? I was hot with remorse and shame.

Worst of all was the thought that Madame could not have seen, in the heart of the pimply gawk shifting on her hams in that golden room, intolerable knowledge planted there and thrusting, uncurling, like a watered beanshoot.

* * * *

3: Short stories

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

3.

Home Time

Here's looking at you, kid! Easy to see you're new. It's great while it lasts, make the most. The couples have had their wine and candlelight and now they're leaving. Don't you just love a black and white night like this after snow, when it echoes? And you slide and fall down on top of each other all the way and rub each other's feet dry and warm once you're inside. Okay, fellers, home time? I've lost my coat. Thanks, honey. I feel so lit up it's a wonder you can't see me shining through it! I'm sure I don't know why I've been telling you the story of my life. You cried at the end of *Casablanca*. I suppose that's why.

'Can I read that?'

'Read what?'

Her hands have instinctively spread across the pages of blue scrawl. He raises his eyebrows: 'What you've been writing half the night.'

She passes them over her shoulder. The couch creaks and the pages rustle until at last he tosses them back on the table and goes to make coffee. She stares at them, sweat prickling her. The heating is on full.

'Thank you,' she says when he brings her mug.

'Is this finished?'

'Oh, for now, anyway. I was just coming to bed — I'm sorry. Haven't you been asleep?'

'I used to respect writers rather a lot,' he murmurs. 'Now I'm not sure.'

'You're writing your thesis on one.'

'Mmm. There's writing and writing. To my mind this' — he points — 'is more like scavenging.' He waits while she swallows hot coffee. 'Perhaps if you wore a badge, a brand on your forehead that meant: *Beware of the scavenger*? Then people would know they were fair game.'

'You think *that's* being fair?'

'She trusted you, it seems, with the story of her life.'

'I hope I can do it justice.'

'Justice.' He sighs.

She has nothing to say. He finishes his coffee sip by sip, takes his mug and rinses it, then comes back to stand behind her chair. Her mug is clenched in both hands; the light of the two lamps blurs in her coffee.

'I am not to figure in anything you write,' comes the smooth voice again. 'Never. I hope you understand that.'

Hardly breathing, she cranes her neck forward to have a sip of coffee, but he grabs the mug from her and slams it down on the table, where it breaks. Coffee spurts up and splashes brown and blue drops over her pages.

* * * *

3: Short stories

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

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

1.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 1998
pp 17–18

2.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 1998
pp 77–78

3: Short stories

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

3.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 1998

pp 169–170

3: Short stories

3 – 3 James Joyce: *Dubliners*

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

1.

Araby

Before a curtain, over which the words *Caf  Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

—O, I never said such a thing!

—O, but you did!

—O, but I didn't!

—Didn't she say that?

—Yes. I heard her.

—O, there's a . . . fib!

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

—No, thank you.

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

* * * *

2.

Eveline

He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

—I know these sailor chaps, he said.

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sick-room saying:

—Damned Italians! coming over here!

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being – that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness.

* * * *

3: Short stories

3 – 3 James Joyce: *Dubliners* – continued

3.

The Dead

The air of the room chilled his shoulders. He stretched himself cautiously along under the sheets and lay down beside his wife. One by one they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age. He thought of how she who lay beside him had looked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself which these dead had one time reared and lived in was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

* * * *

4: Other literature

4 – 1 William Dalrymple: *City of Djinns*

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

1.

William Dalrymple, *City of Djinns*,
Flamingo, 1994

p 54

2.

William Dalrymple, *City of Djinns*,
Flamingo, 1994

p 117–119

4: Other literature

4 – 1 William Dalrymple: *City of Djinns* – continued

3.

William Dalrymple, *City of Djinns*,
Flamingo, 1994
p 286–287

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Robert Drewe: *The Shark Net*

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

1.

Robert Drewe, *The Shark Net*,
Penguin, 2001
pp 36–38

2.

Robert Drewe, *The Shark Net*,
Penguin, 2001
pp 156–157

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Robert Drewe: *The Shark Net* – continued

3.

Robert Drewe, *The Shark Net*,
Penguin, 2001
pp 242–243

4: Other literature

4 – 3 W G Sebald: *The Emigrants*

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

1.

W G Sebald, *The Emigrants*,
The Harvill Press, 1997
pp 18–19

2.

W G Sebald, *The Emigrants*,
The Harvill Press, 1997
p 88

4: Other literature

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

3.

W G Sebald, *The Emigrants*,
The Harvill Press, 1997
pp 236–237

5: Poetry

5 – 1 William Blake: *Selected Poetry*

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

1.

Holy Thursday

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two & two in red & blue & green:
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before with wands as white as
snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters
flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd these flowers of London
town,
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs:
Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of
song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor:
Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door.

* * * *

2.

The Tyger

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 1 William Blake: *Selected Poetry* – continued

3.

The Chimney Sweeper

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry ‘weep weep! weep weep!’
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

There’s little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
That curl’d like a lamb’s back was shav’d, so I said,
Hush Tom, never mind it, for when your head’s bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet, & that very night
As Tom was asleeping he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick Joe Ned & Jack,
Were all of them lock’d up in coffins of black;

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open’d the coffins & set them all free.
Then down a green plain, leaping laughing they run
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind.
And the Angel told Tom if he’d be a good boy,
He’d have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho’ the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

* * * *

5: Poetry

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

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

1.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
 An outridere, that lovede venerie,
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable,
 And whan he rood, men myghte his brydel
 heere
 Gynglen in a whistlynge wynd als cleere
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel belle
 Ther as this lord was kepere of the celle.
 The reule of Seint Maure or of Seint Beneit—
 By cause that it was old and somdel streit
 This ilke Monk leet olde thynges pace,
 And heeld after the newe world the space.
 He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith that hunters ben nat hooly men,
 Ne that a monk, whan he is recchelees,
 Is likned til a fissh that is waterlees—
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
 But thilke text heeld he nat worth an oystre;
 And I seyde his opinion was good.
 What sholde he studie and make hymselfen
 wood,
 Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
 Or swynken with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austyn bit? How shal the world be served?
 Lat Austyn have his swynk to hym reserved!
 Therefore he was a prikasour aright:
 Grehoundes he hadde as swift as fowel in flight;
 Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
 I seigh his sleves purfiled at the hond
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
 And for to festne his hood under his chyn,
 He hadde of gold ywroght a ful curious pyn;
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
 And eek his face, as he hadde been enoynt.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
 His eyen stepe, and rollynge in his heed,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed;
 His bootes souple, his hors in greet estaat.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelaat;
 He was nat pale as a forpynd goost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

* * * *

2.

A good WIF was ther OF biside BATHE,
 But she was somdel deef, and that was scathe.
 Of clooth-makynge she hadde swich an haunt
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
 In al the parisshe wif ne was ther noon
 That to the offrynge bfore hire sholde goon;
 And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she
 That she was out of alle charitee.
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne weren of ground;
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
 That on a Sonday weren upon hir heed.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite yteyd, and shoes ful moyste and
 newe.
 Boold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 She was a worthy womman al hir lyve:
 Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde fyve,
 Withouten oother compaignye in youthe—
 But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nowthe.
 And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem;
 She hadde passed many a straunge strem;
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
 In Galice at Seint-Jame, and at Coloigne.
 She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye.
 Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
 Upon an amblere esily she sat,
 Ywympled wel, and on hir heed an hat
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
 And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
 In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe.
 Of remedies of love she knew per chaunce,
 For she koude of that art the olde daunce.

* * * *

5: Poetry

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

3.

The REVE was a splendre colerik man.
 His berd was shave as ny as ever he kan;
 His heer was by his erys ful round yshorn;
 His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
 Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
 Ylyk a staf; ther was no calf ysene.
 Wel koude he kepe a gerner and a bynne;
 Ther was noon auditour koude on him wyne.
 Wel wiste he by the droghte and by the reyn
 The yeldynge of his seed and of his greyn.
 His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
 His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye
 Was hoolly in this Reves governynge,
 And by his covenant yaf the rekenynge,
 Syn that his lord was twenty yeer of age.
 Ther koude no man brynge hym in arrerage.
 Ther nas baillif, ne hierde, nor oother hyne,
 That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne;
 They were adrad of hym as of the deeth.
 His wonyng was ful faire upon an heeth;
 With grene trees yshadwed was his place.
 He koude better than his lord purchace.
 Ful riche he was astored pryvely.
 His lord wel koude he plesen subtilly,
 To yeve and lene hym of his owene good,
 And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
 In youthe he hadde lerned a good myster:
 He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
 This Reve sat upon a ful good stot
 That was al pomely grey and highte Scot.
 A long surcote of pers upon he hade,
 And by his syde he baar a rusty blade.
 Of Northfolk was this Reve of which I telle,
 Biside a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
 Tukked he was as is a frere aboute,
 And evere he rood the hyndreste of oure route.

* * * *

5: Poetry

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

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

1.

‘Sire olde kaynard, is this thyn array?
Why is my neighebores wyf so gay?
She is honoured overal ther she gooth;
I sitte at hoom; I have no thrifty clooth.
What dostow at my neighebores hous?
Is she so fair? Artow so amorous?
What rowne ye with oure mayde? Benedicite:
Sire olde lecchour, lat thy japes be!
And if I have a gossib or a freend,
Withouten gilt, thou chidest as a feend,
If that I walke or pleye unto his hous!
Thou comest hoom as dronken as a mous,
And prechest on thy bench, with yvel preef!
Thou seist to me it is a greet meschief
To wedde a povre womman, for costage;
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage,
Thanne seistow that it is a tormentrie
To soffre hire pride and hire malencolie.
And if that she be fair, thou verray knave,
Thou seyst that every holour wol hire have;
She may no while in chastitee abyde,
That is assailed upon ech a syde.

Thou seyst som folk desiren us for richesse,
Somme for oure shap, and somme for oure fair-
nesse,
And som for she kan outhir synge or daunce,
And som for gentillesse and daliaunce;
Som for hir handes and hir armes smale;
Thus goth al to the devel, by thy tale.
Thou seyst men may nat kepe a castel wal,
It may so longe assailed been overal.

And if that she be foul, thou seist that she
Coveiteth every man that she may se,
For as a spanyel she wol on hym lepe,
Til that she fynde som man hire to chepe.
Ne noon so grey goos gooth ther in the lake
As, seistow, wol been withoute make.
And seyst it is an hard thyng for to welde
A thyng that no man wole, his thanks, helde.
Thus seistow, lorel, whan thow goost to bedde,
And that no wys man nedeth for to wedde,
Ne no man that entendeth unto hevene.
With wilde thonder-dynt and firy leve
Moote thy welked nekke be tobroke!

* * * *

2.

Now wol I speken of my fourthe housbonde.

My fourthe housbonde was a revelour —
This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour —
And I was yong and ful of ragerye,
Stibourn and strong, and joly as a pye.
How koude I daunce to an harpe smale,
And synge, ywis, as any nyghtyngale,
Whan I had dronke a draughte of sweete wyn!
Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn,
That with a staf birafte his wyf hir lyf,
For she drank wyn, thogh I hadde been his wyf,
He sholde nat han daunted me fro drynke!
And after wyn on Venus moste I thynke,
For al so siker as cold engendreth hayl,
A likerous mouth moste han a likerous tayl.
In wommen vinolent is no defence —
This knowen lecchours by experience.

But — Lord Crist! — whan that it remem-
breth me

Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee,
It tikleth me aboute myn herte roote.
Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
That I have had my world as in my tyme.
But age, alas, that al wole envenyme,
Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith.
Lat go. Farewel! The devel go therwith!
The flour is goon; ther is namore to telle;
The bren, as I best kan, now moste I selle;
But yet to be right myrie wol I fonde.
Now wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde.

I seye, I hadde in herte greet despit
That he of any oother had delit.
But he was quit, by God and by Seint Joce!
I made hym of the same wode a croce;
Nat of my body, in no foul manere,
But certainly, I made folk swich cheere
That in his owene grece I made hym frye
For angre, and for verray jalousye.
By God, in erthe I was his purgatorie,
For which I hope his soule be in glorie.
For, God it woot, he sat ful ofte and song,
Whan that his shoo ful bitterly hym wrong.
Ther was no wight, save God and he, that
wiste,

In many wise, how soore I hym twiste.
He deyde whan I cam fro Jerusalem,
And lith ygrave under the roode beem,
Al is his tombe noght so curyus
As was the sepulcre of hum Daryus,
Which that Appelles wroghte subtilly;
It nys but wast to burye hym preciously.
Lat hym fare wel; God yeve his soule reste!
He is now in his grave and in his cheste.

* * * *

5: Poetry

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

3.

“My love?” quod he, “nay, my dampnacioun!

Allas, that any of my nacioun
Sholde evere so foule disparaged be!”
But al for noght; the ende is this, that he
Constreyned was; he nedes moste hire wedde,
And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.

Now wolden som men seye, paraventure,
That for my negligence I do no cure
To tellen yow the joye and al th’array
That at the feeste was that ilke day.
To which thyng shortly answeren I shal:
I seye ther nas no joye ne feeste at al;
Ther nas but hevynesse and muche sorwe.
For prively he wedded hire on morwe,
And al day after hidde hym as an owle,
So wo was hym, his wyf looked so foule.

Greet was the wo the knyght hadde in his
thoght,

Whan he was with his wyf abedde ybrought;
He walweth and he turneth to and fro.
His olde wyf lay smyllynge everemo,
And seyde, “O deere housbonde, benedicitee!
Fareth every knyght thus with his wyf as ye?
Is this the lawe of kyng Arthures hous?
Is every knyght of his so dangerous?
I am youre owene love and youre wyf;
I am she which that saved hath youre lyf,
And, certes, yet ne dide I yow nevere unright;
Why fare ye thus with me this firste nyght?
Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wit.
What is my gilt? For Goddes love, tel it,
And it shal been amended, if I may.”

“Amended?” quod this knyght, “Allas, nay,
nay!

It wol nat been amended nevere mo.
Thou art so loothly, and so oold also,
And therto comen of so lough a kynde,
That litel wonder is thogh I walwe and wynde.
So wolde God myn herte wolde breste!”

“Is this,” quod she, “the cause of youre unreste?”

“Ye, certainly,” quod he, “no wonder is.”

“Now, sire,” quod she, “I koude amende al
this,

If that me liste, er it were dayes thre,
So wel ye myghte bere yow unto me.

“But, for ye speken of swich gentillesse
As is descended out of old richesse,
That therfore sholden ye be gentil men,
Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 4 John Forbes: *Collected Poems*

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

1.

Antipodean Heads

I wish we could be nicer
like the Americans

instead we are caught
halfway between

a European sense of style
you can always be at home in

& the Aborigines' knack
of passing the time—they know

that nothing matters too much
between now & forever, unlike

the industrious American
who looks around & sees

that Fate applies her chisel
to his own particular face

so when he stares back at Her
he's warm & essential

not reaching for a quip or a flagon
because he knows these things
are part of what he is

the way a mountain
is carved with the heads
of his Presidents

& we are left to wonder
what shape another 200 years

will leave Ayers Rock in.

* * * *

2.

Death, an Ode

Death, you're more successful than America,
even if we don't choose to join you, we do.
I've just become aware of this conscription
where no one's marble doesn't come up;
no use carving your name on a tree, exchanging vows
or not treading on the cracks for luck
where there's no statistical anomalies at all
& you know not the day nor the hour, or even if you do
timor mortis conturbat me. No doubt we'd
think this in a plunging jet & the black box recorder
would note each individual, unavailing scream
but what gets me is how compulsory it is—
'he never was a joiner' they wrote on his tomb.
At least bingeing becomes heroic & I can see
why the Victorians
so loved drawn-out death-bed scenes:
huddled before our beautiful century, they knew
what first night nerves were all about.

* * * *

5 – 4 John Forbes: *Collected Poems* – continued

On the Beach: A Bicentennial Poem

Is this why you want to be primitive
but still an explorer,
blowing
on a conch shell in the early dawn
before the bodies scream under the keel
& the paddles flash out
to begin their fragile navigation
towards New Zealand?
Instead a bay surrounds you
like a gentle abrasive with something in it
that slowly sculpts your face—

each feature as it emerges,
empty as you imagined but expectant
with a blank, cut-up sense
of what your vocation is going to be,
glimpsed in the light
coming through the half-open shutters
in the lounge bar of the Coogee Bay Hotel
where you first dreamt up
this model of the Ocean
& watched it slide, slowly at first,
down the beach & into the surf.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 5 Robert Gray: *New Selected Poems*

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

1.

Curriculum Vitae

3
A cow was in the stocks with the calm expression of a
Quaker;
and my father stretched his fingers,
a pianist seated on a chopping block. He bent his forehead to
an instrument
out of Heath Robinson —
a dangling bagpipes, big as a piano,
that was played by tugging on organ stops.
The cow began to loosen its milk: its teats were disgorged,
the size and colour of small carrots;
and milk was flourished in the bucket, two skewer-thin
daggers
sharpened on each other underhand.
Then, as the bucket filled, there would be the sound of a
tap running
into deep suds at the end of a bath.
Finally, the calf was let in,
and this sounded like a workman building-up a big lather
between his hands.

The concrete in those bails was shattered, but lay together
as though a platform of river stones; and water ran there
constantly
from a hose, breaking up and bearing off
the hot lava of any cow-pats. That water was delicate and
closely-branched —
a long weed fluttering, on such a breezy morning.

* * * *

2.

The Circus

An old and unregenerate world
is overnight unfurled
on the park — something from the fifties
and from the medieval centuries;
it has changed less than the Church
and comes to smutch
a wealthy reserve, beside the yacht club and tennis court.
I'm walking late
when the circus arrives here, through our liberals'
confusion.
It's without flambeaux: the power generation
is on a truck. Those spatulate shadows, in the foggy night,
unload at the point, in blue light.
A ring-in myself, I have to go
around there, on the empty harbour-front walk; and I see
someone throw,
at once, a huge grey tongue,
with other offal, upon the grass — it dangles its string
as if a bouquet
that's been ordered for a Salomé.
The caravans are parking anywhere, with their backs to
the harbour,
now after midnight, and hunger
makes the tiger shout
in the shadows, pacing out
four strides, and then back — dreadful to watch
the rapid tension of this match,
so dripping and furious.
Someone comes staggering towards it already, solicitous
with a sloppy tub
full of snake-tunnelled hearts and of watery blood.
Car lights, behind a dark colonnade
of great Moreton Bay fig trees, back by the road,
appear and disappear, like coins dropped
into a pool, where the water's slopped
and clears, rapidly and intermittently — those people
drifting unaware
of the forthrightness here.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 5 Robert Gray: *New Selected Poems* – continued

3.

Impromptus

Moonlit night; the willows
have drawn their curtains. A calm
on the face of the main street. A shadow
takes a shadow's hand.

A moth at nightfall grabs the porch light
like a man drowning on a slippery buoy. Shutters clash,
sand trickles out of the wall. A lemon tree has inclined
to the long curlicued whisperings of the dust.

In the new suburbs, in light rain,
at the road's verge treading its line
with the stateliness of a tightrope walker,
it might seem, the diesel roller.

On wet sand, a dog goes trotting, way ahead;
the spume is blown across his plume.
He doesn't look back, and so neither do I,
and we will be quenched in the dark.

Under a cliff, stones
in sea-mist, and a stag's bones
caging a butterfly, hung
blackly as blood and fluttering.

Still with my head lowered
at the desk, I hear
the stream again.
Is it golden now, or violet?

To find a room within the waves,
a lamp of honey, beneath the salt. . . .
The wet lianas are ascending
through the lightning, at night.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 6 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.

Suburban Sonnet

She practises a fugue, though it can matter
to no one now if she plays well or not.
Beside her on the floor two children chatter,
then scream and fight. She hushes them. A pot
boils over. As she rushes to the stove
too late, a wave of nausea overpowers
subject and counter-subject. Zest and love
drain out with soapy water as she scours
the crusted milk. Her veins ache. Once she played
for Rubinstein, who yawned. The children caper
round a sprung mousetrap where a mouse lies dead.
When the soft corpse won't move they seem afraid.
She comforts them; and wraps it in a paper
featuring: *Tasty dishes from stale bread.*

* * * *

2.

Father and Child

I Barn Owl

Daybreak: the household slept.
I rose, blessed by the sun.
A horny fiend, I crept
out with my father's gun.
Let him dream of a child
obedient, angel-mild —

old No-Sayer, robbed of power
by sleep. I knew my prize
who swooped home at this hour
with daylight-riddled eyes
to his place on a high beam
in our old stables, to dream

light's useless time away.
I stood, holding my breath,
in urine-scented hay,
master of life and death,
a wisp-haired judge whose law
would punish beak and claw.

My first shot struck. He swayed,
ruined, beating his only
wing, as I watched, afraid
by the fallen gun, a lonely
child who believed death clean
and final, not this obscene

bundle of stuff that dropped,
and dribbled through loose straw
tangling in bowels, and hopped
blindly closer. I saw
those eyes that did not see
mirror my cruelty

while the wrecked thing that could
not bear the light nor hide
hobbled in its own blood.
My father reached my side,
gave me the fallen gun.
“End what you have begun.”

I fired. The blank eyes shone
once into mine, and slept.
I leaned my head upon
my father's arm, and wept,
owl-blind in early sun
for what I had begun.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 6 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems* – continued

3.

Mother Who Gave Me Life

Mother who gave me life
I think of women bearing
women. Forgive me the wisdom
I would not learn from you.

It is not for my children I walk
on earth in the light of the living.
It is for you, for the wild
daughters becoming women,

anguish of seasons burning
backward in time to those other
bodies, your mother, and hers
and beyond, speech growing stranger

on thresholds of ice, rock, fire,
bones changing, heads inclining
to monkey bosom, lemur breast,
guileless milk of the word.

I prayed you would live to see
Halley's Comet a second time.
The Sister said, When she died
she was folding a little towel.

You left the world so, having lived
nearly thirty thousand days:
a fabric of marvels folded
down to a little space.

At our last meeting I closed
the ward door of heavy glass
between us, and saw your face
crumple, fine threadbare linen

worn, still good to the last,
then, somehow, smooth to a smile
so I should not see your tears.
Anguish: remembered hours:

a lamp on embroidered linen,
my supper set out, your voice
calling me in as darkness
falls on my father's house.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 7 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe*

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

1.

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

p 3

2.

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

pp 142–143

5: Poetry

5 – 7 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe* – continued

3.

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

pp 197–198

5: Poetry

5 – 8 William Shakespeare: *Sonnets*

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

1.

2.

Sonnet 12

When I do count the clock that tells the time
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
When I behold the violet past prime
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

* * * *

Sonnet 104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived;
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 8 William Shakespeare: *Sonnets* – continued

3.

Sonnet 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 9 W B Yeats: *Selected Poems*

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

1.

The Wild Swans at Coole

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

* * * *

2.

On a Political Prisoner

She that but little patience knew,
From childhood on, had now so much
A grey gull lost its fear and flew
Down to her cell and there alit,
And there endured her fingers' touch
And from her fingers ate its bit.

Did she in touching that lone wing
Recall the years before her mind
Became a bitter, an abstract thing,
Her thought some popular enmity:
Blind and leader of the blind
Drinking the foul ditch where they lie?

When long ago I saw her ride
Under Ben Bulbin to the meet,
The beauty of her country-side
With all youth's lonely wildness stirred,
She seemed to have grown clean and sweet
Like any rock-bred, sea-borne bird:

Sea-borne, or balanced on the air
When first it sprang out of the nest
Upon some lofty rock to stare
Upon the cloudy canopy,
While under its storm-beaten breast
Cried out the hollows of the sea.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 9 W B Yeats: *Selected Poems* – continued

3.

Sailing to Byzantium

I

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees
– Those dying generations – at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.

II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

IV

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

* * * *

Assessment criteria

The extent to which the response demonstrates:

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

A checklist for planning and revising

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

Have I written on texts from two different parts?

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

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

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

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

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

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?

END OF TASK BOOK