



Victorian Certificate of Education 2002

LITERATURE

Written examination

Thursday 7 November 2002

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

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

TASK BOOK

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

Materials supplied

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

The task

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

Each text must be chosen from a different part.

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

At the end of the task

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

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

Instructions

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

The list is divided into five parts.

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

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

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1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Pride and Prejudice*

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

1.

He paused in hopes of an answer; but his companion was not disposed to make any; and Elizabeth at that instant moving towards them, he was struck with the notion of doing a very gallant thing, and called out to her,

“My dear Miss Eliza, why are not you dancing?—Mr. Darcy, you must allow me to present this young lady to you as a very desirable partner.—You cannot refuse to dance, I am sure, when so much beauty is before you.” And taking her hand, he would have given it to Mr. Darcy, who, though extremely surprised, was not unwilling to receive it, when she instantly drew back, and said with some discomposure to Sir William,

“Indeed, Sir, I have not the least intention of dancing.—I entreat you not to suppose that I moved this way in order to beg for a partner.”

Mr. Darcy with grave propriety requested to be allowed the honour of her hand; but in vain. Elizabeth was determined; nor did Sir William at all shake her purpose by his attempt at persuasion.

“You excel so much in the dance, Miss Eliza, that it is cruel to deny me the happiness of seeing you; and though this gentleman dislikes the amusement in general, he can have no objection, I am sure, to oblige us for one half hour.”

“Mr. Darcy is all politeness,” said Elizabeth, smiling.

“He is indeed—but considering the inducement, my dear Miss Eliza, we cannot wonder at his complaisance; for who would object to such a partner?”

Elizabeth looked archly, and turned away. Her resistance had not injured her with the gentleman, and he was thinking of her with some complacency, when thus accosted by Miss Bingley,

“I can guess the subject of your reverie.”

“I should imagine not.”

“You are considering how insupportable it would be to pass many evenings in this manner—in such society; and indeed I am quite of your opinion. I was never more annoyed! The insipidity and yet the noise; the nothingness and yet the self-importance of all these people!—What would I give to hear your strictures on them!”

“Your conjecture is totally wrong, I assure you. My mind was more agreeably engaged. I have been meditating on the very great pleasure which a pair of fine eyes in the face of a pretty woman can bestow.”

Miss Bingley immediately fixed her eyes on his face, and desired he would tell her what lady had the credit of inspiring such reflections. Mr. Darcy replied with great intrepidity,

“Miss Elizabeth Bennet.”

“Miss Elizabeth Bennet!” repeated Miss Bingley. “I am all astonishment. How long has she been such a favourite?—and pray when am I to wish you joy?”

“That is exactly the question which I expected you to ask. A lady’s imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment. I knew you would be wishing me joy.”

“Nay, if you are so serious about it, I shall consider the matter as absolutely settled. You will have a charming mother-in-law, indeed, and of course she will be always at Pemberley with you.”

* * * *

2.

“No, no, nonsense, Lizzy.—I desire you will stay where you are.”—And upon Elizabeth’s seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, “Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins.”

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment’s consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal by incessant employment the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began.

“Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and moreover for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh’s foot-stool, that she said, ‘Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry.—Chuse properly, chuse a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond any thing I can describe; and your wit and vivacity I think must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father, (who, however, may live many years longer,) I could not satisfy

1: Novels

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

myself without resolving to chuse a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection.

* * * *

3.

Lady Catherine had many other questions to ask respecting their journey, and as she did not answer them all herself, attention was necessary, which Elizabeth believed to be lucky for her; or, with a mind so occupied, she might have forgotten where she was. Reflection must be reserved for solitary hours; whenever she was alone, she gave way to it as the greatest relief; and not a day went by without a solitary walk, in which she might indulge in all the delight of unpleasant recollections.

Mr. Darcy's letter, she was in a fair way of soon knowing by heart. She studied every sentence: and her feelings towards its writer were at times widely different. When she remembered the style of his address, she was still full of indignation; but when she considered how unjustly she had condemned and upbraided him, her anger was turned against herself; and his disappointed feelings became the object of compassion. His attachment excited gratitude, his general character respect; but she could not approve him; nor could she for a moment repent her refusal, or feel the slightest inclination ever to see him again. In her own past behaviour, there was a constant source of vexation and regret; and in the unhappy defects of her family a subject of yet heavier chagrin. They were hopeless of remedy. Her father, contented with laughing at them, would never exert himself to restrain the wild giddiness of his youngest daughters; and her mother, with manners so far from right herself, was entirely insensible of the evil. Elizabeth had frequently united with Jane in an endeavour to check the imprudence of Catherine and Lydia; but while they were supported by their mother's indulgence, what chance could there be of improvement? Catherine, weak-spirited, irritable, and completely under Lydia's guidance, had been always affronted by their advice; and Lydia, self-willed and careless, would scarcely give them a hearing. They were ignorant, idle, and vain. While there was an officer in Meryton, they would flirt with him; and while Meryton was within a walk of Longbourn, they would be going there for ever.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

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

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

John Banville, *The Book of Evidence* 1. pp 15–17, 2. pp 78–79, pp 215–216

1: Novels

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

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

John Banville, *The Book of Evidence* 1. pp 15–17, 2. pp 78–79, pp 215–216

1: Novels

1 – 3 Georgia Blain: *Closed for Winter*

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

1.

He was once her doctor but he is now retired. Strictly speaking, his visits are no longer professional. They have not been for a long time. But despite the fact that his surgery is now closed, he still likes to do his rounds. Just a few of his old patients. People whom he visits regularly; my mother the most regularly of all.

Loneliness is the worst illness of all, he once said.

And I did not know whether he was referring to his patients or to himself.

He spends most mornings working on a mosaic in his garden. It is the image of his wife, who is dead. I have never seen it, but I have heard him describe it to Dorothy. Sometimes he will bring tiles to show her.

The colour of her lips, he will say, and he will lay dark china-red on the table. *Her eyes*, and the blue will glitter like the icy tips of winter waves. *Her hair*, and it gleams, deep dark gold.

He works from a photograph. A picture of his wife as a young woman. When he showed me, I was surprised. Her hair was brown and her eyes were hazel.

It's called artistic licence, he laughed when I pointed it out to him.

I was young and I did not know what he meant.

He washes up before he leaves, checks that there is nothing else she needs, and then he is gone, leaving Dorothy alone.

In the early afternoon the kitchen is cool. The sun has moved to the front of the house. In summer this is a relief, in winter it is cold and she lights the gas heater, the blue flame hissing and flickering by her feet.

This is the time for her clippings.

She sits, oblivious to the day slowly folding into night, and reads until she is surprised to find herself with just the light from the heater illuminating the room. I know. I have come home to find her hunched over the paper in the dark. I have flicked on the fluoro light and seen her startled, stunned by its sudden brightness, because in her search, she has lost all awareness of the world that surrounds her.

Dotty Dot.

Martin sees the surface only. This is the way he is. And it is not just with her.

He looks at me and I doubt that he can hear or see all that I do not say or show.

There is a fear inside me. I hold my photograph up to the light and I try to see more clearly. I, too, become lost in my search. This is my flipside. Dorothy's letters are hers.

Sometimes I think we are just reverse sides of the same coin.

* * * *

2.

Another night, a long time ago, *The night that you were made*, she would whisper to Frances when she was asleep. Lovely, deep and dangerous. A night to dance along the jetty, bare feet on the boardwalk, dancing high and low under the yellow moon.

That was the night of you, and she would kiss Frances on the cheek, unaware that I was watching, silent and still, from the other bed.

Warm whisky and cold cold sand between her toes as he pushed her up against the pylons, away from the others. Where no one could hear.

I am sorry, she would whisper into Frances's hair, and half asleep in my bed I would not know whether those were her words or whether I had only imagined them, because if they were her words, I did not understand them.

There are stories and there are truths, but the two can become so tangled it is impossible to know which is which.

And how was I made? I asked her once.

She did not look at me.

Three years after their wedding and he had barely been back. Quick visits in between jobs.

We had no money, Dorothy would say. *He could not bear to be away but we had no choice. It is a testament to our love that we survived that time*, and she would look at us both, each of us in turn, daring us to challenge her.

I am four years younger than Frances, and I can only assume that I was made on one of those infrequent visits home. And then he was gone again. Gone for such a long time that I do not remember seeing him or even knowing of him until just before I turned four, when he came back for what seemed to be a few months. A few months that were not as happy as Dorothy would like us to believe. But I do not know. My memory cannot be trusted. It is comprised of not just my scraps, my own desires for what was or should have been, but also other people's words.

My father died working on the lines. Somewhere miles from home.

An accident, they told Dorothy.

I do not know if I was there when they told her, or whether it is only my imagination that sees him on a crane, bright orange under the blue sky, the tip touching the wires, and his panic as he jumped down, one foot on the ground, the other on the metal body.

I do not know whether I really saw Dorothy, white and still, listening and not believing.

I do not know whether I really saw Frances, sitting at the kitchen table, drawing and singing while they told her. Drawing and singing until Dorothy told her to shut up, slapping her, the white marks of her fingers stinging her cheeks.

I do not know these things, just as I do not know what Dorothy thinks and dreams as she lies in her bed in a pethidine sleep.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

3.

For Martin there is always an explanation.

I tried to tell him I had been over everything. Over and over. With them and by myself, tracing and retracing that day and then the day before that and the one before that and every day I could remember, so that on bad days they all became one and I felt I did not know anything.

I tried to tell him I had envisaged it all, the worst I could imagine and the best.

Frances under the jetty where the Coke cans and cigarette butts bob up and down, up and down on the slippery surface of the sea, thick foam curling around her toes while they held her down, held her under. The boys on the jetty, peeling off their skin-tight jeans, the man in the kiosk, and I would see his long fingernails. I would see things I could not bear to see. I would see him, too. I would see John Mills and I would see those photographs and I would not know what it was I was seeing. I would wake up and I would remember. I would see her on a bus going somewhere, somewhere far away from here, and I would breathe again. It was all right. She had gone but it was all right. And from the next room, I would hear her, Dorothy. Clipping and pasting, clipping and pasting. ‘Similar Stories’ and ‘Possibilities’ piled high around us.

I tried to tell him this but I did not have the words.

He was sitting up in bed. There had to be a way we could work it out. If we went over every detail. Wrote a list. *How can you bear it?*

You begin by searching for a defined event and you find you are searching for something larger. You are trying to understand it all. One life and then the lives that connect with that life, and there is no end. There is no list that could encompass it all.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 4 Tsitsi Dangarembga: *Nervous Conditions*

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* 1. pp 33–34, 2. pp 138–139, pp 188–189

1: Novels

1 – 4 Tsitsi Dangarembga: *Nervous Conditions* – continued

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

Tsitsi Dangarembga, *Nervous Conditions* 1. pp 33–34, 2. pp 138–139, pp 188–189

1: Novels

1 – 5 Giuseppe di Lampedusa: *The Leopard*

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

1.

At the end of dinner the conversation became general; Don Calogero told in bad Italian but with knowing insight some inside stories about the conquest of the province by Garibaldi: the notary told the Princess of a little house he was having built “out of town”; Angelica, excited by light, food, Chablis and the obvious admiration she was arousing in every man around the table, asked Tancredi to describe some episodes of the “glorious battle” for Palermo. She had put an elbow on the table and was leaning her cheek on her hand. Her face was flushed and she was perilously attractive to behold; the arabesque made by her forearm, elbow, finger and hanging white glove seemed exquisite to Tancredi and repulsive to Concetta. The young man, while continuing to admire, was describing the campaign as if it had all been quite light and unimportant; the night march on Gibilrossa, the scene between Bixio and La Masa, the assault on Porta di Termini. “It was the greatest fun, signorina. Our biggest laugh was on the night of the 28th of May. The general needed a look-out post at the top of the convent at Origlione; we knocked, banged, cursed, knocked again: no one opened; it was an enclosed convent. Then Tassoni, Aldrighetti, I and one or two others tried to break down the door with our rifle butts. Nothing doing. We ran to fetch a beam from a shelled house nearby and finally, with a hellish din, the door gave way. We went in; not a soul in sight, but from a corner of the passage we heard desperate screams; a group of nuns had taken refuge in the chapel and were all crouching round the altar; I wonder *what* they feared at the hands of those dozen excited young men! They looked absurd, old and ugly in their black habits, with starting eyes, ready and prepared for . . . martyrdom. They were whining like bitches. Tassoni, who’s a card, shouted: ‘Nothing doing, sisters, we’ve other things to think of; but we’ll be back when you’ve some novices.’ And we all laughed fit to burst. Then we left them there, their tongues hanging out, to go and shoot at Royalists from the terraces above. Ten minutes later I was wounded.”

Angelica laughed, still leaning on her elbow, and showed all her pointed teeth. The joke seemed most piquant to her; that hint of rape perturbed her; her lovely throat quivered. “What fine lads you must have been! How I wish I’d been with you!” Tancredi seemed transformed; the excitement of the story, the thrill of memory, mingling with the agitation produced by the girl’s air of sensuality, changed him for an instant from the gentle youth he was in reality into a brutal and licentious soldier.

* * * *

2.

“In Sicily it doesn’t matter about doing things well or badly; the sin which we Sicilians never forgive is simply that of ‘doing’ at all. We are old, Chevalley, very old. For over twenty-five centuries we’ve been bearing the weight of superb and heterogeneous civilisations, all from outside, none made by ourselves, none that we could call our own. We’re as white as you are, Chevalley, and as the Queen of England; and yet for two thousand five hundred years we’ve been a colony. I don’t say that in complaint; it’s our fault. But even so we’re worn out and exhausted.”

Chevalley was disturbed now. “But that is all over, isn’t it? Now Sicily is no longer a conquered land, but a free part of a free State.”

“The intention is good, Chevalley, but it comes too late; and I’ve already said that it is mainly our fault. You talked to me a short while ago about a young Sicily sighting the marvels of the modern world; for my part I see instead a centenarian being dragged in a bath-chair round the Great Exhibition in London, understanding nothing and caring about nothing, whether it’s the steel factories of Sheffield or the cotton spinneries of Manchester, and thinking of nothing but drowsing off again on beslobbered pillows with a pot under the bed.”

He was still talking quietly, but the hand around St Peter’s had tightened; later the tiny cross surmounting the dome was found snapped. “Sleep, my dear Chevalley, sleep, that is what Sicilians want, and they will always hate anyone who tries to wake them, even in order to bring them the most wonderful of gifts: I must say, between ourselves, that I have strong doubts whether the new kingdom will have many gifts for us in its luggage. All Sicilian self-expression, even the most violent, is really wish-fulfilment; our sensuality is a hankering for oblivion, our shooting and knifing a hankering for death; our langour, our exotic ices, a hankering for voluptuous immobility, that is for death again; our meditative air is that of a void wanting to scrutinise the enigmas of Nirvana. From that comes the power among us of certain people, of those who are half awake: that is the cause of the well-known time lag of a century in our artistic and intellectual life; novelties attract us only when they are dead, incapable of arousing vital currents; from that comes the extraordinary phenomenon of the constant formation of myths which would be venerable if they were really ancient, but which are really nothing but sinister attempts to plunge us back into a past that attracts us only because it is dead.”

Not all of this was understood by the good Chevalley; and the last phrase he found particularly obscure; he had seen the variously painted carts being drawn along by horses covered with feathers, he had heard tell of the heroic puppet theatres, but he too had thought they were genuine old traditions. He said, “Aren’t you exaggerating a little, Prince?”

* * * *

1: Novels

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

3.

He went to the chapel, bowed a second before the Madonna of Pompeii, made a hurried inspection of the relics. Then he blessed with pastoral benignity the mistresses of the house and the servants kneeling in the entrance hall, and said to Concetta, who bore on her face the signs of a sleepless night, “Signorina, for three or four days no Divine Service can be held in the chapel, but I will see that it is reconsecrated as soon as possible. It seems to me that the picture of the Madonna of Pompeii could well take the place of the one now above the altar, which can join the fine works of art I have admired while passing through your rooms. As for the relics, I am leaving behind Don Pacchiotti, my secretary and a most competent priest; he will examine the documents and tell you the results of his researches; and what he decides will be as if I had decided it myself.”

Benignly he let everyone kiss his ring, then climbed into the heavy carriage together with his small suite.

The carriage had not yet reached the Falconeri turning before Carolina, with cheeks taut and darting eyes, exclaimed “This Pope must be a Turk”, while Caterina had to be given smelling salts. Meanwhile Concetta was chatting calmly to Don Pacchiotti, who had in the end accepted a cup of coffee and a *baba*.

Then the priest asked for the keys of the case of documents, requested permission and withdrew into the chapel, after first taking from his bag a small hammer and saw, a screw-driver, a magnifying glass and a couple of pencils. He had been a pupil of the Vatican School of Palaeography; and he was also Piedmontese. His labours were long and meticulous; the servants who passed by the chapel door heard the knocks of a hammer, the squeak of screws, and sighs. Three hours later he re-emerged with his cassock full of dust and his hands black, but with a pleased look and a serene expression on his bespectacled face. He apologised for carrying a big wicker basket. “I took the liberty of appropriating this to put in what I’d discarded; may I set it down here?” And he placed his burden in a corner; it was overflowing with torn papers and cards, little boxes containing bits of bone and gristle. “I am happy to say that I have found five relics which are perfectly authentic and worthy of being objects of devotion. The rest are there,” he said, pointing at the basket. “Could you tell me, Signorina, where I can brush myself down and wash my hands?”

Five minutes later he reappeared and dried his hands on a big towel on whose border pranced a Leopard in red thread. “I forgot to say that the frames are all laid out on the chapel table; some of them are really lovely.” He said good-bye. “Ladies, my respects.” But Caterina refused to kiss his hand.

“And what are we to do with the things in the basket?”

“Just whatever you like, ladies; keep them or throw them on the rubbish heap; they have no value whatsoever.” And when Concetta wanted to order a carriage to drive him back, he said, “Don’t worry about that, Signorina; I’ll lunch with the Oratorians a few steps away; I don’t need a thing.” And putting his instruments back into his bag off he went on light feet.

Concetta withdrew to her room; she felt no emotion whatsoever; she seemed to be living in a world familiar yet alien, which had already ceded all the impulses it could give and consisted now only of pure forms. The portrait of her father was just a few square inches of canvas, the green cases just a few square yards of wood.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

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

1.

In any case, the point I am trying to make is that it was a new experience for me to have the companionship of another boy day after day. Whatever I suggested doing we did. I never asked Cletus if there wasn't something he'd rather be doing, because he was always ready to do what I wanted to do. It occurs to me now that he was not very different from an imaginary playmate. When I was with him, if I said something the boys in the school yard would have jeered at, he let the opportunity pass and went on carefully teetering with one foot in front of the other, or at most, without glancing in my direction, which would have endangered his balance, nodded.

I supposed he must have liked me somewhat or he wouldn't have been there. And that he was glad for my companionship. He didn't act as if there was some other boy waiting for him to turn up. He must have understood that I was going to live in this house when it was finished, but it didn't occur to me to wonder where he lived.

When I was a child I told my mother everything. After she died I learned that it was better to keep some things to myself. My father represented authority, which meant—to me—that he could not also represent understanding. And because there was an element of cruelty in my older brother's teasing (as, of course, there is in all teasing) I didn't trust him, though I perfectly well could have, about larger matters. Anyway, I didn't tell Cletus about my shipwreck, as we sat looking down on the whole neighborhood, and he didn't tell me about his. When the look of the sky informed us that it was getting along toward suppertime, we climbed down and said "So long" and "See you tomorrow," and went our separate ways in the dusk. And one evening this casual parting turned out to be for the last time. We were separated by that pistol shot.

* * * *

2.

It will wear itself out, Clarence said to himself, provided he was patient and didn't drive Fern to do something foolish. He was patient, up to a point. For him, he was very patient. But she knew just where he drew the line, and, daring him, stepped over it. When he lost his temper he did things he could hardly believe afterward. Once when they were having an argument she screamed and Victor picked up a bucket of water and threw it over him. The shock brought him to his senses. He looked down and saw he had the poker in his hand.

What *she* did she did deliberately, and she never said she was sorry.

Somebody turned the wick of the lamp up too high and it made a fine layer of soot over everything. He expected her to burst into tears and start taking down the front-room curtains. Instead she laughed.

He asked her to go with him to see his parents and she refused. "But if you don't come they'll think we aren't getting along."

"Which is only the truth."

"They've had enough trouble in their lives. I don't want to add to it."

"You won't be," she said. "They know. Everybody knows. That's all people have to think about."

Since there was work to be done outside, he gave up and reached for his jacket.

All his socks had holes in them. The strawberry bed was loaded with fruit and she didn't bother to pick it. She left the beans on the vines until they were too big to eat. He no longer had a wife—only a prisoner.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

3.

The old man saw the dog looking at them expectantly and said, “What if that fella doesn’t come?”

“He’ll come,” Clarence said. “He told me it might be dark before he got here, but he promised me he’d come today.”

The borrowed Model T drove off down the lane and the dog was tied up, with night coming on, and no lights in the house, and no smoke going up the chimney.

She waited a long long time, trying not to worry. Trying to be good—trying to be especially good. And telling herself that they had only gone in to town and were coming right back, even though it was perfectly obvious that this wasn’t true. Not the way they acted. Eventually, in spite of her, the howls broke out. Sitting on her haunches, with her muzzle raised to the night sky, she howled and howled. And it wasn’t just the dog howling, it was all the dogs she was descended from, clear back to some wolf or other.

She heard footsteps and was sure it was the boy: *He had heard her howling and come from wherever it was he had been all this time and was going to rescue her. . . .*

It turned out to be the man’s friend from over the way. He put his lantern on the ground and untied her and talked to her and stroked her ears, and for a minute or two everything was all right. But then she remembered how they didn’t tell her to get in the car with them but drove off without even a backward look, and she let out another despairing howl.

Lloyd Wilson tried to get her to go home with him but she couldn’t. If she did that, who would be on hand here to guard the property?

In a little while he was back with some scraps for her, which she swallowed so fast that she didn’t know afterward what it was she’d eaten. He filled the bowl with water from the pump and left it by the door of her house. Then he called to her and whistled, but she wouldn’t budge. “Have it your own way, but I doubt if anybody’s going to get a wink of sleep,” he said cheerfully, and went off into the darkness.

She howled at intervals all night, and set the other dogs in the neighborhood to barking. The next day when the man’s friend came to see how she was getting on, she went halfway to meet him, wagging her behind.

The widow fed her, and the little boys put their arms around her and kissed her on the top of her head, and she felt some better.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 7 Toni Morrison: *Beloved*

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* 1. pp 65–66, 2. pp 152–153, pp 274–275

1: Novels

1 – 7 Toni Morrison: *Beloved* – continued

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

Toni Morrison, *Beloved* 1. pp 65–66, 2. pp 152–153, pp 274–275

1: Novels

1 – 8 Graham Swift: *Last Orders*

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

1.

She says, 'Come to get you, birthday boy,' and Vincey pulls down one of her hands and pretends to bite it. He's wearing one of his fancy ties, blue and yellow zig-zags, knot pulled loose. He nibbles Mandy's hand and she takes her other hand from his face and pretends to claw his chest. So when they get up to go and we watch them move to the door, Lenny says, 'Young love, eh?', his tongue in the corner of his mouth.

But before they go Jack says, 'Don't I get a kiss, then?' and Mandy says, 'Course you do, Jack,' smiling, and we all watch while she puts her arms round Jack's neck, like she means it, and gives him two big wet ones, one on each cheek, and we all see Jack's hand come round, while she hangs on, to pat her arse. It's a big hand. We all see one of Mandy's heels lift out of her shoe. I reckon she took a drop of something with her round to Amy's. Then Jack says, shaking loose, 'Go on, get on out of it. And get this clown out of it too,' pointing at Vince.

Then Jack and Vince look at each other and Jack says, 'Happy birthday, son. Good to see you,' as if he can't see him any day he chooses. Vince says, 'Night Jack,' grabbing his jacket from the hook under the bar, and just for a moment it's like he's going to hold out his hand for Jack to shake. Forgive and forget. He puts his hand on Jack's shoulder instead, like he needs the help-up, but I reckon, by Jack's face, he gives a quick squeeze.

Jack says, 'You've only got an hour of it left.'

Mandy says, 'Better make the most of it.'

Lenny says, 'Promises.'

Vince says, 'Never know your luck.'

Mandy tugs at Vince's arm while he picks up his glass and drains off what's left, not hurrying. He says, 'Keep 'em hungry, that's what I say.' He runs his wrist across his mouth. 'Needs must.'

Lenny says, 'You're an old man now, Big Boy. Home before closing, and you have to be carted.'

I say, 'Coach is leaving.'

Lenny says, 'Don't mind Ray, Mandy. Aint his day. Backed the wrong gee-gee. Sleep tight, won't you Mandy.'

That red jacket's a bad clash with Lenny's face.

Mandy says, 'Night boys.'

Jack's smiling. 'Night kids.'

And everyone can see, as they slip out, Vincey with his hand just nudging Mandy's back, that they're the only ones in this pub with the jam. Nice motor parked outside, perk of the trade. Nice little daughter waiting up for them, fourteen years old. But that's like eighteen these days.

* * * *

2.

But I wasn't interested in promotion, I wasn't interested in getting on in insurance. I was interested in the opposite. I said, 'They could do me a better turn than that. Less time for less pay, that's what I'm interested in, I don't want no leg-up.'

It stood to reason, with only me to consider. And a camper-van.

Besides, I was getting lucky, I was getting canny, I was starting to live up to my name. The gee-gees were doing me favours, if no one else was.

And why shouldn't a man who's all on his own, with no one to fend for but himself, arrange his life to suit his own hankering? Mondays to Wednesdays at the office, Thursdays to Saturdays at the races or on the open road.

It's just the gypsy in my . . .

And any shortfall in my pay-cheque the horses made up, more or less, sometimes with extra on top. It's the same business, after all, the chance business. Insurance, gambling.

Hennessy said, 'And by the way, what do you fancy for Goodwood?'

So Amy would go and see June on Thursdays and I would be chasing off all over the country, following the nags. And for a long time I thought about it before I said it, for a long time I chewed it over, then one day I plucked up and I said it. I said, 'Amy, I aint going nowhere this Thursday. I suppose the horses can run without me. That's a long old bus ride you have to do. Let me drive you over to see June. Let me take you in the camper.' So she said, 'All right, Ray,' and I took her.

And it was either the second or the third time I took her, either the second or the third Thursday, that I said, 'I met you same time as I met Jack, did you know that?' She looked at me, puzzled, and she said, 'What, in the desert?' I said, 'Yep, in the desert. Egypt.' She sort of frowned and laughed at me at the same time. So I said, 'I saw your photo,' and when I said it my voice wasn't like I meant it to be, like I was just playing a game, answering a riddle, it came out different, it came out sort of like the truth. I aint ever been a dab hand with women.

She looked at me, long and hard, soft and sharp at the same time, and that was when I knew that she knew, or that she'd wondered all along. That I'd just had this thing about her, always. In spite of Carol, in spite of Sue, in spite of her being Jack's anyway, in spite of her having lost her looks by now. But there's a beauty in that itself, I reckon, that's a lovable thing, fading beauty, it depends on your attitude.

* * * *

1: Novels

1 – 8 Graham Swift: *Last Orders* – continued

3.

The wind's whipping up on our backs and as we reach the gate the shower hits us good and proper. We just get back inside the car in time to avoid a soaking. We get in the same seats as before. Vincey hands me the jar, wincing as he moves in behind the wheel, and then he looks around for something to wipe away the stains on his sleeve and trousers but he can't find nothing and he gives up and we all sit there for a moment, the engine not switched on and the rain beating against the windows like we might as well be in a boat. I look at Vincey's face and it looks far away and I can hear Lenny wheezing in the back seat. It's as though it's not a car, it's an ambulance. Meat wagon after all. It's as though we're all wondering whether we should press on with this exercise or quit now on the grounds of not being up to it. Two detours, one fight, a piss-up and a near-wetting.

Then Vincey sort of snaps to, and switches on the ignition and the wipers. We can see the rain sloshing down on the narrow road and the sky all grey and heavy, but up on the crest of the hill, by the disused windmill, there's a faint gleam on one side of the clump of trees, as though the clouds are going to pass over before long.

Vincey says, 'Right. We want the Canterbury road. Look out for signs to Canterbury. A28 and Canterbury.' He starts the engine.

Lenny says, 'Canterbury?' He stops wheezing. 'We might as well call in there an' all. We might as well pop into the bleeding cathedral.'

He says it like he's joking, but Vince sits there for a bit staring at the rain on the windscreen, not making the car move. He says, 'If you say so, Lenny,' all fierce. 'If you say so. Why shouldn't we take him round Canterbury Cathedral?'

I can feel Vic and Lenny looking at each other in the back seat.

Another fool's errand, another detour. Lenny's turn.

Vince puts the car in drive and we move off. He doesn't speak but I can tell from his face he's serious, he means it, he might even be wishing he'd had the idea himself.

It's even better than a royal blue Merc.

Vic don't say nothing, like he's already paid his forfeit.

So it's me who says, but like it's Vic who's speaking, while I hang on to the wet jar, 'Good idea, Lenny. Good gesture. He'd be honoured.'

* * * *

1: Novels

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

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

1.

When he got out the new judge said he was agoing to make a man of him. So he took him to his own house, and dressed him up clean and nice, and had him to breakfast and dinner and supper with the family, and was just old pie to him, so to speak. And after supper he talked to him about temperance and such things till the old man cried, and said he'd been a fool, and fooled away his life; but now he was agoing to turn over a new leaf and be a man nobody wouldn't be ashamed of, and he hoped the judge would help him and not look down on him. The judge said he could hug him for them words; so *he* cried, and his wife she cried again; pap said he'd been a man that had always been misunderstood before, and the judge said he believed it. The old man said that what a man wanted that was down, was sympathy; and the judge said it was so; so they cried again. And when it was bedtime, the old man rose up and held out his hand, and says:

'Look at it gentlemen, and ladies all; take ahold of it; shake it. There's a hand that was the hand of a hog; but it ain't so no more; it's the hand of a man that's started in on a new life, and 'll die before he'll go back. You mark them words – don't forget I said them. It's a clean hand now; shake it – don't be afeard.'

So they shook it, one after the other, all around, and cried. The judge's wife she kissed it. Then the old man he signed a pledge – made his mark. The judge said it was the holiest time on record, or something like that. Then they tucked the old man into a beautiful room, which was the spare room, and in the night sometime he got powerful thirsty and clumb out onto the porch-roof and slid down a stanchion and traded his new coat for a jug of forty-rod, and clumb back again and had a good old time; and towards daylight he crawled out again, drunk as a fiddler, and rolled off the porch and broke his left arm in two places and was most froze to death when somebody found him after sun-up. And when they come to look at that spare room, they had to take soundings before they could navigate it.

The judge he felt kind of sore. He said he reckoned a body could reform the ole man with a shot-gun, maybe, but he didn't know no other way.

* * * *

2.

One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the arm-pits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black veil, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule, and underneath the picture it said 'Shall I Never See Thee More Alas'. Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said 'I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas'. There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand with black sealing-wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said 'And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas'. These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I didn't somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little, they always give me the fan-tods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost. But I reckoned, that with her disposition, she was having a better time in the graveyard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer to be allowed to live till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, with her hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more reaching up towards the moon – and the idea was, to see which pair would look best and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying, she died before she got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday come they hung flowers on it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had a kind of a nice sweet face, but there was so many arms it made her look too spidery, seemed to me.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

3.

So I was full of trouble, full as I could be; and didn't know what to do. At last I had an idea; and I says, I'll go and write the letter – and *then* see if I can pray. Why, it was astonishing, the way I felt as light as a feather, right straight off, and my troubles all gone. So I got a piece of paper and a pencil, all glad and excited, and set down and wrote:

Miss Watson your runaway nigger Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville and Mr Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send. HUCK FINN

I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now. But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking – thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me, all the time, in the day, and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a floating along, talking, and singing, and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was; and such-like times; and would always call me honey, and pet me, and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had small-pox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the *only* one he's got now; and then I happened to look around, and see that paper.

It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

'All right, then, I'll go to hell' – and tore it up.

* * * *

1: Novels

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

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

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

Patrick White, *A Fringe of Leaves* 1. pp 134–135, 2. pp 244–245, pp 390–391

1: Novels

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

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

Patrick White, *A Fringe of Leaves* 1. pp 134–135, 2. pp 244–245, pp 390–391

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.

CHORUS:

...

Dionysus, son of Zeus, delights in banquets;
[*Antistrophe 2*]
And his dear love is Peace, giver of wealth,
Saviour of young men's lives – a goddess rare!
In wine, his gift that charms all griefs away,
Alike both rich and poor may have their part.
His enemy is the man who has no care
To pass his years in happiness and health,
His days in quiet and his nights in joy,
Watchful to keep aloof both mind and heart
From men whose pride claims more than mortals may.
The life that wins the poor man's common voice,
His creed, his practice – this shall be my choice.

*Some of the guards whom PENTHEUS sent to arrest
DIONYSUS now enter with their prisoner. PENTHEUS
enters from the palace.*

GUARD:

Pentheus, we've brought the prey you sent us out to
catch;
We hunted him, and here he is. But, Sir, we found
The beast was gentle; made no attempt to run away,
Just held his hands out to be tied; didn't turn pale,
But kept his florid colour, smiling, telling us
To tie him up and run him in; gave us no trouble
At all, just waited for us. Naturally I felt
A bit embarrassed. 'You'll excuse me, Sir,' I said,
'I don't want to arrest you; it's the king's command.'
Another thing, Sir – those women you rounded up
And put in fetters in the prison, those Bacchantes;
Well, they're all gone, turned loose to the glens; and
there they are,
Frisking about, calling on Bromius their god.
The fetters simply opened and fell off their feet;
The bolts shot back, untouched by mortal hand; the doors
Flew wide. Master, this man has come here with a load
Of miracles. Well, what happens next is your concern.

PENTHEUS:

Untie this man's hands. [*The GUARD does so.*] He's
securely in the trap.
He's not so nimble-footed as to escape me now.
Well, friend: your shape is not unhandsome – for
the pursuit
Of women, which is the purpose of your presence here.
You are no wrestler, I can tell from these long curls
Cascading most seductively over your cheek.
Your skin, too, shows a whiteness carefully preserved;
You keep away from the sun's heat, walk in the shade,
So hunting Aphrodite with your lovely face.

* * * *

2.

HERDSMAN:

...

Bulls, which one moment felt proud rage hot in their
horns,
The next were thrown bodily to the ground, dragged
down
By hands of girls in thousands; and they stripped the
flesh
From the bodies faster than you could wink your royal
eyes.
Then, skimming bird-like over the surface of the
ground,
They scoured the plain which stretches by Asopus' banks
And yields rich crops for Thebes; and like an enemy
force
They fell on Hysiae and Erythrae, two villages
On the low slopes of Cithaeron, and ransacked them
both;
Snatched babies out of the houses; any plunder which
They carried on their shoulders stayed there without
straps –
Nothing fell to the ground, not bronze or iron; they
carried
Fire on their heads, and yet their soft hair was not burnt.
The villagers, enraged at being so plundered, armed
Themselves to resist; and then, my lord, an amazing sight
Was to be seen. The spears those men were throwing
drew
No blood; but the women, hurling a thyrsus like a spear,
Dealt wounds; in short, those women turned the men to
flight.
There was the power of a god in that. Then they went
back
To the place where they had started from, to those
fountains
The god had caused to flow for them. And they washed
off
The blood; and snakes licked clean the stains, till their
cheeks shone.

So, master, whoever this divinity may be,
Receive him in this land. His powers are manifold;
But chiefly, as I hear, he gave to men the vine
To cure their sorrows; and without wine, neither love
Nor any other pleasure would be left for us.

CHORUS:

I shrink from speaking freely before the king; yet I
Will say it: there is no greater god than Dionysus.

PENTHEUS:

This Bacchic arrogance advances on us like
A spreading fire, disgracing us before all Hellas.
We must act now. [*To the HERDSMAN*] Go quickly to
the Electran gate;
Tell all my men who carry shields, heavy or light,
All riders on fast horses, all my archers with
Their twanging bows, to meet me there in readiness
For an onslaught on these maniacs. This is beyond
All bearing, if we must let women so defy us.

* * * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 1 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

3.

DIONYSUS:

Come, perverse man, greedy for sights you should not see,

Eager for deeds you should not do – Pentheus! Come out

Before the palace and show yourself to me, wearing
The garb of a frenzied Bacchic woman, and prepared
To spy on your mother and all her Bacchic company.

Enter PENTHEUS dressed as a Bacchic devotee. He is dazed and entirely subservient to DIONYSUS.

You are the very image of one of Cadmus' daughters.

PENTHEUS:

Why, now! I seem to see two suns; a double Thebes;
Our city's wall with seven gates appears double.

DIONYSUS *takes PENTHEUS by the hand and leads him forward.*

You are a bull I see leading me forward now;
A pair of horns seems to have grown upon your head.
Were you a beast before? You have become a bull.

DIONYSUS:

The god then did not favour us; he is with us now,
We have made our peace with him; you see as you should see.

PENTHEUS:

How do I look? Tell me, is not the way I stand
Like the way Ino stands, or like my mother Agauë?

DIONYSUS:

Looking at you, I think I see them both. Wait, now;
Here is a curl has slipped out of its proper place,
Not as I tucked it carefully below your snood.

PENTHEUS:

Indoors, as I was tossing my head up and down
Like a Bacchic dancer, I dislodged it from its place.

DIONYSUS:

Come, then; I am the one who should look after you.
I'll fix it in its place again. There; lift your head.

PENTHEUS: You dress me, please; I have put myself in your hands now.

* * * *

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.

MESSENGER Caesar, I bring thee word
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Makes the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy. The borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

CAESAR Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge.
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on. And all this –
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now –
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.

LEPIDUS 'Tis pity of him.

CAESAR
Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i'th' field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

* * * *

2.

EROS The Queen, my lord, the Queen.

IRAS
Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He's unqualitied with very shame.

CLEOPATRA Well then, sustain me. O!

EROS
Most noble sir, arise. The Queen approaches.
Her head's declined, and death will seize her but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANTONY
I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS Sir, the Queen.

ANTONY
O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonour.

CLEOPATRA O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.

ANTONY Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th'strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLEOPATRA O, my pardon!

ANTONY Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o'th' world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY
Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss.
Even this repays me.

* * * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

3.

CLEOPATRA

I dreamt there was an emperor Antony.
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOLABELLA If it might please ye –

CLEOPATRA

His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O o'th'earth.

DOLABELLA Most sovereign creature –

CLEOPATRA

His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an Antony it was
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

DOLABELLA Cleopatra –

CLEOPATRA

Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine
An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

DOLABELLA Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA

I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, pray you, sir.

DOLABELLA Though he be honourable –

CLEOPATRA

He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA

Madam, he will. I know't.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 3 William Shakespeare: *Richard II*

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

1.

JOHN OF GAUNT

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou treadest the presence strewed,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

BOLINGBROKE

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast,
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

JOHN OF GAUNT

Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause I would not stay.

BOLINGBROKE

Then, England's ground, farewell! Sweet soil, adieu,
My mother and my nurse that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can:
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman!

* * * *

2.

KING RICHARD

O, villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart;
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas –
Would they make peace? Terrible hell
Make war upon their spotted souls for this.

SCROOP

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls. Their peace is made
With heads and not with hands. Those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

AUMERLE

Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

SCROOP

Ay. All of them at Bristol lost their heads.

AUMERLE

Where is the Duke, my father, with his power?

KING RICHARD

No matter where. Of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills –
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings –
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered. For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and – farewell, king!

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 3 William Shakespeare: *Richard II* – continued

3.

RICHARD

...

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you – with Pilate – wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, dispatch. Read o'er these articles.

RICHARD

Mine eyes are full of tears. I cannot see.
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself
I find myself a traitor with the rest.
For I have given here my soul's consent
To 'undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord –

RICHARD

No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man;
Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title –
No, not that name was given me at the font –
But 'tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king; great king – and yet not greatly good –
An if my word be sterling yet in England
Let it command a mirror hither straight
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLINGBROKE

Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 4 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia*

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* 1. pp 10–11, 2. pp 60–61, p 91

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

2 – 4 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia* – continued

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

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia* 1. pp 10–11, 2. pp 60–61, p 91

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.

ALGERNON: Oh, there is no use speculating on that subject. Divorces are made in Heaven – [JACK puts out his hand to take a sandwich. ALGERNON at once interferes.] Please don't touch the cucumber sandwiches. They are ordered specially for Aunt Augusta. [Takes one and eats it.]

JACK: Well, you have been eating them all the time.

ALGERNON: That is quite a different matter. She is my aunt. [Takes plate from below.] Have some bread and butter. The bread and butter is for Gwendolen. Gwendolen is devoted to bread and butter.

JACK [advancing to table and helping himself]: And very good bread and butter it is too.

ALGERNON: Well, my dear fellow, you need not eat as if you were going to eat it all. You behave as if you were married to her already. You are not married to her already, and I don't think you ever will be.

JACK: Why on earth do you say that?

ALGERNON: Well, in the first place, girls never marry the men they flirt with. Girls don't think it right.

JACK: Oh, that is nonsense!

ALGERNON: It isn't. It is a great truth. It accounts for the extraordinary number of bachelors that one sees all over the place. In the second place, I don't give my consent.

JACK: Your consent!

ALGERNON: My dear fellow, Gwendolen is my first cousin. And before I allow you to marry her, you will have to clear up the whole question of Cecily. [Rings bell.]

JACK: Cecily! What on earth do you mean? What do you mean, Algy, by Cecily! I don't know any one of the name of Cecily.

[Enter LANE.]

ALGERNON: Bring me that cigarette case Mr Worthing left in the smoking-room the last time he dined here.

LANE: Yes, sir.

[LANE goes out.]

JACK: Do you mean to say you have had my cigarette case all this time? I wish to goodness you had let me know. I have been writing frantic letters to Scotland Yard about it. I was very nearly offering a large reward.

ALGERNON: Well, I wish you would offer one. I happen to be more than usually hard up.

JACK: There is no good offering a large reward now that the thing is found.

[Enter LANE with the cigarette case on a salver.

ALGERNON takes it at once. LANE goes out.]

ALGERNON: I think that is rather mean of you, Ernest, I must say. [Opens case and examines it.] However, it makes no matter, for, now that I look at the inscription inside, I find that the thing isn't yours after all.

JACK: Of course it's mine. [Moving to him.] You have seen me with it a hundred times, and you have no right whatsoever to read what is written inside. It is a very ungentlemanly thing to read a private cigarette case.

ALGERNON: Oh! it is absurd to have a hard and fast rule about what one should read and what one shouldn't. More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read.

2.

LADY BRACKNELL: . . .

Now to minor matters. Are your parents living?

JACK: I have lost both my parents.

LADY BRACKNELL: To lose one parent, Mr Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?

JACK: I am afraid I really don't know. The fact is, Lady Bracknell, I said I had lost my parents. It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me. . . . I don't actually know who I am by birth. I was . . . well, I was found.

LADY BRACKNELL: Found!

JACK: The late Mr Thomas Cardew, an old gentleman of a very charitable and kindly disposition, found me, and gave me the name of Worthing, because he happened to have a first-class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time. Worthing is a place in Sussex. It is a seaside resort.

LADY BRACKNELL: Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you?

JACK [gravely]: In a hand-bag.

LADY BRACKNELL: A hand-bag?

JACK [very seriously]: Yes, Lady Bracknell. I was in a hand-bag – a somewhat large, black leather hand-bag, with handles to it – an ordinary hand-bag in fact.

LADY BRACKNELL: In what locality did this Mr James, or Thomas, Cardew come across this ordinary hand-bag?

JACK: In the cloak-room at Victoria Station. It was given to him in mistake for his own.

LADY BRACKNELL: The cloak-room at Victoria Station?

JACK: Yes. The Brighton line.

LADY BRACKNELL: The line is immaterial. Mr Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station might serve to conceal a social indiscretion – has probably, indeed, been used for that purpose before now – but it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognized position in good society.

JACK: May I ask you then what you would advise me to do? I need hardly say I would do anything in the world to ensure Gwendolen's happiness.

LADY BRACKNELL: I would strongly advise you, Mr Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over.

JACK: Well, I don't see how I could possibly manage to do that. I can produce the hand-bag at any moment. It is in my dressing-room at home. I really think that should

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

satisfy you, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL: Me, sir! What has it to do with me? You can hardly imagine that I and Lord Bracknell would dream of allowing our only daughter – a girl brought up with the utmost care – to marry into a cloak-room, and form an alliance with a parcel. Good morning, Mr Worthing!

[LADY BRACKNELL *sweeps out in majestic indignation.*]

* * * *

3.

CECILY: Are you called Algernon?

ALGERNON: I cannot deny it.

CECILY: Oh!

GWENDOLEN: Is your name really John?

JACK [*standing rather proudly*]: I could deny it if I liked. I could deny anything if I liked. But my name certainly is John. It has been John for years.

CECILY [*to GWENDOLEN*]: A gross deception has been practised on both of us.

GWENDOLEN: My poor wounded Cecily!

CECILY: My sweet wronged Gwendolen!

GWENDOLEN [*slowly and seriously*]: You will call me sister, will you not? [*They embrace. JACK and ALGERNON groan and walk up and down.*]

CECILY [*rather brightly*]: There is just one question I would like to be allowed to ask my guardian.

GWENDOLEN: An admirable idea! Mr Worthing, there is just one question I would like to be permitted to put to you. Where is your brother Ernest? We are both engaged to be married to your brother Ernest, so it is a matter of some importance to us to know where your brother Ernest is at present.

JACK [*slowly and hesitatingly*]: Gwendolen – Cecily – it is very painful for me to be forced to speak the truth. It is the first time in my life that I have ever been reduced to such a painful position, and I am really quite inexperienced in doing anything of the kind. However, I will tell you quite frankly that I have no brother Ernest. I have no brother at all. I never had a brother in my life, and I certainly have not the smallest intention of ever having one in the future.

CECILY [*surprised*]: No brother at all?

JACK [*cheerily*]: None!

GWENDOLEN [*severely*]: Had you never a brother of any kind?

JACK [*pleasantly*]: Never. Not even of any kind.

GWENDOLEN: I am afraid it is quite clear, Cecily, that neither of us is engaged to be married to anyone.

CECILY: It is not a very pleasant position for a young girl suddenly to find herself in. Is it?

GWENDOLEN: Let us go into the house. They will hardly venture to come after us there.

CECILY: No, men are so cowardly, aren't they?

* * * *

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: . . .

What time
does your husband usually arrive home tonight Mrs
Carter?

FIONA: Never before eleven.

KATE: And never sober.

SIMMONDS: (to KATE) I take it you'll be there to help
your sister, Mrs Mason?

KATE: (looking meaningfully at SIMMONDS) Yes. I'd like
to help her.

SIMMONDS: Good. I'll have the removalist get there early,
say six thirty or seven, and that'll give us time to have a
little bit of a flat-warming celebration before Constable
Ross and I go back to speak to Kenny.

KATE: That would be fine.

SIMMONDS: Well, Ross. How does that sound? Are you
free to give the ladies a hand tonight?

ROSS: (embarrassed) Well er . . .

SIMMONDS: (sharply) Well are you?

ROSS: Well I'd . . . er . . . like to help but I'd . . . er . . .
arranged to er . . .

SIMMONDS: To what?

ROSS: I've . . . er . . . got something on.

KATE: (not meaning it) Oh we don't want to interfere with
the constable's arrangements, Sergeant.

ROSS: (blurring it out) I wouldn't mind normally but it's
me girlfriend's firm's night out. We're on the same table
as the general manager.

SIMMONDS: (wearily) Ross.

ROSS: (quickly) I wouldn't mind normally but Marilyn me
girlfriend's getting her hair set and I've paid a deposit
on the tickets.

SIMMONDS: (wearily) Ross. One of the first things you've
got to learn . . .

KATE: (falsely) We don't want to mess up the constable's
arrangements.

SIMMONDS: (to KATE) He's got to learn that the force is
not a nine to five job, Mrs Mason.

(He turns to ROSS and tries to make him aware of the sexual
possibilities in the arrangement.)

Some of our most interesting work is done after hours,
Ross. I'm afraid you're going to have to disappoint your
young friend.

ROSS: (thinking) Will we get paid overtime?

SIMMONDS: (wearily) Yes, Ross. We will.

ROSS: (more cheerful) Might be all right then. She won't
be as shitty if she knows I'm getting paid. (To the women)
We're saving for the deposit on a house.

2.

(There is a crash as the door is burst open by SIMMONDS,
whose momentum carries him on past a rather surprised
KENNY. ROSS follows close at SIMMONDS' heel and
practically comes face to face with KENNY, and despite
his keenness shows some embarrassment. THE
REMOVALIST follows ROSS looking very nonchalant.)

KENNY: Hey. What's all this about?

SIMMONDS: All right Ross. Handcuff the bastard.

(ROSS is obviously nervous and excited at what is his first
taste of action. He clips the handcuffs on the bewildered
KENNY, but in his excitement clips the other cuff to his
own wrist.)

SIMMONDS: (loudly) Don't cuff him to yourself Ross.

(ROSS fumbles with his free hand to find the key, but without
success.)

KENNY: (bewildered, angry) Hey. What's all this about?

SIMMONDS: It's about beating your wife, Carter.

KENNY: (looking at FIONA with surprise) Beating my
wife? All I done was give her a bit of a shove. You can't
arrest a man for that. Never even hurt her.

ROSS: (to SIMMONDS) I think the key's in me back pocket.

(He sticks out his bum in SIMMONDS' direction.
SIMMONDS considers this manoeuvre as being below his
dignity and turns to KATE.)

SIMMONDS: I wonder if you'd mind getting the key out
of Constable Ross's back pocket, Mrs Mason.

(KATE does so, looking at FIONA. They are both a little
nonplussed. ROSS takes the key, undoes his handcuff, and
handcuffs KENNY, who is still protesting, to a chair.)

KENNY: Christ, I only gave her a shove. She tripped and
fell against the cabinet herself. You can't arrest a man
for something she done herself. How would you like a
kitchen full of stinking rubbish?

SIMMONDS: (loudly) Don't cuff him to a chair, Ross.

ROSS: (defensively) He can't get far with a chair.

SIMMONDS: (tersely) He can pick the bloody thing up
and clobber you with it, bonebrain. Whack it on that
table leg.

KENNY: Listen fellas. A joke's a joke. I won't shove her
again.

(ROSS pulls KENNY down in order to cuff him to the leg of
a coffee table. KENNY stands there awkwardly with a bent
back. Eventually he sits down.)

Listen; fair go, fellas. What's the charge?

SIMMONDS: Resisting arrest, and two separate charges
of assault.

KENNY: (indignant) Resisting arrest?

SIMMONDS: You assaulted this gentleman here (indicating
THE REMOVALIST) then repeatedly refused to answer the
door.

* * * *

2: Plays, films and television miniseries

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

3.

KENNY: You fix it for Friday. Takes more than a couple of mug cops to stop Kenny Carter raising the old bull moose.

SIMMONDS: Pretty quick recovery for a man who was screaming for a doctor a couple of minutes ago.

KENNY: You just fix it. Right?

SIMMONDS: All right. I'll fix it.

KENNY: And I'm no bloody fool either. I'll be along to the doc in the morning to get me a full report, and if there's the slightest hint that you're renegeing on the deal then it goes straight off to Truth, complete with story.

SIMMONDS: (*grimly*) I always keep my word, Carter.

KENNY: (*looking at ROSS*) What's your mate all goggle-eyed at? (*Laughing with some effort*) Can't work out how I'm still alive eh? You'd have to be a bloody tough man to stop me, fella. (*To SIMMONDS*) What's your mate all goggle-eyed about?

SIMMONDS: (*relaxing - the hard bargainer at the conclusion of a successful deal*) It's his first day out of college. Isn't it, Ross? (*To KENNY*) Still pure at heart.

KENNY: Siddown Ross.

(*ROSS, bewildered doesn't.*)

Well, if you're not going to sit down, then make yourself useful. Grab a bloody beer from the kitchen. It'll be as hot as buggery but that's your fault for lettin' them take the fridge.

SIMMONDS: Get a beer, Ross. (*Loudly*) Get a beer!

KENNY: (*wincing*) Not so loud you bastard. Me head's still ringin'.

SIMMONDS: Sorry mate.

(*ROSS goes out into the kitchen and returns with three cans of beer. He hands one to SIMMONDS and one to KENNY, who accepts it even though he looks anything but fit for drinking. SIMMONDS takes the top off his can and takes a long swig.*)

Ahh. A bit warm but not too bad. (*To KENNY*)
What d'you think of Ross's potential?

KENNY: What as? A welterweight?

(*He laughs with some difficulty at his own joke but he can not bring himself to drink.*)

SIMMONDS: Bit worried about him actually. Should be all right. Comes from good solid stock. His father's a coffinmaker.

(*They both laugh.*)

KENNY: Knocks up the stiff's?

(*They both laugh.*)

SIMMONDS: Don't know where he gets his temper from. Should be dead calm.

KENNY: Had a bloke like him in the district reserves. Used to play ruck and forward pocket. Good player but bloody uncontrollable. Mad dog we called him. The vice-captain had to tag him some days in case he went off. Gentle as a lamb off the field but bloody lethal when he went off. Three of us would leap on the bastard. 'Cool it mad dog. It's all right'. Had to talk to him like he was a baby. Something used to click inside his head, like your mate here.

SIMMONDS: Ever gone off your head before, Ross?

ROSS: (*shyly pleased at his new notoriety*) Always had a pretty quick temper.

SIMMONDS: You'll have to watch it in future, boy. You nearly got us in the shit today.

* * * *

3: Short stories

3 – 1 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories*

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* 1. pp 52–53, 2. pp 66–68, pp 178–179

3: Short stories

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

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

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories* 1. pp 52–53, 2. pp 66–68, pp 178–179

3: Short stories

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

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

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

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades* 1. pp 28–29, 2. pp 90–91, pp 222–223

3: Short stories

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

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

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades* 1. pp 28–29, 2. pp 90–91, p 222–223

3: Short stories

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

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

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

Flannery O'Connor, *Everything That Rises Must Converge* 1. pp 91–92, 2. pp 139–140, pp 256–257

3: Short stories

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

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

Flannery O'Connor, *Everything That Rises Must Converge* 1. pp 91–92, 2. pp 139–140, pp 256–257

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.

... free of his Florsheims and cashmeres and prime ribs, free of his bingo nights and building funds, he could become, for Christ's sake, the very incarnation of Francis himself, or Anthony of Padua; when I said, in fact, that I would be willing to assist him in this, that I would gladly distribute his savings and credit cards among the worthy poor of the parish, and that I would, when the sad duty called, bury him for free in the manner he would have, by then, become accustomed to; when I told your man these things, he said nothing at all, but turned his wild eye on me in the way that the cleric must have looked on Sweeney years ago, before he cursed him, irreversibly, into a bird.

What I was trying to tell the fellow was, of course, that being a dead saint is no more worthwhile than being a dead philodendron or a dead angelfish. Living is the rub, and always has been. Living saints still feel the flames and stigmata of this vale of tears, the ache of chastity and the pangs of conscience. Once dead, they let their relics do the legwork, because, as I was trying to tell this priest, the dead don't care.

Only the living care.

And I am sorry to be repeating myself, but this is the central fact of my business – that there is nothing, once you are dead, that can be done *to you* or *for you* or *with you* or *about you* that will do you any good or any harm; that any damage or decency we do accrues to the living, to whom your death happens, if it really happens to anyone. The living have to live with it. You don't. Theirs is the grief or gladness your death brings. Theirs is the loss or gain of it. Theirs is the pain and the pleasure of memory. Theirs is the invoice for services rendered and theirs is the check in the mail for its payment.

And there is the truth, abundantly self-evident, that seems, now that I think of it, the one most elusive to the old in-laws, the parish priest, and to perfect strangers who are forever accosting me in barbers' shops and at cocktail parties and parent-teacher conferences, hell-bent or duty-bound to let me in on what it is they want done with them when they are dead.

Give it a rest is the thing I say.

Once you are dead, put your feet up, call it a day, and let the husband or the missus or the kids or a sibling decide whether you are to be buried or burned or blown out of a cannon or left to dry out in a ditch somewhere. It's not your day to watch it, because the dead don't care.

* * * *

2.

At night Nora would crawl into bed, take the medicine for pain and sleep. 'Collins is our man,' she told me towards the end, meaning the undertaker in Carrigaholt who could be counted on for coffins and hearses and grave openings at Moyarta where all our people were, back to our common man, Patrick Lynch. She turned over the bankbook with my name on it, added, she said, after her brother had died all those years ago. 'Be sure there's plenty of sandwiches and porter and wine, sherry wine, something sweet. And whiskey for the ones that dig the grave.'

And Nora Lynch was a tidy corpse, quiet and continent, only a little jaundiced which never showed in the half-light of the room she died in, the room she was born in, the room she was waked in. She never stirred. And we waked her for three full days and nights in late March before taking her to church in Carrigaholt. Then buried her on a Monday in the same vaulted grave as her father and her father's father and her twin brother, dead in infancy, near ninety years before. We gave whiskey to the gravediggers and had a stone cut with her name and dates on it to overlook her grave and the River Shannon.

There was money enough for all of that. She'd saved. Enough for the priests and the best coffin Collins had and for pipers and tinwhistlers and something for the choir; and to take the entourage to the Long Dock afterwards and fill them with food and stout and trade memories and tunes. It was a grand wake and funeral. We wept and laughed and sang and wept some more.

And afterwards there was enough left over to build the room that housed the toilet and the shower and haul that ancient cottage – a wedding gift to my great-great-grandfather, my inheritance – into the twentieth century in the nick of time.

Still, there are nights now in West Clare and nights in Michigan when I eschew the porcelain and plumbing in favor of the dark comforts of the yard, the whitethorn or lilac or the mock-orange, the stars in their heaven, the liberty of it; and the drift my thoughts invariably take towards the dead and the living and the ones I love whenever I am at the duties of my toilet.

* * * *

4: Other literature

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

3.

On the subject of money: you get what you pay for. Deal with someone whose instincts you trust. If anyone tells you you haven't spent enough, tell them to go piss up a rope. Tell the same thing to anyone who says you've spent too much. Tell them to go piss up a rope. It's your money. Do what you want with it. But let me make one thing perfectly clear. You know the type who's always saying, *When I'm dead save your money, spend it on something really useful, do me cheaply*. I'm not one of them. Never was. I've always thought that funerals were useful. So do what suits you. It is yours to do. You're entitled to wholesale on most of it.

As for guilt – it's much over-rated. Here are the facts in the case at hand: I've known the love of the ones who have loved me. And I've known that they've known that I've loved them too. Everything else, in the end, seems irrelevant. But if guilt is the thing, forgive yourself, forgive me. And if a little upgrade in the pomp and circumstance makes you feel better, consider it money wisely spent. Compared to shrinks and pharmaceuticals, bartenders or homeopaths, geographical or ecclesiastical cures, even the priciest funeral is a bargain.

I want a mess made in the snow so that the earth looks wounded, forced open, an unwilling participant. Forgo the tent. Stand openly to the weather. Get the larger equipment out of sight. It's a distraction. But have the sexton, all dirt and indifference, remain at hand. He and the hearse driver can talk of poker or trade jokes in whispers and straight-face while the clergy tender final commendations. Those who lean on shovels and fill holes, like those who lean on custom and old prayers, are, each of them, experts in the one field.

And you should see it till the very end. Avoid the temptation of tidy leavetaking in a room, a cemetery chapel, at the foot of the altar. None of that. Don't dodge it because of the weather. We've fished and watched football in worse conditions. It won't take long. Go to the hole in the ground. Stand over it. Look into it. Wonder. And be cold. But stay until it's over. Until it is done.

* * * *

4: Other literature

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

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

1.

A ticket to the stock car races, Bellevue Stadium, Manchester, 8 October 1963 (my birthday, one of his magical mystery treats). A receipt for the Regent Palace Hotel, 29 July–1 Aug 1966 (the World Cup Final: we were standing down by the Russian linesman when he gave *that goal*, and left thinking the final score was 3–2 because the Germans didn't kick off again, joined the celebrations afterwards and heard the horns hooting all night in Piccadilly Circus). Another hotel receipt, for a week at the Cairngorm Hotel, Aviemore, 1969, cost forty-seven pounds, twelve shillings and threepence (our first shot at skiing, a holiday I'd buggered up for him by being confined to bed, my leg swollen from some insect bite).

I shut the drawer again. Every lunch and dinner, every theatre and sports outing, even the hotels where we stayed in the year of UCCA and my efforts to get a university place (he insisted on driving me to the interviews, of course, would have sat in on them if he could), nothing has been chucked, nothing let go of. I try another drawer, and another: cigarette lighters; leather watch-straps; a magnifying glass; Remembrance Day poppies; unsigned, cheeky-suggestive valentine cards (he to my mother, she or someone else to him, who could say: he always asked us not to sign greetings cards within the family, so they could be reused); a green plastic dagger with 'Dettol' written on it, his pharmaceutical freebie letter-opener. I shut the drawers again and close my eyes, and try to say their contents back to myself, like that memory game when a tray is put in front of you, then whisked away. And the objects I can recall all belong to the time before I was born. I hang on to them in a kind of desperation, as if, suddenly, all that I never had is lost and gone—a myth of having missed the best years by a breath: my parents first meeting each other; the war, and the strange numbness after the war; their marriage; their first and only practice. I close my eyes and try to see through the mist, the myth. But no picture comes into my head except a man at his desk under a venetian blind, a man in a forties suit holding an HB pencil, a man trying to sketch something—a design for what? a valentine? a menu? the first National Health Card?—but drawing a blank, and finally screwing the paper up: 'No good. Try again.'

* * * *

2.

I dream I'm at the office. Reception call up: 'A gentleman to see you—says he has an appointment.'

'Tell him I'll be down.'

I'm expecting no one, I realize, and up to my eyes: I have widows to turn, kill fees to negotiate, a paper to put to bed. I decide to make him wait. Soon I relent and go down.

'He was sitting over there. Must have gone.'

'What was his name?'

'Didn't say.'

'What did he look like?'

'Your size. Thinning hair.'

'What age?'

'Old enough to be your father.'

I rush out into City Road. No sign. I search the Underground. No one. I walk in circles round the graveyard in Bunhill fields. Nothing.

Sunday morning, and I can hear my father's voice as I wake. He has just had my mother make him a second breakfast: the spoonful of Complan wasn't enough, he wanted a quarter cup of cornflakes too. Now he feels in need of a shower, and I fit a new light-bulb in the cubicle for him as he soft-shouts the instructions from the bed: 'Twist the old light-bulb in and leftwards to release it. Got it? Right, now push the new one in and rightwards to insert it.' Is it that he assumes I still don't know how to change a light-bulb? Or that his is the one infallible method, the beautiful simplicity of which he thinks the rest of the world hasn't yet cottoned on to? I take heart from my irritation: he must be feeling better.

Not that he can be, much. I watch him stagger to the shower, loose skin flapping like an elephant's. His chest looks as if someone has ploughed across it, deep furrows between the three huge top ribs. His pacemaker, once buried in the fat of his chest, now stands proud, like a parcel on a doormat; I can even see the contact points, top right, where the two wires come into it. After the shower, which he takes leaning with one hand against the wall, he lies on the bed and asks my mother to powder his bottom—Johnson's Baby Powder, . . .

* * * *

4: Other literature

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

3.

When did you last see your father? Was it when they burnt the coffin? Put the lid on it? When he exhaled his last breath? When he last sat up and said something? When he last recognized me? When he last smiled? When he last did something for himself unaided? When he last felt healthy? When he last thought he might be healthy, before they brought the news? The weeks before he left us, or life left him, were a series of depletions; each day we thought 'he can't get less like himself than this,' and each day he did. I keep trying to find the last moment when he was still unmistakably there, in the fullness of his being, *him*.

When did you last see your father? I sit at my desk in the mortuary-cold basement of the new house, the one he helped me buy, his pacemaker in an alcove above my word processor, and the shelves of books have no more meaning than to remind me: these are the first shelves I ever put up without him. I try to write, but there is only one subject, him. I watch the news: Yugoslavia, the General Election, the royal separations—the news he didn't live to see. I've lost sight not only of his life, what it meant and added up to, but of mine. When my three children come back from school, their cries echo emptily round the house and I feel I'm giving no more than a stranger could give them—drinks, attention, bedtime stories. Never to have loved seems best: love means two people getting too close; it means people wanting to be with each other all the time, and then one of them dying and leaving the other bereft. A fox comes trotting up the lawn towards my window, printing itself in the dew, as though it owned the place. I feel as if an iron plate had come down through the middle of me, as if I were locked inside the blackness of myself. I thought that to see my father dying might remove my fear of death, and so it did. I hadn't reckoned on its making death seem preferable to life.

* * * *

4: Other literature

4 – 3 W G Sebald: *The Emigrants*

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

1.

Paul Bereyter

Always before our religion lessons, Paul would always top up to the brim the holy water stoup, embellished with a flaming Sacred Heart, that was fixed by the door, using (I often saw him do it) the watering can with which he normally watered the geraniums. Because of this, the Beneficiary never managed to put the holy water bottle he always carried in his shiny black pigskin briefcase to use. He did not dare simply to tip out the water from the brimful stoup, and so, in his endeavour to account for the seemingly inexhaustible Sacred Heart, he was torn between his suspicion that systematic malice was involved and the intermittent hope that this was a sign from a Higher Place, perhaps indeed a miracle. Most assuredly, though, both the Beneficiary and the Catechist considered Paul a lost soul, for we were called upon more than once to pray for our teacher to convert to the true faith. Paul's aversion to the Church of Rome was far more than a mere question of principle, though; he genuinely had a horror of God's vicars and the mothball smell they gave off. He not only did not attend church on Sundays, but purposely left town, going as far as he could into the mountains, where he no longer heard the bells. If the weather was not good he would spend his Sunday mornings together with Colo the cobbler, who was a philosopher and a downright atheist who took the Lord's day, if he was not playing chess with Paul, as the occasion to work on pamphlets and tracts against the one True Church. Once (I now remember) I witnessed a moment when Paul's aversion to hypocrisy of any description won an incontestable victory over the forbearance with which he generally endured the intellectual infirmities of the world he lived in. In the class above me there was a pupil by the name of Ewald Reise who had fallen completely under the Catechist's influence and displayed a degree of overdone piety – it would not be unfair to say, ostentatiously – quite incredible in a ten-year-old. Even at this tender age, Ewald Reise already looked like a fully-fledged chaplain. He was the only boy in the whole school who wore a coat, complete with a purple scarf folded over at his chest and held in place with a large safety pin. Reise, whose head was never uncovered (even in the heat of summer he wore a straw hat or a light linen cap), struck Paul so powerfully as an example of the stupidity, both inbred and wilfully acquired, that he so detested, that one day when the boy forgot to doff his hat to him in the street Paul removed the hat for him, clipped his ear, and then replaced the hat on Reise's head with the rebuke that even a prospective chaplain should greet his teacher with politeness when they met.

* * * *

2.

Ambros Adelwarth

I do not expect anyone can really imagine the pain and wretchedness once stored up in this extravagant timber palace, and I hope all this misfortune will gradually melt away now as it falls apart. For a while Dr Abramsky said nothing, and merely gazed out into the distance. It is true, he said at length, that Ambrose Adelwarth was not committed into our care by any relative, but came to us of his own free will. Why he came here remained a mystery to me for a long time, and he never talked about it. Fahnstock diagnosed profound senile depression with a tendency to cataleptic seizures, though this was contradicted by the fact that Ambrose showed no sign at all of neglecting his person, as patients in that condition usually do. Quite the contrary, he attached the greatest importance to his appearance. I only ever saw him in a three-piece suit and wearing a flawlessly knotted bow tie. Nonetheless, even when he was simply standing at the window looking out he always gave the impression of being filled with some appalling grief. I do not think, said Dr Abramsky, that I have ever met a more melancholy person than your great-uncle; every casual utterance, every gesture, his entire deportment (he held himself erect until the end), was tantamount to a constant pleading for leave of absence. At meals – to which he always came, since he remained absolute in matters of courtesy even in his darkest times – he still helped himself, but what he actually ate was no more than the symbolic offerings that were once placed on the graves of the dead. It was also remarkable how readily Ambrose submitted to shock treatment, which in the early Fifties, as I understood only later, really came close to torture or martyrdom. Other patients often had to be frogmarched to the treatment room, said Dr Abramsky, but Ambrose would always be sitting on the stool outside the door at the appointed hour, leaning his head against the wall, eyes closed, waiting for what was in store for him.

* * * *

4: Other literature

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

3.

Max Ferber

Ferber commented that, purely in terms of time, I was now as far removed from Germany as he had been in 1966; but time, he went on, is an unreliable way of gauging these things, indeed it is nothing but a disquiet of the soul. There is neither a past nor a future. At least, not for me. The fragmentary scenes that haunt my memories are obsessive in character. When I think of Germany, it feels as if there were some kind of insanity lodged in my head. Probably the reason why I have never been to Germany again is that I am afraid to find that this insanity really exists. To me, you see, Germany is a country frozen in the past, destroyed, a curiously extraterritorial place, inhabited by people whose faces are both lovely and dreadful. All of them are dressed in the style of the Thirties, or even earlier fashions, and wearing headgear that does not go with their clothing at all – pilots' helmets, peaked caps, top hats, ear muffs, crossover headbands, and hand-knitted woollen caps. Almost every day a beautiful woman wearing a ball gown made of grey parachute silk and a broad-brimmed hat trimmed with grey roses visits me. Hardly have I sat down in my armchair, tired from work, but I hear her steps outside on the pavement. She sweeps in at the gate, past the almond tree, and there she is, on the threshold of my workshop. Hastily she comes over to me, like a doctor afraid that she may be too late to save a sinking patient. She takes off her hat and her hair tumbles about her shoulders, she strips off her fencing gloves and tosses them onto this little table, and she bends down towards me. I close my eyes in a swoon – and how it goes on after that point, I do not know. One thing is certain: we never say a word. The scene is always a silent one. I think the grey lady understands only her mother tongue, German, which I have not once spoken since I parted from my parents at Oberwiesenfeld airport in Munich in 1939, and which survives in me as no more than an echo, a muted and incomprehensible murmur. It may possibly have something to do with this loss of language, this oblivion, Ferber went on, that my memories reach no further back than my ninth or eighth year, and that I recall little of the Munich years after 1933 other than processions, marches and parades.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 1 William Blake

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

1.

Holy Thursday

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

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

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

* * * *

2.

The Tyger

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 1 William Blake – continued

3.

A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend,
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow:

And I water'd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright,
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into the garden stole,
When the night had veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 2 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The General Prologue*

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

1.

Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his half cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open ye
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages),
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every shires ende
Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

Bifil that in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At nyght was come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take oure wey ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whil I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thynketh it acordaunt to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree,
And eek in what array that they were inne;

* * * *

2.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logyk hadde longe ygo.
As leene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake,
But looked holwe, and therto sobrelly.
Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,
For he hadde gotten hym yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he myghte of his freendes hente,
On bookes and on lernynge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye.
Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede.
Noght o word spak he moore than was neede,
And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence;
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 2 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The General Prologue* – continued

3.

With hym ther rood a gentil PARDONER
 Of Rouncivale, his freend and his compeer,
 That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
 Ful loude he soong “Com hider, love, to me!”
 This Somonour bar to hym a stif burdoun;
 Was nevere trompe of half so greet a soun.
 This Pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
 But smothe it heeng as dooth a strike of flex;
 By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
 And therwith he his shuldres overspradde;
 But thynne it lay, by colpons oon and oon.
 But hood, for jolitee, wered he noon,
 For it was trussed up in his walet.
 Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet;
 Dischevelee, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
 Swiche glarynge eyen hadde he as an hare.
 A vernycle hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
 His walet, biforn hym in his lappe,
 Bretful of pardoun comen from Rome al hoot.
 A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
 No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have;
 As smothe it was as it were late shave.
 I trowe he were a geldyng or a mare.
 But of his craft, fro Berwyk into Ware
 Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
 For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
 Which that he seyde was Oure Lady veyl;
 He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl
 That Seint Peter hadde, whan that he wente
 Upon the see, til Jhesu Crist hym hente.
 He hadde a croys of latoun ful of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
 But with thise reliques, whan that he fond
 A povre person dwellynge upon lond,
 Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye
 Than that the person gat in monthes tweye;
 And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,
 He made the person and the peple his apes.
 But trewely to tellen atte laste,
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
 Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
 But alderbest he song an offertorie;
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He moste preche and wel affile his tonge
 To wynne silver, as he ful wel koude;
 Therefore he song the murierly and loude.

* * * *

5: Poetry

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

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

1.

Thou comest hoom as dronken as a mous,
And prechest on thy bench, with yvel preef!
Thou seist to me it is a greet meschief
To wedde a povre womman, for costage;
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage,
Thanne seistow that it is a tormentrie
To soffre hire pride and hire malencolie.
And if that she be fair, thou verray knave,
Thou seyst that every holour wol hire have;
She may no while in chastitee abyde,
That is assailed upon ech a syde.
Thou seyst som folk desiren us for richesse,
Somme for oure shap, and somme for oure fairnesse,
And som for she kan outhur synge or daunce,
And som for gentillesse and daliaunce;
Som for hir handes and hir armes smale;
Thus goth al to the devel, by thy tale.
Thou seyst men may nat kepe a castel wal,
It may so longe assailed been overal.
And if that she be foul, thou seist that she
Coveiteth every man that she may se,
For as a spanyel she wol on hym lepe,
Til that she fynde som man hire to chepe.
Ne noon so grey goos gooth ther in the lake
As, seistow, wol been withoute make.
And seyst it is an hard thyng for to welde
A thyng that no man wole, his thanks, helde.
Thus seistow, lorel, whan thou goost to bedde,
And that no wys man nedeth for to wedde,
Ne no man that entendeth unto hevene.
With wilde thonder-dynt and firy levene
Moote thy welked nekke be tobroke!

* * * *

2.

And whan I saugh he wolde nevere fyne
To reden on this cursed book al nyght,
Al sodeynly thre leves have I plyght
Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke
I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
That in oure fyr he fil bakward adoun.
And he up stirte as dooth a wood leoun,
And with his fest he smoot me on the heed
That in the floor I lay as I were deed.
And whan he saugh how stille that I lay,
He was agast and wolde han fled his way,
Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde.
'O! hastow slayn me, false thief?' I seyde,
'And for my land thus hastow mordred me?
Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee.'
And neer he cam, and kneled faire adoun,
And seyde, 'Deere suster Alisoun,
As help me God, I shal thee nevere smyte!
That I have doon, it is thyself to wyte.
Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke!'
And yet eftsoones I hitte hym on the cheke,
And seyde, 'Theef, thus muchel am I wreke;
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.'
But atte laste, with muchel care and wo,
We fille acorded by us selven two.
He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond,
To han the governance of hous and lond,
And of his tonge, and of his hond also;
And made hym brenne his book anon right tho.
And whan that I hadde geten unto me,
By maistrie, al the soveraynetee,
And that he seyde, 'Myn owene trewe wyf,
Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf;
Keep thyn honour, and keep eek myn estaat' –
After that day we hadden never debaat.
God helpe me so, I was to hym as kynde
As any wyf from Denmark unto Ynde,
And also trewe, and so was he to me.

* * * *

5: Poetry

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

3.

Greet was the wo the knyght hadde in his thoght,
 Whan he was with his wyf abedde ybrought;
 He walweth and he turneth to and fro.
 His olde wyf lay smyllynge everemo,
 And seyde, "O deere housbonde, benedicitee!
 Fareth every knyght thus with his wyf as ye?
 Is this the lawe of kyng Arthures hous?
 Is every knyght of his so dangerous?
 I am youre owene love and youre wyf;
 I am she which that saved hath youre lyf,
 And, certes, yet ne dide I yow nevere unright;
 Why fare ye thus with me this firste nyght?
 Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wit.
 What is my gilt? For Goddes love, tel it,
 And it shal been amended, if I may."
 "Amended?" quod this knyght, "Alas, nay, nay!
 It wol nat been amended nevere mo.
 Thou art so loothly, and so oold also,
 And therto comen of so lough a kynde,
 That litel wonder is thogh I walwe and wynde.
 So wolde God myn herte wolde breste!"
 "Is this," quod she, "the cause of youre unreste?"
 "Ye, certainly," quod he, "no wonder is."
 "Now, sire," quod she, "I koude amende al this,
 If that me liste, er it were dayes thre,
 So wel ye myghte bere yow unto me.
 "But, for ye speken of swich gentillesse
 As is descended out of old richesse,
 That therfore sholden ye be gentil men,
 Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen.
 Looke who that is moost virtuous alway,
 Pryvee and apert, and moost entendeth ay
 To do the gentil dedes that he kan;
 Taak hym for the grettest gentil man.
 Crist wole we clayme of hym oure gentillesse,
 Nat of oure eldres for hire old richesse.
 For thogh they yeve us al hir heritage,
 For which we clayme to been of heigh parage,
 Yet may they nat biquethe for no thyng
 To noon of us hir virtuous lyvyng,
 That made hem gentil men ycalled be,
 And bad us folwen hem in swich degree.

* * * *

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.

North Coast Town

Out beside the highway, first thing in the morning,
nothing much in my pockets but sand
from the beach. A Shell station (with their Men's locked),
a closed hamburger stand.

I washed at a tap down beside the changing sheds,
stepping about on mud. Through the wall
smell of the vandals' lavatory,
and an automatic chill flushing in the urinal.

Eat a floury apple, and stand about. At this kerb
sand crawls by, and palm fronds here
scrape dryly. Car after car now – it's like a boxer
warming-up with the heavy bag, spitting air.

A car slows and I chase it. Two hoods
going shooting. Tattoos and greasy fifties pompadour.
Rev in High Street, drop their first can.
Plastic pennants on the distilled morning, everywhere;

a dog trotting, and someone hoses down a pavement;
our image flaps in shop fronts; smoking on
past the pink 'Tropicana' motel (stucco, with sea shells);
the RSL, like a fancy-dress Inca; the 'Coronation',

a warehouse picture show. We pass
bulldozed acres. The place is becoming chrome,
tile-facing, and plate-glass: they're making California.
Pass an Abo, not attempting to hitch, outside town.

* * * *

2.

A Country Town

It was the sort of town where there is always an empty
block of land
on the main street.

I was there one Sunday in autumn
and I saw through this gap how the afternoon above the
hills was growing white
and was broken with swallows, insect-dancing.
Above that, the light had become white burgundy, and
above that, all at once, indigo
and waiting for the first damp star.

The deep block where I stood was fenced with rusty,
freehand lines of wire
and carried some old foundations,
hoops of thorny vine bowled in among them,
and a concrete slab, that had once been the bathroom
floor, now littered with finely-broken bottles.
Down at the back there was wood-smoke, above the
galvanised roofs of another street,
and a few bare willows, in a tangle
like untidy basket work.

I watched a cow grazing in the shadows, on spongy
mounds of grass,
an old bathtub tilted for its water trough.
This block was almost at one end in a street of deep
awnings; at the other was the pub,
where local workmen, all timber-getters, sat
giving nothing away to each other, the loved undulation
of a glass
felt by the cleft at the end of each arm, for hour after hour.
I'd listened a while, then come outside with my drink,
into the freshly peeled twilight,
to the sound of a car, a dog's bark,
the shouts of a few kids
who pedalled in great bounds, beneath the level of their
bike seats,
circling when the street became a road again.
A flying fox twitched overhead
like something caught alive on a stick (a country
pleasure); and some midges
were moving together,
bouncing up and down, left and right, a bit ragged
but always in formation, as though being shaken around
inside an invisible box.
I turned to the empty block, then,
and noticed in the last of the daylight a crooked tap
within a surge of grass, almost secretive, and the way it
kept dripping
fast — unreasonably fast.
I was staring, as if through a keyhole.
That tap seemed frightening, and indecent, having gone
on how long unnoticed there, dripping fast,
fast, yet silently,
with a hammer's little finalizing silver blows.

* * * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

5: Poetry

5 – 4 Robert Gray – continued

3.

A Garden Shed

And I found beneath the workbench
sawdust still adrift in a spider's web.
There was an old sofa, brown, bleached
as though a rose petal in a book;

and stacks of bevelled, collected timber
slung overhead — how curious those
differing lengths: each had a meaning,
I felt, like poetry-shapes to be read
some day in our maroon leather Milton.

Grimy light in there made it look
always a rainy afternoon. In the quiet
I could hear the neighbour's hens creak
just outside, or washing flap,
or a car somewhere, changing gear.

And I've always wanted to live again
at the level where one lived when
looking at, or listening to, those things:
in the immense presence of that wordless
questioning. I seemed to be lying alone

out on a hillslope, until I could hear
coming through things cast-up about there
a far roaring, of their endless sea.
In the secret noise of such turmoil
and spray, I was somehow looking back —

or being looked through, about to be lost —
to my grandfather and I, who were only
bubbles of a moment, amid this whirling
away. I first recognized the frankness
of nature's appropriations there:

that it's all effectiveness, inter-response;
all mutuality and possibilities;
just things happening among themselves.
Things creating each other. And we
are only the expressions of circumstance,

of its tensions. Nothing belongs to any
separate thing. It was there I began
to understand: the less we think we are
the more we bear; and someone who sees
he is nothing, lightly will bear it all.

* * * *

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.

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

Seamus Heaney, 1. p 6, 2. p 8, pp 52–53

5: Poetry

5 – 5 Seamus Heaney – continued

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Seamus Heaney, 1. p 6, 2. p 8, pp 52–53

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.

To His Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart:
For, Lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now, therefore, while the youthful glue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron grates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

* * * *

2.

The Garden

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.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure, and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 'twere in one
To live in paradise alone.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 6 Andrew Marvell – continued

3.

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body

SOUL

O, who shall from this dungeon raise
A soul, enslaved so many ways,
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands.
Here blinded with an eye; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear,
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins,
Tortured, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart?

BODY

O, who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul,
Which, stretched upright, impales me so,
That mine own precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless frame
(A fever could but do the same),
And, wanting where its spite to try,
Has made me live to let me die,
A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit it possessed?

SOUL

What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine,
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain,
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve, which me destroys:
Constrained not only to endure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure:
And ready oft the port to gain,
Am shipwrecked into health again?

BODY

But physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach:
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear,
And then the palsy shakes of fear;
The pestilence of love does heat,
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat;
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forgo.
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew,
Green trees that in the forest grew.

* * * *

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.

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Sylvia Plath, 1. pp 139–140, 2. pp 217–218, p 232

5: Poetry

5 – 7 Sylvia Plath – continued

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Sylvia Plath, 1. pp 139–140, 2. pp 217–218, p 232

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.

Son and Moon: Scenes from Maternal Life

While Armstrong walks the moon her youngest son
Lurches unsteadily round the TV set.
She cries; it seems a moment innocent,
Absurd, weightless of cause or consequence.
Curious, his fingers ask: 'Be these tears wet?'

In Canada, he paints a schoolboy sign:
'No More Cruising.' Although not sure it's funny
She laughs, is proud to walk beside him,
Shoulder to shoulder down a foreign street.
The sun shines; it's high summer; people hope.

Home again, his mood grows darker, darker;
He is night without stars. She is afraid
But doesn't see him beaten by the police,
The TV news being tired of demonstrations.
After the telephone calls, she turns it off,

But the blank screen unfurls his angry banners:
'Fill Bellies, Forget Space. Stuff NASA. Build
Homes, Not Rockets. Close Pine Gap.' It shows her
Riot gear, slashing hooves, his clumsy steps
Walking a landscape stranger than the moon.

* * * *

2.

Tierra del Fuego

2. Dreaming of Hellfire and Damnation

A T-junction ends the passage.
'Choose!' her escort says
'To the left—
eternal silence
perpetual discourse on the right.'

'Hell à la carte?' she quips
playing for time.

Lesson One:

The Jokes are Only on You.

'You can't decide? Have both.'
The trap-door trick:
feet-first,
she falls to a room
ablaze with conversation, tongues
of fire, darting flames
dancing
in disembodied mouths.

The crossfire rakes her nerves
as droplets
cool with significance
tantalise
sizzle evaporate...

She will never master the lingo.

In this black Pentecost
the bread of language
will turn on her tongue forever
to bitter stone.

* * * *

5: Poetry

5 – 8 Jennifer Strauss – continued

3.

Migrant Woman on a Melbourne Tram

Impossibly black
Amid the impudence of summer thighs
Long arms and painted toenails
And the voices
Impossibly obscure
She hunches sweltering
Twists in sweating hands
A scrap of paper – address, destination,
Clue to the labyrinth
Where voices not understood
Echo
Confusing directions.

(There was a time
They sent them out of Greece
In black-sailed ships
To feed the minotaur.
Whose is the blind beast now
Laired in Collingwood,
Abbotsford, Richmond,
Eating up men?)

Street-names in the glare
Leap ungraspably from sight
Formless collisions of letters
Impossibly dark
She is forlorn in foreign words and voices,
Remembering a village
Where poverty was white as bone
And the great silences of sea and sky
Parted at dusk for voices coming home
Calling names
Impossibly departed.

* * * *

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.

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

Edward Thomas, 1. p 3, 2. p 38, p 51

5: Poetry

5 – 9 Edward Thomas – continued

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Edward Thomas, 1. p 3, 2. p 38, p 51

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?