

## G10 Conflict in Literature Summative

### Instructions

- Make a copy of this document
  - Select one of the following three questions to respond to.
1. In what ways do two poems convey the emotional and psychological effects of conflict on individuals?
  2. How do two poems use symbolism to explore themes of loss?
  3. Analyze how two poems depict the contrast between individual actions and broader societal implications.
- Using two poems from below, *Ozymandias*, *Kamikaze*, *Exposure*, and *War Photographer*, answer your chosen question in a comparative analytical essay. You are expected to write 500-800 words.
  - When your time is up, you will download a copy of this document and upload it to Managebac.
  - Relax and breathe.

### **Question: 3**

*My response starts here...*

Both *Kamikaze* written by Beatrice Garland and *War Photography* written by Carol Ann Duffy compare and explore the contrast that is found between individual actions and societal implications. *Kamikaze* shows how a Japanese Kamikaze pilot decides to go against societal expectations, leading to the pilot being excluded from society. In contrast, in *War Photographer*, we see how a war photographer abides to societal expectations, which causes him psychological pain, and how society doesn't fully appreciate what the War Photographer is doing.

In *Kamikaze*, we see how individual actions go against societal expectations. From the following excerpt "and enough fuel for a one-way, journey into history, but half way there, she thought, he must have looked far down at the little fishing boats, strung out like bunting, on a green-blue translucent sea", we see the use of a simile, comparing fishing boats to bunting, to symbolize the good in life that this Kamikaze pilot wanted to continue living for. We see a contrast between what the Kamikaze pilot wants for himself, going back and continuing on with his life, and societal expectations which would cause him to lose his life for the benefit of the rest of the country. This contrast between the individual's action and societal expectations shows the dilemma that many soldiers and pilots had to face during the war, to either put their own life first or to put their country first. Throughout *Kamikaze*, we see a comparison between these two beliefs, contrasting the individual action and societal expectations.

Similarly, in *War Photographer*, we see how societal expectations impact the individual and his actions. Through the excerpt “He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays, beneath his hands, which did not tremble then, though seem to now”, we see through enjambment, how what society expects him to do, him doing his job, causes this man to have to go through the horrors of war many times, which we can see is having a large psychological impact on him. This shows a contrast between what is best for the photographer, leaving the war and forgetting about it, and what society expects him to do, to go into the war and keep memories of the war for the rest of the public to see. Unlike the pilot in *Kamikaze*, we see that the photographer does do what society expects him to. Through the line “beneath his hands, which did not tremble then, though seem to now”, we see that this job has significant impacts on the photographer’s well being and state of mind, yet he still carries on because he feels the need to abide to societal needs. This shows a contrast between individual needs and actions, and what society causes him to do.

Additionally, in *Kamikaze*, we see how through the individual’s action, there are many implications to both society and to how society now treats the individual. In the lines “And though he came back, my mother never spoke again, in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes and the neighbors too, they treated him, as though he no longer existed,” we see a use of enjambment to express how society treated the pilot after he decided to go against what society had expected. Though the *Kamikaze* pilot chose to return home so that he could be with his family, his family treats him as though he was dead, ignoring his presence and avoiding eye contact with him, even though his family was most likely happy to know he was alive. This shows how societal expectations and what society has deemed acceptable has gone above individual wants and needs, and even above family. This shows how in wartime Japan, society was put above the individual, and how these societal implications can impact and affect individual actions.

However, in contrast to *Kamikaze*, in *War Photographer* we see how people abiding to societal expectations are underappreciated by society. In the lines “A hundred agonies in black and white, from which his editor will pick out five or six, The reader’s eyeballs prick with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers” Carol Ann Duffy utilizes a metaphor to contrast the pain and horror of the war with the readers who are relaxing in a bath with a beer. This shows that the individual’s action is underappreciated in this society, even though the individual has chosen society over himself. This contrasts to *Kamikaze* where the pilot doesn’t do what society wanted him to and how society treated him as if he were dead. This shows that in wartime, it was expected for the individual to put society over themselves. This shows how those who abide societal needs are often underappreciated, and how societal implications and expectations can contrast greatly from individual actions and needs.

Overall, both poems contrast how society expects individuals to act, and how the needs of the individual are often ignored when society expects something else. *Kamikaze* shows how society treated those who choose themselves over society whereas *War Photographer* shows how society treated those who chose society over themselves. Both poems contrast the ideas of individual needs and societal needs and expectations.

## **Kamikaze**

*By Beatrice Garland*

Her father embarked at sunrise  
with a flask of water, a samurai sword  
in the cockpit, a shaven head  
full of powerful incantations  
and enough fuel for a one-way  
journey into history

but half way there, she thought,  
recounting it later to her children,  
he must have looked far down  
at the little fishing boats  
strung out like bunting  
on a green-blue translucent sea

and beneath them, arcing in swathes  
like a huge flag waved first one way  
then the other in a figure of eight,  
the dark shoals of fishes  
flashing silver as their bellies  
swivelled towards the sun

and remembered how he  
and his brothers waiting on the shore  
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles  
to see whose withstood longest  
the turbulent inrush of breakers  
bringing their father's boat safe

– yes, grandfather's boat – safe  
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash  
with cloud-marked mackerel,  
black crabs, feathery prawns,  
the loose silver of whitebait and once  
a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.

And though he came back  
my mother never spoke again  
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes  
and the neighbours too, they treated him  
as though he no longer existed,  
only we children still chattered and laughed

till gradually we too learned  
to be silent, to live as though  
he had never returned, that this  
was no longer the father we loved.  
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered  
which had been the better way to die.

## **War Photographer**

*By Carol Ann Duffy*

In his dark room he is finally alone  
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.  
The only light is red and softly glows,  
as though this were a church and he  
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.  
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays  
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then  
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again  
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,  
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet  
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features  
faintly start to twist before his eyes,  
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries  
of this man's wife, how he sought approval  
without words to do what someone must  
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white  
from which his editor will pick out five or six  
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick  
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.  
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where  
he earns his living and they do not care.