

VICTORIAN CURRICULUM AND ASSESSMENT AUTHORITY



# Victorian Certificate of Education 2001

## LITERATURE

### Written examination

Thursday 8 November 2001

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

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

### TASK BOOK

**Materials**

- Task book of 65 pages, including the **Assessment Criteria** and a checklist on page 65.
- 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.

## Instructions to students

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

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

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

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**John Banville**, *The Book of Evidence*, Minerva, 1990, 1. pp 23–24,  
2. pp 115–116, 3. pp 210–211

# 1: Novels

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

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Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**John Banville**, *The Book of Evidence*, Minerva, 1990, 1. pp 23–24,  
2. pp 115–116, 3. pp 210–211

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 2 Emily Brontë: *Wuthering Heights*

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

1.

‘Mr Lockwood,’ he added, ‘you may go into my room; you’ll only be in the way, coming down stairs so early: and your childish outcry has sent sleep to the devil for me.’

‘And for me too,’ I replied. ‘I’ll walk in the yard till daylight, and then I’ll be off; and you need not dread a repetition of my intrusion. I am now quite cured of seeking pleasure in society, be it country or town. A sensible man ought to find sufficient company in himself.’

‘Delightful company!’ muttered Heathcliff. ‘Take the candle, and go where you please. I shall join you directly. Keep out of the yard, though, the dogs are unchained; and the house – Juno mounts sentinel there – and – nay, you can only ramble about the steps and passages – but, away with you! I’ll come in two minutes.’

I obeyed, so far as to quit the chamber; when, ignorant where the narrow lobbies led, I stood still, and was witness, involuntarily, to a piece of superstition on the part of my landlord, which belied, oddly, his apparent sense.

He got on to the bed, and wrenched open the lattice, bursting, as he pulled at it, into an uncontrollable passion of tears.

‘Come in! come in!’ he sobbed. ‘Cathy, do come. Oh do – *once* more! Oh! My heart’s darling, hear me *this* time – Catherine, at last!’

The spectre showed a spectre’s ordinary caprice; it gave no sign of being; but the snow and wind whirled wildly through, even reaching my station, and blowing out the light.

There was such anguish in the gush of grief that accompanied this raving, that my compassion made me overlook its folly, and I drew off, half angry to have listened at all, and vexed at having related my ridiculous nightmare, since it produced that agony; though *why*, was beyond my comprehension.

I descended cautiously to the lower regions and landed in the back-kitchen, where a gleam of fire, raked compactly together, enabled me to rekindle my candle.

Nothing was stirring except a brindled, grey cat, which crept from the ashes, and saluted me with a querulous mew.

\* \* \* \*

2.

‘Shake your head, as you will, Nelly, *you* have helped to unsettle me! You should have spoken to Edgar, indeed you should, and compelled him to leave me quiet! Oh, I’m burning! I wish I were out of doors – I wish I were a girl again, half savage and hardy, and free . . . and laughing at injuries, not maddening under them! Why am I so changed? why does my blood rush into a hell of tumult at a few words? I’m sure I should be myself were I once among the heather on those hills . . . Open the window again wide, fasten it open! Quick, why don’t you move?’

‘Because I won’t give you your death of cold,’ I answered.

‘You won’t give me a chance of life, you mean,’ she said sullenly. ‘However, I’m not helpless yet, I’ll open it myself.’

And sliding from the bed before I could hinder her, she crossed the room, walking very uncertainly, threw it back, and bent out, careless of the frosty air that cut about her shoulders as keen as a knife.

I entreated, and finally attempted to force her to retire. But I soon found her delirious strength much surpassed mine (she *was* delirious, I became convinced by her subsequent actions, and ravings.)

There was no moon, and every thing beneath lay in misty darkness; not a light gleamed from any house, far or near; all had been extinguished long ago; and those at *Wuthering Heights* were never visible . . . still she asserted she caught their shining.

‘Look!’ she cried eagerly, ‘that’s my room, with the candle in it, and the trees swaying before it . . . and the other candle is in Joseph’s garret . . . Joseph sits up late, doesn’t he? He’s waiting till I come home that he may lock the gate . . . Well, he’ll wait a while yet. It’s a rough journey, and a sad heart to travel it; and we must pass by Gimmerton Kirk, to go that journey! We’ve braved its ghosts often together, and dared each other to stand among the graves and ask them to come . . . But Heathcliff, if I dare you now, will you venture? If you do, I’ll keep you. I’ll not lie there by myself; they may bury me twelve feet deep, and throw the church down over me; but I won’t rest till you are with me . . . I never will!’

She paused, and resumed with a strange smile, ‘He’s considering . . . he’d rather I’d come to him! Find a way, then! not through that Kirkyard . . . You are slow! Be content, you always followed me!’

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 2 Emily Brontë: *Wuthering Heights* – continued

3.

‘I’ve pulled up two or three bushes,’ replied the young man, ‘but I’m going to set ‘em again.’

‘And why have you pulled them up?’ said the master.

Catherine wisely put in her tongue.

‘We wanted to plant some flowers there,’ she cried. ‘I’m the only person to blame, for I wished him to do it.’

‘And who the devil gave *you* leave to touch a stick about the place?’ demanded her father-in-law, much surprised. ‘And who ordered *you* to obey her?’ he added, turning to Hareton.

The latter was speechless; his cousin replied –

‘You shouldn’t grudge a few yards of earth, for me to ornament, when you have taken all my land!’

‘Your land, insolent slut? You never had any!’ said Heathcliff.

‘And my money,’ she continued, returning his angry glare, and meantime, biting a piece of crust, the remnant of her breakfast.

‘Silence!’ he exclaimed. ‘Get done, and begone!’

‘And Hareton’s land, and his money,’ pursued the reckless thing. ‘Hareton and I are friends now; and I shall tell him all about you!’

The master seemed confounded a moment, he grew pale, and rose up, eyeing her all the while, with an expression of mortal hate.

‘If you strike me, Hareton will strike you!’ she said, ‘so you may as well sit down.’

‘If Hareton does not turn you out of the room, I’ll strike him to Hell,’ thundered Heathcliff. ‘Damnable witch! dare you pretend to rouse him against me? Off with her! Do you hear? Fling her into the kitchen! I’ll kill her, Ellen Dean, if you let her come into my sight again!’

Hareton tried under his breath to persuade her to go.

‘Drag her away!’ he cried savagely. ‘Are you staying to talk?’ And he approached to execute his own command.

‘He’ll not obey you, wicked man, any more!’ said Catherine, ‘and he’ll soon detest you, as much as I do!’

‘Wisht! wisht!’ muttered the young man reproachfully. ‘I will not hear you speak so to him – Have done!’

‘But you won’t let him strike me?’ she cried.

‘Come then!’ he whispered earnestly.

It was too late – Heathcliff had caught hold of her.

‘Now *you* go!’ he said to Earnshaw. ‘Accursed witch! this time she has provoked me, when I could not bear it; and I’ll make her repent it for ever!’

He had his hand in her hair; Hareton attempted to release the locks, entreating him not to hurt her that once. His black eyes flashed, he seemed ready to tear Catherine in pieces, and I was just worked up to risk coming to the rescue, when of a sudden, his fingers relaxed, he shifted his grasp from her head, to her arm, and gazed intently in her face – Then, he drew his hand over his eyes, stood a moment to collect himself apparently, and turning anew to Catherine, said with assumed calmness,

‘You must learn to avoid putting me in a passion, or I shall really murder you, some time!’

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# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 3 Tsitsi Dangarembga: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Tsitsi Dangarembga**, *Nervous Conditions*, Seal Press, 1989, 1. pp 28–29,  
2. pp 80–81, 3 pp 200–201



# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 3 Tsitsi Dangarembga: *Nervous Conditions* – continued

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**Tsitsi Dangarembga**, *Nervous Conditions*, Seal Press, 1989, 1. pp 28–29,  
2. pp 80–81, 3 pp 200–201

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 4 Thomas Hardy: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

1.

Tess wished to abridge her visit as much as possible; but the young man was pressing, and she consented to accompany him. He conducted her about the lawns, and flower-beds, and conservatories; and thence to the fruit-garden and green-houses, where he asked her if she liked strawberries.

'Yes,' said Tess, 'when they come.'

'They are already here.' D'Urberville began gathering specimens of the fruit for her, handing them back to her as he stooped; and, presently, selecting a specially fine product of the 'British Queen' variety, he stood up and held it by the stem to her mouth.

'No – no!' she said quickly, putting her fingers between his hand and her lips. 'I would rather take it in my own hand.'

'Nonsense!' he insisted; and in a slight distress she parted her lips and took it in.

They had spent some time wandering desultorily thus, Tess eating in a half-pleased, half-reluctant state whatever d'Urberville offered her. When she could consume no more of the strawberries he filled her little basket with them; and then the two passed round to the rose trees, whence he gathered blossoms and gave her to put in her bosom. She obeyed like one in a dream, and when she could affix no more he himself tucked a bud or two into her hat, and heaped her basket with others in the prodigality of his bounty. At last, looking at his watch, he said, 'Now, by the time you have had something to eat, it will be time for you to leave, if you want to catch the carrier to Shaston. Come here, and I'll see what grub I can find.'

Stoke-d'Urberville took her back to the lawn and into the tent, where he left her, soon reappearing with a basket of light luncheon, which he put before her himself. It was evidently the gentleman's wish not to be disturbed in this pleasant *tête-à-tête* by the servantry.

'Do you mind my smoking?' he asked.

'Oh, not at all, sir.'

He watched her pretty and unconscious munching through the skeins of smoke that pervaded the tent, and Tess Durbeyfield did not divine, as she innocently looked down at the roses in her bosom, that there behind the blue narcotic haze was potentially the 'tragic mischief' of her drama – one who stood fair to be the blood-red ray in the spectrum of her young life.

\* \* \* \*

2.

They were breaking up the masses of curd before putting them into the vats. The operation resembled the act of crumbling bread on a large scale; and amid the immaculate whiteness of the curds Tess Durbeyfield's hands showed themselves of the pinkness of the rose. Angel, who was filling the vats with his handfuls, suddenly ceased, and laid his hands flat upon hers. Her sleeves were rolled far above the elbow, and bending lower he kissed the inside vein of her soft arm.

Although the early September weather was sultry, her arm, from her dabbling in the curds, was as cold and damp to his mouth as a new-gathered mushroom, and tasted of the whey. But she was such a sheaf of susceptibilities that her pulse was accelerated by the touch, her blood driven to her finger-ends, and the cool arms flushed hot. Then, as though her heart had said, 'Is coyness longer necessary? Truth is truth between man and woman, as between man and man,' she lifted her eyes, and they beamed devotedly into his, as her lip rose in a tender half-smile.

'Do you know why I did that, Tess?' he said.

'Because you love me very much!'

'Yes, and as a preliminary to a new entreaty.'

'Not again!'

She looked a sudden fear that her resistance might break down under her own desire.

'O, Tessy!' he went on, 'I *cannot* think why you are so tantalizing. Why do you disappoint me so? You seem almost like a coquette, upon my life you do – a coquette of the first urban water! They blow hot and blow cold, just as you do; and it is the very last sort of thing to expect to find in a retreat like Talbothays . . . And yet, dearest,' he quickly added, observing how the remark had cut her, 'I know you to be the most honest, spotless creature that ever lived. So how can I suppose you a flirt? Tess, why don't you like the idea of being my wife, if you love me as you seem to do?'

'I have never said I don't like the idea, and I never could say it; because – it isn't true!'

The stress now getting beyond endurance her lip quivered, and she was obliged to go away. Clare was so pained and perplexed that he ran after and caught her in the passage.

'Tell me, tell me!' he said, passionately clasping her, in forgetfulness of his curdy hands: 'do tell me that you won't belong to anybody but me!'

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 4 Thomas Hardy: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* – continued

### 3.

'I can't believe in such sudden things! I feel indignant with you for talking to me like this, when you know – when you know what harm you've done me! You, and those like you, take your fill of pleasure on earth by making the life of such as me bitter and black with sorrow; and then it is a fine thing, when you have had enough of that, to think of securing your pleasure in heaven by becoming converted! Out upon such – I don't believe in you – I hate it!'

'Tess,' he insisted; 'don't speak so! It came to me like a jolly new idea! And you don't believe me? What don't you believe?'

'Your conversion. Your scheme of religion.'

'Why?'

She dropped her voice. 'Because a better man than you does not believe in such.'

'What a woman's reason! Who is this better man?'

'I cannot tell you.'

'Well,' he declared, a resentment beneath his words seeming ready to spring out at a moment's notice, 'God forbid that I should say I am a good man – and you know I don't say any such thing. I am new to goodness, truly; but new comers see furthest sometimes.'

'Yes,' she replied sadly. 'But I cannot believe in your conversion to a new spirit. Such flashes as you feel, Alec, I fear don't last!'

Thus speaking she turned from the stile over which she had been leaning, and faced him; whereupon his eyes, falling casually upon the familiar countenance and form, remained contemplating her. The inferior man was quiet in him now; but it was surely not extracted, nor even entirely subdued.

'Don't look at me like that!' he said abruptly.

Tess, who had been quite unconscious of her action and mien, instantly withdrew the large dark gaze of her eyes, stammering with a flush, 'I beg your pardon!' And there was revived in her the wretched sentiment which had often come to her before, that in inhabiting the fleshly tabernacle with which nature had endowed her she was somehow doing wrong.

'No, no! Don't beg my pardon. But since you wear a veil to hide your good looks, why don't you keep it down?'

She pulled down the veil, saying hastily, 'It was mostly to keep off the wind.'

'It may seem harsh of me to dictate like this,' he went on; 'but it is better that I should not look too often on you. It might be dangerous.'

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 5 Dorothy Johnston: *One for the Master*

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

1.

I loved Miss Foot's stories of the vegetable gardens, the rows long and low furrowed, soil with the taste of that bitter chocolate no one ever gave to children, so close to the river that, when you laid down your spade, a pool of water always formed at the base of your digging. The air-raid shelter dark and underground, closed up for years, a home for rabbits and who knew what besides.

A part of me doubted that there'd ever been gardens underneath the dye shed, or an air-raid shelter whose entrance I could find no sign of, and that nobody I asked knew anything about. I doubted, but did not dismiss the possibility. There were the runner beans along the scarp, for instance. When I listened to Miss Foot telling me about weeding and planting, collecting eggs from the engineer's pet fowls, it ceased to matter whether she really had or not. She was allowing me to visit her in an earlier generation, passing on her knowledge, and the fact that this seemed to be for me and no one else added to its value.

I noticed how, over the months, Miss Foot took on different voices for her anecdotes. After the day we ran into Queenie, Miss Foot copied Queenie's belly laugh, her voice when she'd been drinking.

She spoke again about the tuner, whom she and the other weavers had summoned with a bright blue flag.

'Joe was good at his job. All the weavers liked him. Spent an hour under one of my looms one morning. I timed him by the clock. Came up dripping greasy water. Shivering, grin all over his face. He'd found the blighter.'

'What happened to him? What happened to Joseph, Miss Foot?'

Miss Foot stared out at the river for a long time before she said, 'Joe was a little fella. Did I tell you that? Five foot nothing, and skinny as a six-week bantam. Tiger, the girls called him, but I called him Joe. Those what saw it said he literally flew. One minute he was on the ground, next minute flying through the air. Belt got him. Flung him up, you see. Bust his brains out on the ceiling.'

'Miss Foot, was that why you decided to stop talking? Because of what happened to Joe?'

She didn't answer, but I knew I was right.

\* \* \* \*

2.

'It was you who suggested it,' I said to Wally, my voice mild, but shaking underneath. I found it hard to believe that it was really Wally who'd stood on the stage at the Trades Hall that night, at my uncle's wake. Wally seemed to me these days like a long feather that could be launched one way then another, bending in the wind.

I watched him fill a glass at the sink and drain it, one long breath of flaccid water.

'Oh forget it,' he said. 'Look, who are we talking about here?' He waved his empty glass in front of me. 'Those booze artists up at the Trades Hall? They'll let you work your behind off for them and laugh at you behind your back! Recognise that picture? Yes?'

'It's not like that. You know why I'm doing it,' I said.

Wally tossed his glass in the sink, daring it to break. 'I prefer my own brand of hypocrisy. Thanks *very* much.'

I'd intended to tell Wally that Queenie was taking better care of herself, drinking less, that, if nothing else, our small project had achieved this much. Sometimes I guessed what was behind Wally's spurts of irritation, sometimes not. If I'd chosen another time to talk to him about it, he might have accepted the idea.

I picked up some fabric samples that Wally had brought home, clutching them as though they might absorb the flow of his anger, clench and seal it.

I knew it was useless to point out that, if he had begun something for my uncle's sake, Queenie and I could keep it going for the same reason.

Wally would say this was nonsense. Highlands had changed out of sight. I also knew what I would reply – it was like verse and chorus in my head – Highlands has changed, and you have changed, and where does that leave me?

I supposed I might get used to Wally's changeableness, his long absences from home. At weekends now he often fell asleep sitting at the table. Being exhausted didn't soften him, but added a fluttering, dangerous edge to his moods. I was tired of the way I ran on conversations with Wally in my head, while he grew angry or cracked a joke, or got up and walked away.

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# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 5 Dorothy Johnston: *One for the Master* – continued

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### 3.

I decided that my uncle was unlucky. The forces that separated some people, held different ones together, held me at that moment in the middle of the wedding, while I thought about bad luck. It must be luck that made Sandro, a Catholic like Helinka, want to marry a person of no religion like my mother, whose past already contained a husband and a large unanswered question.

While we ate our dessert, my uncle talked to Sandro's brothers about his wool-classing, how he was learning to throw fleeces, the long tables at the wool school, the hard bales lined up along each side of the classroom.

One asked him what he would do when he got his diploma.

My uncle chewed and said, 'Two years more of night school! And first I've got to pass!'

When I was old enough to leave school, I decided, I would follow my uncle. He wouldn't be able to stop me. Sheep stations surely employed a variety of people, and would find something for a girl like me to do. My uncle leaned across to squeeze my hand, but I pulled away. Then I picked up his glass and drank the contents down. A ticklish feeling began with my fingers, not comforting exactly, but better than before.

I watched my uncle, his chest big as a boat in his borrowed dinner suit, get up to dance with Sandro's younger sister. Out there on the dance floor he had an air of having already left my company, and I was afraid that if I walked across and tapped him on the arm he would disappear.

Wally showed the contempt of the young rocker for waltzes and foxtrots. He grew raucous on sweet dessert wine, and sang 'Arrivederci Roma' at the top of his voice. When the band played the Mexican Hat Dance, he kicked his long legs wildly, and twirled his partner so that her dress flew out.

Sandro danced with Queenie, who yelled, 'Only for you, gorgeous!' I watched Queenie laughing indulgently when Sandro trod on her toes. No one was looking at me, so I picked up another glass of wine and drank it, and the room began to spin, everyone spinning together, filled with a false, fractious gaiety. I wobbled and steadied myself with the back of a chair, and that was when I saw my father, passing underneath the pergola.

My father reached the end where my mother had cut the ribbon, and looked around at everyone, a sad, calm expression on his face. The already wilting leaves brushed his stooping shoulders, the shoulders of a bridegroom who has arrived too late. The dying branches seemed to brush his wine-pale form away, so that when I blinked and looked again he was gone. The uninvited guest.

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# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 6 Elizabeth Jolley: *The Well*

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

1.

The photograph was tinted, professionally, so that she had, as was thought pretty then for a little girl, a rosy pursed-up little mouth and rounded cheeks the colour of ripe peaches. Looking closely for several minutes she recalled the voices from her childhood and knew that she did not hear them, only longed to hear them as she was, without acknowledging it, longing to be cherished again in the way she once had been by her father and her grandmother and, for a few years, by Hilde Herzfeld. A rush of remembered fondness for her grandmother was like a pain. This pain was followed quickly by another as she thought of her father. Latterly, before he died, she was always escaping from him as he became more of an invalid and an increasingly tiresome bore. Sure, she said to herself then, to drive even sheep away. Only Mr Bird was faithful perhaps because of being such a bore himself he did not notice. But as a child she accompanied him everywhere, her little crutch dot dotting fast to keep up with his long stride. In those far off days she wore a red woollen hat knitted by her grandmother. This hat with its tassel Hester still had. She still used it, darned several times, as her father used it after it was considered too childish for her. Like her father she kept her money in it. Bank notes and change, often a great deal, rolled up, hidden in the soft wool and placed on the top shelf of the kitchen dresser next to the spikes for bills and receipts, the cheque book and the pen and ink. Hester paid for everything with cash, keeping the cheque book for distant payments, the city shops and the selected few charities which, fortunately, did not have to survive on her meagre contributions.

Hester had never known her mother. Neither had Katherine. They did not talk of this as the word seemed to have very little meaning for either of them. Katherine, lacking a father too, had quickly learned while Hester's father was alive how to behave with him, how to answer him and when to avoid him. She was very adaptable Hester noticed at once. She thought this was probably because of the kind of people she had had to be with at the orphanage.

The lame leg had not shown on the photograph even though the low-waisted dress was short. The skilful photographer had arranged her to sit in such a way that the little body and limbs looked perfect, the lame foot was tucked in behind the good one. Perhaps that was why, when she became older and painfully aware of the disfigurement, she had removed the photograph from its place and put it away.

\* \* \* \*

2.

Hester, still smiling, looked with approval at the familiar countryside. It appeared to be quite unchanged. How could paddocks, she thought, know when land changed hands. It was a fine day. If she stopped the car and walked perhaps she would feel safe and comforted. She always felt no harm, could come to her once she was on her own property. Now the property was reduced but the feeling of safety could persist, she felt, if she walked low down, small, on the gravel edge of the road with only the immense sky above her. But there was no time to walk. She increased her speed. The man on the track could mean that there was another. The other might be looking for the one . . . She tried to look with the interest of the landowner at the paddocks. It was not the same now. Perhaps, she thought, Katherine is out of doors, pleasantly warm in the yard watching the tiny clouds coming up from the west knowing that Miss Harper, who loves clouds, can see them too.

Without meaning to Katherine might go to the well, she might put her hand on the coping, from habit, to see if it is pleasantly warm to sit on . . .

No. No. No! Not the well! Hester's own voice in the car frightened her. No – Katherine! She croaked, come away from the well. Powerless and tormented with vivid pictures of Katherine standing beside the well, she thought of her alone and frightened; frightened at what they had done; Katherine alone hearing a sound from the well. Often there are sounds, soft soft noises, a rushing of wind and the drip drop of water when there is no water. Often they think they have heard water. They think they do hear water somewhere far down, drip drop, the soft sound of water, cool sweet water under the earth when they know there is no water. The well is dry. Katherine could be afraid that someone, a stranger is behind her; she might be afraid to look and, having to look, might glance round uneasily, peering squinting all round the yard.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 6 Elizabeth Jolley: *The Well* – continued

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3.

‘If you’re very quiet and manage to sit quite still for the next three minutes till we get to the roadhouse,’ Rosalie Borden says, ‘on the way back with the gas Miss Harper will tell you all about a Great – Big – Monster she caught on her roo bar One Dark Night!’ She gives a rich laugh and dropping her voice, speaking out of the corner of her mouth, she says, ‘I said – “on the way back” – Miss Harper, to give you time to think up something.’

Hester is suddenly afraid. Afraid that Katherine will have blurted out something to Mrs Borden. She has not tried to extract from Katherine a promise of silence. She has simply said that the whole thing was over and cleared away and closed off and that there was no need to discuss any aspect of it ever again. Katherine’s only reply was a quiet and dutiful, ‘Yes, Miss Harper,’ a reply which came, Hester thought at the time, as if straight from the orphanage.

‘Oh dear,’ Hester manages a forced little laugh. ‘I really know nothing about children. I am not used to telling stories to children.’ As a passenger in the car, possibly an unwelcome one, she thinks, as Mrs Borden is always sure to be in a terrible hurry to get done all she has to get done, she ought to be able to amuse the children for a few minutes. Mrs Borden has plenty to do without going back and forth on the road just for her.

‘Miss Harper! Miss Harper! Make it real scary!’ Dobby Borden yells through the gaps in his teeth.

What was it the woman on the other chair in Grossman’s said about the story having to be a narrative fiction told by someone who has actually had the experience. Hester draws her lips together in one of her half smiles, the smallest smile a person can give.

‘I’ll try and think. I’ll have to decide which monster I’ll tell you about,’ she says.

‘Miss Harper, real scary! Make it real scary!’

‘Yes, Miss Harper, do that,’ Rosalie Borden, spitting on one finger, smoothes her eye brows first one and then the other, approving of herself in the small reflection in the rear mirror. ‘Scare ’em witless. They’ll love it!’

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

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1 – 7 William Maxwell: *So long, see you tomorrow*

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Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *So long, see you tomorrow*.

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**William Maxwell**, *So long, see you tomorrow*, The Harvill Press, 1998,  
1. pp. 50–51, 2. pp. 75–76, 3. pp. 111–112



# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 7 William Maxwell: *So long, see you tomorrow* – continued

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Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**William Maxwell**, *So long, see you tomorrow*, The Harvill Press, 1998,  
1. pp. 50–51, 2. pp. 75–76, 3. pp. 111–112

# 1: Novels

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1 – 8 Toni Morrison: *Beloved*

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

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Toni Morrison**, *Beloved*, Vintage, 1997, 1. pp 29–30, 2. pp 140–141,  
3.p 251

# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 8 Toni Morrison: *Beloved* – continued

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Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Toni Morrison**, *Beloved*, Vintage, 1997, 1. pp 29–30, 2. pp 140–141,  
3.p 251

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 9 Graham Swift: *Last Orders*

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

1.

We stop near the top of a hill, with fields sloping away. It's all green. I think, I aint saying nothing, I aint saying, 'Why are we here?' There's an old windmill on the top of the hill, I remember that, and there's a view below: fields and woods and hedges and orchards, a farmhouse, a church tower, a village. It's spread out in different patches like someone's pieced it together.

We sit for a bit with the engine ticking and the breeze outside. Then they look at each other and he says, 'See down there. That's where your mum and me first met. Hop-picking.' But that don't mean much to me, because I know what it means to hop and I know what it means when he says 'hop in the van' but I don't have the foggiest what hop-picking is. So I say, 'What's hop-picking?' and he tries to explain, like he hadn't planned on that bit. And I aint much the wiser. And Amy says, 'They call Kent the Garden of England.' She's smiling at me funny. Then he says, like he hadn't planned on this bit either and he's only saying it so as not to say something else, 'It's like you've got to have the country to have the town. See them orchards. Uncle Lenny couldn't have no apples to sell, could he? See them sheep . . .' Then he stops and goes quiet, looking at me. Then he looks at Amy and Amy nods and he says, 'Come with me.'

We get out and walk into the fields and I'm scared. There are sheep bleating and staring. He stands and looks at the view. I think, It's because the sheep get killed. It's because the sheep get chopped up and eaten. The view's all far-off and little and it's as though we're far-off and little too and someone could be looking at us like we're looking at the view. He looks at me, and I know the reason I'm scared is because he is. And my dad Jack aint never scared. He doesn't look like my dad Jack, he looks as if he could be anyone. He takes a deep breath, then another one, quick, and I reckon he wanted to change his mind, but he was already teetering, toppling, on top of that hill, and he couldn't stop himself.

\* \* \* \*

2.

There aint no hiding, if it's true what they say, least of all in a church. Because *He's* supposed to see everything, innermost thoughts. But I reckon if Vince can't tell, if he can't see my innermost, and if it was his thousand in the first place and he gave it to Jack in his dying days, on his death-bed, he's not going to ask for it back, not now. Like asking for the money back you've put in the collection box. He aint going to tell no one.

And Jack aint going to tell no one.

He looks at me. 'You sure?'

'Yeh, give us a mo. You go on.'

He looks at me. Then he looks round quickly at the pillars and the arches and the windows, then back at me as if he's twigged the situation. Except he aint twigged it all. And I'm saying to myself, Miserable sinner. That's what you're supposed to tell yourself, miserable sinner. You're supposed to sink down on your knees. But all I'd been thinking, suddenly, was that it's a far cry, all this around me, from what I'm carrying in my hand, all this glory-hallelujah, from Jack and his drips. What's a plastic jar up against this lot? What's the lick and spit of a human life against fourteen centuries? And it was the same as I thought at that crematorium, though I never told no one, that none of it had to do with him, none of it. The velvet curtains, the flowers, the amens, the music. I stood there, looking at the curtains, trying to make it have to do with him, and Vic says, touching my arm, 'You can go now, Ray.' Because nothing aint got to do with Jack, not even his own ashes. Because Jack's nothing.

So I had to sit down, sink down, like I'd been hit. Like Vincey'd taken a swing at me an' all.

He says, 'Okay, Raysy, fair enough. Take it easy.'

I say, 'Here,' handing him the bag, looking at him, 'I'll catch you up,' and he takes the bag, looking at me. He half moves to slip the guidebook into it but thinks again. Then he walks off, slowly, along the side-aisle, along the row of pillars, in his camel-hair coat, mud on his trousers. Lenny and Vic have reached a spot where some stone steps go up and they stop there for a bit like they're wondering which way to go. Then Vince catches up with them. He taps Lenny on the shoulder and Lenny turns and Vince holds out the plastic bag and Lenny takes it.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 9 Graham Swift: *Last Orders* – continued

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### 3.

And the most I've wanted, the most I've hoped in fifty years, believe me I've never asked the earth, is that you should have looked at me, just once, and said, 'Mum.' It isn't much to have wished, all this time. Damn it, you're *fifty years old*. You should've fled the nest by now, you shouldn't want me around, you should be leading a life of your own. For God's sake, Mum, I'm a *big girl*. Well, all right then, go on then, big girl, have it your own way. It's your life, you go and ruin it.

I've tried to know what it's like to be you. To be in that Home always, which I only visit. To be in that body all the time, which I only look at twice a week. Which shouldn't be so difficult, should it, since it was once part of mine? Flesh of my. But I think when they snip that cord they snip off everything else too. They say, You're by yourself now, you're as different and as separate as all the others, it's hoo-ha thinking otherwise. And when I tot up all those twice-weekly visits, then it seems we haven't shared each other's company for much more than one whole year, which isn't much in fifty, which isn't much for mother and daughter. But if you look at it another way, it's one whole year of just visiting.

That's what I am, that's what I've been: a visitor. And when I went in to see Jack, in that little room, Vincey waiting outside, to visit Jack's body, like you could say I was a visitor to it when it was alive, but I haven't counted up the times in fifty years, I thought: What's the difference? He isn't ever going to turn into something else now, but don't kid yourself, Amy Dodds, that was just as true of Jack alive as dead.

So what was true of you, girl, was true of him. And maybe that's why he never came to see you, because he'd already visited himself, looked in on himself somehow in that little room where his own body lay, knowing he wouldn't alter. Maybe that was his sacrifice for your sake: no hope for you so none for him. His sacrifice of all those other Jacks he might have been. But pull the other one. Maybe Jack Dodds, my husband, was really a saint and I never knew it, I never cottoned on. And I was the weak and the selfish one. Hello Mum.

*Best thing we can do, Ame, is*  
You bastard, you butcher.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 10 Mark Twain: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

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

1.

So Jim went to work and told me the whole thing right through, just as it happened, only he painted it up considerable. Then he said he must start in and “terpret” it, because it was sent for a warning. He said the first tow-head stood for a man that would try to do us some good, but the current was another man that would get us away from him. The whoops was warnings that would come to us every now and then, and if we didn’t try hard to make out to understand them they’d just take us into bad luck, ’stead of keeping us out of it. The lot of tow-heads was troubles we was going to get into with quarrelsome people and all kinds of mean folks, but if we minded our business and didn’t talk back and aggravate them, we would pull through and get out of the fog and into the big clear river, which was the free States, and wouldn’t have no more trouble.

It had clouded up pretty dark just after I got onto the raft, but it was clearing up again, now.

‘Oh, well, that’s all interpreted well enough, as far as it goes, Jim,’ I says; ‘but what does *these* things stand for?’

It was the leaves and rubbish on the raft, and the smashed oar. You could see them first rate, now.

Jim looked at the trash, and then looked at me, and back at the trash again. He had got the dream fixed so strong in his head that he couldn’t seem to shake it loose and get the facts back into its place again, right away. But when he did get the thing straightened around, he looked at me steady, without ever smiling, and says:

‘What do dey stan’ for? I’s gwyne to tell you. When I got all wore out wid work, en wid de callin’ for you, en went to sleep, my heart wuz mos’ broke bekase you wuz los’, en I didn’ k’yer no mo’ what become er me en de raf’. En when I wake up en fine you back again’, all safe en soun’, de tears come en I could a got down on my knees en kiss’ yo’ foot I’s so thankful. En all you wuz thinking ’bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie. Dat truck dah is *trash*; en trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren’s en makes ’em ashamed.’

Then he got up slow, and walked to the wigwam, and went in there, without saying anything but that. But that was enough. It made me feel so mean I could almost kissed *his* foot to get him to take it back.

It was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger – but I done it, and I warn’t ever sorry for it afterwards, neither. I didn’t do him no more mean tricks, and I wouldn’t done that one if I’d a knowed it would make him feel that way.

\* \* \* \*

2.

They took Boggs to a little drug store, the crowd pressing around, just the same, and the whole town following, and I rushed and got a good place at the window, where I was close to him and could see in. They laid him on the floor, and put one large Bible under his head, and opened another one and spread it on his breast – but they tore open his shirt first, and I seen where one of the bullets went in. He made about a dozen long gasps, his breast lifting the Bible up when he drawed in his breath, and letting it down again when he breathed it out – and after that he laid still; he was dead. Then they pulled his daughter away from him, screaming and crying, and took her off. She was about sixteen, and very sweet and gentle-looking, but awful pale and scared.

Well, pretty soon the whole town was there, squirming and scrouging and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look, but people that had the places wouldn’t give them up, and folks behind them was saying all the time, ‘Say, now, you’ve looked enough, you fellows; ’taint right and ’taint fair, for you to stay thar all the time, and never give nobody a chance; other folks has their rights as well as you.’

There was considerable jawing back, so I slid out, thinking maybe there was going to be trouble. The streets was full, and everybody was excited. Everybody that seen the shooting was telling how it happened, and there was a big crowd packed around each one of these fellows, stretching their necks and listening. One long lanky man, with long hair and a big white fur stove-pipe hat on the back of his head, and a crooked-handled cane, marked out the places on the ground where Boggs stood, and where Sherburn stood, and the people following him around from one place to t’other and watching everything he done, and bobbing their heads to show they understood, and stooping a little and resting their hands on their thighs to watch him mark the places on the ground with his cane; and then he stood up straight and stiff where Sheburn had stood, frowning and having his hat-brim down over his eyes, and sung out, ‘Boggs!’ and then fetched his cane down slow to a level, and says ‘Bang!’ staggered backwards, says ‘Bang!’ again, and fell down flat on his back. The people that had seen the thing said he done it perfect; said it was just exactly the way it all happened. Then as much as a dozen people got out their bottles and treated him.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

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## 1 – 10 Mark Twain: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* – continued

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### 3.

They had borrowed a melodeum – a sick one; and when everything was ready, a young woman set down and worked it, and it was pretty skreeky and colicky, and everybody joined in and sung, and Peter was the only one that had a good thing, according to my notion. Then the Reverend Hobson opened up, slow and solemn, and begun to talk; and straight off the most outrageous row busted out in the cellar a body ever heard; it was only one dog, but he made a most powerful racket, and he kept it up, right along; the parson he had to stand there, over the coffin, and wait – you couldn't hear yourself think. It was right down awkward, and nobody didn't seem to know what to do. But pretty soon they see that long-legged undertaker make a sign to the preacher as much as to say, 'Don't you worry – just depend on me.' Then he stooped down and begun to glide along the wall, just his shoulders showing over the people's heads. So he glided along, and the pow-wow and racket getting more and more outrageous all the time; and at last, when he had gone around two sides of the room, he disappears down cellar. Then, in about two seconds we heard a whack, and the dog he finished up with a most amazing howl or two, and then everything was dead still, and the parson begun his solemn talk where he left off. In a minute or two here comes this undertaker's back and shoulders gliding along the wall again; and so he glided, and glided, around three sides of the room, and then rose up, and shaded his mouth with his hands, and stretched his neck out towards the preacher, over the people's heads, and says, in a kind of a coarse whisper, '*He had a rat!*' Then he drooped down and glided along the wall again to his place. You could see it was a great satisfaction to the people, because naturally they wanted to know. A little thing like that don't cost nothing, and it's just the little things that makes a man to be looked up to and liked. There warn't no more popular man in town than what that undertaker was.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 1 Euripides: *The Bacchae*

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

1.

CADMUS:

My dear son, Teiresias has given you good advice.  
Don't stray beyond pious tradition; live with us.  
Your wits have flown to the winds, your sense is  
foolishness.

Even if, as you say, Dionysus is no god,  
Let him have *your* acknowledgement; lie royally,  
That Semele may get honour as having borne a god,  
And credit come to us and to all our family.

Remember, too, Actaeon's miserable fate –  
Torn and devoured by hounds which he himself had bred,  
Because he filled the mountains with the boast that he  
Was a more skilful hunter than Artemis herself.  
Don't share his fate, my son! Come, let me crown your  
head

With a wreath of ivy; join us in worshipping this god.

PENTHEUS:

Keep your hands off! Go to your Bacchic rites, and don't  
Wipe off your crazy folly on me. But I will punish  
This man who has been your instructor in lunacy.  
Go, someone, quickly to his seat of augury,  
Smash it with crowbars, topple the walls, throw all his  
things

In wild confusion, turn the whole place upside down,  
Fling out his holy fripperies to the hurricane winds!  
This sacrilege will sting him more than anything else.  
The rest of you – go, comb the country and track down  
That effeminate foreigner, who plagues our women with  
This new disease, fouls the whole land with lechery;  
And once you catch him, tie him up and bring him here  
To me; I'll deal with him. He shall be stoned to death.  
He'll wish he'd never brought his Bacchic rites to  
Thebes.

*Exit* PENTHEUS.

TEIRESIAS:

Foolhardy man! You do not know what you have said.  
Before, you were unbalanced; now you are insane.  
Come, Cadmus; let us go and pray both for this man,  
Brutish as he is, and for our city, and beg the god  
To show forbearance. Come, now, take your ivy staff  
And let us go. Try to support me; we will help  
Each other. It would be scandalous for two old men  
To fall; still, we must go, and pay our due service  
To Dionysus, son of Zeus.

\* \* \* \*

2.

DIONYSUS:

One man alone, you agonize for Thebes; therefore  
It is your destined ordeal that awaits you now.  
Come with me; I will bring you safely to the place;  
Another shall conduct you back.

PENTHEUS:

My mother – yes?

DIONYSUS: A sight for all to witness.

PENTHEUS:

To this end I go.

DIONYSUS: You will return borne high –

PENTHEUS:

Royal magnificence!

DIONYSUS: In your own mother's arms.

PENTHEUS:

You insist that I be spoiled.

DIONYSUS: One kind of spoiling.

PENTHEUS:

Yet I win what I deserve.

*Exit* PENTHEUS.

DIONYSUS:

Pentheus, you are a man to make men fear; fearful  
Will be your end – an end that shall lift up your fame  
To the height of heaven.  
Agauë, and you her sisters, daughters of Cadmus,  
Stretch out your hands! See, I am bringing this young  
man

To this great battle; and I and Bromius shall be  
Victors. What more shall happen, the event will show.

*Exit* DIONYSUS.

Chorus:

Hounds of Madness, fly to the mountain, fly  
Where Cadmus' daughters are dancing in ecstasy!  
Madden them like a frenzied herd stampeding,  
Against the madman hiding in woman's clothes  
To spy on the Maenads' rapture!

First his mother shall see him craning his neck  
Down from a rounded rock or a sharp crag,  
And shout to the Maenads, 'Who is the man, you  
Bacchae,

Who has come to the mountain, come to the mountain  
spying

On the swift wild mountain-dances of Cadmus'  
daughters?

Which of you is his mother?

No, that lad never lay in a woman's womb;  
A lioness gave him suck, or a Libyan Gorgon!

Justice, now be revealed! Now let your sword  
Thrust – through and through – to sever the throat  
Of the godless, lawless, shameless son of Echion,  
Who sprang from the womb of Earth!

\* \* \* \*



## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 1 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

3.

DIONYSUS:

*... The royal house is overthrown;  
The city's streets tremble in guilt, as every Theban  
Repents too late his blindness and his blasphemy.  
Foremost in sin was Pentheus, who not only scorned  
My claims, but put me in fetters and insulted me.  
Therefore death came to him in the most shameful way,  
At his own mother's hands. This fate he justly earned;  
No god can see his worship scorned, and hear his name  
Profaned, and not take vengeance to the utmost limit.  
Thus men may learn that gods are more powerful than  
they.*

*Agauë and her sisters must immediately  
Depart from Thebes; their exile will be just penance  
For the pollution which this blood has brought on them.  
Never again shall they enjoy their native land;  
That such defilement ever should appear before  
The city's altars, is an offence to piety.*

Now, Cadmus, hear what suffering Fate appoints for  
you.

You shall transmute your nature, and become a serpent.  
Your wife Harmonia, whom her father Ares gave  
To you, a mortal, likewise shall assume the nature  
Of beasts, and live a snake. The oracle of Zeus  
Foretells that you, at the head of a barbaric horde,  
Shall with your wife drive forth a pair of heifers yoked,  
And with your countless army destroy many cities;  
But when they plunder Loxias' oracle, they shall find  
A miserable homecoming. However, Ares shall  
At last deliver both you and Harmonia,  
And grant you immortal life among the blessed gods.

I who pronounce these fates am Dionysus, begotten  
Not by a mortal father, but by Zeus. If you  
Had chosen wisdom, when you would not, you would  
have lived

In wealth and safety, having the son of Zeus your friend.

CADMUS: Have mercy on us, Dionysus. We have sinned.

DIONYSUS: You know too late. You did not know me when  
you should.

CADMUS: We acknowledge this; but your revenge is  
merciless.

DIONYSUS: And rightly; I am a god, and you insulted me.

CADMUS: Gods should not be like mortals in vindictiveness.

DIONYSUS: All this my father Zeus ordained from the  
beginning.

AGAUË: No hope, father. Our harsh fate is decreed: exile.

DIONYSUS: Then why put off a fate which is inevitable?

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 2 William Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra*

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

1.

CAESAR

You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know  
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there  
A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS

I must not think there are  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness.  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary  
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change  
Than what he chooses.

CAESAR

You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smells of sweat. Say this becomes  
him –  
As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish – yet must Antony  
No way excuse his foils when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones  
Call on him for't. But to confound such time  
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud  
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure  
And so rebel to judgement.

\* \* \* \*

2.

ENOBARBUS

From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i'th' market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA

Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper. She replied  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA

Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed.  
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

ENOBARBUS

I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And, having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MAECENAS

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS

Never; he will not.  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

3.

CLEOPATRA                    Noblest of men, woo't die?  
 Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide  
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
 No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

*Antony dies*

The crown o'th'earth doth melt. My lord!  
 O, withered is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls  
 Are level now with men. The odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon.

*She faints*

CHARMIAN                    O, quietness, lady!

IRAS

She's dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN

Lady!

IRAS

Madam!

CHARMIAN

O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS

Royal Egypt! Empress!

CHARMIAN

Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded  
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
 And does the meanest chares. It were for me  
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,  
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught.  
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin  
 To rush into the secret house of death  
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?  
 What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?  
 My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart.  
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
 Let's do't after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away.  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 3 William Shakespeare: *Henry IV, Part 1*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Henry IV, Part 1*.

1.

PRINCE HAL

I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness.  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

\* \* \* \*

2.

HOTSPUR

O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb, which for enlargement striving  
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

GLENDOWER

Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have marked me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clipped in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOTSPUR

I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.  
I'll to dinner.

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

Why, so can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 3 William Shakespeare: *Henry IV, Part 1* – continued

3.

*Alarum. Enter Falstaff alone*

FALSTAFF Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here, here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! Who are you? Sir Walter Blunt – there's honour for you! Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered. There's not three of my hundred-and-fifty left alive – and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter the Prince*

PRINCE HAL

What, standest thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.  
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevened. I prithee  
Lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile.  
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have  
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE HAL

He is indeed, and living to kill thee.  
I prithee lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gets  
not my sword, but take my pistol if thou wilt.

PRINCE HAL Give it me. What, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a  
city.

*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of  
sack*

PRINCE HAL

What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

*He throws the bottle at him*

*Exit*

FALSTAFF Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do  
come in my way, so. If he do not, if I come in his  
willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not  
such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life,  
which if I can save, so. If not, honour comes unlooked  
for, and there's an end.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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### 2 – 4 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia*

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

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Tom Stoppard**, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993, 1. 36–38, 2. pp 65–66,  
3. pp 95–97

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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### 2 – 4 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia* – continued

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**Tom Stoppard**, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993, 1. 36–38, 2. pp 65–66,  
3. pp 95–97

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 5 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

1.

JACK: You had much better dine with your Aunt Augusta.  
 ALGERNON: I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relations. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to, tonight. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent . . . and that sort of thing is enormously on the increase. The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public. Besides, now that I know you to be a confirmed Bunburyist I naturally want to talk to you about Bunburying. I want to tell you the rules.  
 JACK: I'm not a Bunburyist at all. If Gwendolen accepts me, I am going to kill my brother, indeed I think I'll kill him in any case. Cecily is a little too much interested in him. It is rather a bore. So I am going to get rid of Ernest. And I strongly advise you to do the same with Mr . . . with your invalid friend who has the absurd name.  
 ALGERNON: Nothing will induce me to part with Bunbury, and if you ever get married, which seems to me extremely problematic, you will be very glad to know Bunbury. A man who marries without knowing Bunbury has a very tedious time of it.  
 JACK: That is nonsense. If I marry a charming girl like Gwendolen, and she is the only girl I ever saw in my life that I would marry, I certainly won't want to know Bunbury.  
 ALGERNON: Then your wife will. You don't seem to realize, that in married life three is company and two is none.  
 JACK [*sententiously*]: That, my dear young friend, is the theory that the corrupt French Drama has been propounding for the last fifty years.  
 ALGERNON: Yes; and that the happy English home has proved in half the time.  
 JACK: For heaven's sake, don't try to be cynical. It's perfectly easy to be cynical.  
 ALGERNON: My dear fellow, it isn't easy to be anything nowadays. There's such a lot of beastly competition about. [*The sound of an electric bell is heard.*] Ah! That must be Aunt Augusta. Only relatives, or creditors, ever ring in that Wagnerian manner. Now, if I get her out of the way for ten minutes, so that you can have an opportunity for proposing to Gwendolen, may I dine with you tonight at Willis's?  
 JACK: I suppose so, if you want to.  
 ALGERNON: Yes, but you must be serious about it. I hate people who are not serious about meals. It is so shallow of them.

\* \* \* \*

2.

ALGERNON: I hope, Cecily, I shall not offend you if I state quite frankly and openly that you seem to me to be in every way the visible personification of absolute perfection.  
 CECILY: I think your frankness does you great credit, Ernest. If you will allow me, I will copy your remarks into my diary. [*Goes over to table and begins writing in diary.*]  
 ALGERNON: Do you really keep a diary? I'd give anything to look at it. May I?  
 CECILY: Oh no. [*Puts her hand over it.*] You see, it is simply a very young girl's record of her own thoughts and impressions, and consequently meant for publication. When it appears in volume form I hope you will order a copy. But pray, Ernest, don't stop. I delight in taking down from dictation. I have reached 'absolute perfection.' You can go on. I am quite ready for more.  
 ALGERNON [*somewhat taken aback*]: Ahem! Ahem!  
 CECILY: Oh, don't cough, Ernest. When one is dictating one should speak fluently and not cough. Besides, I don't know how to spell a cough. [*Writes as ALGERNON speaks.*]  
 ALGERNON [*speaking very rapidly*]: Cecily, ever since I first looked upon your wonderful and incomparable beauty, I have dared to love you wildly, passionately, devotedly, hopelessly.  
 CECILY: I don't think that you should tell me that you love me wildly, passionately, devotedly, hopelessly. Hopelessly doesn't seem to make much sense, does it?  
 ALGERNON: Cecily.  
 [*Enter MERRIMAN.*]  
 MERRIMAN: The dog-cart is waiting, sir.  
 ALGERNON: Tell it to come round next week, at the same hour.  
 MERRIMAN: [*looks at CECILY, who makes no sign*]: Yes, sir.  
 [*MERRIMAN retires.*]  
 CECILY: Uncle Jack would be very much annoyed if he knew you were staying on till next week, at the same hour.  
 ALGERNON: Oh, I don't care about Jack. I don't care for anybody in the whole world but you. I love you, Cecily. You will marry me, won't you?

\* \* \* \*

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 33



## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 5 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest* – continued

3.

LADY BRACKNELL: We live,  
I regret to say, in an age of surfaces. [*To CECILY.*] Come over here, dear. [*CECILY goes across.*] Pretty child! Your dress is sadly simple, and your hair seems almost as Nature might have left it. But we can soon alter all that. A thoroughly experienced French maid produces a really marvellous result in a very brief space of time. I remember recommending one to young Lady Lancing, and after three months her own husband did not know her.

JACK: And after six months nobody knew her.

LADY BRACKNELL [*glares at Jack for a few moments. Then bends, with a practised smile, to CECILY*]: Kindly turn round, sweet child. [*CECILY turns completely round.*] No, the side view is what I want. [*CECILY presents her profile.*] Yes, quite as I expected. There are distinct social possibilities in your profile. The two weak points in our age are its want of principle and its want of profile. The chin a little higher, dear. Style largely depends on the way the chin is worn. They are worn very high, just at present, Algernon!

ALGERNON: Yes, Aunt Augusta!

LADY BRACKNELL: There are distinct social possibilities in Miss Cardew's profile.

ALGERNON: Cecily is the sweetest, dearest, prettiest girl in the whole world. And I don't care twopence about social possibilities.

LADY BRACKNELL: Never speak disrespectfully of Society, Algernon. Only people who can't get into it do that. [*To CECILY.*] Dear child, of course you know that Algernon has nothing but his debts to depend upon. But I do not approve of mercenary marriages. When I married Lord Bracknell I had no fortune of any kind. But I never dreamed for a moment of allowing that to stand in my way. Well, I suppose I must give my consent.

ALGERNON: Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL: Cecily, you may kiss me!

CECILY [*kisses her*]: Thank you, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL: You may also address me as Aunt Augusta for the future.

CECILY: Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL: The marriage, I think, had better take place quite soon.

ALGERNON: Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

CECILY: Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL: To speak frankly, I am not in favour of long engagements. They give people the opportunity of finding out each other's character before marriage, which I think is never advisable.

JACK: I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Lady Bracknell, but this engagement is quite out of the question. I am Miss Cardew's guardian, and she cannot marry without my consent until she comes of age. That consent I absolutely decline to give.

LADY BRACKNELL: Upon what grounds, may I ask? Algernon is an extremely, I may almost say an ostentatiously, eligible young man. He has nothing, but he looks everything. What more can one desire?

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 6 David Williamson: *The Removalists*

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

1.

SIMMONDS: You don't know a bloody thing. Right?

(Pause.)

You don't know a bloody thing. About life, about the force, about yourself. You don't even know why you joined up.

(Pause.)

I've been round on this earth about thirty years longer than you have, Ross, and in that time I've learned a lot of things. If you want to go on staggering through life like a blind man in a brothel, then that's your business. If your pride won't let you accept a little bit of hard-earned knowledge, then fair enough. You can go on staggering around for the rest of your life for all I care. Everybody's fool. Is that what you want?

ROSS: (*grudgingly*) No.

SIMMONDS: Good. We're getting somewhere. I'm glad you haven't got the sort of pride that won't accept a little bit of help. I'm glad you feel you can accept a little bit of advice.

ROSS: I'm always ready to accept advice.

SIMMONDS: Then how come you wouldn't tell me what your father does?

ROSS: I didn't think it was any of your business.

SIMMONDS: (*acting puzzled*) I don't understand you, Ross. You want my help. You want the benefit of my experience. You want to learn in a few years what it's taken me twenty-three and yet you won't – you will not – give me one simple straightforward bit of information about yourself. (*Acting angry*) How in the hell do you expect me to help you if I don't know anything about you?

ROSS: (*stubborn, sullen*) I didn't think you needed to know that.

SIMMONDS: (*emitting a long, weary sigh*) Yes. It probably seems irrelevant. Let me tell you a little story, Ross. A few years ago they sent me a young lad straight out of training – not unlike yourself. Wouldn't tell me anything. Fair enough. Either a person wants to tell me something or they don't. Two weeks after he arrived we got this hysterical little tart fronting into the station, yelling: "Rape". Quite common around here in the summer. At any rate we give her an aspirin, jump in the divvy wagon and cruise round a bit, and bugger me dead the lads in question were there, large as life, in the local hamburger joint. Well before I could stop him, the young fella's out the door and into 'em. Laid out three before I had time to park the car. Turned out the tart was the biggest bike in the district. They'd all been through her – no worries – but the only reason she'd stacked on an act was because the young idiots had left her out in the bush for a joke because they knew her husband was due home from night shift. Silly bitch panicked and thought she could square it with her old man by dobbing them in.

\* \* \* \*

2.

REMOVALIST: We've had trouble like this before, mate. If you've changed yer mind and you don't want a removalist then give us your five dollars and I'll go. I've got ten thousand dollars worth of machinery tickin' over out there in the drive and if it ain't bein' utilized then that's money I've lost. Get me?

KENNY: (*losing patience*) Look mate. You've made a mistake. Go and check it out. I'm countin' to three and if you're not –

REMOVALIST: (*heated*) I know what's happened. It's happened to us before. One of them wog bastards has underquoted us, haven't they? They're cuttin' their own bloody throats, those wogs. Some of 'em work twenty hours a day seven days a week and if they're shiftin' you, you better make sure you're insured to the hilt, because they 'aven't any respect for your property, mate. None at all. I've seen 'em reduce an antique dresser to kindling more than once. All haste and no speed.

KENNY: (*Ominously*) Finished?

REMOVALIST: Just warnin' you, mate.

KENNY: Well I ain't been underquoted by no one for the simple reason that I ain't had no quotes for the simple reason that I don't want nothin' shifted.

REMOVALIST: Well I'm sorry mate but we just don't make mistakes like this. Everything is double checked at both ends, and I ain't leavin' without me five dollars and I've got the Transport Board regulations to back me up.

KENNY: (*fed up*) Look. Piss off or I'll spray the back of your throat with teeth.

REMOVALIST: Are you threatening me?

KENNY: No. I'm doin' a line for you, you thick bastard.

REMOVALIST: Go on. Take a swing, mate. See what happens. Take a swing.

(*KENNY snorts in disgust, slams the door, walks back to the centre of the room.*)

KENNY: (*to FIONA*) Did you hear that nut?

FIONA: (*lying*) No. What did he want?

KENNY: You heard him, didn't you?

FIONA: (*nervously*) No, I was . . . er . . . talking to Kate.

KENNY: (*still amazed*) Bloody removalist. Wanted to shift our furniture out. Bet I know what's happened too. Little tart who gives 'em the jobs is gettin' back at him for doing the dirty on her. Or his mates have played a joke on him and he's too thick to catch on.

\* \* \* \*

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 6 David Williamson: *The Removalists* – continued

3.

ROSS: Jesus, Serg. He's dead. He's really dead this time. You can tell. Oh Jesus!

SIMMONDS: You've done it now Ross. He's really dead. I didn't like the sound of it when he mentioned his eye. Pressure at the back of the eye is bad news, Ross. I thought we might've been in trouble.

ROSS: Why didn't you take him to the hospital then? Why didn't you take him to the hospital if you knew that?

SIMMONDS: They couldn't've done anything for him, Ross. Not a man who dies as quick as that. You must've hit him with a bloody pile driver. He's dead, Ross. There's no doubt about it. He's dead!

ROSS: I know he's dead! Look at the poor bastard's eyes. He was scared out of his mind. Look at his bloody eyes! We should've taken him straight to hospital, Serg!

SIMMONDS: (*defensively*) They couldn't've done a thing for him. I can tell you that right now. Couldn't've done a thing! Not for someone who dies as quickly as that. He was either very bad or O.K., Ross, and if he's very bad then there's no sense taking him to hospital. Get into casualty with a body on your hands? I'm not crazy, Ross. I'm not callous but then again I'm not stupid and there's an important distinction there.

ROSS: Let's get a shotgun and make it look like suicide. Shoot his head off. Shoot out his bloody eyes.

SIMMONDS: For Christ's sake, Ross. Don't start that again. You're going to have to face the consequences, I'm afraid. You're going to have to face the consequences.

ROSS: You've got to help me, Serg! I'm no killer. I didn't join the force to kill.

(*ROSS pleads, grabbing SIMMONDS by the collar.*)

For Christ's sake, Serg! You've got to help me!

SIMMONDS: (*backing away*) I'm not helping anybody, boy. You did it!

ROSS: (*pleading, hysterical*) You're in it too Serg! You're in it too! You let him die.

SIMMONDS: (*shouting*) He would've died in any case!

ROSS: (*advancing on SIMMONDS and pleading*) You're in it too Serg! You've got to help me!

SIMMONDS: (*hysterical too*) I've got nothing to do with it!

(*He pushes ROSS away vigorously.*)

I've got nothing to do with it!

(*ROSS stands there, momentarily calmed by SIMMONDS' violence. Suddenly he runs up to SIMMONDS and hits him.*)

ROSS: (*hysterical*) Sorry Serg, but you're in it too!

SIMMONDS: You mad bastard! What do you bloody think you're doing?

ROSS: (*hitting him again*) If we both get smashed up it'll look like Kenny went berserk!

SIMMONDS: (*trying to get away*) You bastard Ross! You cowardly bastard. You'll get a shit of a report from me. Mark my words!

ROSS: (*hysterical*) Hit me back, Serg! Hit me back! We'll get off! Kenny went mad and beat us both to a pulp. Hit me where it bruises. Go on Serg! You know how to bruise a man! Go on!

(*ROSS advances on SIMMONDS, attacking him viciously. SIMMONDS fights back. As the play closes the fight almost takes on the air of a frenzied ritual of exorcism.*)

\* \* \* \*

### 3: Short stories

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#### 3 – 1 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories*

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

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Peter Carey**, *Collected Stories*, UQP, 1998, 1. pp 34–35, 2. pp 103–104,  
3. pp 291–292

### 3: Short stories

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#### 3 – 1 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories* – continued

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**Peter Carey**, *Collected Stories*, UQP, 1998, 1. pp 34–35, 2. pp 103–104,  
3. pp 291–292

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 2 Franz Kafka: *The Transformation and Other Stories*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Transformation and Other Stories*.

##### 1. *The Transformation*

'If he could understand what we said,' repeated the old man, and by closing his eyes absorbed his daughter's conviction that this was impossible, 'then perhaps we might be able to come to some arrangement with him. But as things are –'

'He's got to go,' cried his sister, 'that's the only solution, father. You must just try to get rid of the idea that it's Gregor. That's our real disaster, the fact that we've believed it for so long. But how can it be Gregor? If it were Gregor, he would have realized long since that it isn't possible for human beings to live together with a creature like that, and he would have gone away of his own accord. Then we wouldn't have a brother, but we'd be able to go on living and honour his memory. But as it is, this creature persecutes us, drives away our lodgers, obviously wants to occupy the whole flat and let us sleep out in the street. Just look, father,' she suddenly shrieked, 'he's at it again!' And in a state of panic that was quite incomprehensible to Gregor his sister abandoned her mother, positively shoving herself off from her chair as if she would rather sacrifice her mother than stay near Gregor, and dashed behind her father, who from sheer alarm at her behaviour got to his feet as well, and half raised his arms in front of her as though to protect her.

But Gregor had not the slightest intention of frightening anybody, least of all his sister. He had merely begun to turn himself round so as to travel back to his room, and that did admittedly look spectacular, since because of his infirm condition he had to use his head to assist him in this difficult manoeuvre, by raising it several times and then knocking it against the floor. He paused and looked about him. His good intentions appeared to have been recognized; the alarm had only been a momentary one. Now they were all silently and sorrowfully watching him. His mother lay back in her armchair with her legs outstretched and pressed together, her eye-lids almost dropping with fatigue; his father and sister sat side by side, his sister had put her arm round her father's neck.

'Now perhaps I'm allowed to turn around,' thought Gregor, and began his labours again. He couldn't suppress the wheezing caused by his exertions, and from time to time he had to rest. Nor did anyone harass him, it was all left entirely to him. When he had completed the turn he at once set off on his journey in a straight line. He was amazed at the distance separating him from his room, and failed to understand how in his weak state he had recently covered the same stretch almost without realizing it. So intent was he on just crawling fast, he barely noticed that not a word, not a single exclamation from his family was disturbing his progress. Only when he was already in the doorway did he turn his head; not completely, for he felt his neck growing stiff; but enough to see that nothing behind him had changed except that his sister had risen to her feet. His last glimpse was of his mother, who was by now sound asleep.

Hardly was he inside his room when the door was pushed to with all speed, bolted and locked. The sudden noise at his back startled Gregor so much that his legs gave way under him. It was his sister who had shown such haste. She had been standing there ready and waiting, then she had sprung lightly forward, Gregor had not heard her coming at all; and she cried out 'At last!' to her parents as she turned the key in the lock.

\* \* \* \*

##### 2. *In The Penal Colony*

The voyager reflected: It's always a serious business to intervene decisively in other people's affairs. He was neither a citizen of the penal colony nor a citizen of the state to which it belonged. If he wished to condemn this execution, or even to prevent it, they could say to him: You are a stranger, hold your peace. To that he could make no answer, but simply add that in this instance he was a mystery to himself, for he was voyaging as an observer only, and by no means with any intention of changing other people's judicial systems. But here the circumstances were indeed extremely tempting. The injustice of the procedure and the inhumanity of the execution were beyond all doubt. No one could presume any kind of self-interest on the voyager's part, for the condemned man was unknown to him, was no fellow countryman, and by no means a person who inspired sympathy. The voyager himself had received here with great courtesy, and the fact that he had been invited to attend this execution even seemed to suggest that his opinion of the judicial system was being sought. And this was all the more likely since the commandant, as he had just heard in the plainest possible terms, was no supporter of this procedure and adopted an almost hostile attitude towards the officer.

At that moment the voyager heard a scream of rage from the officer. He had just succeeded, not without difficulty, in thrusting the felt stub into the condemned man's mouth when the man, in an uncontrollable fit of nausea, closed his eyes and vomited. Hastily the officer pulled him away from the felt and tried to turn his head towards the pit; but it was too late, the filth was already running down the machine. 'It's all the fault of the commandant!' screamed the officer, shaking the nearest brass rods in a blind fury, 'my machine's being befouled like a pigsty.' He showed the voyager what had happened with trembling hands. 'Haven't I spent hours trying to make clear to the commandant that for one whole day before the execution no food must be given. But the new moderate tendency has other ideas. The commandant's ladies stuff the man full of sweetmeats before he's led away. All his life he's lived on stinking fish and now he has to eat sweets! All right, one might let that pass, I wouldn't object, but why don't they get me a new felt stub, which I've been begging for these last three months. How can one not be sickened to take a piece of felt in one's mouth which more than a hundred men have sucked and gnawed at as they died?'

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## 3: Short stories

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### 3 – 2 Franz Kafka: *The Transformation and Other Stories* – continued

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#### 3. *A Country Doctor*

A closer look reveals a further complication. Who can set his eyes on that without whistling softly? Worms, as thick and as long as my little finger, rose-red themselves and blood-spattered in addition, held fast in the depths of the wound, are wriggling with their little white heads and their numerous legs towards the light. Poor boy, you are past helping. I have found your great wound, this flower in your side is destroying you. The family is happy, they see me occupied; the sister tells the mother, the mother tells the father, and the father tells some visitors who come tiptoeing in, with their arms outstretched for balance, through the moonlight of the open door. 'Will you save me?' the boy whispers with a sob, quite blinded by the life in his wound. That's what people are like in my district. Always asking the impossible of their doctor. They have lost their old faith; the priest sits at home and picks his vestments to pieces, one by one; but the doctor is expected to accomplish everything with his sensitive surgical hand. Well, just as you please: I have not volunteered my services; if you misuse me for sacred ends I'll put up with that too; what more can I hope for, I, an old country doctor, robbed of his servant-girl! And they come, the family and the village-elders come, and they take off my clothes; a choir of schoolchildren with the teacher at its head stands outside the door and sings this verse to the simplest of tunes:

Strip his clothes off, then he'll heal us,  
If he doesn't, strike him dead!  
He's only a doctor, a doctor after all.

There I stand stripped of my clothes, regarding the people calmly with my head bowed and my fingers in my beard. I am perfectly composed and superior to them all, and so I remain, though it doesn't help me, for now they take me up by the head and the feet and carry me over to the bed. They lay me down against the wall, on the side of the wound. Then all leave the room; the door is closed; the singing stops; clouds cover the moon; the bedclothes lie warm around me; the horses' heads in the open windows sway to and fro like shadows. 'You know,' says a voice in my ear, 'I have very little faith in you. You're just another one who's been wafted in from somewhere, you didn't get here on your own two feet. Instead of helping you're cramping me on my death-bed. What I'd like best is to scratch your eyes out.' 'You are right,' say I, 'it's a disgrace. But then I'm a doctor. What am I to do? Believe me, it isn't easy for me either.'

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### 3: Short stories

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

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

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Flannery O'Connor**, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, Faber and Faber, 1985, 1. pp16–17, 2. pp 165–166, 3. pp 243–244



### 3: Short stories

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

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Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Flannery O'Connor**, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, Faber and Faber, 1985, 1. pp16–17, 2. pp 165–166, 3. pp 243–244

## 4: Other literature

### 4 – 1 Thomas Lynch: *The Undertaking*

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

1.

Kitchens are not cooked in, dining rooms go dusty. Living rooms are a kind of mausolea reserved for ‘company’ that seldom comes. Lovemaking is done on those ‘getaway’ weekends at the Hyatt or the Holidome. New homes are built with fewer bedrooms and more full baths. (Note how a half-bath is not called a whole crapper.) And everyone has their ‘personal space’, their privacy. The babies are in daycare, the elders are in Arizona or Florida or a nursing home with people their own age and mom and dad are busting ass to pay for their ‘dream house’ or the remodeled ‘master suite’ where nothing much happens any more of any consequence.

This is also why the funerals held in my funeral parlor lack an essential manifest – the connection of the baby born to the marriage made to the deaths we grieve in the life of a family. I have no weddings or baptisms in the funeral home and the folks that pay me have maybe lost sight of the obvious connections between the life and the death of us. And how the rituals by which we mark the things that only happen to us once, birth and death, or maybe twice in the case of marriage, carry the same emotional mail – a message of loss and gain, love and grief, things changed utterly.

And just as bringing the crapper indoors has made feces an embarrassment, pushing the dead and dying out has made death one. And often I am asked to deal with the late uncle in the same way that Don Paterson and I were about to ask Armitage Shanks to deal with the bad curry – out of sight, out of mind. Make it go away, disappear. Push the button, pull the chain, get on with life. The trouble is, of course, that life, as any fifteen-year-old can tell you, is full of shit and has but one death. And to ignore our excrement might be good form while to ignore our mortality creates an ‘imbalance’, a kind of spiritual irregularity, psychic impaction, a bunging up of our humanity, a denial of our very nature.

\* \* \* \*

2.

Among the several duties of a funeral is, of course, the disposal of the dead for the living’s sake. And this trip, taken for long years, from the corner of Liberty and First Streets, where our funeral home has always been, down Atlantic Street to Mont-Eagle Street and over the bridge, passed, in its three-quarter-mile route, not factories or shops or shopping malls, but homes – brick and clapboard, large and small, but homes. The dead were put, properly, out of our homes but not out of our hearts, out of sight but not out of town.

Thus Oak Grove always seemed a safe extension, a tiny banishment of the dead from the living, a kindly stone’s throw away – a neighborhood of its own, among whose stones the living often spent their Sunday afternoons picnicking among the granite suburbs of grandparents, spinster aunts, ne’er-do-well uncles kept alive in the ordinary talk of the living. Geraniums were planted for ‘decoration day’, flags stuck in the graves of old soldiers, grass clipped around headstones all summer and leaves raked and ‘mums planted in the fall and grave blankets placed before the first snows of winter. The distance between the dead and the living seemed no greater than the river. Neither strange nor embarrassing, the dead were only dead, no less brothers and sisters, parents, children, friends. And death was considered part of the nature of things in a culture where crops failed, cattle starved and neighbors died. They were waked, eulogized, buried and grieved. And against forgetfulness huge stones were hauled in with names and dates on them to proclaim their permanent place in our townscapes. It is this ancient agreement – the remembrance of the dead by the living – that accounts for all burial grounds and most statuary and entire histories.

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## 4: Other literature

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### 4 – 1 Thomas Lynch: *The Undertaking* – continued

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3.

When Russ died last year in his easy chair, a cigar smoldering in the ashtray, one of those evening game shows flickering on the TV, his son came to my house to summon me. His wife and his daughters were weeping around him. His children's children watched and listened. We brought the hearse and waited while each of the women kissed him and left. We brought the stretcher in and, with his sons' help, moved him from the chair then out the door and to the funeral home, where we embalmed him, gave him a clean shave, and laid him out, all of us amazed at how age and infirmity had reduced him so. He actually fitted easily into a Batesville Casket – I think it was cherry, I don't remember.

But I remember how his vast heroics continued to grow over two days of wake. The stories were told and told again. Folks wept and laughed out loud at his wild antics. And after the minister, a woman who'd known Russ all her life and had braved his stoop on Hallowe'en, had had her say about God's mercy and the size of Heaven, she invited some of us to share our stories about Russ and after that we followed a brass band to the grave, holding forth with 'When the Saints Go Marching in'. And after everything had been said that could be said, and done that could be done, Mary and her daughters went home to the embraces of neighbors and the casseroles and condolences and Russ's sons remained to bury him. They took off their jackets, undid their ties, broke out a bottle and dark cigars and buried their father's body in the ground that none of us thought it would ever fit into. I gave the permit to the sexton and left them to it.

And though I know his body is buried there, something of Russ remains among us now. Whenever I see hot-air balloons – fat flaming birds adrift in evening air – I sense his legendary excesses raining down on us, old friends and family – his blessed and elect – who duck our heads or raise our faces to the sky and laugh or catch our breath or cry.

In even the best of caskets, it never all fits – all that we'd like to bury in them: the hurt and forgiveness, the anger and pain, the praise and thanksgiving, the emptiness and exaltations, the untidy feelings when someone dies. So I conduct this business very carefully because in the years since I've been here, when someone dies, they never call Jessica or the News Hound.

They call me.

\* \* \* \*

## 4: Other literature

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### 4 – 2 Blake Morrison: *And when did you last see your father?*

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Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *And when did you last see your father?*

Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Blake Morrison**, *And when did you last see your father*, Granta Books, 1998,  
1. pp. 17–18, 2. pp 132–133, 3. pp 213–214

## 4: Other literature

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### 4 – 2 Blake Morrison: *And when did you last see your father?* – continued

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Due to copyright restrictions, the following information is supplied in lieu of the material.

**Blake Morrison**, *And when did you last see your father*, Granta Books, 1998,  
1. pp. 17–18, 2. pp 132–133, 3. pp 213–214

## 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.

My confidence was at its peak, and in a kind of second confirmation I changed my first name Hersch into Henry, and my surname Seweryn to Selwyn. Oddly enough, I then found that as I began my medical studies (at Cambridge, again with the help of a scholarship) my ability to learn seemed to have slackened, though my examination results were among the best. You already know how things went on from there, said Dr Selwyn: the year in Switzerland, the war, my first year serving in India, and marriage to Elli, from whom I concealed my true background for a long time. In the Twenties and Thirties we lived in grand style; you have seen for yourself what is left of it. A good deal of Elli's fortune was used up that way. True, I had a practice in town, and was a hospital surgeon, but my income alone would never have permitted us such a life style. In the summer months we would motor right across Europe. Next to tennis, said Dr Selwyn, motoring was my great passion in those days. The cars are all still in the garage, and they may be worth something by now. But I have never been able to bring myself to sell anything, except perhaps, at one point, my soul. People have told me repeatedly that I haven't the slightest sense of money. I didn't even have the foresight, he said, to provide for my old age by paying into a pension scheme. That is why I am now practically a pauper. Elli, on the other hand, has made good use of the not inconsiderable remainder of her fortune, and now she must no doubt be a wealthy woman. I still don't know for sure what made us drift apart, the money or revealing the secret of my origins, or simply the decline of love. The years of the second war, and the decades after, were a blinding, bad time for me, about which I could not say a thing even if I wanted to. In 1960, when I had to give up my practice and my patients, I severed my last ties with what they call the real world. Since then, almost my only companions have been plants and animals. Somehow or other I seem to get on well with them, said Dr Selwyn with an inscrutable smile and, rising, he made a gesture that was most unusual for him. He offered me his hand in farewell.

\* \* \* \*

2.

Mme Landau could not tell me exactly what became of Helen Hollaender. Paul had preserved a resolute silence on the subject, possibly because he was plagued by a sense of having failed her or let her down. As far as Mme Landau had been able to discover, there could be little doubt that Helen and her mother had been deported, in one of those special trains that left Vienna at dawn, probably to Theresienstadt in the first instance.

Gradually, Paul Bereyter's life began to emerge from the background. Mme Landau was not in the least surprised that I was unaware, despite the fact that I came from S and knew what the town was like, that old Bereyter was what was termed half Jewish, and Paul, in consequence, only three quarters an Aryan. Do you know, she said on one of my visits to Yverdon, the systematic thoroughness with which these people kept silent in the years after the war, kept their secrets, and even, I sometimes think, really did forget, is nothing more than the other side of the perfidious way in which Schöferle, who ran a coffee house in S, informed Paul's mother Thekla, who had been on stage for some time in Nuremberg, that the presence of a lady who was married to a half Jew might be embarrassing to his respectable clientele, and begged to request her, with respect of course, not to take her afternoon coffee at his house any more. I do not find it surprising, said Mme Landau, not in the slightest, that you were unaware of the meanness and treachery that a family like the Bereyters were exposed to in a miserable hole such as S then was, and such as it still is despite all the so-called progress; it does not surprise me at all, since that is inherent in the logic of the whole wretched sequence of events.

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## 4: Other literature

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

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#### 3.

Otherwise, as I now recall, my dreams in Deauville were filled with constant whisperings of the rumours that were in circulation concerning Cosmo and Ambros. On one occasion I saw the two young men sitting late in the evening in the Normandy's vast dining hall at a small table of their own, placed especially for them in the centre of the room, apart from all the rest. On a silver platter between them, occasionally making slow movements, lay a lobster, gleaming a wonderful pink in the muted atmosphere. Ambros was steadily taking the lobster apart, with great skill, placing little morsels before Cosmo, who ate them like a well brought up child. The diners swayed as if there were a light swell, and only the women's glittering earrings and necklaces and the gentlemen's white shirt-fronts were to be seen. Nonetheless, I sensed that everyone kept their eyes on the two lobster eaters, whom I heard variously described as master and man, two friends, relatives, or even brothers. Endlessly the pros and cons of all these theories were advanced, and the discussions filled the hall with a low murmur, even long after the table for two had been cleared and the first light of dawn was at the windows. No doubt it was above all the eccentricity of Cosmo, combined with the impeccable manners of Ambros, that had aroused the curiosity of the Deauville summer guests. And their curiosity naturally grew, and the suspicions that were voiced waxed more audacious, the more the two friends contented themselves with each other's company, turning down the invitations that were extended to them daily. The astounding eloquence of Ambros, which contrasted so strikingly with Cosmo's seemingly total lack of words, also prompted speculation. Moreover, Cosmo's aerobatics and escapades on the polo field afforded a continual talking point, and the interest people took in the curious Americans reached its climax when Cosmo's unparalleled streak of luck began, in the *séparée* of the casino.

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## 5: Poetry

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### 5 – 1 William Blake

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

1.

#### *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.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *London*

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

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

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

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

\* \* \* \*



## 5: Poetry

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### 5 – 1 William Blake – continued

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3.

*And did those feet in ancient time*

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my Arrows of desire:  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring be my Chariot of fire.

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green & pleasant Land.

\* \* \* \*

## 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.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,  
That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy;  
Hire gretteste ooth was but by Seinte Loy;  
And she was cleped madam Eglentyne.  
Ful weel she soong the service dyvyne,  
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;  
And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe.  
At mete wel ytaught was she with alle;  
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
Ne wette hir fyngres in hir sauce depe;  
Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe  
That no drope ne fille upon hire brest.  
In curteisie was set ful muchel hir lest.  
Hir over-lippe wyped she so clene  
That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene  
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.  
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte.  
And sikerly she was of greet desport,  
And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,  
And peyned hire to countrefete cheere  
Of court, and to been estatlich of manere,  
And to ben holden digne of reverence.  
But for to speken of hire conscience,  
She was so charitable and so pitous  
She wolde wepe, if that she saugh a mous  
Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.  
Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde  
With rosted flessch, or milk and wastel-breed.  
But soore wepte she if oon of hem were deed,  
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;  
And al was conscience and tendre herte.  
Ful semyly hir wympul pynched was,  
Hir nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas,  
Hir mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed.  
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;  
It was almoost a spanne brood, I trowe;  
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.  
Ful fetys was hir cloke, as I was war.  
Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar  
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,  
And theron heng a brooch of gold ful sheene,  
On which ther was first write a crowned A,  
And after *Amor vincit omnia*.

\* \* \* \*

2.

A FRANKELEYN was in his compaignye.  
Whit was his berd as is the dayesye;  
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.  
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn;  
To lyven in delit was evere his wone,  
For he was Epicurus owene sone,  
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit  
Was verray felicitee parfit.  
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;  
Seint Julian he was in his contree.  
His breed, his ale, was always after oon;  
A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.  
Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,  
Of fissh and flessch, and that so plentevous  
It snwed in his hous of mete and drynke;  
Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke,  
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,  
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.  
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in muwe,  
And many a breem and many a luce in stuwe.  
Wo was his cook but if his sauce were  
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his geere.  
His table dormant in his halle alway  
Stood redy covered al the longe day.  
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire;  
Ful ofte tyme he was knyght of the shire.  
An anlass and a gipser al of silk  
Heeng at his girdel, whit as morne milk.  
A shirreve hadde he been, and a contour.  
Was nowher swich a worthy vavasour.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

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

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3.

A SOMONOUR was ther with us in that place,  
 That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face,  
 For saucefleem he was, with eyen narwe.  
 As hoot he was and lecherous as a sparwe,  
 With scalled browes blake and piled berd.  
 Of his visage children were aferd.  
 Ther nas quyk-silver, lytarge, ne brymstoon,  
 Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,  
 Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,  
 That hym myghte helpen of his whelkes white,  
 Nor of the knobbes sittynge on his chekes.  
 Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,  
 And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as blood;  
 Thanne wolde he speke and crie as he were wood.  
 And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,  
 Thanne wolde he speke no word but Latyn.  
 A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,  
 That he had lerned out of som decree—  
 No wonder is, he herde it al the day;  
 And eek ye knowen wel how that a jay  
 Kan clepen “Watte” as wel as kan the pope.  
 But whoso koude in oother thyng hym grope,  
 Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie;  
 Ay “*Questio quid iuris*” wolde he crie.  
 He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;  
 A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde.  
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn  
 A good felawe to have his concubyn  
 A twelf month, and excuse hym atte fulle;  
 Ful prively a fynch eek koude he pulle.  
 And if he foond owher a good felawe,  
 He wolde techen him to have noon awe  
 In swich caas of the ercedekenes curs,  
 But if a mannes soule were in his purs;  
 For in his purs he sholde ypunysshed be.  
 “Purs is the ercedekenes helle,” seyde he.  
 But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;  
 Of cursyng oghte ech gilty man him drede,  
 For curs wol slee right as assoillyng savith,  
 And also war hym of a *Significavit*.  
 In daunger hadde he at his owene gise  
 The yonge girles of the diocise,  
 And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed.  
 A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,  
 As greet as it were for an ale-stake.  
 A bokeleer hadde he maad hym of a cake.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 3 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Pardoner's Tale*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Pardoner's Tale*.

1.

Thise cookes, how they stampe, and streyne, and grynde,  
And turnen substaunce into accident  
To fulfille al thy likerous talent!  
Out of the harde bones knocke they  
The mary, for they caste noght away  
That may go thurgh the golet softe and swoote.  
Of spicerie of leef, and bark, and roote  
Shal been his sauce ymaked by delit,  
To make hym yet a newer appetit.  
But, certes, he that haunteth swiche delices  
Is deed, whil that he lyveth in tho vices.

A lecherous thyng is wyn, and dronkenesse  
Is ful of stryvyng and of wrecchednesse.  
O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,  
Sour is thy breath, foul artow to embrace,  
And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the soun  
As though thou seydest ay "Sampsoun, Sampsoun!"  
And yet, God woot, Sampsoun drank nevere no wyn.  
Thou fallest as it were a styked swyn;  
Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honeste cure,  
For dronkenesse is verray sepulture  
Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.  
In whom that drynke hath dominacioun  
He kan no conseil kepe; it is no drede.  
Now kepe yow fro the white and fro the rede,  
And namely fro the white wyn of Lepe  
That is to selle in Fysshstrete or in Chepe.  
This wyn of Spaigne crepeth subtilly  
In othere wyne, growynge faste by,  
Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee  
That whan a man hath dronken draughtes thre,  
And weneth that he be at hoom in Chepe,  
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lepe—  
Nat at the Rochele, ne at Burdeux toun—  
And thanne wol he seye "Sampsoun, Sampsoun!"

But herkneth, lordynges, o word, I yow preye,  
That alle sovereyn actes, dar I seye,  
Of victories in the Olde Testament,  
Thurgh verray God, that is omnipotent,  
Were doon in abstinence and in preyere.  
Looketh the Bible, and ther ye may it leere.

\* \* \* \*

2.

Whan they han goon nat fully half a mile,  
Right as they wolde han troden over a stile,  
An oold man and a povre with hem mette.  
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,  
And seyde thus, "Now, lordes, God yow see!"

The proudeste of thise riotoures three  
Answerde agayn, "What, carl, with sory grace!  
Why artow al forwrapped save thy face?  
Why lyvestow so longe in so greet age?"

This olde man gan looke in his visage,  
And seyde thus: "For I ne kan nat fynde  
A man, though that I walked into Ynde,  
Neither in citee ne in no village,  
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn age;  
And therefore moot I han myn age stille,  
As longe tyme as it is Goddes wille.  
Ne Deeth, allas, ne wol nat han my lyf.  
Thus walke I, lyk a resteless kaityf,  
And on the ground, which is my moodres gate,  
I knocke with my staf, bothe erly and late,  
And seye 'Leeve mooder, leet me in!  
Lo how I varysshe, flessch, and blood, and skyn!  
Allas, whan shul my bones been at reste?  
Mooder, with yow wolde I chaunge my cheste  
That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,  
Ye, for an heyre clowt to wrappe me!'   
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,  
For which ful pale and welked is my face.

"But, sires, to yow it is no curteisye  
To speken to an old man vileynye,  
But he trespassse in word or elles in dede.  
In Hooly Writ ye may yourself wel rede:  
'Agayns an oold man, hoor upon his heed,  
Ye sholde arise;' wherfore I yeve yow reed,  
Ne dooth unto an oold man noon harm now,  
Namoore than that ye wolde men did to yow  
In age, if that ye so longe abyde.  
And God be with yow, where ye go or ryde!  
I moot go thider as I have to go."

"Nay, olde cherl, by God, thou shalt nat so,"  
Seyde this oother hasardour anon;  
"Thou partest nat so lightly, by Seint John!  
Thou spak right now of thilke traytour Deeth.  
That in this contree alle oure freendes sleeth.  
Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his espye,  
Telle where he is or thou shalt it abyde,  
By God and by the hooly sacrement!  
For soothly thou art oon of his assent  
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!"

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 3 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Pardoner's Tale* – continued

3.

But, sires, o word forgat I in my tale:  
 I have relikes and pardoun in my male,  
 As faire as any man in Engelond,  
 Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.  
 If any of yow wole, of devocion,  
 Offren and han myn absolucion,  
 Com forth anon, and kneleth heere adoun,  
 And mekely receyveth my pardoun;  
 Or elles taketh pardoun as ye wende,  
 Al newe and fressh at every miles ende,  
 So that ye offren, alwey newe and newe,  
 Nobles or pens, whiche that be goode and trewe.  
 It is an honour to everich that is heer  
 That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer  
 T'assoille yow in contree as ye ryde,  
 For adventures whiche that may bityde.  
 Paraventure ther may fallen oon or two  
 Doun of his hors and breke his nekke atwo.  
 Looke which a seuretee is it to yow alle  
 That I am in youre felaweshipe yfalle,  
 That may assoille yow, bothe moore and lasse,  
 Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.  
 I rede that oure Hoost here shal bigynne,  
 For he is moost enveloped in synne.  
 Com forth, sire Hoost, and offre first anon,  
 And thou shalt kisse the relikes everychon,  
 Ye, for a grote! Unbokele anon thy purs.”  
 “Nay, nay!” quod he, “thanne have I Cristes curs!  
 Lat be,” quod he, “it shal nat be, so theech!  
 Thou woldest make me kisse thyn olde breech,  
 And swere it were a relyk of a seint,  
 Though it were with thy fundement depeint!  
 But, by the croys which that Seint Eleyne fond,  
 I wolde I hadde thy coillons in myn hond  
 In stide of relikes or of seintuarie.  
 Lat kutte hem of, I wol thee helpe hem carie;  
 They shul be shryned in an hogges toord!”  
 This Pardoner answerde nat a word;  
 So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he seye.  
 “Now,” quod oure Hoost, “I wol no lenger pleye  
 With thee, ne with noon oother angry man.”

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 4 Robert Gray

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

1.

#### *The Estates*

We drive on back roads,  
across the hessian-coloured paddocks that are packed with  
dust.

The shade is left here of a few trees  
like sprinkled water.

The tallest thing, high-tension lines,  
these ledger rulings, among which the small clouds bloom  
and vanish, like idle thoughts.  
The mountains behind, a broken wall in the haze of collapse.

Rejoin the highway, where the bush is flapping in tatters.  
Billboards grow wild. One,  
a great arrow of sheet metal, is sticking up  
obliquely, with the Lurex message HOMES—TURN  
HERE.

A net of blank, wide-open avenues  
has been thrown over these cleared undulations,  
and wooden frameworks stand, riddled with a dry  
brilliance,  
on orange clay, beside rotary clothes hoists.

Completed, the houses are split-level, with chequered roofs,  
garage doors wide as billboards, wrought iron curlicues  
about  
great flagstone patios,  
cast-metal columns, and concrete flower-troughs by the  
drive.

Now whole estates present the planes  
of their picture windows and serviette-shaped gables,  
one beyond the other, garnished with shrubberies and  
pencil pines,  
against what seems here Perspex blue.

Ostentation is the estates' ugliness—  
they're like those drawn-out American cars, with the fins  
and chrome.  
And next, the town appears; all this biscuit-coloured brick,  
the expansive gesturing.

Streets hang open. The lighting is elegant as dental  
instruments.  
Flicker of a few walkers, and of many plastic flags  
over vast concrete  
of the service stations. A pneumatic blast of sun.

Lifting on, like a speedboat, down the highway.  
Beside us, the TV aerials seem to make a thin steam  
above the packed shapes in caravan parks—  
as if the people there are slowly boiling in their figuring.

And you notice, too, the floodmarks of each year on houses  
near the river,  
in this or another town, into the twilight of motels.  
So now, you see how we've failed,  
and you're beyond those lies about what profit has done.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Diptych*

And yet my mother never ceased from what philosophers  
invoke, from 'extending care',  
though she'd only ever read the *Women's Weekly*,  
and although she could be 'damned impossible' through a  
few meal-times, of course.  
This care for things, I see, was her one real companion in  
those years.

It was as though there were two of her,  
a harassed person, and a calm, that saw what needed to  
be done, and  
seemed to step through her, again.

Her care you could watch reappear like the edge of tidal  
water  
in salt flats, about everything.

It was this made her drive out the neighbour's bull from our  
garden with a broom,  
when she saw it trample her seedlings—  
back, step by step, she forced it, through the broken  
fence,

it bellowing and hooking either side sharply at her all  
the way, and I

five years old on the back steps calling  
'Let it have a few old bloody flowers, Mum.'

No. She locked the broom handle straight-armed across  
its nose

and was pushed right back herself, quickly, across the  
yard. She

ducked behind some tomato stakes,  
and beat it with the handle, all over that deep hollow-  
ness of the muzzle,

poked with the millet at its eyes,  
and had her way, drove it out bellowing; while I, in  
torment,

stood slapping into the steps, the rail, with an ironing  
cord,

or suddenly rushed down there, and was quelled, also,  
repelled to the bottom step, barracking. And all,

I saw, for those little flimsy leaves  
she fell to at once, small as mouse prints, amongst the  
chopped-up loam.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 4 Robert Gray – continued

3.

#### *Currawongs*

Dinner-jacketed, these birds stroll like the mafia, to air  
their respectability.  
Our acquaintance long made, it seems they've assumed we  
couldn't care  
about amorality.

They'll bring the peeled-looking nestling, to eat it on our  
clothes wire,  
where we have offered them bread;  
have often chosen to chuck down here the cellophane  
wrapper  
and the moulded plastic head

of cicadas. One slowly ate a silhouetted grasshopper,  
lifting it in a fanfare;  
stylised with pride, as though it were holding a broken  
swastika.  
They have tightly brushed-back hair,

snipy Latin features, an expression like a thin moustache,  
but the eye is demonized  
and belongs more to an African carving, than to an *apache*.  
The eye, barely capsulized

in its split pod, has a rind of poisonous yellow around  
a blackly-shining, opaque  
blight. It is watching every movement in the air, on the  
ground,  
as if it's all a card-stake.

Such birds live more intensely than any gangsters on the  
run.  
Although, at times they deploy  
with police cars' confidence—another role they have taken  
on—  
sounding their *calloy, calloy*,

*c'loy*, a siren, ordering the neighbourhood. On the grass  
they appear to strut with arms  
slightly akimbo, and with the sense of limited nimbleness,  
the stumpiness, and what seems

the cocky, tilted head, alert for notice, of the bodybuilder.  
And then, a pin-pointing beak  
is applied quickly, intently, while they stare like a welder.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 5 Seamus Heaney

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Seamus Heaney.

1.

#### *The Wife's Tale*

When I had spread it all on linen cloth  
Under the hedge, I called them over.  
The hum and gulp of the thresher ran down  
And the big belt slewed to a standstill, straw  
Hanging undelivered in the jaws.  
There was such quiet that I heard their boots  
Crunching the stubble twenty yards away.

He lay down and said 'Give these fellows theirs,  
I'm in no hurry,' plucking grass in handfuls  
And tossing it in the air. 'That looks well.'  
(He nodded at my white cloth on the grass.)  
'I declare a woman could lay out a field  
Though boys like us have little call for cloths.'  
He winked, then watched me as I poured a cup  
And buttered the thick slices that he likes.  
'It's threshing better than I thought, and mind  
It's good clean seed. Away over there and look.'  
Always this inspection has to be made  
Even when I don't know what to look for.

But I ran my hand in the half-filled bags  
Hooked to the slots. It was hard as shot,  
Innumerable and cool. The bags gaped  
Where the chutes ran back to the stilled drum  
And forks were stuck at angles in the ground  
As javelins might mark lost battlefields.  
I moved between them back across the stubble.

They lay in the ring of their own crusts and dregs  
Smoking and saying nothing. 'There's good yield,  
Isn't there?' – as proud as if he were the land itself –  
'Enough for crushing and for sowing both.'  
And that was it. I'd come and he had shown me  
So I belonged no further to the work.  
I gathered cups and folded up the cloth  
And went. But they still kept their ease  
Spread out, unbuttoned, grateful, under the trees.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *The Tollund Man*

Trove of the turfcutters'  
Honeycombed workings.  
Now his stained face  
Reposes at Aarhus.

#### II

I could risk blasphemy,  
Consecrate the cauldron bog  
Our holy ground and pray  
Him to make germinate

The scattered, ambushed  
Flesh of labourers,  
Stockinged corpses  
Laid out in the farmyards,

Tell-tale skin and teeth  
Flecking the sleepers  
Of four young brothers, trailed  
For miles along the lines.

#### III

Something of his sad freedom  
As he rode the tumbril  
Should come to me, driving,  
Saying the names

Tollund, Grauballe, Nebelgard,  
Watching the pointing hands  
Of country people,  
Not knowing their tongue.

Out there in Jutland  
In the old man-killing parishes  
I will feel lost,  
Unhappy and at home.

\* \* \* \*



## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 5 Seamus Heaney – continued

3.

#### *The Strand at Lough Beg*

In memory of Colum McCartney

What blazed ahead of you? A faked road block?  
The red lamp swung, the sudden brakes and stalling  
Engine, voices, heads hooded and the cold-nosed gun?  
Or in your driving mirror, tailing headlights  
That pulled out suddenly and flagged you down  
Where you weren't known and far from what you knew:  
The lowland clays and waters of Lough Beg,  
Church Island's spire, its soft treeline of yew.

There you once heard guns fired behind the house  
Long before rising time, when duck shooters  
Haunted the marigolds and bulrushes,  
But still were scared to find spent cartridges,  
Acrid, brassy, genital, ejected,  
On your way across the strand to fetch the cows.  
For you and yours and yours and mine fought shy,  
Spoke an old language of conspirators  
And could not crack the whip or seize the day:  
Big-voiced scullions, herders, feelers round  
Haycocks and hindquarters, talkers in byres,  
Slow arbitrators of the burial ground.

Across that strand of yours the cattle graze  
Up to their bellies in an early mist  
And now they turn their unbewildered gaze  
To where we work our way through squeaking sedge  
Drowning in dew. Like a dull blade with its edge  
Honed bright, Lough Beg half shines under the haze.  
I turn because the sweeping of your feet  
Has stopped behind me, to find you on your knees  
With blood and roadside muck in your hair and eyes,  
Then kneel in front of you in brimming grass  
And gather up cold handfuls of the dew  
To wash you, cousin. I dab you clean with moss  
Fine as the drizzle out of a low cloud.  
I lift you under the arms and lay you flat.  
With rushes that shoot green again, I plait  
Green scapulars to wear over your shroud.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 6 Andrew Marvell

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Andrew Marvell.

1.

#### *The Definition of Love*

My love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis for object strange and high:  
It was begotten by Despair  
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone  
Could show me so divine a thing,  
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown  
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive  
Where my extended soul is fixed,  
But Fate does iron wedges drive,  
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see  
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close:  
Their union would her ruin be,  
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel  
Us as the distant Poles have placed,  
(Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel)  
Not by themselves to be embraced,

Unless the giddy heaven fall,  
And earth some new convulsion tear;  
And, us to join, the world should all  
Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines (so loves) oblique may well  
Themselves in every angle greet:  
But ours so truly parallel,  
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
But Fate so enviously debars,  
Is the conjunction of the mind,  
And opposition of the stars.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *An Horatian ode*

Though justice against fate complain,  
And plead the ancient rights in vain:

But those do hold or break  
As men are strong or weak.  
Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less:

And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.  
What field of all the Civil Wars,  
Where his were not the deepest scars?

And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art,  
Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
He wove a net of such a scope,

That Charles himself might chase  
To Carisbrooke's narrow case:  
That thence the royal actor born  
The tragic scaffold might adorn:  
While round the armèd bands  
Did clap their bloody hands.

*He* nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene:

But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try:  
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate his helpless right,  
But bowed his comely head,  
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour  
Which first assured the forcèd power.

So when they did design  
The Capitol's first line,  
A bleeding head where they begun,  
Did fright the architects to run;  
And yet in that the State  
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed:  
So much one man can do,  
That does both act and know.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

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### 5 – 6 Andrew Marvell – continued

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3.

#### *The Garden*

No white nor red was ever seen  
 So am'rous as this lovely green.  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name.  
 Little, alas, they know, or heed,  
 How far these beauties hers exceed!  
 Fair trees! Where'e'er your barks I wound,  
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,  
 Love hither makes his best retreat.  
 The gods, that mortal beauty chase,  
 Still in a tree did end their race.  
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
 Only that she might laurel grow.  
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!  
 Ripe apples drop about my head;  
 The luscious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;  
 The nectarene, and curious peach,  
 Into my hands themselves do reach;  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasures less,  
 Withdraws into its happiness:  
 The mind, that ocean where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find,  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas,  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 7 Sylvia Plath

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Sylvia Plath.

1.

#### *Black Rook in Rainy Weather*

On the stiff twig up there  
Hunches a wet black rook  
Arranging and rearranging its feathers in the rain.  
I do not expect a miracle  
Or an accident

To set the sight on fire  
In my eye, nor seek  
Any more in the desultory weather some design,  
But let spotted leaves fall as they fall,  
Without ceremony, or portent.

Although, I admit, I desire,  
Occasionally, some backtalk  
From the mute sky, I can't honestly complain:  
A certain minor light may still  
Leap incandescent

Out of kitchen table or chair  
As if a celestial burning took  
Possession of the most obtuse objects now and then—  
Thus hallowing an interval  
Otherwise inconsequent

By bestowing largesse, honor,  
One might say love. At any rate, I now walk  
Wary (for it could happen  
Even in this dull, ruinous landscape); sceptical,  
Yet politic; ignorant

Of whatever angel may choose to flare  
Suddenly at my elbow. I only know that a rook  
Ordering its black feathers can so shine  
As to seize my senses, haul  
My eyelids up, and grant

A brief respite from fear  
Of total neutrality.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Morning Song*

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.  
The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry  
Took its place among the elements.

Our voices echo, magnifying your arrival. New statue.  
In a drafty museum, your nakedness  
Shadows our safety. We stand round blankly as walls.

I'm no more your mother  
Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow  
Effacement at the wind's hand.

All night your moth-breath  
Flickers among the flat pink roses. I wake to listen:  
A far sea moves in my ear.

One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral  
In my Victorian nightgown.  
Your mouth opens clean as a cat's. The window square

Whitens and swallows its dull stars. And now you try  
Your handful of notes;  
The clear vowels rise like balloons.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

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### 5 – 7 Sylvia Plath – continued

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3.

#### *Lady Lazarus*

Dying  
Is an art, like everything else.  
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.  
I do it so it feels real.  
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.  
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.  
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day  
To the same place, the same face, the same brute  
Amused shout:

'A miracle!'  
That knocks me out.  
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge  
For the hearing of my heart—  
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge  
For a word or a touch  
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.  
So, so, Herr Doktor.  
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,  
I am your valuable,  
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.  
I turn and burn.  
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash –  
You poke and stir.  
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there—

A cake of soap,  
A wedding ring,  
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer  
Beware  
Beware.

Out of the ash  
I rise with my red hair  
And I eat men like air.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 8 Jennifer Strauss

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

1.

#### *Cold Anniversary*

Rain: it's to be expected  
 July's the season;  
 death too is natural  
 though yours untimely.  
 It was a day like this  
 they buried you—  
 How is it I recall  
 sharpness of windy rain,  
 the colours of clay  
 piled by a grave,  
 but not your skin, your laugh?  
 Time, they say, heals—  
 some slippage too from memory  
 must be expected  
 as natural.

Time,  
 I say, steals and nature rots—  
 then turn the music on,  
 the heating up,  
 and wait till sunlight fades  
 the cold red edge  
 of this rebellion.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Tierra del Fuego*

3. In the line of fire  
 Lovers on a balcony,  
 they overlook  
 this hot summer night  
 the city square  
 and massive monument  
 to independence;  
 beyond the perpetual flame,  
 the river runs  
 a broad route carved  
 before conquistadors came.

But down in the square  
 in smokey light  
 it's yesterday's conquest  
 the actors perform:  
 the bitter story  
 of the woodcutters' strike.

And since the hunt of Mammon  
 is more transparent  
 in a foreign tongue,  
 she comprehends too well  
 what the music says:  
 it declares hunger,  
 defiance, guns—  
 the terrible clichés  
 of dispossession.  
 The hewers of timber  
 are hunted like beasts,  
 the flimsy shelters  
 of the drawers of water  
 are put to the torch,  
 their children die.

High over all  
 among blazing stars  
 there's one constellation  
 speaks familiarly—  
 strutting Orion, his shining dagger  
 poised to strike  
*Peligro!*  
 at the heart—

She won't, she will not be  
 speechless in Gaza  
 at the mill with slaves;  
 back to the wall  
 her fingers touch cool stone.  
*Piedra!* Inspiration:  
 a stone to blunt the hunter's steel.  
 She cracks him  
 a tough Ozzie smile:  
 'What's cooking then  
 old saucepan, childhood friend?  
 You see I have a name  
 to make you harmless.'

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

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### 5 – 8 Jennifer Strauss – continued

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3.

#### *An End to Innocence*

The summer the tall trees flowered in flame  
Bursting and banging like fifth of November crackers,  
The white crane stayed two days on our back verandah,  
Avid for water but wild to the sounds of speech  
Floundering on scorch-sore feet to the furthest edge  
Away from scraps of food I brought to woo him  
Murmuring over and still maternal incantation,  
Soothing 'Don't fret, don't fret, come then,'  
Until the girl in the kitchen, flushed from the stove,  
Snapped pettishly 'Oh why do you go on?  
You ought to know by now the bird can't talk.'

The third day he was gone, and on the splintering steps  
My father wept for his ruined farm, green crops  
A bitter taste of fly-ash in the mouth, and in the ear  
Reverberations of a stock-count told in bullets,  
One for each beast quick fire had forgotten to finish.  
Frantic to adult tears I cowered away,  
Crying 'Don't cry, don't cry, please don't,'  
Until the girl in the kitchen, swatting flies,  
Sighed wearily 'Oh how you do go on,  
You ought to know by now your dad can't hear.'

Before that day  
I never knew a grief  
Could not be cried or comforted:  
My ears are ringing yet  
With the pain of the dumb and the deaf.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 9 Edward Thomas

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Edward Thomas.

1.

#### *Fifty Faggots*

There they stand, on their ends, the fifty faggots  
That once were underwood of hazel and ash  
In Jenny Pinks's Copse. Now, by the hedge  
Close packed, they make a thicket fancy alone  
Can creep through with the mouse and wren. Next Spring  
A blackbird or a robin will nest there,  
Accustomed to them, thinking they will remain  
Whatever is for ever to a bird:  
This Spring it is too late; the swift has come.  
'Twas a hot day for carrying them up:  
Better they will never warm me, though they must  
Light several Winters' fires. Before they are done  
The war will have ended, many other things  
Have ended, maybe, that I can no more  
Foresee or more control than robin and wren.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Adlestrop*

Yes. I remember Adlestrop –  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop – only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

\* \* \* \*

3.

#### *'Home'*

Fair was the morning, fair our tempers, and  
We had seen nothing fairer than that land,  
Though strange, and the untrodden snow that made  
Wild of the tame, casting out all that was  
Not wild and rustic and old; and we were glad.

Fair too was afternoon, and first to pass  
Were we that league of snow, next the north wind.

There was nothing to return for, except need,  
And yet we sang nor ever stopped for speed,  
As we did often with the start behind.

Faster still strode we when we came in sight  
Of the cold roofs where we must spend the night.  
Happy we had not been there, nor could be,  
Though we had tasted sleep and food and fellowship  
Together long.

'How quick', to someone's lip  
The words came, 'will the beaten horse run home!'

The word 'home' raised a smile in us all three,  
And one repeated it, smiling just so  
That all knew what he meant and none would say.  
Between three counties far apart that lay  
We were divided and looked strangely each  
At the other, and we knew we were not friends  
But fellows in a union that ends  
With the necessity for it, as it ought.

Never a word was spoken, not a thought  
Was thought, of what the look meant with the word  
'Home' as we walked and watched the sunset blurred.  
And then to me the word, only the word,  
'Homesick', as it were playfully occurred:  
No more.

If I should ever more admit  
Than the mere word I could not endure it  
For a day longer: this captivity  
Must somehow come to an end, else I should be  
Another man, as often now I seem,  
Or this life be only an evil dream.

\* \* \* \*



### **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 expressed myself effectively and appropriately?

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

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

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?