



Victorian Certificate of Education 2012

LITERATURE

Written examination

Friday 9 November 2012

Reading time: 11.45 am to 12.00 noon (15 minutes)

Writing time: 12.00 noon to 2.00 pm (2 hours)

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

<i>Tasks</i>	<i>Marks</i>
1	20
2	20
	Total 40

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

Materials supplied

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

The task

- You are required to complete **two** pieces of writing based on **two texts** selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.
- Each text must be chosen from **a different section**.
- Each piece of writing is worth half of the total assessment for the examination.

Instructions

- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the script book(s).
- Write the **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 examination

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

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

Instructions

Write using black or blue pen.

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 sections.

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

1. Find 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.

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Section A: Novels

1 Jane Austen: *Emma*

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

1.

After a few minutes of entire silence between them, John Knightley began with—

“I never in my life saw a man more intent on being agreeable than Mr. Elton. It is downright labour to him where ladies are concerned. With men he can be rational and unaffected, but when he has ladies to please every feature works.”

“Mr. Elton’s manners are not perfect,” replied Emma; “but where there is a wish to please, one ought to overlook, and one does overlook a great deal. Where a man does his best with only moderate powers, he will have the advantage over negligent superiority. There is such perfect good temper and good will in Mr. Elton as one cannot but value.”

“Yes,” said Mr. John Knightley presently, with some slyness, “he seems to have a great deal of good-will towards *you*.”

“Me!” she replied with a smile of astonishment, “are you imagining me to be Mr. Elton’s object?”

“Such an imagination has crossed me, I own, Emma; and if it never occurred to you before, you may as well take it into consideration now.”

“Mr. Elton in love with me!—What an idea!”

“I do not say it is so; but you will do well to consider whether it is so or not, and to regulate your behaviour accordingly. I think your manners to him encouraging. I speak as a friend, Emma. You had better look about you, and ascertain what you do, and what you mean to do.”

“I thank you; but I assure you you are quite mistaken. Mr. Elton and I are very good friends, and nothing more;” and she walked on, amusing herself in the consideration of the blunders which often arise from a partial knowledge of circumstances, of the mistakes which people of high pretensions to judgment are for ever falling into; and not very well pleased with her brother for imagining her blind and ignorant, and in want of counsel. He said no more.

* * *

2.

Emma’s very good opinion of Frank Churchill was a little shaken the following day, by hearing that he was gone off to London, merely to have his hair cut. A sudden freak seemed to have seized him at breakfast, and he had sent for a chaise and set off, intending to return to dinner, but with no more important view that appeared than having his hair cut. There was certainly no harm in his travelling sixteen miles twice over on such an errand; but there was an air of foppery and nonsense in it which she could not approve. It did not accord with the rationality of plan, the moderation in expense, or even the unselfish warmth of heart which she had believed herself to discern in him yesterday. Vanity, extravagance, love of change, restlessness of temper, which must be doing something, good or bad; heedlessness as to the pleasure of his father and Mrs. Weston, indifferent as to how his conduct might appear in general; he became liable to all these charges. His father only called him a coxcomb, and thought it a very good story; but that Mrs. Weston did not like it, was clear enough, by her passing it over as quickly as possible, and making no other comment than that “all young people would have their little whims.”

With the exception of this little blot, Emma found that his visit hitherto had given her friend only good ideas of him. Mrs. Weston was very ready to say how attentive and pleasant a companion he made himself—how much she saw to like in his disposition altogether. He appeared to have a very open temper—certainly a very cheerful and lively one; she could observe nothing wrong in his notions, a great deal decidedly right; he spoke of his uncle with warm regard, was fond of talking of him—said he would be the best man in the world if he were left to himself; and though there was no being attached to the aunt, he acknowledged her kindness with gratitude, and seemed to mean always to speak of her with respect. This was all very promising; and, but for such an unfortunate fancy for having his hair cut, there was nothing to denote him unworthy of the distinguished honour which her imagination had given him; the honour, if not of being really in love with her, of being at least very near it, and saved only by her own indifference—(for still her resolution held of never marrying)—the honour, in short, of being marked out for her by all their joint acquaintance.

Mr. Weston, on his side, added a virtue to the account which must have some weight. He gave her to understand that Frank admired her extremely—thought her very beautiful and very charming; and with so much to be said for him altogether, she found she must not judge him harshly. As Mrs. Weston observed, “all young people would have their little whims.”

* * *

Section A: Novels

1 Jane Austen: *Emma* – continued

3.

Till now that she was threatened with its loss, Emma had never known how much of her happiness depended on being *first* with Mr. Knightley, first in interest and affection.—Satisfied that it was so, and feeling it her due, she had enjoyed it without reflection; and only in the dread of being supplanted, found how inexpressibly important it had been.—Long, very long, she felt she had been first; for, having no female connexions of his own, there had been only Isabella whose claims could be compared with hers, and she had always known exactly how far he loved and esteemed Isabella. She had herself been first with him for many years past. She had not deserved it; she had often been negligent or perverse, slighting his advice, or even wilfully opposing him, insensible of half his merits, and quarrelling with him because he would not acknowledge her false and insolent estimate of her own—but still, from family attachment and habit, and thorough excellence of mind he had loved her, and watched over her from a girl, with an endeavour to improve her, and an anxiety for her doing right, which no other creature had at all shared. In spite of all her faults, she knew she was dear to him; might she not say, very dear?—When the suggestions of hope, however, which must follow here, presented themselves, she could not presume to indulge them. Harriet Smith might think herself not unworthy of being peculiarly, exclusively, passionately loved by Mr. Knightley. *She* could not. She could not flatter herself with any idea of blindness in his attachment to *her*. She had received a very recent proof of its impartiality.—How shocked had he been by her behaviour to Miss Bates! How directly, how strongly he had expressed himself to her on the subject!—Not too strongly for the offence—but far, far too strongly to issue from any feeling softer than upright justice and clear-sighted good will.—She had no hope, nothing to deserve the name of hope, that he could have that sort of affection for herself which was now in question; but there was a hope (at times a slight one, at times much stronger,) that Harriet might have deceived herself, and be overrating his regard for *her*.—Wish it she must, for his sake—be the consequence nothing to herself, but his remaining single all his life. Could she be secure of that, indeed, of his never marrying at all, she believed she should be perfectly satisfied.—Let him but continue the same Mr. Knightley to her and her father, the same Mr. Knightley to all the world; let Donwell and Hartfield lose none of their precious intercourse of friendship and confidence, and her peace would be fully secured.—Marriage, in fact, would not do for her. It would be incompatible with what she owed to her father, and with what she felt for him. Nothing should separate her from her father. She would not marry, even if she were asked by Mr. Knightley.

* * *

Section A: Novels

2 John Fowles: *The French Lieutenant's Woman*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

1.

Charles's immediate instinct had been to draw back ... It was precisely then, as he craned sideways down, that she awoke.

John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*,
Vintage Classics, 2005

pp 70–71

2.

Charles turned hastily away ... whose only means of defence was to lie as if dead and erect its prickles, its aristocratic sensibilities.

John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*,
Vintage Classics, 2005

pp 294–295

Section A: Novels

2 John Fowles: *The French Lieutenant's Woman* – continued

3.

Charles smiled, in spite of himself ... You have taken pleasure in doing so.'

John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*,
Vintage Classics, 2005

pp 455–456

Section A: Novels

3 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights*

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

1.

A VOICE IN THE DARK: "LUCY?" ... seeing her own
miniaturised face retreat and disappear.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2005

pp 3–4

2.

LOOKING BACK ON THOSE YEARS IN LONDON ... every
composition that the living eye could construct.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2005

pp 86–87

Section A: Novels

3 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights* – continued

3.

“Let me look at you,” Mrs Minchin said to Lucy ... She carried Ellen resting low and secure on her hip.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2005

pp 194–195

Section A: Novels

4 Simon Leys: *The Death of Napoleon*

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

1.

If he cared so little for the magnificence of tropical sunsets, it was not because he was naturally insensitive to romantic grand operas. On the contrary! Yet, ever since the momentous night of his escape from St Helena, he had decided to protect himself behind an impenetrable shell of indifference. At this stage of his uncertain journey “Napoleon” could be nothing more than a shipboard nickname, a grotesque joke of the forecastle.

At that very moment, it was an obscure army sergeant who was cast in the role of the wounded eagle, of the solitary prisoner, of the tragic exile, while the true Emperor existed only as a vision of the future. Between the persona he had shed, and the one he had not yet created, he was no one. For a time, Eugène would have to fill this blank interval with his mediocre existence; he had no right to a destiny of his own; at most he could be granted inglorious little misfortunes and a few petty pleasures.

Thus, he had to deny himself the intoxicating splendours of these sunsets for as long as he remained cut off from his true self, cast off from his own fate, left hanging in this halfway void, forgotten, between sea and sky, in the dull emptiness of this slow boat, among coarse sailors.

During this time in limbo, and until the day when Napoleon’s sun would rise again, he had to survive by relying upon wretched Eugène’s purely physical existence.

Only the slenderest thread was leading him back towards the hypothetical dawn of his future. So far, at every stage of his journey, a new, unknown messenger had emerged from the shadows to show him the route to follow.

For the time being, all he knew were the instructions that had been given to him at the last port of call: when the *Hermann-Augustus Stoeffler* arrived in Bordeaux, he should look on the wharf for a man with a moustache, wearing a grey top hat, sitting on a barrel, holding a furled umbrella in one hand and a copy of the *Financial Herald* in the other. This new contact would guide him to the huge secret organisation that had been prepared to propel him back into power, and which needed only one spark of his genius to be set in motion.

* * *

2.

That evening, when the Ostrich and her troop came back to the house, they were all struck by the sudden change in him. They were in the presence of another man entirely: in the place of yesterday’s self-effacing boarder, they found a leader.

He addressed them briefly. His words were clear and simple, with a ring of authority that electrified them. He pointed out that the stock of overripe melons was their only capital, perhaps the last card in their hand; that they could not afford to play it haphazardly, as they had been doing up till now, in an effort that was most certainly brave but confused and futile; that, on the contrary, it was imperative to prepare their plan of action thoughtfully, with painstaking attention to detail, so that they could then concentrate all their energy in one decisive move, carried out at the most opportune time and place.

Instinctively he recovered the language of the army leader speaking to his generals on the eve of battle, and those grave but powerful tones immediately struck a chord in his audience. They spontaneously invited him to take command of operations, and asked him to explain his plan in detail.

He asked for a Paris street map and spread it out on the table. The Ostrich lit some extra candles. The whole troop sat in a circle around the table. Only Napoleon remained standing. After a long, hard look at the map, he walked up and down the room for a few minutes, his hands behind his back. No one dared to break the silence. In the candlelight his short silhouette cast shadows to the four corners of the wall, shadows that seemed to leap from a giant spring. Finally, after sending a stray pumpkin sailing into the air with a short sharp kick, he turned around on the spot, and like an eagle diving on its prey, he came back to the table and in front of his troops outlined the following strategy:

1. *The time factor*

The heatwave which we are now experiencing does not, on the face of it, favour our campaign, since it makes the melons ripen quickly. In reality, it also contains an element that could benefit us, one we should exploit to the full, and that is the thirst it creates in the townspeople. If we act *swiftly* there is nothing to stop us from turning these weather conditions to our advantage.

* * *

Black Inc. 2006 www.blackincbooks.com/books/death-napoleon

Section A: Novels

4 Simon Leys: *The Death of Napoleon* – continued

3.

The poor woman zealously did her best to keep up the pretence of a calm, happy life; then suddenly she would have to escape to the kitchen and cry until she could cry no more.

This make-believe was no less trying for Napoleon. In spite of all the pity he felt for her, he was quite lucid in his assessment of the dreadful danger he was in because of that innocent creature. And so, although it would grieve him to have to do it, he now had to consider breaking an attachment that could prove disastrous for him. Obviously, of all the strange ordeals that had crossed the path of his return to power, this separation would be by no means the least painful, but he could certainly draw many lessons from it which would be of benefit to him in the future.

He began to perceive more clearly that greatness should always be on its guard against the snares of happiness. The most brilliant achievements of his past career had been but a dream from which he was awakening at last. It was only *now* that his genius was coming to maturity. The epic of his past was no more than a confused and aimless burst of youthful energy compared with what he would be able to achieve, now that there would be no emotions, no attachments to stand between his creative intelligence and his will to act. He was reaching a higher plane of existence, and on these heights he breathed deeply of an air so pure that it would have burned the lungs of ordinary men.

From that moment on, victory seemed assured. It was only a matter of organisation. He therefore coldly and methodically once more set about drawing up his plans.

First of all, he had to forge his weapons. He began by compiling a series of dossiers on the leading ministers, high bureaucrats and military personnel who had served under the Empire and who had succeeded in gaining a position of influence in the present regime. It should be possible, if not by appealing to their loyalty, at least by having recourse to blackmail – and that was an essential part of these dossiers, based on his prodigious memory and on his knowledge of the political, civil and criminal affairs of the Empire – progressively to persuade a certain number of these authorities to put secretly at his disposal forces that they already partially controlled in ministries, the government services, the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate and, above all, in the army and the police.

* * *

Section A: Novels

5 Gabriel García Márquez: *Love in the Time of Cholera*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Love in the Time of Cholera*.

1.

Florentino Ariza, with a white camellia in his lapel ... longed for just the opposite: to enjoy his martyrdom.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2007

pp 61–62

2.

They flew over the dark ocean of the banana plantations ... the traces of terror on Fermina Daza's face.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2007

pp 226–227

Section A: Novels

5 Gabriel García Márquez: *Love in the Time of Cholera* – continued

3.

The days that followed were hot and interminable ... and
caroused across the river from the stranded vessel.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2007

pp 336–337

Section A: Novels

6 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

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

1.

For a moment Cecilia stood alone in the centre of the room ... She said, 'I don't know. I was being horribly nosy. I hated myself.'

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Jonathon Cape, Random House, 2001
pp 179–180

2.

During his time inside, the only female visitor he was permitted ... beneath thin prison blankets.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Jonathon Cape, Random House, 2001
pp 204–205

Section A: Novels

6 Ian McEwan: *Atonement* – continued

3.

And so the pleasant evening unravelled ... tolerate an
accusation of criminal conspiracy.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Jonathon Cape, Random House, 2001

pp 369–370

Section A: Novels

7 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

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

1.

The summer months passed while I was thus engaged, heart and soul, in one pursuit. It was a most beautiful season; never did the fields bestow a more plentiful harvest, or the vines yield a more luxuriant vintage: but my eyes were insensible to the charms of nature. And the same feelings which made me neglect the scenes around me caused me also to forget those friends who were so many miles absent, and whom I had not seen for so long a time. I knew my silence disquieted them; and I well remembered the words of my father: ‘I know that while you are pleased with yourself, you will think of us with affection, and we shall hear regularly from you. You must pardon me if I regard any interruption in your correspondence as a proof that your other duties are equally neglected.’

I knew well therefore what would be my father’s feelings; but I could not tear my thoughts from my employment, loathsome in itself, but which had taken an irresistible hold of my imagination. I wished, as it were, to procrastinate all that related to my feelings of affection until the great object, which swallowed up every habit of my nature, should be completed.

I then thought that my father would be unjust if he ascribed my neglect to vice, or faultiness on my part, but I am now convinced that he was justified in conceiving that I should not be altogether free from blame. A human being in perfection ought always to preserve a calm and peaceful mind, and never to allow passion or a transitory desire to disturb his tranquillity. I do not think that the pursuit of knowledge is an exception to this rule. If the study to which you apply yourself has a tendency to weaken your affections, and to destroy your taste for those simple pleasures in which no alloy can possibly mix, then that study is certainly unlawful, that is to say, not befitting the human mind. If this rule were always observed; if no man allowed any pursuit whatsoever to interfere with the tranquillity of his domestic affections, Greece had not been enslaved; Caesar would have spared his country; America would have been discovered more gradually; and the empires of Mexico and Peru had not been destroyed.

But I forget that I am moralising in the most interesting part of my tale, and your looks remind me to proceed.

My father made no reproach in his letters, and only took notice of my silence by enquiring into my occupations more particularly than before. Winter, spring, and summer passed away during my labours; but I did not watch the blossom or the expanding leaves – sights which before always yielded me supreme delight – so deeply was I engrossed in my occupation.

* * *

2.

‘My mode of life in my hovel was uniform. During the morning I attended the motions of the cottagers; and when they were dispersed in various occupations, I slept: the remainder of the day was spent in observing my friends. When they had retired to rest, if there was any moon or the night was star-light, I went into the woods and collected my own food and fuel for the cottage. When I returned, as often as it was necessary, I cleared their path from the snow and performed those offices that I had seen done by Felix. I afterwards found that these labours, performed by an invisible hand, greatly astonished them; and once or twice I heard them, on these occasions, utter the words “good spirit”, “wonderful”; but I did not then understand the signification of these terms.

‘My thoughts now became more active, and I longed to discover the motives and feelings of these lovely creatures; I was inquisitive to know why Felix appeared so miserable and Agatha so sad. I thought (foolish wretch!) that it might be in my power to restore happiness to these deserving people. When I slept or was absent, the forms of the venerable blind father, the gentle Agatha, and the excellent Felix, flitted before me. I looked upon them as superior beings, who would be the arbiters of my future destiny. I formed in my imagination a thousand pictures of presenting myself to them, and their reception of me. I imagined that they would be disgusted, until, by my gentle demeanour and conciliating words, I should first win their favour, and afterwards their love.

‘These thoughts exhilarated me and led me to apply with fresh ardour to the acquiring the art of language. My organs were indeed harsh, but supple; and although my voice was very unlike the soft music of their tones, yet I pronounced such words as I understood with tolerable ease. It was as the ass and the lap-dog; yet surely the gentle ass whose intentions were affectionate, although his manners were rude, deserved better treatment than blows and execration.

‘The pleasant showers and genial warmth of spring greatly altered the aspect of the earth. Men, who before this change seemed to have been hid in caves, dispersed themselves, and were employed in various arts of cultivation. The birds sang in more cheerful notes, and the leaves began to bud forth on the trees. Happy, happy earth! fit habitation for gods, which, so short a time before, was bleak, damp, and unwholesome. My spirits were elevated by the enchanting appearance of nature; the past was blotted from my memory, the present was tranquil, and the future gilded by bright rays of hope, and anticipations of joy.’

* * *

Section A: Novels

7 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein* – continued

3.

As night approached, I found myself at the entrance of the cemetery where William, Elizabeth, and my father reposed. I entered it, and approached the tomb which marked their graves. Every thing was silent, except the leaves of the trees, which were gently agitated by the wind; the night was nearly dark; and the scene would have been solemn and affecting even to an uninterested observer. The spirits of the departed seemed to flit around, and to cast a shadow, which was felt but not seen, around the head of the mourner.

The deep grief which this scene had at first excited quickly gave way to rage and despair. They were dead, and I lived; their murderer also lived, and to destroy him I must drag out my weary existence. I knelt on the grass, and kissed the earth, and with quivering lips exclaimed, 'By the sacred earth on which I kneel, by the shades that wander near me, by the deep and eternal grief that I feel, I swear; and by thee, O Night, and the spirits that preside over thee, to pursue the daemon, who caused this misery, until he or I shall perish in mortal conflict. For this purpose I will preserve my life: to execute this dear revenge will I again behold the sun, and tread the green herbage of earth, which otherwise should vanish from my eyes forever. And I call on you, spirits of the dead; and on you, wandering ministers of vengeance, to aid and conduct me in my work. Let the cursed and hellish monster drink deep of agony; let him feel the despair that now torments me.'

I had begun my adjuration with solemnity, and an awe which almost assured me that the shades of my murdered friends heard and approved my devotion; but the furies possessed me as I concluded, and rage choked my utterance.

I was answered through the stillness of night by a loud and fiendish laugh. It rang on my ears long and heavily; the mountains re-echoed it, and I felt as if all hell surrounded me with mockery and laughter. Surely in that moment I should have been possessed by frenzy, and have destroyed my miserable existence, but that my vow was heard, and that I was reserved for vengeance. The laughter died away; when a well-known and abhorred voice, apparently close to my ear, addressed me in an audible whisper, 'I am satisfied: miserable wretch! you have determined to live, and I am satisfied.'

I darted towards the spot from which the sound proceeded; but the devil eluded my grasp. Suddenly the broad disk of the moon arose, and shone full upon his ghastly and distorted shape, as he fled with more than mortal speed.

* * *

Section A: Novels

8 Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story*

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

1.

'No,' said Theodora, 'not the little hawk.' ... His eyes would remain the same glazed blue.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage, Random House, 1994

pp 70–71

2.

The Hôtel du Midi was now a set piece of fire ... 'I have not thought yet,' Theodora said.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage, Random House, 1994

pp 250–251

Section A: Novels

8 Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story* – continued

3.

In the peace that Holstius spread throughout her body ... The sun was striking the metal rims of his spectacles.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage, Random House, 1994

pp 284–285

Section A: Novels

9 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*

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

1.

‘And how are you?’ said Peter Walsh, positively trembling; taking both her hands; kissing both her hands. She’s grown older, he thought, sitting down. I shan’t tell her anything about it, he thought, for she’s grown older. She’s looking at me, he thought, a sudden embarrassment coming over him, though he had kissed her hands. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a large pocket-knife and half opened the blade.

Exactly the same, thought Clarissa; the same queer look; the same check suit; a little out of the straight his face is, a little thinner, dryer, perhaps, but he looks awfully well, and just the same.

‘How heavenly it is to see you again!’ she exclaimed. He had his knife out. That’s so like him, she thought.

He had only reached town last night, he said; would have to go down into the country at once; and how was everything, how was everybody – Richard? Elizabeth?

‘And what’s all this?’ he said, tilting his pen-knife towards her green dress.

He’s very well dressed, thought Clarissa; yet he always criticises *me*.

Here she is mending her dress; mending her dress as usual, he thought; here she’s been sitting all the time I’ve been in India; mending her dress; playing about; going to parties; running to the House and back and all that, he thought, growing more and more irritated, more and more agitated, for there’s nothing in the world so bad for some women as marriage, he thought; and politics; and having a Conservative husband, like the admirable Richard. So it is, so it is, he thought, shutting his knife with a snap.

‘Richard’s very well. Richard’s at a Committee,’ said Clarissa.

And she opened her scissors, and said, did he mind her just finishing what she was doing to her dress, for they had a party that night?

‘Which I shan’t ask you to,’ she said. ‘My dear Peter!’ she said.

But it was delicious to hear her say that – my dear Peter! Indeed, it was all so delicious – the silver, the chairs; all so delicious!

Why wouldn’t she ask him to her party? he asked.

Now of course, thought Clarissa, he’s enchanting! perfectly enchanting! Now I remember how impossible it was ever to make up my mind – and why did I make up my mind – not to marry him, she wondered, that awful summer?

‘But it’s so extraordinary that you should have come this morning!’ she cried, putting her hands, one on top of another, down on her dress.

‘Do you remember,’ she said, ‘how the blinds used to flap at Bourton?’

‘They did,’ he said; and he remembered breakfasting alone, very awkwardly, with her father; who had died; and he had not written to Clarissa.

* * *

2.

Septimus was one of the first to volunteer. He went to France to save an England which consisted almost entirely of Shakespeare’s plays and Miss Isabel Pole in a green dress walking in a square. There in the trenches the change which Mr. Brewer desired when he advised football was produced instantly; he developed manliness; he was promoted; he drew the attention, indeed the affection of his officer, Evans by name. It was a case of two dogs playing on a hearth-rug; one worrying a paper screw, snarling, snapping, giving a pinch, now and then, at the old dog’s ear; the other lying somnolent, blinking at the fire, raising a paw, turning and growling good-temperedly. They had to be together, share with each other, fight with each other, quarrel with each other. But when Evans (Rezia, who had only seen him once, called him ‘a quiet man’, a sturdy red-haired man, undemonstrative in the company of women), when Evans was killed, just before the Armistice, in Italy, Septimus, far from showing any emotion or recognising that here was the end of a friendship, congratulated himself upon feeling very little and very reasonably. The War had taught him. It was sublime. He had gone through the whole show, friendship, European War, death, had won promotion, was still under thirty and was bound to survive. He was right there. The last shells missed him. He watched them explode with indifference. When peace came he was in Milan, billeted in the house of an innkeeper with a courtyard, flowers in tubs, little tables in the open, daughters making hats, and to Lucrezia, the younger daughter, he became engaged one evening when the panic was on him – that he could not feel.

For now that it was all over, truce signed, and the dead buried, he had, especially in the evening, these sudden thunder-claps of fear. He could not feel. As he opened the door of the room where the Italian girls sat making hats, he could see them; could hear them; they were rubbing wires among coloured beads in saucers; they were turning buckram shapes this way and that; the table was all strewn with feathers, spangles, silks, ribbons; scissors were rapping on the table; but something failed him; he could not feel. Still, scissors rapping, girls laughing, hats being made protected him; he was assured of safety; he had a refuge. But he could not sit there all night. There were moments of waking in the early morning. The bed was falling; he was falling. Oh for the scissors and the lamplight and the buckram shapes! He asked Lucrezia to marry him, the younger of the two, the gay, the frivolous, with those little artist’s fingers that she would hold up and say ‘It is all in them.’ Silk, feathers, what not were alive to them.

* * *

Section A: Novels

9 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway* – continued

3.

Sinking her voice, drawing Mrs. Dalloway into the shelter of a common femininity, a common pride in the illustrious qualities of husbands and their sad tendency to overwork, Lady Bradshaw (poor goose – one didn't dislike her) murmured how, 'just as we were starting, my husband was called up on the telephone, a very sad case. A young man (that is what Sir William is telling Mr. Dalloway) had killed himself. He had been in the army.' Oh! thought Clarissa, in the middle of my party, here's death, she thought.

She went on, into the little room where the Prime Minister had gone with Lady Bruton. Perhaps there was somebody there. But there was nobody. The chairs still kept the impress of the Prime Minister and Lady Bruton, she turned deferentially, he sitting four-square, authoritatively. They had been talking about India. There was nobody. The party's splendour fell to the floor, so strange it was to come in alone in her finery.

What business had the Bradshaws to talk of death at her party? A young man had killed himself. And they talked of it at her party – the Bradshaws talked of death. He had killed himself – but how? Always her body went through it first, when she was told, suddenly, of an accident; her dress flamed, her body burnt. He had thrown himself from a window. Up had flashed the ground; through him, blundering, bruising, went the rusty spikes. There he lay with a thud, thud, thud in his brain, and then a suffocation of blackness. So she saw it. But why had he done it? And the Bradshaws talked of it at her party!

She had once thrown a shilling into the Serpentine, never anything more. But he had flung it away. They went on living (she would have to go back; the rooms were still crowded; people kept on coming). They (all day she had been thinking of Bourton, of Peter, of Sally), they would grow old. A thing there was that mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved. Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate, people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded; one was alone. There was an embrace in death.

But this young man who had killed himself – had he plunged holding his treasure? 'If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy,' she had said to herself once, coming down, in white.

* * *

Section B: Plays

10 Jack Davis: *No Sugar*

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

1.

NEVILLE: . . . Sergeant, as I mentioned on the phone,
Doctor Aberdeen . . . coming with them to the settlement.

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998

pp 47–48

2.

JIMMY: You know, if fertiliser was in short supply you'd
make a . . . BILLY: [*off*] Yeah, comin' boss.

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998

pp 63–64

Section B: Plays

10 Jack Davis: *No Sugar* – continued

3.

BILLY: Him cheeky fella, missus. He goin' swimmin',
don't wanna go ... ALL: Amen

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998

pp 90–91

Section B: Plays

11 Euripides: *The Bacchae*

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

1.

CADMUS: My dear son, Teiresias has given you good advice
... words bespeak a fool.
Exeunt TEIRESIAS and CADMUS.

Euripides tr. Vellacott, *The Bacchae*,
Penguin Classics, 1973
pp 202–203

2.

DIONYSUS: Come, perverse man, greedy for sights you
should not see ... now your mind is just as it should be.

Euripides tr. Vellacott, *The Bacchae*,
Penguin Classics, 1973
pp 224–226

Section B: Plays

11 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

3.

CHORUS: Let us dance a dance to Bacchus, shout and sing ...

AGAUË: Come now, join in the feast!

Euripides tr. Vellacott, *The Bacchae*,

Penguin Classics, 1973

pp 233–234

Section B: Plays

12 Dario Fo: *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*.

1.

Maniac . . . At an age when your average working man's
on the scrapheap . . . I know how to make nitroglycerine
suppositories!

Dario Fo, *The Accidental Death of an Anarchist*,
Metheun Student Edition, 2006

pp 8–9

2.

Journalist . . . In his summing-up the judge dismissed . . .
Maniac . . . you're a second-class citizen.

Dario Fo, *The Accidental Death of an Anarchist*,
Metheun Student Edition, 2006

pp 62–63

Section B: Plays

12 Dario Fo: *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* – continued

3.

Inspector Shut your face and kiss his ring ...

Maniac ... will rise up a stronger, more enduring state.'

Dario Fo, *The Accidental Death of an Anarchist*,
Metheun Student Edition, 2006

pp 78–79

Section B: Plays

13 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen*

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

1.

Bohr Some questions have no answers to find.

Margrethe Why did he come? What was he trying to tell you?

Bohr He did explain later.

Margrethe He explained over and over again. Each time he explained it became more obscure.

Bohr It was probably very simple, when you come right down to it: he wanted to have a talk.

Margrethe A talk? To the enemy? In the middle of a war?

Bohr Margrethe, my love, we were scarcely the enemy.

Margrethe It was 1941!

Bohr Heisenberg was one of our oldest friends.

Margrethe Heisenberg was German. We were Danes. We were under German occupation.

Bohr It put us in a difficult position, certainly.

Margrethe I've never seen you as angry with anyone as you were with Heisenberg that night.

Bohr Not to disagree, but I believe I remained remarkably calm.

Margrethe I know when you're angry.

Bohr It was as difficult for him as it was for us.

Margrethe So why did he do it? Now no one can be hurt, now no one can be betrayed.

Bohr I doubt if he ever really knew himself.

Margrethe And he wasn't a friend. Not after that visit. That was the end of the famous friendship between Niels Bohr and Werner Heisenberg.

Heisenberg Now we're all dead and gone, yes, and there are only two things the world remembers about me. One is the uncertainty principle, and the other is my mysterious visit to Niels Bohr in Copenhagen in 1941. Everyone understands uncertainty. Or thinks he does. No one understands my trip to Copenhagen. Time and time again I've explained it. To Bohr himself, and Margrethe. To interrogators and intelligence officers, to journalists and historians. The more I've explained, the deeper the uncertainty has become. Well, I shall be happy to make one more attempt. Now we're all dead and gone. Now no one can be hurt, now no one can be betrayed.

Margrethe I never entirely liked him, you know. Perhaps I can say that to you now.

Bohr Yes, you did. When he was first here in the twenties? Of course you did. On the beach at Tisvilde with us and the boys? He was one of the family.

Margrethe Something alien about him, even then.

Bohr So quick and eager.

Margrethe Too quick. Too eager.

Bohr Those bright watchful eyes.

Margrethe Too bright. Too watchful.

Bohr Well, he was a very great physicist. I never changed my mind about that.

* * *

2.

Heisenberg What I want is for you to listen carefully to what I'm going on to say next, instead of running off down the street like a madman.

Bohr Very well. Here I am, walking very slowly and popishly. And I listen most carefully as you tell me . . .

Heisenberg That nuclear weapons will require an enormous technical effort.

Bohr True.

Heisenberg That they will suck up huge resources.

Bohr Huge resources. Certainly.

Heisenberg That sooner or later governments will have to turn to scientists and ask whether it's worth committing those resources – whether there's any hope of producing the weapons in time for them to be used.

Bohr Of course, but . . .

Heisenberg Wait. So they will have to come to you and me. We are the ones who will have to advise them whether to go ahead or not. In the end the decision will be in our hands, whether we like it or not.

Bohr And that's what you want to tell me?

Heisenberg That's what I want to tell you.

Bohr That's why you have come all this way, with so much difficulty? That's why you have thrown away nearly twenty years of friendship? Simply to tell me that?

Heisenberg Simply to tell you that.

Bohr But, Heisenberg, this is more mysterious than ever! What are you telling it *me for*? What am I supposed to do about it? The government of occupied Denmark isn't going to come to me and ask me whether we should produce nuclear weapons!

Heisenberg No, but sooner or later, if I manage to remain in control of our programme, the German government is going to come to *me*! They will ask *me* whether to continue or not! *I* will have to decide what to tell them!

Bohr Then you have an easy way out of your difficulties. You tell them the simple truth that you've just told me. You tell them how difficult it will be. And perhaps they'll be discouraged. Perhaps they'll lose interest.

Heisenberg But, Bohr, where will that lead? What will be the consequences if we manage to fail?

Bohr What can I possibly tell you that you can't tell yourself?

Heisenberg There was a report in a Stockholm paper that the Americans are working on an atomic bomb.

Bohr Ah. Now it comes, now it comes. Now I understand everything. You think I have contacts with the Americans?

* * *

Section B: Plays

13 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen* – continued

3.

Heisenberg Now there's no one in the world except Bohr and the invisible other. Who is he, this all-enveloping presence in the darkness?

Margrethe The flying particle wanders the darkness, no one knows where. It's here, it's there, it's everywhere and nowhere.

Bohr With careful casualness he begins to ask the question he's prepared.

Heisenberg Does one as a physicist have the moral right to work on the practical exploitation of atomic energy?

Margrethe The great collision.

Bohr I stop. He stops . . .

Margrethe This is how they work.

Heisenberg He gazes at me, horrified.

Margrethe Now at last he knows where he is and what he's doing.

Heisenberg He turns away.

Margrethe And even as the moment of collision begins it's over.

Bohr Already we're hurrying back towards the house.

Margrethe Already they're both flying away from each other into the darkness again.

Heisenberg Our conversation's over.

Bohr Our great partnership.

Heisenberg All our friendship.

Margrethe And everything about him becomes as uncertain as it was before.

Bohr Unless . . . yes . . . a thought-experiment . . . Let's suppose for a moment that I don't go flying off into the night. Let's see what happens if instead I remember the paternal role I'm supposed to play. If I stop, and control my anger, and turn to him. And ask him why.

Heisenberg Why?

Bohr Why are you confident that it's going to be so reassuringly difficult to build a bomb with 235? Is it because you've done the calculation?

Heisenberg The calculation?

Bohr Of the diffusion in 235. No. It's because you haven't calculated it. You haven't considered calculating it. You hadn't consciously realised there was a calculation to be made.

Heisenberg And of course now I *have* realised. In fact it wouldn't be all that difficult. Let's see . . . The scattering cross-section's about 6×10^{-24} , so the mean free path would be . . . Hold on . . .

Bohr And suddenly a very different and very terrible new world begins to take shape . . .

Margrethe That was the last and greatest demand that Heisenberg made on his friendship with you. To be understood when he couldn't understand himself. And that was the last and greatest act of friendship for Heisenberg that you performed in return. To leave him misunderstood.

Heisenberg Yes. Perhaps I should thank you.

Bohr Perhaps you should.

Margrethe Anyway, it was the end of the story.

* * *

Section B: Plays

14 Brian Friel: *The Freedom of the City*

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

1.

(*They go off. A television newsman, LIAM O'KELLY, appears*
... BALLADEER: . . . Guildhall shouted back 'Come on
and fight!')

Brien Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2001

pp 117–118

2.

(*When MICHAEL, LILY and SKINNER speak, they speak calmly*
... SKINNER: . . . So I died, as I lived, in defensive flippancy.

Brien Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2001

pp 149–150

Section B: Plays

14 Brian Friel: *The Freedom of the City* – continued

3.

DODDS: All over the world the gulf between the rich and the poor ... *They move about as if they were deep in contemplation . . .*)

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2001

p 163

Section B: Plays

15 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers*

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

1.

HAZEM and TOM sit at the kitchen table. ANGELA pours HAZEM a cup of tea. *Beat.*

TOM: It's going to be a long hard slog, matey.

HAZEM: The man who is an optimist . . . is a fool.

ANGELA: At least we can give thanks that you're here.

TOM: And safe.

HAZEM: God spared me for a reason. But every day and every night I search for that reason. In my heart I believe I should not live. When I see my daughter floating dead, I say to God, 'This is because of me'.

TOM: Perhaps God spared you, so you could tell the world what happened.

HAZEM: I did this. I bring my family to their death.

ANGELA: Fatima was determined to come. There was nothing you could do.

TOM: You tried, remember?

HAZEM: When I escaped from Iraq—my brother Mohammed was killed. So I took my family to Iran. But they do not let my children into school. They do not let me rent property. Official order. No rent to foreigners. No employ Afghans or Iraqis. You are educated people. You can see. What choice did I have?

TOM: [*together*] Of course.

ANGELA: [*together*] Mmm.

HAZEM: Fatima, she say to me, 'If we go back to Iraq, one hundred per cent chance, we die. If we come to Australia, ninety per cent chance . . .' When I was in the water that night I saw a woman in the dark. I cry out to her. I say, 'My family, all drown. I want to die.' She turn around. I see is my wife Fatima. I praise God. I say, 'Thank you merciful God'. Fatima, she cling to wood with me. Hour after hour. Then she get weak. From petrol in the water. She cannot stop crying for her daughters. She say she want to die. I hold her. But I swallow too much water. I choke. Then she say, 'Forgive me'. And she let go of wood.

He weeps.

TOM: Oh, mate. This is really tough.

Beat.

HAZEM: Do you believe in evil?

TOM: Evil?

HAZEM: You never look into a man's eyes and thought there is evil?

TOM: I'm not sure, I . . .

HAZEM: When I think that I am unwelcome in every country on this earth, when I think that people in this country want my family to drown, rather than step foot on this shore, then I find it hard not to believe in evil. What have the little children done? Nothing. What has my wife done? My wife—one year and one month waiting for reply from United Nations. Waiting. Waiting. Waiting.

* * *

2.

Eggs' office. EGGS is running on a treadmill.

EGGS: Bloody hell. Jamie. Is this . . . absolutely . . . necessary?

JAMIE: Yes. Come on, Eggs. You're not even sweating.

EGGS: No. Piss off.

JAMIE: The Prime Minister walks. You *run*.

EGGS: I'll be dead before the ballot.

TOM enters.

TOM: You'll be dead sooner than that.

EGGS: Tom. It never occurs to you to make an appointment?

TOM: I know about the *Kelepesan*.

JAMIE: What is this? Groundhog Day?

TOM: The Navy was there.

EGGS: The closest Navy ship was a hundred nautical miles away.

TOM: It was not. There was a frigate right there and you know it.

JAMIE: The first thing we knew about the whole incident was when your mate showed up at the Jakarta docks. Rescued by a fishing boat.

TOM: Bullshit. A Navy boat was there. And you gave the order.

EGGS: I gave the order. What order was that?

TOM: 'Take no action.' That's what you said.

JAMIE: You're full of shit.

EGGS: What are you saying? I ordered a Navy boat not to attend a maritime emergency?

JAMIE: Why are we putting up with this?

EGGS: You are making this allegation—Jesus, Tom. Have you got any evidence? Or is this just some fantasy—?

TOM: I have my sources.

EGGS: He has his sources. / What a joke.

JAMIE: Who would they be?

EGGS: Come on, Tommy. Tell us who your 'sources' are.

TOM: It wasn't any Navy boat. It was the *Kalgoorlie*.

EGGS: Bloody hell.

JAMIE: In your dreams.

EGGS: The *Kalgoorlie* was five hours due south.

TOM: There are whistleblowers everywhere, Eggs. Even in the Navy.

Beat.

EGGS: Look. The Indonesian Coastwatch is responsible for that stretch of water.

TOM: That's bullshit and you know it.

EGGS: It wasn't up to us—

TOM: I make one phone call to the *Bulletin*—

EGGS: The boat went down in Indonesian waters.

TOM: It went down in international waters—well inside the Australian surveillance zone. And the *Kalgoorlie* turned about, because someone gave the order. And we both know who did that.

EGGS: What is it with you, Tom? You despise me so much that you honestly believe I would issue an order to let people drown in the ocean. I'm your brother. I can't tell you details about military intelligence. Obviously. Suffice to say—there is more going on than you can possibly understand. But, you know, none of that matters to me. The only thing that matters is that my own brother is making accusations about my *integrity*.

* * *

Section B: Plays

15 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers* – continued

3.

EGGS: No one was to blame for Marty's death except the boy himself.

FI: You've never even grieved for him. Oh, God—'Minister weeps for dead son'—you even turned that to your advantage.

EGGS: You would have preferred a scandal?

FI: Yes, damn you. I wanted the world to notice that my boy had been driven by a maniac father—driven until he died. I am not going to be the Prime Minister's wife. All right? Tom is coming for me in half an hour. So if you're planning on killing me . . .

EGGS: Fiona. Ssh.

FI: . . . although that hasn't made any difference with the Iraqi man. Tom knowing.

EGGS: Feeble. Ssh.

FI: Angela knows too. She told me.

EGGS: Ssh, ssh.

FI: I'm going to stay at Tom's house. I'm going to sleep in the little room out the back where Marty stayed.

EGGS: Fi. I would never hurt you. You're the reason I get up in the morning.

FI: Yeah, sure.

EGGS: I look at you now, with your eyes flashing—and I still see that wild beautiful creature flying down the slopes at Aspen.

FI: That was thirty years ago.

EGGS: I still feel the yearning for her. Praying she might notice me. Promising God that I would do anything in return if He would just give me the courage to speak to her.

FI: You were loud and brash—you just don't remember it.

EGGS: You've loved me more than I deserved. And you've loved our boys with a passion that only women know.

FI: Not enough to save him.

EGGS: Nonsense. Your love is unstoppable. I understand this in a way I've never understood before. For as long as you want, you must keep nursing our boy. Keep loving him. And loving Lachlan in the sweet way you do. And you're quite right. I have a public duty which I would like to honour. But you don't have to be part of it. In any way. We can both make our lives in whatever way we choose. You could live in Kirribilli and I could live in Canberra. I wouldn't be the first Prime Minister to make my own arrangements in Canberra. I want your happiness, Fi.

The doorbell rings.

FI: That'll be Tom.

EGGS: I was hoping we could talk a little about Martin.

FI: What do you mean?

EGGS: Just remember him, together.

FI: Tonight?

EGGS: I thought we could just . . . reminisce. All the little things that only you and I know.

FI: I miss him so much.

EGGS: I know.

FI: I think about him every day.

EGGS: You are such a beautiful woman.

The doorbell rings again.

FI: I should go.

EGGS: Stay. Please stay. Let me be a father.

FI: He's come specially.

EGGS: Tom wants us to be happy.

He takes her in his arms. He kisses her throat.

FI: What will I say?

EGGS: Say, 'Next week I'm going to move into the most beautiful house in this country. I am going to look out across sweeping lawns to the Harbour and the Bridge and the Opera House and I am going to be the mistress of my own life.' Tell him that. And do it quickly.

* * *

Section B: Plays

16 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet*

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

1.

Enter HAMLET reading on a book ... HAMLET ... except my life, except my life, except my life.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*,
Cambridge University Press, 2005

pp 75–79

2.

HAMLET What ho, Horatio! ... In censure of his seeming.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*,
Cambridge University Press, 2005

pp 113–115

Section B: Plays

16 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet* – continued

3.

CLAUDIUS Let's further think of this, ... Therefore let's
 follow.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*,
Cambridge University Press, 2005

pp 195–197

Section B: Plays

17 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*

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

1.

ARIEL I prithee, ... Yes, Caliban her son.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp 17–18

2.

CALIBAN Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him ...

TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp 52–54

Section B: Plays

17 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest* – continued

3.

ALONSO If this prove ... GONZALO Be it so, amen.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp 75–77

Section C: Short stories

18 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories*

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

1.

Life & Death in the South Side Pavilion

Marie didn't come tonight ... every time I make love a horse falls into the pool.

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*,
Vintage, 2005

pp 74–75

2.

The Fat Man in History

The top of Fantoni's bristly head is bathed in sweat ... May loved his goldfish.

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*,
Vintage, 2005

pp 272–273

Section C: Short stories

18 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories* – continued

3.

A Schoolboy Prank

McGregor was talking about some ideas ... the people they
had all once known.

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*,
Vintage, 2005

pp 329–330

Section C: Short stories

19 Anton Chekhov: *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories, 1896–1904*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories, 1896–1904*.

1.

The House with the Mezzanine

‘True, Lida, that’s true,’ she always agreed ... and even from death itself – of that I’m convinced.’

Anton Chekhov tr. Ronald Wilks, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories, 1896–1904*, Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 14–15

2.

About Love

‘... I would go to the theatre with Anna Alekseyevna ... I got out and walked back to Sofino.’

Anton Chekhov tr. Ronald Wilks, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories, 1896–1904*, Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 92–93

Section C: Short stories

19 Anton Chekhov: *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories, 1896–1904* – continued

3.

A Visit to Friends

‘There’s no one there,’ Nadezhda said ... and he didn’t give
Kuzminki another thought.

Anton Chekhov tr. Ronald Wilks, *The Lady with the
Little Dog and Other Stories, 1896–1904*,
Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 112–113

Section C: Short stories

20 Katherine Mansfield: *The Collected Stories*

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

1.

A Dill Pickle

In the warmth, as it were, another memory unfolded. She saw herself sitting on a lawn. He lay beside her, and suddenly, after a long silence, he rolled over and put his head in her lap.

"I wish," he said, in a low, troubled voice, "I wish that I had taken poison and were about to die—here now!"

At that moment a little girl in a white dress, holding a long, dripping white lily, dodged from behind a bush, stared at them, and dodged back again. But he did not see. She leaned over him.

"Ah, why do you say that? I could not say that."

But he gave a kind of soft moan, and taking her hand he held it to his cheek.

"Because I know I am going to love you too much—far too much. And I shall suffer so terribly, Vera, because you never, never will love me."

He was certainly far better looking now than he had been then. He had lost all that dreamy vagueness and indecision. Now he had the air of a man who has found his place in life, and fills it with a confidence and an assurance which was, to say the least, impressive. He must have made money, too. His clothes were admirable, and at that moment he pulled a Russian cigarette-case out of his pocket.

"Won't you smoke?"

"Yes, I will." She hovered over them. "They look very good."

"I think they are. I get them made for me by a little man in St. James's Street. I don't smoke very much. I'm not like you—but when I do, they must be delicious, very fresh cigarettes. Smoking isn't a habit with me; it's a luxury—like perfume. Are you still so fond of perfumes? Ah, when I was in Russia . . ."

She broke in: "You've really been to Russia?"

"Oh yes. I was there for over a year. Have you forgotten how we used to talk of going there?"

"No, I've not forgotten."

He gave a strange half-laugh and leaned back in his chair. "Isn't it curious. I have really carried out all those journeys that we planned. Yes, I have been to all those places that we talked of, and stayed in them long enough to—as you used to say—'air oneself' in them. In fact, I have spent the last three years of my life travelling all the time. Spain, Corsica, Siberia, Russia, Egypt. The only country left is China, and I mean to go there, too, when the war is over."

As he spoke, so lightly, tapping the end of his cigarette against the ash-tray, she felt the strange beast that had slumbered so long within her bosom stir, stretch itself, yawn, prick up its ears, and suddenly bound to its feet, and fix its longing, hungry stare upon those far-away places. But all she said was, smiling gently: "How I envy you."

* * *

2.

The Daughters Of The Late Colonel

Some little sparrows, young sparrows they sounded, chirped on the window-ledge. *Yeep—eyeep—yeep*. But Josephine felt they were not sparrows, not on the window-ledge. It was inside her, that queer little crying noise. *Yeep—eyeep—yeep*. Ah, what was it crying, so weak and forlorn?

If mother had lived, might they have married? But there had been nobody for them to marry. There had been father's Anglo-Indian friends before he quarrelled with them. But after that she and Constantia never met a single man except clergy-men. How did one meet men? Or even if they'd met them, how could they have got to know men well enough to be more than strangers? One read of people having adventures, being followed, and so on. But nobody had ever followed Constantia and her. Oh yes, there had been one year at Eastbourne a mysterious man at their boarding-house who had put a note on the jug of hot water outside their bedroom door! But by the time Connie had found it the steam had made the writing too faint to read; they couldn't even make out to which of them it was addressed. And he had left next day. And that was all. The rest had been looking after father and at the same time keeping out of father's way. But now? But now? The thieving sun touched Josephine gently. She lifted her face. She was drawn over to the window by gentle beams. . . .

Until the barrel-organ stopped playing Constantia stayed before the Buddha, wondering, but not as usual, not vaguely. This time her wonder was like longing. She remembered the times she had come in here, crept out of bed in her night-gown when the moon was full, and lain on the floor with her arms outstretched, as though she was crucified. Why? The big, pale moon had made her do it. The horrible dancing figures on the carved screen had leered at her and she hadn't minded. She remembered too how, whenever they were at the seaside, she had gone off by herself and got as close to the sea as she could, and sung something, something she had made up, while she gazed all over that restless water. There had been this other life, running out, bringing things home in bags, getting things on approval, discussing them with Jug, and taking them back to get more things on approval, and arranging father's trays and trying not to annoy father. But it all seemed to have happened in a kind of tunnel. It wasn't real. It was only when she came out of the tunnel into the moonlight or by the sea or into a thunderstorm that she really felt herself. What did it mean? What was it she was always wanting? What did it all lead to? Now? Now?

* * *

Section C: Short stories

20 Katherine Mansfield: *The Collected Stories* – continued

3.

Frau Fischer

“I like empty beds,” I protested sleepily, thumping the pillow.

“That cannot be true because it is not natural. Every wife ought to feel that her place is by her husband’s side—sleeping or waking. It is plain to see that the strongest tie of all does not yet bind you. Wait until a little pair of hands stretches across the water—wait until he comes into harbour and sees you with the child at your breast.”

I sat up stiffly.

“But I consider child-bearing the most ignominious of all professions,” I said.

For a moment there was silence. Then Frau Fischer reached down and caught my hand.

“So young and yet to suffer so cruelly,” she murmured. “There is nothing that sours a woman so terribly as to be left alone without a man, especially if she is married, for then it is impossible for her to accept the attention of others—unless she is unfortunately a widow. Of course, I know that sea-captains are subject to terrible temptations, and they are as inflammable as tenor singers—that is why you must present a bright and energetic appearance, and try and make him proud of you when his ship reaches port.”

This husband that I had created for the benefit of Frau Fischer became in her hands so substantial a figure that I could no longer see myself sitting on a rock with seaweed in my hair, awaiting that phantom ship for which all women love to suppose they hunger. Rather I saw myself pushing a perambulator up the gangway, and counting up the missing buttons on my husband’s uniform jacket.

“Handfuls of babies, that is what you are really in need of,” mused Frau Fischer. “Then, as the father of a family he cannot leave you. Think of his delight and excitement when he saw you!”

The plan seemed to me something of a risk. To appear suddenly with handfuls of strange babies is not generally calculated to raise enthusiasm in the heart of the average British husband. I decided to wreck my virgin conception and send him down somewhere off Cape Horn.

Then the dinner-gong sounded.

“Come up to my room afterwards,” said Frau Fischer. “There is still much that I must ask you.”

She squeezed my hand, but I did not squeeze back.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

21 Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *In Cold Blood*.

1.

Gradually, as the cleaning party progressed ... and was received by the big, annihilating sky?

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,
Penguin Books, 2008

pp 86–87

2.

Dewey's ears ring with it ... 'Between forty and fifty dollars.'

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,
Penguin Books, 2008

pp 247–248

Section D: Other literature

21 Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* – continued

3.

A week later Mrs Meier was sitting ... It was just Perry he
liked.'

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,
Penguin Books, 2008
pp 307–308

Section D: Other literature

22 Anna Funder: *Stasiland*

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

1.

Julia went to the Employment Office, took a number and stood in an interminable line. She was among people who might have had similar experiences, both explicable and not, to her own. She turned to the man behind her and asked, 'So how long have you been unemployed?'

Before he could answer an official, a square-built woman in uniform, stepped out from behind a column.

'Miss, you are not unemployed,' she barked.

'Of course I'm unemployed,' Julia said. 'Why else would I be here?'

'This is the Employment Office, not the Unemployment Office. You are not unemployed; you are seeking work.'

Julia wasn't daunted. 'I'm seeking work,' she said, 'because I am unemployed.'

The woman started to shout so loudly the people in the queue hunched their shoulders. 'I said, you are not unemployed! You are seeking work!' and then, almost hysterically, 'There *is* no unemployment in the German Democratic Republic!'

In my mind I tote up further GDR fictions: that *der Führer* was excised not only from their history but also from their language; that the news was real on television; and, contrary to Julia's lived experience, that there was no unemployment. By no fault of her own, Julia Behrend had fallen into the gap between the GDR's fiction and its reality. She no longer conformed to the fiction. Loyal and talented as she was, she was now being edged out of the reality.

Julia could either think she had failed at everything she had tried, or that they were out to get her. Or, she could try not to think at all. 'It is true to say that from then on I sort of withdrew from things.' She slept later and later each day. 'I think I was depressed.' She enrolled in another night-school course, this time in Spanish, but it seemed to her more and more like learning secret codes used outside your cave, spoken in places you would never see. After class she went, 'nearly every night' to the local nightclub. 'My parents just sort of let me go. There wasn't much else they could do. I think they felt sorry for me.'

It was at this time her younger sister Katrin noticed it. The car was white. She watched it three days in a row outside the house before she said anything. Julia hadn't seen it. 'As I said'—she looks at me—'I knew that car was there for me.'

She knew, too, that getting on with her life would mean leaving it behind. She was going to have to marry the Italian boyfriend and get out. The idea frightened her. 'That was part of my attraction for him—that I would be utterly dependent on him, in his home and his country and his language. At his mercy.'

She went to meet him for a holiday in Hungary. At the airport she was taken aside and her luggage searched. They unscrewed the hairdryer and emptied her boxes of tampons over the examination bench. In Hungary she told him it was over. 'He was so controlling, so jealous.' Now Julia had withdrawn from him, withdrawn into her home, and withdrawn from hope. This was more than internal emigration. It was exile.

* * *

© *Stasiland* by Anna Funder, published by The Text Publishing Co Australia

2.

'... A young couple might say, "Lipsi—it's the simplest thing. The dance itself is in 6/4 time and you just take her in your left arm like this"'—she extends her arm—'well... it's easy, look.' She pretends to get stuck for words, and then finds her slogan:

If you really want to know, simply dance away,
All the young people dance the Lipsi today!

I'm curious and stop packing. The screen shows a couple in a dance hall: he clean-cut in a suit, and she in a dress and stilettos. And, together, they do the strangest dance that I have ever seen.

At first the man and the woman face the same way like Greek dancers, he behind her, her hand in his. They move from side to side with one another, then raise their forearms and bend apart, alarmingly, like teapots. The camera cuts to their feet, which, without warning, break into the complex footsies of an Irish jig. Then the pair turn to one another in a waltz grip before separating again and giving a little jump in the air. This is followed by a Russian-type movement with hands on hips. All the while they smile huge fixed smiles as if they needn't give a single thought to what their feet are doing. Then they start with the Greek teapot manoeuvre again. Over the top a Doris Day voice sings to a bossa nova beat:

Today, all young people dance
The Lipsi step, only in lipsistep,
Today, all young people like to learn
The Lipsistep: it is modern!
Rhumba, boogie and Cha cha cha
These dances are all passé
Now out of nowhere and overnight
This new beat is here to stay!

I wind the tape back. I want to pinpoint, in all these movements, what it is that makes the dance so curious. 'Lipsi' is colloquial for 'Leipzig' but it wasn't just the regime's overt attempt to manufacture a trend for the masses, as if it had come from that hip city. I watch the stiff couple closely. The woman seems to be missing an incisor—an odd choice for a dance model. Then I concentrate on their movements, and I get it: in not one of this panoply of gestures do the dancers' hips move. Their torsos remain straight—neither bending towards one another, nor swivelling from side to side. The makers of this dance had plundered every tradition they could find and painstakingly extracted only the sexless moves. Just as 'The Black Channel' was the antidote for western television, the Lipsi step was the East's answer to Elvis and decadent foreign rock'n'roll. And here it was: a dance invented by a committee, a bizarre hipless camel of a thing.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

22 Anna Funder: *Stasiland* – continued

3.

In the morning Miriam takes me to the station. To my relief I find a copy shop, so I can give Charlie's poem back to her. She comes to the platform and waits till the train moves out, silent and slow. The girl opposite me lip-smacks her puppy; on the platform an older dog huffs and rearranges itself in jealousy. Then Miriam waves and walks away, straightbacked into the sunlight.

I like trains. I like their rhythm, and I like the freedom of being suspended between two places, all anxieties of purpose taken care of: for this moment I know where I am going. We are quickly outside Leipzig, moving past maize and wheat and medieval-looking water towers near each station: Lutherstadt Wittenberg, Bitterfeld, Wannsee. In one field there's a scarecrow equipped for all comers in a black motorcycle helmet; behind him a parachutist looks for touchdown. Two boys in a dinghy sit among the reeds in this vast flat sea of improbable green, fishing.

I move back from the window and the puppy finds me suddenly fascinating. It has caught the rustle of paper in my pocket. I take out Charlie's poem.

In this land
 I have made myself sick with silence
 In this land
 I have wandered, lost
 In this land
 I hunkered down to see
 What will become of me.
 In this land
 I held myself tight
 So as not to scream.
 —But I did scream, so loud
 That this land howled back at me
 As hideously
 As it builds its houses.
 In this land
 I have been sown
 Only my head sticks
 Defiant, out of the earth
 But one day it too will be mown
 Making me, finally
 Of this land.

I fold it and think of Charlie Weber, now of this land. And I think of Miriam, a maiden blowing smoke in her tower. Sometimes she can hear and smell them, but for now the beasts are all in their cages.

I walk home to the apartment from Rosenthaler Platz station. The park is alive, the light so bright it picks out people and their shadows in exaggerated 3-D. Sunbathers loll on the grass,

some in trunks and some bare-bottomed. There are teenagers removing gum from their mouths to kiss, a sheepdog with a single forelock dyed green, an adolescent cripple in a baby pusher being taken for a stroll. People shake infants up and down to make them calm, and children spin on swings and roundabouts I never noticed were there.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

23 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man*

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

1.

Why would a police officer choose to work solely in these communities ... Or had I read *Heart of Darkness* too many times?

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2008

pp 80–82

2.

Cops, Norman Mailer wrote, ‘contain explosive ... so he give Hurley a touch-up. So Hurley give him a touch-up.’

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2008

pp 139–140

Section D: Other literature

23 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man* – continued

3.

It was Friday afternoon ... I wondered if these were her thoughts too, not just mine.

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2008

pp 239–240

Section D: Other literature

24 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul: Memories and the City*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Istanbul: Memories and the City*.

1.

Accustomed as I was to the semi-darkness ... pulling the blanket of night over the entire city.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2006

pp 31–32

2.

When Western observers rubbish the city ... for them the west sets the standard for all humankind.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2006

pp 213–214

Section D: Other literature

24 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul: Memories and the City* – continued

3.

I look at the huge and brilliantly coloured letters ... that
induces such deep guilt.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2006

pp 288–289

Section E: Poetry

25 William Blake: *Blake's Poetry and Designs*

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

1.

The Lamb

Blake, William: Mary Lynn Johnson and John E Grant,
Blake's Poetry and Designs,
Norton Critical Edition, Norton, 2008

p 15

2.

The Tyger.

Blake, William: Mary Lynn Johnson and John E Grant,
Blake's Poetry and Designs,
Norton Critical Edition, Norton, 2008

pp 38–39

Section E: Poetry

25 William Blake: *Blake's Poetry and Designs* – continued

3.

What is the price of Experience [35:11–36:13]

William Blake: Mary Lynn Johnson and John E Grant,
Blake's Poetry and Designs,
Norton Critical Edition, Norton, 2008

pp 410–411

Section E: Poetry

26 T S Eliot: *Collected Poems 1909–1962*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of T S Eliot.

1.

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

Eliot, T S, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp 6–7

2.

II. A Game of Chess

Eliot, T S, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp 57–59

Section E: Poetry

26 T S Eliot: *Collected Poems 1909–1962* – continued

3.

Marina

Eliot, T S, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp 105–106

Section E: Poetry

27 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems 1943–1995*

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

1.

Iris

Harwood, Gwen, *Collected Poems*,
Alison Hoddinott and Greg Kratzmann (eds.),
University of Queensland Press, 2003

pp 251–252

2.

Mother Who Gave Me Life

Harwood, Gwen, *Collected Poems*,
Alison Hoddinott and Greg Kratzmann (eds.),
University of Queensland Press, 2003

pp 361–362

Section E: Poetry

27 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems 1943–1995* – continued

3.

The Spelling Prize

Harwood, Gwen, *Collected Poems*,
Alison Hoddinott and Greg Kratzmann (eds.),
University of Queensland Press, 2003

pp 368–369

Section E: Poetry

28 Seamus Heaney: *Beowulf*

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

1.

The man whose name was known for courage ... I will
recompense him with a rich treasure.

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,
Faber and Faber, 2000

pp 13–14

2.

Venturing closer ... was foremost and strongest in the days
of this life.

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,
Faber and Faber, 2000

pp 24–26

Section E: Poetry

28 Seamus Heaney: *Beowulf* – continued

3.

Beowulf spoke, made a formal boast ... and went under the
crag. No coward path.

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,
Faber and Faber, 2000

pp 79–80

Section E: Poetry

29 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Peter Porter.

1.

Last Words

Porter, Peter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador, 2001

p 3

2.

The Lost Watch

Porter, Peter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador, 2001

p 35

Section E: Poetry

29 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing* – continued

3.

Duetting With Dorothea

Porter, Peter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador, 2001

pp 68–70

Section E: Poetry

30 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe: Selected Poems 1950–2001*

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

1.

Storm Warnings

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
W W Norton & Company, 2002

p 3

2.

The Fact of a Doorframe

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
W W Norton & Company, 2002

p 131

Section E: Poetry

30 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe: Selected Poems 1950–2001* – continued

3.

What Kind of Times Are These

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
W W Norton & Company, 2002

p 253

Assessment criteria

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

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

A checklist for planning and revising

Have I included the text numbers of my chosen texts on the front covers of all script books?

Have I written on texts from two different sections?

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

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

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

Have I expressed myself effectively and appropriately?

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

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

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?

END OF TASK BOOK

