VICTORIAN CURRICULUM AND ASSESSMENT AUTHORITY

Victorian Certificate of Education 2018

LITERATURE

Written examination

Monday 12 November 2018

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

Section	*Number of questions*	*Number of questions to be answered*	*Number of marks*
A	30	1	20
B	30	1	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, correction fluid/tape and dictionaries.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

Materials supplied
- Task book of 68 pages, including **assessment criteria** on page 68
- One or more answer books

The task
- You are required to complete two pieces of writing: one for Section A and one for Section B.
- Each piece of writing must be based on a text selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.
- Each selected text must be from a different category (novels, plays, short stories, other literature, poetry). You must **not** write on two texts from the same category. Students who write on two texts from the same category will receive a score of zero for one of their responses.

Instructions
- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the answer book(s).
- In the answer book(s), indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.
- All written responses must be in English.

At the end of the examination
- Place all other used answer books inside the front cover of the first answer book.
- 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.

Table of contents

Other literature

Poetry

SECTION A – Literary perspectives

Instructions for Section A

You are required to complete **one** piece of writing in response to the topic set for **one** text.

Your selected text must be used as the basis for your response to the topic. You are required to produce an interpretation of the text using one literary perspective to inform your view.

Your selected text for Section A must be from a different category than your selected text for Section B.

In the answer book, indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 68 of this book.

Section A is worth 20 marks.

Novels

1. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

The lives of the characters in *The Anchoress* are shaped by a need for power. To what extent do you agree?

2. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

Through his depiction of Cosimo's life in *Baron in the Trees*, Calvino asks us to reconsider what it means to be human. Discuss.

3. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

In Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the European intrusion into Africa damages all those involved. To what extent do you agree?

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

In Gaskell's *North and South*, new kinds of relationships are made possible by new social and economic conditions. Discuss.

5. Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

Consider the proposition that, in Scott's *That Deadman Dance*, the collision of cultural expectations has tragic consequences.

6. Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

Through the characters and their relationships in *The Man Who Loved Children*, Stead demonstrates the power of language. Discuss.

7. Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

In *The Leopard*, Lampedusa reflects on the inevitability of social change and how individuals respond. Discuss.

8. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

Reflect on the idea that Vásquez's *The Sound of Things Falling* shows how we are shaped by the stories we tell ourselves and by those we hear from others.

9. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

Winterson's novel, *The Passion*, suggests that passion is a dangerous and disempowering force. To what extent do you agree?

Plays

10. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

Consider the proposition that Aeschylus's *Agamemnon* has the power to disturb an audience's ideas of justice.

11. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

In *A Taste of Honey*, Delaney's struggling characters challenge the values of their society. Discuss.

12. Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

Reflect on the idea that Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* explores the conflict between free will and social conformity.

13. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

The characters in Reza's *Art* strive to find meaning in a world full of uncertainty. Discuss.

14. William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

The characters in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* are driven by a hunger for power. To what extent do you agree?

15. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

In Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, any escape from social roles and structures is temporary. Discuss.

16. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

Consider the proposition that, in Shepard's *Buried Child*, no happy ending is possible for the characters.

17. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

The American family in Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* reflects a culture that demands too much of individuals. To what extent do you agree?

Short stories

18. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

The stories in Clarke's *Foreign Soil* express the pain and frustration felt by individuals who are seen as different from the mainstream community. Discuss.

19. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

Using the viewpoints of animals in *Only the Animals*, Dovey explores the darker aspects of human nature and behaviour. Discuss.

20. Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

Consider the proposition that Gogol's stories in *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories* find humour in the pain of illusions and miscommunication.

Other literature

21. Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

Reflect on the idea that Fitzpatrick's memoir is a portrayal of her own journey more than it is a portrait of her father.

22. WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

Consider the proposition that, in *The Dreaming & Other Essays*, Stanner argues powerfully against 'the great Australian silence'.

23. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

In *Candide, or Optimism*, Voltaire suggests that it is foolish to be optimistic. Discuss.

24. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* depicts a culture in which choices are more limited for some individuals than for others. To what extent do you agree?

Poetry

25. Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

Consider the proposition that Browning's poetry in *Selected Poems* asks us to question our views of romantic love and the beauty of nature.

26. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

The poems in *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond* suggest that differences and otherness can be cause for both anxiety and celebration. Discuss.

27. Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

Consider the proposition that, in *Collected*, Dobson uses ordinary things to demonstrate the richness and complexity of life.

28. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

Reflect on the idea that the poems in Plath's *Ariel* are more complex than simply the 'confession' of her life.

29. Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

In *New and Selected Poems*, Wallace-Crabbe uses ordinary Australian experiences to ask complex questions.

30. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, Watson's poetry depicts two cultures that struggle to coexist.

END OF SECTION A

SECTION B – Close analysis

Instructions for Section B

You are required to complete **one** piece of writing based on **one** text in response to the task set.

Three passages have been set for every text. The set passages are presented in the order in which they appear in the nominated version of the text. The set passages are also reproduced as they appear in the nominated version of the text.

You must use **two or more** of the set passages as the basis for a discussion about the selected text.

In your response, refer in detail to the set passages and the selected text. You may include minor references to other texts.

Your selected text for Section B must be from a different category than your selected text for Section A.

In the answer book, indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 68 of this book.

Section B is worth 20 marks.

Novels

1. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Anchoress*.

1.

I closed the shutters, bent down, brushed the straw away from beneath my squint and pressed my hands on the hard, bare soil. Agnes, wise woman, buried here in my cell, show me how to be an anchoress. Make me holy.

My knees prickled, the ground scratched at my skin, and a shudder ran through my hands and up into my arms. I flinched, fell to one side, pulled myself over to my desk and onto the chair. The sound of scraping bone followed me.

I shivered and touched my Rule. Looking for comfort, I turned to a page I often read, to words I knew almost by heart.

> *True anchoresses are like birds, for they leave the earth — that is, the love of all that is worldly — and, as a result of their hearts' desire for heavenly things, fly upwards toward heaven. And though they fly high with a high and holy life, yet they hold their heads low in mild humility, as a bird in flight bows its head, and they consider all their good actions to be worthless.*

Swallow had flown like a bird, his arms stretched wide and his legs straight, then tucked in, to tumble in the air. His clothes had flashed red and grey, the stripes spinning, his head curled into his body. I wanted to fly like him, like an angel, to let go of my body and the longing that held me to the ground.

The stewed meat smelled rich; the fragrance wound around my head and sank into my clothes. My belly twisted with hunger. I shut my eyes, refused it, and thought of Swallow's leap. For a moment, it felt as if my narrow cell opened to the sky.

Father Peter visited a few days later. He was my confessor, and I had been hoping he would visit to see that all was well.

The scrape of the stool, and he grunted as he sat down. 'Sister Sarah? God bless you, my child. Are you well, Sister?'

'Yes, Father, thank you.'

'I'm glad to hear it. You seemed weak at your enclosure, though, of course, it demanded much.'

His voice made me think of the river where it runs deepest, the silken sound of its slow eddies, but that seemed fanciful. His face had frightened me when I met him before my enclosure: the filaments in his watery eyes, foggy white rings on the blue, the red blotches on his sagging cheeks. He'd seemed weary, like a thick rug worn down. But he had smiled more quickly than I'd expected and there had been a gentle concern in his eyes. That was the last time I would see his face; from now on, it would be only his voice on the other side of the curtain.

* * *

2.

One by one the women dropped by: Maud, Avice, Winifred, Jocelyn, Lizzie, and others, to tell a story or to bring something small for me to eat — a pie, a piece of cheese, a honey cake. I thanked them, though I would not eat the food and, remembering the leper, put it on the ledge of the maids' window to give to others who needed it. Even a few women who had not previously come for counsel opened the door to quickly wish me happy May Day.

I had made it my habit to keep the curtain closed when I spoke to the women who came to me, but that day I opened it to take the food they offered. We women looked at one another, smiled awkwardly, each seeing a face unveiled in the dimness of my parlour. From the sound of their voices I had given each woman behind my curtain a face, but that day I found I had to change them. Winifred was big, as I had expected, but her hair was fine and fair, not black, and her green eyes were not bold but a little uncertain. I had thought of Lizzie with a brown face and long brown hair, but her pale skin was covered with freckles, and as she pulled back her hair I noticed her fingers tapered long and fine, though they were stained with the powders and unguents of her trade. She sat for a time, seeming content, as I was, with our silence.

A short while later when I heard Jocelyn's quiet call from the parlour doorway, I looked up, afraid to meet her eyes. Her hair was lank as I had imagined, her face worn, but she looked straight at me with clear blue eyes and a nervous smile, almost like a child, grateful for any kindness. And Maud, who had told me so much about her life: I had always thought of her in the fields, strong and capable, so I was surprised that she was small and wiry, not even as tall as me. Her face was as brown and lined as I'd thought it would be, her smile warm, and I was pleased to see her, above all the others. She told me about the dances and her Fulke: 'Brawny lad as he is, he can still dance enough to please the girls.'

And finally Avice, her voice quiet and thoughtful, as if suited to reading and learning, was as I had thought: even through the worry around her mouth and eyes, she was beautiful in the way that I think a queen must be — her face fine, her lips red. When she left I wondered at the strangeness of the world, and whether she chafed at the narrowness of her life.

* * *

Novels

1. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

3.

RANAULF STOOD AT THE gate. The wood was worn, but solid — and without a handle on the outside. He thought about the first day he had visited the anchorhold and peered around the side of the parlour to the dank shaded grass and the stones of the cell. The new wall would not change that, but he could see that some sun would fall inside the garden, at least in spring and summer.

He moved to the parlour door, pulled at it as he always did, and almost fell backwards when it opened easily. Roger had fixed it, he remembered, though he felt uneasy, unsettled by all the changes. His reaction made no sense, he knew; he had complained of the door, had argued for Sarah's garden, and all had been made good. Still, this was not the anchorhold — nor the anchoress — he had visited that cold winter's day a little more than a year past. He had never seen inside the cell and he would not see the garden, that second space where she would dwell. Irritated at his own lack of reason, he walked into the parlour and closed the door behind him.

'God bless you, Sister Sarah. Good morning.'

'Father Ranaulf. God be with you.'

Her voice was familiar, soothing. He felt himself relax. 'I see that your gate is finished. Your garden is complete.'

'Yes, Roger and Bill came earlier this morning.'

'I had hoped to look at the garden before it was sealed. To see it done at last.' He paused but there was no response from behind the curtain. 'Forgive me, Sister. It's your garden. I suppose because I arranged for the stone and the men, I hoped I might view it. Of course, we couldn't stand in the garden together, or see each other, but if you opened the gate, perhaps—'

'Father.'

It was the old silence, but now they understood each other.

'You're right. I did no more than was needed. I pray that the garden will bless you, Sarah.' The word came so easily. Sarah.

* * *

Novels

2. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Baron in the Trees*.

1.

In those days Cosimo … 'Do you intend to grow up like an American savage?'

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998

pp. 130 and 131

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

The prison was a small tower … And he himself kicked away the ladder and so was strangled.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998

pp. 167 and 168

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

2. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

3.

Cosimo did not reply … that can be prolonged beyond life.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*,
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998

pp. 219 and 220

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

3. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Heart of Darkness.*

1.

The sea-reach of the Thames … brooding over a crowd of men.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

p. 34

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

"[...] He had kicked himself loose … rapid, breathless utterance. [...]"

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp. 82–84

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

3. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

3.

"She put out her arms … the heart of an immense darkness.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp. 95 and 96

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *North and South*.

1.

'Oh, Dixon! I did not hear you come into the room!' … ruled by a powerful and decided nature.

Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*,
Penguin Classics, 2003

pp. 48 and 49

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

'Why do you strike?' … Yo'll see, it'll be different this time.'

Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*,
Penguin Classics, 2003

pp. 132 and 133

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

3.

But the truth was … character and strong human feeling.

Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*,
Penguin Classics, 2003

pp. 408 and 409

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

5. Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *That Deadman Dance*.

1.

But something had changed.

A collection of objects lay in a pile beside their old campfire and, even coated with ash, their smooth surfaces screamed. Such hard and bright things—Bobby would learn the words, we all would: *beads, mirror, nail, knife*—were passed around as the rest of the family arrived. Look, feel, smell them; and oh the sharp taste of steel. Some said they remembered them, from the time of the dance. And the footprints without toes.

There had always been a particular rhythm to their visits, and now this new pulse, at first feeble, began its accompaniment. More sails were noted, and more things detected: a cairn of stones, for instance, and within it—once the stones were dismantled—some markings on thin bark inside a container of glass. Smoke rose on the islands, as if a signal by someone approaching.

In later years it would be horseshoes, the remains of saddles, a revolver, buried food and bodies . . . But all that is for the future. Bobby's family knew one story of this place, and as deep as it is, it can accept such variations. Gifts? they wondered. Then, these visitors? Where they from? Where they gone?

The wind, blowing to the horizon and back.

They danced like dead men, cruel brutal men.

But they were never dead.

Bobby Wabalanginy believed he was a baby then, and still only a very young boy when yet another ship came close and spilled people upon the shore. Bobby spoke as if it had just come to him and was on the cusp of memory, inside the face of a wave of recollection about to break.

Was it really Bobby? No matter who, it was a very young, barely formed consciousness, and watching from some safe place somewhere else.

These men had yet another strange tongue, *oui*, and Bobby Wabalanginy must've gone on their boat with his special Uncle Wunyeran—or perhaps it was Wooral or Menak or some other of those old people—because he remembered that first sensation of the deck shifting under his feet, rolling with the swell. And Bobby made that a dance, too, a small stepping shuffle one way, then the other, to and fro. Not quite the dance of strangers, not quite a dance of this country, people would smile as they shuffled and swayed to Bobby's strange tune.

Some of his extended family learned seasickness from another ship's visit, and something of its speed: how home could recede, and rush back at you again.

* * *

2.

In truth, Manit's very presence challenged and confronted Jak Tar. Nothing in his experience had prepared him for cooperating with an elderly, mostly naked woman who teased and mocked him so. His first instinct was to dismiss her, but he could not dismiss Bobby's obvious respect for her, and Jak Tar was truly grateful to him for the help he'd provided. So he persevered longer than he might have otherwise.

The old woman knew where animals would be and Jak realised it was best to let Bobby handle the rifle, and not only because he had such a good eye. On their first hunting trip together Jak had assumed command of the gun—he was the man, he was white. Manit, through Bobby, told him where to wait and where the kangaroo would rush, and then she and Bobby went to frighten the animals toward him. Jak Tar twisted his head as she unexpectedly returned, and at the same instant a mob of wallabies sprang from the bushes in front of him. *Tammar!* He heard the yell and swung the barrel, fired, missed. In one motion Manit slapped him, grabbed the gun, swung it like a club and knocked one tardy tammar senseless.

Wide-eyed Jak Tar had one hand on his cheek. Manit laughed and squeezed his narrow nose between her finger and thumb. He was shocked speechless. His eyes watered. He was a gentle man, Jak Tar, and not accustomed to being bossed like this by an old woman.

When he was a child, his Aunty used to bring dripping from the kitchens where she worked. Cooked for the Queen, she told him, and made him memorise the names of all the royal family. When she could, she took him to see them wherever they paraded in public.

In the bush, this arse end of the world, Jak Tar came to think of the half-naked and barefoot woman as Queen Manit. It was clear she was accustomed to command. No jewellery, though, at most a few feathers and some woven possum fur; no rouge on her cheeks, though there might be fish oil and ochre; no bustling skirts supported by whalebone corsets, though she knew well the right whale from whose throat those corsets came.

* * *

Novels

5. Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

3.

Baa baa black sheep, have you any wool . . . Bobby was walking alone, as was his way, and walking beside one of the creeks feeding into the river of Kepalup. Already the waters were slowing, the level dropping. The coarse, soft sand between the shrinking pools was criss-crossed with the prints of many beings, and Bobby moved quickly along it, sheltered from sun and wind by the trees on either side. He came down the rocky slope of waterholes, and stayed to clear some of them of reeds, and lay a carpet of leaves not far from the eagle's nest. The old bird studied his efforts.

Not much further and the creek joined the river, and Bobby kept to the old path along the riverbank until he reached the tiny bubbling spring that fed it, and that little stone wall Skelly had built so that come summer it might be closed off for Chaine's sheep. On one bank their footprints had cut away all the earth. Chaine's horses would drink here, too. His hunting dogs and his workers. But what about Noongar people?

The old trees still leaned over the riverbank. Further upstream he saw the eagle watching from its bough. A mallee hen emerged from the dense forest of jam tree the other side of the river, and returned his gaze for what seemed a long, cheeky time before it retraced its steps, disappearing into the close ranks of trees. Bobby turned up the bank and again paused as a family of emu studied him, and then—it seemed a little resentfully—strode off and vanished into the trees. So he was known here still, in this place where his people had always walked. Not so alone then.

But what about those people up in the farmhouse he'd known pretty well all his life? Did they still want to know him?

Neither William Skelly nor the man helping him saw Bobby until he was within a few steps. It was a very large hut they were building; the stone walls rose two or more times the height of even a tall man. Skelly's companion tapped him rapidly on the shoulder, pointing.

Nigger, he said.

Skelly's heavy body turned slowly, his head even lower in his shoulders than Bobby remembered, so that when their eyes met Skelly seemed a glowering bullock.

Mr Skelly, Bobby said. But Mr William Skelly did not hold out his hand.

Bobby, said Mr Skelly. The third man watched them closely.

Are Mrs Chaine and Christine at home, Mr Skelly?

I'm not too sure, Bobby. But they'll not be wanting to see you nekkid like that, boy.

* * *

Novels

6. Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Man Who Loved Children*.

1.

Louie knew she was the ugly duckling. But when a swan she would never come sailing back into their village pond; she would be somewhere away, unheard of, on the lily-rimmed oceans of the world. This was her secret. But she had many other intimations of destiny, like the night rider that no one heard but herself. With her secrets, she was able to go out from nearly every one of the thousand domestic clashes of the year and, as if going through a door into another world, forget about them entirely. They were the doings of beings of a weaker sort.

Henny was annoyed to see the tribe bow before herself in the role of virago; she had not been brought up to think that she would succeed because of a mean disposition. She had been nurtured in the idea that she was to be a great lady, like the old-time beauties of the South. So now she hurried to dress herself and get out of a house where all her hopes had been ruined and where she was forced by circumstances to slur and smut herself to herself. She was restless, full of spite, contempt, and unhappiness—what a spineless crowd, a Baltimore slum breed, the spawn of a man who had begun by taking the kicks and orders of some restaurant keeper or fish handler at the age of twelve and so had never learned independence! The worst was that they looked upon her as an heiress, and she hadn't a nickel in her purse and was forced to go into debt to keep the breed alive. She had no car she could use and was forced on a Sunday (Funday!) to rattle downtown in a streetcar, hungry and without a clean blouse. She supposed she could have forced some money out of him, but she hadn't the patience or the interest to carry on her victory. She was sunk for life. Old David Collyer would never take her back, and what other man seriously wanted a woman with five children even if the Collyer estate was free of debt? She did not care two ticks whether she won victories over such cowards or not: they had won the final victory over her.

* * *

2.

It was a beautiful summer Sam hoped still that "truth crushed to earth would rise again" (he meant his case would succeed). He found a thousand theories to justify his changing the children's food from butter to margarine, and from meat, to beans, spaghetti, and fish. He superintended the cooking himself, reproaching his Little-Woman with her clumsy attempts at cooking and himself instructing her because her mother would not. He knew a noble woman, it appeared, in the Conservation Department, who put out pamphlets on cooking, and Sam was always chatting about her recipes and always trying them out. He imported gallons of oil, of all kinds, himself making experiments in the kitchen, peanut oil, corn oil, fish oil, and every kind of oil, which filled the wooden house with a roof-lifting stench and made Sam very gay indeed. He raged against Henny's odors, but for himself, in his own universe, concocted such powerful, world-conquering odors as could be smelled across Spa Creek and up and down the foreshores. Waiting for his case to be decided, he was able to forget the world and be happy.

"What a pity," he said a thousand times, grinning at his children, "that the Law forces you to go to school. Children with a father like you have need no school. See what I would do! You would learn everything by projects: you would learn to build houses, plaster, repair—you all do know that now—you would be bricklayers, carpenters; the womenfolk would be good cooks, seamstresses; we would get the best, most modern machines, have every household process done by modern machinery, and we would have none of the archaic, anachronistic, dirt, filth, and untidiness which Henny strews about because she comes from the stupid old world. Baltimore, my native heath, used to be famous in the world, for commerce, yes, even for banking (though you know what I think of the Greedy, the Money-Powerful)—Brown Brothers had a great reputation as far away as wicked old London, that capital of evil. But there is a secondary strain in dirty old Baltimore, and that is a shameful love of vice. Not only did all these silk-skirted 'great ladies' (as they liked to call themselves, though they were silly little chits) breed slaves and sell them down to horror and hell, but they were themselves bred for marriage to wealthy men from abroad and from home too, I am sorry to say. Baltimore loves other things much worse, a real underworld of vice, which is, strange to say (you kids will understand this later), considered the upper world, society—a wicked convention which has imposed itself on a silly world, full of drinking, cardplaying, and racing. Baltimore has beauties, but what corruption does the ugly old girl hide under her parasol too? But let us leave this. Baltimore is sweet because she is between the great pothole of Nature and the wonderful Blue Ridge. That saves her."

The children listened to every word he said, having been trained to him from the cradle. Only Louie, who had much to think about (nothing to do with Sam at home), would

Novels

6. Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

always seep away from the group, linger deceptively for a moment round the door, and a few seconds later would be seen shining on the brink of the slope, or would have completely disappeared, and be mooning and humming on the beach.

* * *

3.

"All right! All right! You remember when you used to take me to see the Lincoln Memorial, walking along the Reflecting Pool from your office on Saturdays. I learned from him, not from you. You used to say your heart always beat when you were going towards it; my heart used to beat, but you always thought about yourself. When I was at Harpers Ferry, I only thought about John Brown. I always thought Israel Baken was just like him—my grandfather. Not a Pollit, thank goodness, not one of you."

"That mean old vicious superstitious man!" Sam ejaculated. "Yes, you are like him, I am sorry to say. Your mother had none of that."

"What do you know about my mother? She was a woman. I found a letter from her in the old redwood box. Someone who died sent it back to her when they knew they were dying. It was just after you were married. She said, 'Samuel is a very young man. I am very sick or I would not be writing such foolish things, I am sure. But he does not understand women or children. He is such a good young man, he is too good to understand people at all.'"

Sam said dreamily, "Yes, I was a very good young man. I never allowed a breath of scandal or of foolish small talk to be spoken in my presence; and your mother understood me. She was ready to sacrifice everything for me. Perhaps she loved me even better than I loved her. But I was very young: I did not see things as I see them now. She loved you too dearly, 'little Ducky,' as she called you. It is a pity you never had a mother."

"Well, I'm my own mother," Louie said, without emotion. "And I can look after myself. I want you to let me go away. You can't want me to live in the house with you after what I was going to do."

"If you think I believe that cock-and-bull nonsense you made up out of your soft, addled melodramatic bean," he said with rough good humor, "you have another thunk coming, my girl. You are going to stay here with me until you get out of this stupid adolescent crisis, and that's all there is to it."

"Then you don't believe me?"

"Of course not. Do you think I'm going to be taken in by a silly girl's fancies? You must think me a nitwit, Looloo, after all." He laughed and put his arm on her shoulder, "Foolish, poor little Looloo."

She shook him off and said nothing. Sam went on talking to her gently, chidingly, lovingly. When they reached home, she made him another cup of coffee and went upstairs. Out of the old redwood box she took an old-fashioned bag made of grass and raffia, and embroidered in beads by her mother, at one time. Into this she put a few clothes and a dollar bill that one of the visitors had given her after Henny's death. She hardly slept at all, but when she heard Sam begin his whistling early the next morning, she got up and dressed quickly and quietly.

* * *

Novels

7. Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Leopard*.

1.

The rays of the westering sun … savour its rather uncertain calm.

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*, Vintage, 2007

pp. 3 and 4

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Don Fabrizio, still lying on his back … What did Tancredi matter . . . or even Concetta . . .?

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*, Vintage, 2007

pp. 74 and 75

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

7. Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

3.

But do please excuse me … He's the man for you. [...] "

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Vintage, 2007

pp. 139 and 140

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Novels

8. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Sound of Things Falling*.

1.

I shouted to Laverde, but not because I already knew what was going to happen to him, not because I wanted to warn him of anything: at that moment my only ambition was to catch up to him, ask him if he was all right, perhaps offer my help. But Laverde didn't hear me. I started to take bigger steps, avoiding people walking along the narrow pavement, which at that point is almost knee-high, stepping down onto the road if necessary to walk faster, and thinking unthinkingly: *And they were one single long shadow*, or rather tolerating the line like a jingle we can't get out of our head. At the corner of 4th Avenue, the dense afternoon traffic progressed slowly in a single lane, towards the exit onto Jiménez. I found a space to cross the street in front of a green bus, whose headlights, just turned on, had brought to life the dust of the street, the fumes from an exhaust pipe, an incipient drizzle. That's what I was thinking about, the rain I'd have to protect myself from in a little while, when I caught up to Laverde, or rather I got so close to him I could see how the rain was darkening the shoulders of his overcoat. 'Everything's going to be all right,' I said: a stupid thing to say, because I didn't know what everything was, much less whether or not it was going to be all right. Ricardo looked at me with his face contorted in pain. 'Elena was there,' he told me. 'Was where?' I asked. 'On the plane.' he answered. I think in a brief moment of confusion Aura had the name Elena, or I imagined Elena with Aura's face and pregnant body, and I think at that moment I experienced a new feeling that couldn't have been fear, not yet, but was quite similar to it. Then I saw the motorbike dropping down onto the road like a bucking horse, saw it accelerate to approach like a tourist looking for an address, and at the precise moment when I grabbed Laverde's arm, when my hand clutched at the sleeve of his coat by his left elbow, I saw the faceless heads looking at us and the pistol pointed towards us as naturally as a metal prosthesis, and saw two shots, and heard the explosions and felt the sudden tremor in the air. I remember having raised my arm to protect myself just before feeling the sudden weight of my body. My legs no longer held me up. Laverde fell to the ground and I fell with him, two bodies falling without a sound, and people started to shout and a continuous buzzing appeared in my ears. A man came over to Laverde's body to try to lift him up, and I remember the surprise I felt when another came over to help me. *I'm fine*, I said or remember having said, *there's nothing wrong with me*.

* * *

2.

And now Elaine was holding onto Ricardo (her head glued to his chest, her hands clenched around his elbows) every time a gust of wind shook the cabin on its cable and the tourists all gasped at the same time. And over the course of the afternoon, suspended in the air or sitting in the pews of the church, wandering in circles around the gardens of the sanctuary or seeing Bogotá from an altitude of 3,000 metres, Elaine began to listen to the story of an aerial exhibition in a year as distant as 1938, she heard talk of pilots and acrobatics and of an accident and the half a hundred dead the accident left. And when she woke up the next morning a package was waiting for her next to her recently served breakfast. Elaine tore off the wrapping paper and found a magazine in Spanish with a leather bookmark stuck between the pages. She started to think the bookmark was the gift, but then she opened the magazine and saw the surname of her hosts and a note from Ricardo: *So you'll understand*.

Elaine devoted herself to understanding. She asked questions and Ricardo answered them. His father's burnt face, Ricardo explained over the course of several conversations, that map of skin darker and rougher and more jagged than the desert of Villa de Leyva, had formed part of the landscape that surrounded him his whole life; but not even as a child, when one asks everything and assumes nothing, did Ricardo Laverde take an interest in the causes of what he saw, the difference between his father's face and everyone else's. Although it was also possible (Laverde said) that his family hadn't even given him time to feel that curiosity, for the tale of the accident at Santa Ana had floated among them ever since it happened and never evaporated, being repeated in the most diverse situations and thanks to the widest range of narrators, and Laverde remembered versions heard at Christmas novenas, versions from Friday-afternoon tea parties and others on Sundays at the football stadium, versions on the way to bed in the evening and others on the way to school in the mornings. They talked about the accident, yes, and they did so in every tone of voice and with all sorts of intentions, to demonstrate that planes were dangerous, unpredictable things like rabid dogs (according to his father), or that planes were like Greek gods, always putting people in their place and never tolerating men's arrogance (according to his grandfather). And many years later he, Ricardo Laverde, would tell of the accident as well, adorning and adulterating it until he realized that it wasn't necessary. At school, for example, telling the origins of his father's burnt face was the best way to capture his classmates' attention. 'I tried with my grandfather's war exploits,' said Laverde. 'Then I realized no one wants to hear heroic stories, but everyone likes to be told about someone else's misery.'

* * *

Novels

8. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

3.

Maya was looking at me, waiting, hadn't forgotten her question.

'No,' I said, 'I don't. It must be very strange, having kids. I can't imagine it either.'

I don't know why I did that. Maybe because it was too late to start talking about the family that was waiting for me in Bogotá; those are things you mention in the first moments of a friendship, when you introduce yourself and hand over two or three pieces of information to give the illusion of intimacy. One introduces oneself: the word must come from that, not pronouncing one's own name and hearing the other's name and shaking hands, not from kissing a cheek or two or bowing, but from those first minutes in which certain insubstantial pieces of information are exchanged, certain unimportant generalities, to give the other the sensation they know us, that we're no longer strangers. We speak of our nationality; we speak of our profession, what we do to make a living, because the way we make our living is eloquent, it defines us, structures us; we talk about our family. Well anyway, that moment was already long past with Maya, and to start talking about the woman I lived with and our daughter two days after having arrived at Las Acacias would have raised unnecessary suspicions or required long explanations or stupid justifications, or simply seemed odd, and after all it wouldn't be without consequences: Maya would lose the trust she'd felt until now, or I would lose the ground I'd gained so far, and she would stop talking and Ricardo Laverde's past would go back to being the past, would go back to hiding in other people's memories. I couldn't allow that.

Or perhaps there was another reason.

Because keeping Aura and Leticia out of Las Acacias, remote from Maya Fritts and her tale and her documents, distant therefore from the truth about Ricardo Laverde, was to protect their purity, or rather avoid their contamination, the contamination that I'd suffered one afternoon in 1996 the causes of which I'd barely begun to understand now, the unsuspected intensity of which was just now beginning to emerge like an object falling from the sky. My contaminated life was mine alone: my family was still safe: safe from the plague of my country, from its afflicted recent history: safe from what had hunted me down along with so many of my generation (and others, too, yes, but most of all mine, the generation that was born with planes, with the flights full of bags of marijuana, the generation that was born with the War on Drugs and later experienced the consequences). This world that had come back to life in the words and documents of Maya Fritts could stay there, I thought, could stay there in Las Acacias, could stay in La Dorada, could stay in the Magdalena Valley, could stay a four-hour drive from Bogotá, far from the apartment where my wife and daughter were waiting for me, perhaps with some concern, yes, perhaps with worried expressions on their faces, but pure, uncontaminated, free of our particular Colombian story, and I wouldn't be a good father or a good husband if I brought this story to them, or allowed them to enter this story [...].

* * *

Novels

9. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Passion*.

1.

Bonaparte, the Corsican … I'm telling you stories. Trust me.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,
Vintage, 1996 (first published 1987)

pp. 12 and 13

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Love is a fashion these days … She loved her husband.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,
Vintage, 1996 (first published 1987)

pp. 95 and 96

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Novels

9. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

3.

When passion comes late in life … the object of your love unworthy?

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,
Vintage, 1996 (first published 1987)

pp. 145–147

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Plays

10. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Agamemnon.*

1.

AGAMEMNON *enters in his chariot,*
[…]

and who betrayed the city.

Aeschylus, 'Agamemnon', in *The Oresteia*,
Robert Fagles (trans.), Penguin Classics, 1979

p. 132

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2.

CASSANDRA:
Ai, the wedding, wedding of Paris,
[…]

that live within this house.

Aeschylus, 'Agamemnon', in *The Oresteia*,
Robert Fagles (trans.), Penguin Classics, 1979

pp. 149 and 150

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Plays

10. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

3.

CLYTAEMNESTRA:
[…]
He thought no more of it than killing a beast,
[…]

CHORUS:
[…]
angel of war, angel of agony, lighting men to death.

Aeschylus, 'Agamemnon', in *The Oresteia*,
Robert Fagles (trans.), Penguin Classics, 1979

pp. 162–164

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Plays

11. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *A Taste of Honey*.

1.

JO: Can you smell that river?
HELEN: I can't smell a thing! I've got such a cold.
JO: What's that big place over there?
HELEN: The slaughterhouse. Where all the cows, sheep and pigs go in and all the beef, pork and mutton comes out.
JO: I wonder what it'll be like here in the summer. I bet it'll smell.
HELEN: This whole city smells. Eee, there's a terrible draught in here. Where's it coming from? Look at that! What a damn silly place to put a window. This place is cold enough, isn't it, without giving shelter to the four winds.
JO: Helen, stop sniffing. It sounds awful.
HELEN: I can't help it. You'd sniff if you had a cold like this. She's not got a bit of consideration in her. It's self all the time.
JO: I'm going to unpack my bulbs. I wonder where I can put them.
HELEN: I could tell you.
JO: They're supposed to be left in a cool, dark place.
HELEN: That's where we all end up sooner or later. Still, it's no use worrying, is it?
JO: I hope they bloom. Always before when I've tried to fix up a window box nothin's ever grown in it.
HELEN: Why do you bother?
JO: It's nice to see a few flowers, isn't it?
HELEN: Where did you get those bulbs?
JO: The Park. The gardener had just planted about two hundred. I didn't think he'd miss half a dozen.
HELEN: That's the way to do things. If you see something you want, take it. That's my daughter for you. If you spent half as much time on me as you do on them fiddling bits of greenery I'd be a damn sight better off. Go and see if that kettle's boiling.
JO: See yourself. I've got to find somewhere for my bulbs.
HELEN: See yourself! Do everything yourself. That's what happens. You bring 'em up and they turn round and talk to you like that. I would never have dared talk to my mother like that when I was her age. She'd have knocked me into the middle of next week. Oh! my head. Whenever I walk, you know how it is! What a journey! I never realized this city was so big. Have we got any aspirins left, Jo?
JO: No. I dreamt about you last night, Helen.
HELEN: You're going to have a shocking journey to school each day, aren't you? It must be miles and miles.
JO: Not for much longer.
HELEN: Why, are you still set on leaving school at Christmas?
JO: Yes.
HELEN: What are you going to do?
JO: Get out of your sight as soon as I can get a bit of money in my pocket.
HELEN: Very wise too. But how are you going to get your money in the first place? After all, you're not very fond of work, are you?
JO: No. I take after you.

* * *

2.

HELEN: You haven't known him five minutes. Has he really asked you to marry him?
JO: Yes.
HELEN: Well, thank God for the divorce courts! I suppose just because I'm getting married you think you should.
JO: Have you got the monopoly?
HELEN: You stupid little devil! What sort of a wife do you think you'd make? You're useless. It takes you all your time to look after yourself. I suppose you think you're in love. Anybody can fall in love, do you know that? But what do you know about the rest of it?
JO: Ask yourself.
HELEN: You know where that ring should be? In the ashcan with everything else. Oh! I could kill her, I could really.
JO: You don't half knock me about. I hope you suffer for it.
HELEN: I've done my share of suffering if I never do any more. Oh Jo, you're only a kid. Why don't you learn from my mistakes? It takes half your life to learn from your own.
JO: You leave me alone. Can I have my ring back, please?
HELEN: What a thing to happen just when I'm going to enjoy myself for a change.
JO: Nobody's stopping you.
HELEN: Yes, and as soon as my back's turned you'll be off with this sailor boy and ruin yourself for good.
JO: I'm already ruined.
HELEN: Yes, it's just the sort of thing you'd do. You make me sick.
JO: You've no need to worry, Helen. He's gone away. He may be back in six months, but there again, he may . . .
HELEN: Look, you're only young. Enjoy your life. Don't get trapped. Marriage can be a hell for a kid.
JO: Can I have your hanky back?
HELEN: Where did you put it?
JO: This is your fault too.
HELEN: Everything's my fault. Show me your tongue.
JO: Breathing your 'flu bugs all over me.
HELEN: Yes, and your neck's red where I pulled that string.
JO: Will you get me a drink of water, Helen?
HELEN: No, have a dose of this [*Offering whisky*]. It'll do you more good. I might as well have one myself while I'm at it, mightn't I?
JO: You've emptied more bottles down your throat in the last few weeks than I would have thought possible. It you don't watch it, you'll end up an old down-and-out boozer knocking back the meths.
HELEN: It'll never come to that. The devil looks after his own, they say.
JO: He certainly takes good care of you. You look marvellous, considering.
HELEN: Considering what?
JO: The wear and tear on your soul.

* * *

Plays

11. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

3.

JO: What's in the oven, Geoffrey?
GEOF: You what?
JO: What's cooking?
GEOF: A cake.
JO: Mm, you're wonderful, aren't you?
GEOF: Pretty good.
JO: I know, you make everything work. The stove goes, now we eat. You've reformed me, some of the time at any rate. [GEOFFREY *shifts the sofa. There is old rubbish and dirt under it.*]
GEOF: Oh, Jo!
JO: I wondered where that had got to.
GEOF: Now you know. It's disgusting, it really is.
JO: Oh Geof, the bulbs I brought with me!
GEOF: Haven't you shifted the sofa since then?
JO: They never grew.
GEOF: No, I'm not surprised.
JO: They're dead. It makes you think, doesn't it?
GEOF: What does?
JO: You know, some people like to take out an insurance policy, don't they?
GEOF: I'm a bit young for you to take out one on me.
JO: No. You know, they like to pray to the Almighty just in case he turns out to exist when they snuff it.
GEOF [*brushing under the sofa*]: Well, I never think about it. You come, you go, it's simple.
JO: It's not, it's chaotic—a bit of love, a bit of lust and there you are. We don't ask for life, we have it thrust upon us.
GEOF: What's frightened you? Have you been reading the newspapers?
JO: No, I never do. Hold my hand, Geof.
GEOF: Do you mind? Halfway through this?
JO: Hold my hand.
[*He does.*]
GEOF: Hey, Jo. Come on, silly thing, it's all right. Come on there.
JO: You've got nice hands, hard. You know I used to try and hold my mother's hands, but she always used to pull them away from me. So silly really. She had so much love for everyone else, but none for me.
GEOF: If you don't watch it, you'll turn out exactly like her.
JO: I'm not like her at all.
GEOF: In some ways you are already, you know.
[*She pushes his hand away*.]
Can I go now?
JO: Yes.
GEOF: Thank you very much! [*He is pushing the couch back into position*.]
JO: "And he took up his bed and walked." You can stay here if you tell me what you do. Do you remember, Geoffrey? I used to think you were such an interesting, immoral character before I knew you. I thought you were like that . . . for one thing.

[GEOFFREY *chases her with the mop all through this speech*.]

You're just like an old woman really. You just unfold your bed, kiss me good night and sing me to sleep. Hey, what's the matter? Don't you like living here with me?
GEOF: It has its lighter moments, but on the whole it's a pretty trying prospect.

* * *

Plays

12. Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Rhinoceros*.

1.

BERENGER: What are you drinking?

[…]

JEAN [*taking the mirror and putting it back in his pocket*]: […] cirrhosis, my friend.

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.), in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp. 10–12

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2.

BERENGER [*rushing to the stairs*]: Porter, porter […]

[*Noises*. *The bathroom door is on the point of yielding*.]

CURTAIN

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.), in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp. 82 and 83

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Plays

12. Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

3.

BERENGER: I don't understand you […]

DAISY [*to* BERENGER, *who turns his back on her. He looks at himself closely in the mirror*]: […]
[*She goes out, and is seen slowly descending the stairs*.]

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.),
in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

pp. 120 and 121

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Plays

13. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Art*.

1.

Serge, as if alone.

[…]

Marc […] it's filled me with some indefinable unease.

Yasmina Reza, *Art*, Christopher Hampton (trans.), Faber and Faber, 1996

pp. 3 and 4

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Yvan I'm sorry, Serge […]

Yvan […] Stop wanting to control everything.

Yasmina Reza, *Art*, Christopher Hampton (trans.), Faber and Faber, 1996

pp. 34 and 35

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Plays

13. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

3.

Serge This is very alarming.

[…]

Marc […]

goes off and buys a white painting.

Silence.

Yasmina Reza, *Art*, Christopher Hampton (trans.),
Faber and Faber, 1996

pp. 52 and 53

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Plays

14. William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Coriolanus*.

1.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

FIRST CITIZEN Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
ALL Speak, speak.
FIRST CITIZEN You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?
ALL Resolved, resolved.
FIRST CITIZEN First, you know Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people.
ALL We know't, we know't.
FIRST CITIZEN Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?
ALL No more talking on't! Let it be done! Away, away!
SECOND CITIZEN One word, good citizens.
FIRST CITIZEN We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.
SECOND CITIZEN Would you proceed especially against Caius Martius?
ALL Against him first. He's a very dog to the commonalty.
SECOND CITIZEN Consider you what services he has done for his country?
FIRST CITIZEN Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.
SECOND CITIZEN Nay, but speak not maliciously.
FIRST CITIZEN I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.
SECOND CITIZEN What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.
FIRST CITIZEN If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations. He hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.
Shouts within.
What shouts are these? The other side o' th' city is risen.
Why stay we prating here? To th' Capitol!
ALL Come, come!
FIRST CITIZEN Soft, who comes here?
Enter Menenius Agrippa.
SECOND CITIZEN Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people.
FIRST CITIZEN He's one honest enough! Would all the rest were so!

* * *

2.

CORIOLANUS
It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled.
BRUTUS Call't not a plot.
The people cry you mocked them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandaled the suppliants for the people, called them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
CORIOLANUS
Why, this was known before.
BRUTUS Not to them all.
CORIOLANUS
Have you informed them sithence?
BRUTUS How! I inform them!
CORIOLANUS
You are like to do such business.
BRUTUS Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
CORIOLANUS
Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
SICINIUS You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
MENENIUS Let's be calm.
COMINIUS
The people are abused, set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonored rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.
CORIOLANUS Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again –
MENENIUS
Not now, not now.
FIRST SENATOR Not in this heat, sir, now.
CORIOLANUS
Now, as I live, I will.
My nobler friends, I crave their pardons.
For the mutable, rank-scented meiny,
Let them regard me as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plowed for, sowed, and scattered
By mingling them with us, the honored number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

* * *

Plays

14. William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

3.

VOLUMNIA Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poisonous of your honor. No, our suit
Is that you reconcile them while the Volsces
May say "This mercy we have showed," the Romans,
"This we received," and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee and cry, "Be blest
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogged with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ: "The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroyed his country, and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorred." Speak to me, son.
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to change thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you.
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy.
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Showed thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has clucked thee to the wars, and safely home
Loaden with honor. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away.
Down, ladies! Let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down! An end!
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold's!
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioles, and this child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch.
I am hushed until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[Coriolanus] holds her by the hand, silent.

* * *

Plays

15. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Twelfth Night*.

1.

OLIVIA By mine honour, half drunk! What is he at the gate, cousin?
SIR TOBY A gentleman.
OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?
SIR TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here – [*Hiccuping*] a plague o'these pickle herring! How now, sot?
FESTE Good Sir Toby –
OLIVIA Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
SIR TOBY Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he?
SIR TOBY Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*
OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, fool?
FESTE Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.
OLIVIA Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o'my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drowned. Go look after him.
FESTE He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit*]

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.
OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me.
MALVOLIO H'as been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.
OLIVIA What kind o'man is he?
MALVOLIO Why, of mankind.
OLIVIA What manner of man?
MALVOLIO Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.
OLIVIA Of what personage and years is he?
MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
OLIVIA Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.
MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit*

Enter MARIA

OLIVIA Give me my veil; come throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

* * *

2.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FESTE

FESTE Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
SEBASTIAN Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow.
Let me be clear of thee.
FESTE Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.
SEBASTIAN I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else.
Thou know'st not me.
FESTE Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?
SEBASTIAN I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.
There's money for thee. If you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.
FESTE By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report – after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter [SIR] ANDREW, [SIR] TOBY, *and* FABIAN

SIR ANDREW Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you! [*Strikes Sebastian*]
SEBASTIAN Why, there's for thee, and there, and there! [*Beats Sir Andrew*]
Are all the people mad?
SIR TOBY Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
FESTE This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit*]
SIR TOBY Come on, sir, hold!
SIR ANDREW Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.
SEBASTIAN Let go thy hand!
SIR TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come on!
SEBASTIAN I will be free from thee. [*Draws his sword*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
SIR TOBY What, what! Nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws*]

Enter OLIVIA

OLIVIA Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee hold!

* * *

Plays

15. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

3.

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons –
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN Antonio! O my dear Antonio,
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother, too;
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman – as the rest goes even –
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, 'Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola.'

VIOLA My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN And so had mine.

VIOLA And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN O that record is lively in my soul!
He finishèd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola, which to confirm
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved – to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO Be not amazed, right noble is his blood.
If this be so – as yet the glass seems true –
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA And all those sayings will I overswear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

ORSINO Give me thy hand.
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

* * *

Plays

16. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Buried Child*.

1.

HALIE'S VOICE: Dodge! (*The men sit in silence.* DODGE *lights a cigarette*. TILDEN *keeps husking corn, spits tobacco now and then in the spittoon*.) Dodge! He's not drinking anything, is he? You see to it that he doesn't drink anything! You've gotta watch out for him. It's our responsibility. He can't look after himself anymore, so we have to do it. Nobody else will do it. We can't just send him away somewhere. If we had lots of money we could send him away. But we don't. We never will. That's why we have to stay healthy. You and me. Nobody's going to look after us. Bradley can't look after us. Bradley can hardly look after himself. I was always hoping that Tilden would look out for Bradley when they got older. After Bradley lost his leg. Tilden's the oldest. I always thought he'd be the one to take responsibility. I had no idea in the world that Tilden would be so much trouble. Who would've dreamed? Tilden was an All-American, don't forget. Don't forget that. Fullback. Or quarterback. I forgot which.

TILDEN: (*To himself.*) Halfback.

DODGE: Don't make a peep. Just let her babble. (TILDEN *goes on husking*.)

HALIE'S VOICE: Then when Tilden turned out to be so much trouble, I put all my hopes on Ansel. Of course Ansel wasn't as handsome, but he was smart. He was the smartest probably. I think he probably was. Smarter than Bradley, that's for sure. Didn't go and chop his leg off with a chain saw. Smart enough not to go and do that. I think he was smarter than Tilden, too. Especially after Tilden got in all that trouble. Doesn't take brains to go to jail. Anybody knows that. 'Course then when Ansel passed, that left us all alone. Same as being alone. No different. Same as if they'd all died. He was the smartest. He could've earned lots of money. Lots and lots of money.

DODGE: Bookoos. (HALIE *enters slowly from the top of the staircase as she continues talking. Just her feet are seen at first as she makes her way down the stairs a step at a time. She appears dressed completely in black, as though in mourning. Black handbag, hat with a veil, and pulling on elbow-length black gloves. She is about sixty-five with pure white hair. She remains absorbed in what she's saying as she descends the stairs and doesn't really notice the two men who continue sitting there as they were before she came down, smoking and husking*.)

HALIE: He would've took care of us, too. He would've seen to it that we were repaid. He was like that. He was a hero. Don't forget that. A genuine hero. Brave. Strong. And very intelligent.

TILDEN: Ansel was a hero?

* * *

2.

HALIE: Roses. The most incredible things, roses! Aren't they incredible, Father?

DEWIS: Yes. Yes they are.

HALIE: They almost cover the stench of sin in this house. Hanky-panky. Just magnificent! The smell. We'll have to put some at the foot of Ansel's statue. On the day of the unveiling. (HALIE *finds a silver flask of whiskey in* DEWIS*'s vest pocket. She pulls it out*. DODGE *looks on eagerly.* HALIE *crosses to* DODGE*, opens the flask, and takes a sip. To* DODGE.) Ansel's getting a statue, Dodge. Did you know that? Not a plaque but a real live statue. A full bronze. Tip to toe. A basketball in one hand and a rifle in the other.

BRADLEY: (*His back to* HALIE.) He never played basketball!

HALIE: You better shut up, Bradley! You shut up about Ansel! Ansel played basketball better than anyone! And you know it! He was an All-American! There's no reason to take the glory away from others. Especially when one's own shortcomings are so apparent. (HALIE *turns away from* BRADLEY*, crosses back towards* DEWIS*, sipping on the flask and smiling*. *To* DEWIS.) Ansel was a great basketball player. Make no mistake. One of the greatest.

DEWIS: I remember Ansel. Handsome lad. Tall and strapping.

HALIE: Of course! You remember. You remember how he could play. (*She turns toward* SHELLY.) Of course, nowadays they play a different brand of basketball. More vicious. Isn't that right, dear?

SHELLY: I don't know. (HALIE *crosses to* SHELLY*, sipping on the flask. She stops in front of* SHELLY.)

HALIE: Much, much more vicious. They smash into each other. They knock each other's teeth out. There's blood all over the court. Savages. Barbaric, don't you think? (HALIE *takes the cup from* SHELLY *and pours whiskey into it.*) They don't train like they used to. Not at all. They allow themselves to run amok. Drugs and women. Women mostly. (HALIE *hands the cup of whiskey back to* SHELLY *slowly*. SHELLY *takes it.*) Mostly women. Girls. Sad, pathetic little skinny girls. (*She crosses back to* FATHER DEWIS.) It's just a reflection of the times, don't you think, Father? An indication of where we stand?

DEWIS: I suppose so, yes. I've been so busy with the choir—

* * *

Plays

16. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

3.

DODGE: She thinks she's gonna suddenly bring everything out into the open after all these years.

DEWIS: (*To* SHELLY.) Can't you see that these people want to be left in peace? Don't you have any mercy? They haven't done anything to you.

DODGE: She wants to get to the bottom of it. (*To* SHELLY.) That's it, isn't it? You'd like to get right down to bedrock? Look the beast right dead in the eye. You want me to tell ya? You want me to tell ya what happened? I'll tell ya. I might as well. I wouldn't mind hearing it hit the air after all these years of silence.

BRADLEY: No! Don't listen to him. He doesn't remember anything!

DODGE: I remember the whole thing from start to finish. I remember the day he was born. (*Pause.*)

HALIE: Dodge, if you tell this thing—if you tell this, you'll be dead to me. You'll be just as good as dead.

DODGE: That won't be such a big change, Halie. See this girl, this little girl here, she wants to know. She wants to know something more. And I got this feeling that it doesn't make a bit a difference. I'd sooner tell it to a stranger than anybody else. I'd sooner tell it to the four winds.

BRADLEY: (*To* DODGE.) We made a pact! We made a pact between us! You can't break that now!

DODGE: I don't remember any pact. (*Silence.*) See, we were a well-established family once. Well-established. All the boys were grown. The farm was producing enough milk to fill Lake Michigan twice over. Me and Halie here were pointed toward what looked like the middle part of our life. Everything was settled with us. All we had to do was ride it out. Then Halie got pregnant again. Out the middle a nowhere, she got pregnant. We weren't planning on havin' any more boys. We had enough boys already. In fact, we hadn't been sleepin' in the same bed for about six years.

HALIE: (*Moving toward the stairs*.) I'm not listening to this! I don't have to listen to this!

DODGE: (*Stops* HALIE.) Where are you going?! Upstairs?! You'll just be listenin' to it upstairs! You go outside, you'll be listenin' to it outside. Might as well stay here and listen to it. (HALIE *stays by the stairs*. *Pause*.) Halie had this kid, see. This baby boy. She had it. I let her have it on her own. All the other boys I had had the best doctors, the best nurses, everything. This one I let her have by herself. This one hurt real bad. Almost killed her, but she had it anyway. It lived, see. It lived. It wanted to grow up in this family. It wanted to be just like us. It wanted to be part of us. It wanted to pretend that I was its father. She wanted me to believe in it. Even when everyone around us knew. Everyone. All our boys knew. Tilden knew.

HALIE: You shut up! Bradley, make him stop!

BRADLEY: I can't.

* * *

Plays

17. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

1.

MARGARET: […] We drank together that night […]

you – lack – good breeding . . .

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2009

pp. 27–29

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2.

BIG DADDY: How was Maggie in bed?

[…]

[*Muted ring stops as someone answers phone in a soft, indistinct voice in hall*.]

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2009

pp. 66 and 67

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Plays

17. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

3.

GOOPER: – I guess that doctor has got a lot on his mind […]

MAE: Yes, honey.
[*She rises and goes out through the hall door*.]

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, 2009

pp. 80 and 81

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Short stories

18. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Foreign Soil.*

1.

Railton Road

Solomon delivered his closing rhetoric … felt electric with it.

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,
Hachette, 2014

pp. 108–110

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2.

Gaps in the Hickory

Aches Delores's heart to think bout … Seem to me now's good a time as any.'

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,
Hachette, 2014

pp. 139–141

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Short stories

18. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

3.

The Stilt Fishermen of Kathaluwa

Asanka saw a lion once … and you are too old.'

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,
Hachette, 2014

pp. 218 and 219

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Short stories

19. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Only the Animals.*

1.

Hundstage

My possessiveness gratified him … I was given to one of his close associates.

Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*,
Hamish Hamilton Penguin (Australia), 2014

pp. 76 and 77

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Short stories

19. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

2.

I, The Elephant, Wrote This

'Suleiman was born … with the sole of his own slipper. [...]'

Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*,
Hamish Hamilton Penguin (Australia), 2014

pp. 157–159

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3.

A Letter to Sylvia Plath

I turned to the animal poems … and sometimes as humans?

Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*,
Hamish Hamilton Penguin (Australia), 2014

pp. 205 and 206

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

20. Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*.

1.

Ivan Fyodorovich Shponka and His Aunt

After his arrival Ivan Fyodorovich's life … But did you know that all that land is really yours? […]'

Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*, Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 14 and 15

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

The Nose

In the street he met Mrs Podtochin … I admit, but they do happen.

Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*, Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 138 and 139

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

20. Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

3.

Diary of a Madman

April 43rd, 2000

Today is a day of great triumph … just as he does when the Director's there.'

Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*, Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 189 and 190

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

21. Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*.

1.

I had never received a telegram from Doff before, and couldn't connect it with her voice: the text seemed stilted, unreal, an altogether implausible document. It read:

BRIAN DIED IN SLEEP SYDNEY FRIDAY LETTER COMING

I had heard of bad news hitting you like a blow but never taken it literally. That's how this line of text hit me. The blow propelled me out of the lodge onto the street, pounding at full speed back to my room, gasping for air, inwardly shouting that it wasn't, couldn't be, true; the person who loved me most, who loved me *no matter what*, couldn't be dead. And, in counterpoint, the acceptance, thudding along with my feet (*he's dead, he's dead*), and an insistent question: *Who is going to watch me now?* It was not just that the person who loved me unquestioningly, uncritically, was gone. Gone also was my audience, the applauder from earliest childhood of my swimming, diving, tree-climbing and other exploits (*'Daddy, are you watching? I'm going to jump!'*), my violin-playing, my exam successes, and in general of my life. And without an audience, what was the point of the performance?

I became other things than my father's daughter. Even at the age of twenty-four in 1965, I was not only that. Indeed, if you'd asked me about my father in August 1965, I would have said grandly that he was part of that past that I had irrevocably repudiated when I left Australia a year before. In fact, he was that part of the past that I had repudiated with particular vigour (Sylvia Plath's *Daddy, you bastard, I'm through* struck a chord); I had even stopped writing to him six months before, to punish him. So it goes between parents and children in unhappy families. Like it or not, for the first twenty-four years I was more my father's daughter than anything else. What follows (*Daddy, are you watching?*) is my father's daughter's story.

Brian Fitzpatrick, my father, was a radical historian and civil liberties activist, a controversial and even notorious figure in his day, which was the 1940s and 1950s. People thought he was a Communist, although actually he was far too much of a contrarian and iconoclast to put up with any party's discipline, and this was a problem in the Cold War years in which I grew up in Melbourne.

* * *

2.

By adolescence, I was much less interested in the extended family than I had been as a child, and saw much less of them, even Ishie. But I took it for granted that they loved me, particularly Barbar and Ishie and, in the next generation, Barbie and Alan, and would come to my rescue if I ever needed it, as they had done for my mother. Equally taken for granted was the fact that I had parents who understood and sympathised with my intellectual concerns.

On the intellectual side, I was full of complaints about school and the lack of intellectual stimulation, completing overlooking the fact that, thanks to my parents and the cultural skills I had inherited from them, I was conducting my own self-education in literature, history, music and politics with great energy and success; in fact, it was probably the most exciting period of my reading and intellectual life, building up a capital of knowledge and ideas that I lived off for years afterwards.

The other good aspect of school that gets overlooked in my usual version of my life is sport. Once I went to university, I stopped playing any sport and, having become an intellectual snob, looked down on it, especially hockey; I suppose that is the reason it got written out of my life. But I, like my father, always enjoyed physical activity, including, in my case, team games. I played regular tennis doubles at lunchtime and after school for years on my friend Robin's court—by great good luck, she lived next door to Lauriston, and we were given a special dispensation to leave the grounds during school hours. I played hockey with even more enthusiasm, because I was better at it than tennis, and got as much of a kick out of the actual playing as I did out of being on the school team. I was on the swimming team as a diver for a while, though, as I never really mastered somersaults from the high board, I wasn't very good. In contrast to many of my schoolmates, I even enjoyed the compulsory physical training classes in the gym.

Selective memory of school retains 'The Hate Sheila Campaign' in high relief, while somehow ignoring the fact that I was not without friends at school—three or four close ones in the final years. Sometimes, when I talk to my old school friends—still my friends, which underlines the fact that there must be a story I'm not telling about my adolescence—they recount things that I absolutely don't remember, though in terms of time and place they sound plausible.

* * *

Other literature

21. Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

3.

It was time to leave. I had grown up in the past couple of years and felt strong enough, more or less, to go. Personally, I felt I had got into a dead end, and intellectually there was nothing much to be learned about Russian history staying in Australia. I took the conventional route of applying for a Commonwealth Scholarship; my father was sorry that, as a woman, I was not eligible for a Rhodes. Commonwealth Scholarships only took you to other places in the Commonwealth, so the United States—which would have been an obvious place to go to study modern Russian history—was out. But in any case, I can't imagine myself at this time choosing to go to the US. This was not just inherited left-wing anti-Americanism, though I had some of that, but a status question: the people with Firsts from Melbourne normally went to England, preferably to Oxford or Cambridge.

When the Commonwealth Scholarship came through, I was offered a choice of St Antony's College, Oxford, and the London School of Economics. I made the decision to go to Oxford partly on intellectual grounds: St Antony's was home to some of the scholars whose work on Soviet literary politics I had discussed in my *Dissent* piece. Oxford also sounded good to the History Department and to my father. And in addition, I remember that I was frightened by the idea of London—so big, so unknown, so unmanageable. How would I find my way round, make friends, find somewhere to live? Better to go to Oxford, which was smaller, with residential colleges (Women's College was a good memory, though by now I would have disdained a single-sex institution). So I chose St Antony's, which was a reasonable decision although, as it later turned out, a bad one.

* * *

Other literature

22. WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Dreaming & Other Essays*.

1.

Durmugam: A Nangiomeri

Durmugam was initiated, as he says, 'in the bush', at a time (about 1913) when a relatively large number of Aborigines could be assembled and the full panoply of ceremonial forms could be followed. He emerged a blackfellow for life. He did not simply reach manhood: he was *given* it, was *made* a man by men who stood for and taught him to stand for a tradition in part only revealed. Later, as I have narrated, he learned the full tradition, not of his own, but of neighbourly tribes. The conditioning was not only thus completed, but vivified, by the new presence of Kunabibi, and by the repetition and intensification of stimuli consistent with those of the trauma of initiation.

I came to believe, in the end, that the 'hot belly' and the calm face of this man were consistent. The initiations teach boys to be men: to know pain and ignore it; to feel fear and master it; to want, but to bear the necessary costs; to grasp that outside society they are nothing (in the isolation of initiation they are called 'wild dogs') and, inside it, the masters; that through them The Dreaming is 'followed up'; that the tradition is 'the road'. The vital impulses are not crushed, but steered; the social conscience forecloses these fields only to leave those open; the male ego is beckoned to a defined dominance. The 'hot belly' is not only allowable, but premial, in an Aboriginal man. The calmness, self-possession, and dignity are the marks of a well-socialised Aboriginal; and the Aboriginal following up The Dreaming is a man who has his feet on surety.

The emphasis on rules, forms, norms, and the like, which vexes so many anthropologists who have not encountered Aboriginal culture, and seems to be a bias of the analysts, is not an error of scholars. It is objectively there. It is simply a function of a need, or necessary condition, of Aboriginal life: an elaboration of means serving ends which have canonised values. The life of the mature, initiated male is the practice of the doctrine.

Durmugam's life, in broad, seems to me to vindicate this thesis. He came to good terms with Europeanism, but found it saltless all his days and, at the end, bitter too. It had some few goods—mundane things which were either substitutes for Aboriginal equivalents (axes, knives, houses) or additions in no way competing with anything in 'the way'—which he took and used, sensibly. But it never attracted him emotionally, it did not interest him intellectually, and it aroused only his material desires.

He might perhaps be looked on as a study in benign dissociation. At the conscious level he had found a way of living with duality, an oafish Europeanism and an Aboriginal idealism.

* * *

2.

The Dreaming

Their creative 'drive' to make sense and order out of things has concentrated on the social rather than on the metaphysical or the material side. Consequently, there has been an unusually rich development of what the anthropologist calls 'social structure', the network of enduring relations recognised between people. This very intricate system is an intellectual and social achievement of a high order. It is not, like an instinctual response, a phenomenon of 'nature'; it is not, like art or ritual, a complex type of behaviour passionately added to 'nature', in keeping with metaphysical insight but without rational and intelligible purposes which can be clearly stated; it has to be compared, I think, with such a secular achievement as, say, parliamentary government in a European society. It is truly positive knowledge.

One may see within it three things: given customs, 'of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary'; a vast body of cumulative knowledge about the effects of these customs on a society in given circumstances; and the use of the power of abstract reason to rationalise the resultant relations into a system.

But it is something more; their social organisation has become *the source of the dominant mode of Aboriginal thinking*. The blacks use social organisation to give a bony structure to parts of the world-outlook suggested by intuitive speculation. I mean by this that they have taken some of its fundamental principles and relations and have applied them to very much wider sets of phenomena. This tends to happen if any type of system of thought becomes truly dominant. It is, broadly, what Europeans did with 'religion' and 'science' as systems: extended their principles and categories to fields far beyond the contexts in which the systems grew.

Thus, the blacks have taken the male-female social principle and have extended it to the non-human world. In one tribe I have studied, all women, without exception, call particular birds or trees by the same kinship terms which they apply to actual relatives. In the same way, all men without exception use comparable terms for a different set of trees or birds. From this results what the anthropologist calls 'sex totemism'. The use of other principles results in other types of totemism. An understanding of this simple fact removes much of the social, if not the ritual, mystery of totemism. Again, the principle of relatedness itself, relatedness between known people by known descent through known marriages, is extended over the whole face of human society. The same terms of kinship which are used for close agnatic and affinal relatives are used for every other person an Aboriginal meets in the course of his life: strangers, friends, enemies, and known kin may all be called by the same terms as one uses for brother, father, mother's sister, father's mother's brother, and so on. This is what an anthropologist means when he says 'Aboriginal society is a society of kinship'.

* * *

Other literature

22. WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

3.

Aboriginal Humour

Much of what I shall say amounts in the end to a roundabout statement that the Aborigines found amusing much the same kind of things which we find amusing. In other words, we are dealing with human universals. It is therefore, perhaps, as well for me to begin by saying that there were of course major differences.

We find a certain amusement—kindly, but still amusement—in much Aboriginal custom. This is parochialism on our part, but it is well matched: the Aborigine felt (and feels) much the same way about European custom. Much of our scheme of life does not 'make sense' to him. A quick handful of things that baffle him about us, and for which he laughs *at* us behind our backs, would include our inexplicable passion for unremitting work; the fact that men willingly carry things where there are women to carry them; that we actually thrash small children; that we accumulate, and hold in perpetuity, stupidly large amounts of goods instead of dispersing them to gain reputation; that we have no apparent rules of marriage—I could give many such instances to show how the two schemes of living lie across each other. It is remarkable in the circumstances, that the universals of humour show through so strongly. Sometimes, of course, all communication breaks down, and blackfellow and European look helplessly at each other over an uncrossable frontier.

Several years ago I was making some psychological tests which required the Aborigines to repeat, days and weeks later, a story I had told them. Many of the recalls broke down, the blacks being overcome with laughter at the same point. The story was about two brothers who had quarrelled over a girl. As the blacks began to tell me how one brother sneaked up and killed the other with one stroke of a stick, their self-control failed and they hooted with mirth. Something about the idea seemed to them quite risible. I suspect it may have been the connotation of romantic love. I saw too late that this kind of theme suffused the story. Sexual passion of course they know and understand, but the sensible thing for Aboriginal brothers to do if they like the same girl is to *share* her favours. The cult of romantic love, as far as they can comprehend it, possibly seems to them a sort of lunacy, very much as some of us look on tooth avulsion, the cutting of bodily cicatrices, or widow-strangling.

You will appreciate the difficulties. I have to rule out of my discussion a certain amount of Aboriginal humour since it rests on—indeed, only makes sense within—the context of their own outlook and customs.

* * *

Other literature

23. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Candide, or Optimism*.

1.

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologico-cosmo-nigology … the most beautiful and delightful of possible castles.

Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*,
Theo Cuffe (ed. and trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 4 and 5

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Candide said to Cacambo … still weeping as he entered Surinam.

Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*,
Theo Cuffe (ed. and trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 51 and 52

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

23. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

3.

Pangloss conceded that he had suffered horribly … At which the dervish slammed the door in their faces.

Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*,
Theo Cuffe (ed. and trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2005

pp. 91 and 92

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Other literature

24. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *A Room of One's Own*.

1.

It was a woman Edward Fitzgerald, I think, suggested who made the ballads and the folk-songs, crooning them to her children, beguiling her spinning with them, or the length of the winter's night.

This may be true or it may be false – who can say? – but what is true in it, so it seemed to me, reviewing the story of Shakespeare's sister as I had made it, is that any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazed, shot herself, or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked at. For it needs little skill in psychology to be sure that a highly gifted girl who had tried to use her gift for poetry would have been so thwarted and hindered by other people, so tortured and pulled asunder by her own contrary instincts, that she must have lost her health and sanity to a certainty. No girl could have walked to London and stood at a stage door and forced her way into the presence of actor-managers without doing herself a violence and suffering an anguish which may have been irrational – for chastity may be a fetish invented by certain societies for unknown reasons – but were none the less inevitable. Chastity had then, it has even now, a religious importance in a woman's life, and has so wrapped itself round with nerves and instincts that to cut it free and bring it to the light of day demands courage of the rarest. To have lived a free life in London in the sixteenth century would have meant for a woman who was poet and playwright a nervous stress and dilemma which might well have killed her. Had she survived, whatever she had written would have been twisted and deformed, issuing from a strained and morbid imagination. And undoubtedly, I thought, looking at the shelf where there are no plays by women, her work would have gone unsigned. That refuge she would have sought certainly. It was the relic of the sense of chastity that dictated anonymity to women even so late as the nineteenth century. Currer Bell, George Eliot, George Sand, all the victims of inner strife as their writings prove, sought ineffectively to veil themselves by using the name of a man.

* * *

2.

And since a novel has this correspondence to real life, its values are to some extent those of real life. But it is obvious that the values of women differ very often from the values which have been made by the other sex; naturally, this is so. Yet it is the masculine values that prevail. Speaking crudely, football and sport are 'important'; the worship of fashion, the buying of clothes 'trivial'. And these values are inevitably transferred from life to fiction. This is an important book, the critic assumes, because it deals with war. This is an insignificant book because it deals with the feelings of women in a drawing-room. A scene in a battlefield is more important than a scene in a shop – everywhere and much more subtly the difference of value persists. The whole structure, therefore, of the early nineteenth-century novel was raised, if one was a woman, by a mind which was slightly pulled from the straight, and made to alter its clear vision in deference to external authority. One has only to skim those old forgotten novels and listen to the tone of voice in which they are written to divine that the writer was meeting criticism; she was saying this by way of aggression, or that by way of conciliation. She was admitting that she was 'only a woman', or protesting that she was 'as good as a man'. She met that criticism as her temperament dictated, with docility and diffidence, or with anger and emphasis. It does not matter which it was; she was thinking of something other than the thing itself. Down comes her book upon our heads. There was a flaw in the centre of it. And I thought of all the women's novels that lie scattered, like small pock-marked apples in an orchard, about the second-hand book shops of London. It was the flaw in the centre that had rotted them. She had altered her values in deference to the opinion of others.

But how impossible it must have been for them not to budge either to the right or to the left. What genius, what integrity it must have required in face of all that criticism, in the midst of that purely patriarchal society, to hold fast to the thing as they saw it without shrinking. Only Jane Austen did it and Emily Brontë. It is another feather, perhaps the finest, in their caps. They wrote as women write, not as men write. Of all the thousand women who wrote novels then, they alone entirely ignored the perpetual admonitions of the eternal pedagogue – write this, think that.

* * *

Other literature

24. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

3.

Intellectual freedom depends upon material things. Poetry depends upon intellectual freedom. And women have always been poor, not for two hundred years merely, but from the beginning of time. Women have had less intellectual freedom than the sons of Athenian slaves. Women, then, have not had a dog's chance of writing poetry. That is why I have laid so much stress on money and a room of one's own. However, thanks to the toils of those obscure women in the past, of whom I wish we knew more, thanks, curiously enough to two wars, the Crimean which let Florence Nightingale out of her drawing-room, and the European War which opened the doors to the average woman some sixty years later, these evils are in the way to be bettered. Otherwise you would not be here tonight, and your chance of earning five hundred pounds a year, precarious as I am afraid that it still is, would be minute in the extreme.

Still, you may object, why do you attach so much importance to this writing of books by women when, according to you, it requires so much effort, leads perhaps to the murder of one's aunts, will make one almost certainly late for luncheon, and may bring one into very grave disputes with certain very good fellows? My motives, let me admit, are partly selfish. Like most uneducated Englishwomen, I like reading – I like reading books in the bulk. Lately my diet has become a trifle monotonous; history is too much about wars; biography too much about great men; poetry has shown, I think, a tendency to sterility, and fiction – but I have sufficiently exposed my disabilities as a critic of modern fiction and will say no more about it. Therefore I would ask you to write all kinds of books, hesitating at no subject however trivial or however vast. By hook or by crook, I hope that you will possess yourselves of money enough to travel and to idle, to contemplate the future or the past of the world, to dream over books and loiter at street corners and let the line of thought dip deep into the stream. For I am by no means confining you to fiction. If you would please me – and there are thousands like me – you would write books of travel and adventure, and research and scholarship, and history and biography, and criticism and philosophy and science. By so doing you will certainly profit the art of fiction. For books have a way of influencing each other. Fiction will be much the better for standing cheek by jowl with poetry and philosophy. Moreover, if you consider any great figure of the past, like Sappho, like the Lady Murasaki, like Emily Brontë, you will find that she is an inheritor as well as an originator, and has come into existence because women have come to have the habit of writing naturally; so that even as a prelude to poetry such activity on your part would be invaluable.

* * *

Poetry

25. Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Robert Browning.

1.

My Last Duchess
Ferrara

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace – all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked
Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
– E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

* * *

2.

A Toccata of Galuppi's

I
Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

II
Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where Saint Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

III
Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call
. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:
I was never out of England – it's as if I saw it all.

IV
Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to midday,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

V
Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red, –
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

VI
Well, and it was graceful of them – they'd break talk off and afford
– She, to bite her mask's black velvet – he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

VII
What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions – 'Must we die?'
These commiserating sevenths – 'Life might last! we can but try!'

VIII
'Were you happy?' – 'Yes.' – 'And are you still as happy?' – 'Yes. And you?'
– 'Then, more kisses?' – 'Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

Poetry

25. Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

IX
So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!'

X
Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

XI
But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music till I creep through every nerve.

XII
Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
'Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
The soul, doubtless, is immortal – where a soul can be discerned.

XIII
'Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction, – you'll not die, it cannot be!

XIV
'As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

XV
'Dust and ashes!' So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too – what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

* * *

3.

Two in the Campagna

VI
Such life here, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting nature have her way
While heaven looks from its towers!

VII
How say you? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above!
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

VIII
I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more.
Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free!
Where does the fault lie? What the core
O' the wound, since wound must be?

IX
I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your soul's springs, – your part my part
In life, for good and ill.

X
No. I yearn upward, touch you close,
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth, – I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak –
Then the good minute goes.

XI
Already how am I so far
Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star?

XII
Just when I seemed about to learn!
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern –
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

* * *

Poetry

26. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry set from this text.

1.

In the Grasp of Childhood Fields

Ha Jin

Homework

Under his pencil a land is unfolding.

…

beside rattling nukes like slingshots.

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond,
WW Norton & Company, 2008

pp. 16 and 17

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2.

Parsed into Colors

Diana Der-Hovanessian

Two Voices

Do you think of yourself as an Armenian? Or an American? Or hyphenated American?

—D. M. Thomas

In what language do I pray?

…

It speaks in Armenian.

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond,
WW Norton & Company, 2008

pp. 61–63

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Poetry

26. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

3.

Slips and Atmospherics

Michael Ondaatje

Proust in the Waters

Swimming along the bar of moon

…

Of the moon bar

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond,
WW Norton & Company, 2008

p. 187

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Poetry

27. Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Rosemary Dobson.

1.

Painter of Umbria

Francesco Calvi, Umbrian by birth

…

And climbed a further rung up Jacob's ladder.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland Press, 2012

pp. 78 and 79

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

The Tiger

The tiger paces up and down

…

The splendid danger of his rage!

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland Press, 2012

p. 87

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

27. Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

3.

The Passionate Poet and the Moon

His candle's steady flame burned on

…

By that usurped Endymion.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland Press, 2012

p. 123

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Poetry

28. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Sylvia Plath.

1.

The Applicant

First, are you our sort of a person?

…

Will you marry it, marry it, marry it.

Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*,
Faber Modern Classics, 2015

pp. 6 and 7

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

The Moon and the Yew Tree

This is the light of the mind, cold and planetary.

…

And the message of the yew tree is blackness — blackness and silence.

Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*,
Faber Modern Classics, 2015

pp. 40 and 41

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Poetry

28. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

3.

Balloons

Since Christmas they have lived with us,

…

Shred in his little fist.

Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*,
Faber Modern Classics, 2015

pp. 75 and 76

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

29. Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Chris Wallace-Crabbe.

1.

The Swing

On a swing at midnight in the black park. Between poplars

…

Unsatisfied, uncertain, I am swinging again tonight in the park.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*, Carcanet, 2013

p. 61

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Timber

IV

In boyhood, there was fascination with mallee roots,

…

hemlock, mulga, sandalwood, yew…

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*, Carcanet, 2013

pp. 151–155

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

29. Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

3.

The Rescue Will Not Take Place

What do we live for?

…

give them what God was, and call it art.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*, Carcanet, 2013

pp. 162 and 163

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

30. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Samuel Wagan Watson.

1.

for the wake and skeleton dance

the dreamtime Dostoyevskys murmur of a recession in the spirit world
they say,
the night creatures are feeling the pinch
of growing disbelief and western rationality
that the apparitions of black dingos stalk the city night, hungry
their ectoplasm on the sidewalk in a cocktail of vomit and swill
waiting outside the drinking holes of the living
preying on the dwindling souls fenced in by assimilation

the dreamtime Dostoyevskys ponder
as dark riders in the sky signal a movement
for the wake and skeleton dance
it's payback time for the bureaucrats in black skins
and the fratricide troopers before them
with no room to move on a dead man's bed

is it all worth holding onto these memories
amidst the blood-drenched sands?
better to forget?

the dreamtime Dostoyevskys feel the early winter
chilled footsteps walk across their backs in the dark hours,
the white man didn't bring all the evil
some of it was here already
gestating
laughing
intoxicated
untapped
harassing the living
welcoming the tallship leviathans of two centuries ago
that crossed the line drawn in the sand by the Serpent
spilling dark horses from their bowels
and something called the Covenant,
infecting the dreamtime with the ghosts of a million lost entities
merely faces in the crowd at the festival of the dead,
the wake is over
and to the skeleton dance the bonemen smile
open season on chaos theory
and retirement eternal for the dreamtime Dostoyevsky

* * *

2.

we're not truckin' around

upon the dining table of the Invader
there were those who thought
that they could simply mimic creation
and plough through this land
inventive
but blindfolded

— *where'd ya get ya license!*

and the bitumen vine of wandering impetus
drove right through the bora-ring
and knocked our phone off the hook
forever

forcing us to stand out on the shoulder of the road
looking for a lift,
even though
we weren't really lusting
that 18-wheeler of a lifestyle
driving into the next millennium

we've been too used
to feeling a kinship
with the discarded and shredded
black pieces of truck tire
on the fringes of the big road

us 'damper-feet' may just pull up a seat on the shoulder
watch
and observe
how you lead-foots fend for yourselves
as the surfers twist before the white squall ahead

the encroaching absalom before us all
an electronic highway

* * *

Poetry

30. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

3.

smoke signals

I remember construction cranes like herds of frozen praying-mantis, high on the steamy Bjelke-Petersen plateau above a brown snake-coiled river. It was from this view, at the age of 4, that I learnt to read the columns of Brisbane city. And from this view, I came to recognise the segregation of *Smoke*. *Black smoke* darkened the blue-collar suburbs, covering the workers in burnt-rubber cologne. Black smoke was saved for industrial accidents, or when a lower-income family had their fibro-lined house smothered in winter flames. But *white smoke*, white smoke plumed from chez-nouveau, white-collar fireplaces. White smoke belonged to European engines with a smooth choke. White smoke stayed behind the construction cranes where I imagined a life that would *never* depreciate. A place where children weren't scared of the dark. Beyond the white smoke was where I thought I would discover the *Lucky Country*

highrises dictate
a crow punctuates the sky
clouds await error

* * *

END OF SECTION B
TURN OVER

Assessment criteria

Section A will be assessed against the following criteria:

- development of an informed, relevant and plausible interpretation of the text
- understanding and analysis of the text, demonstrated through the use of textual evidence
- analysis and evaluation of the views and values foregrounded in the topic and underlying one literary perspective of the text, and awareness of how these views and values relate to the text
- expressive, fluent and coherent use of language and development of ideas

Section B will be assessed 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 the 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

END OF TASK BOOK