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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the Grade 12 Diploma Examinations in English 30, this "readings booklet" presents 8 reading selections from fiction and nonfiction. After instructions for students, the booklet presents (1) Robert Penn Warren's poem "Summer Afternoons and Hypnosis"; (2) an excerpt from an interview with William Golding; (3) a dramatic passage by Hilaire Belloc; (4) an excerpt from Janusz Malinowski's "The Nature of the Visual Arts"; (5) an excerpt from Peter Carey's novel "Oscar and Lucinda"; (6) R. S. Thomas' poem "The Face"; (7) an excerpt from William Shakespeare's "King Henry IV, Part 2"; and (8) Lance Morrow's essay "The Holy War of Words." (RS)

Readings Booklet

January 1997

English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Alberta
EDUCATION

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English 30 Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet
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Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. You may take an additional 1/2 hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

I. Questions 1 to 8 in your Question Booklet are based on this poem.

SUMMER AFTERNOONS AND HYPNOSIS

Lulled by stream-murmur and the afternoon's hypnosis
Of summer, guarded by willow shade while the sun
Westward inclines, you lie. The far world's only voice is
The muted music of sheep bells, one by one,

Threading the infinite distance of sunlight and languor.
Yes, lulled thus, your life achieves its honesty,
In which love, hate, lust, courage, cowardice, and anger,
With truth at last from lies torn, emerge from the shadowy

Mist of Time and sequence seek in Timelessness
Each its lonely and naked reality, and your heart,
Bemused as though in a mirror's icy duress,[1]
Seems to suspend its stroke, and your dry lips part

In a whisper of slow appallment to ask, "Was this
The life that all those years I lived, and did not know?"
Do you really think now the sun frozen motionless?
Do you really think the stream no longer can flow?

But the heart again strikes, and the world resumes its nature,
And Time swirls back in a tide more sousing than Fundy,[2]
And what man has endured he can endure,
And the shadow of that tall pine names night, and by

The moment it touches that mossed stone yonder, you will have roused
Yourself to yourself, and set foot to the mile
That leads to the roof whereunder you find enhoused
The mystery of love's redeeming smile.

Robert Penn Warren
Contemporary American writer and literary critic

[1]duress—imprisonment, constraint
[2]Fundy—the Bay of Fundy between the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a deep inlet where the tide comes in very quickly. These are among the highest tides in the world.

II. Questions 9 to 16 in your Question Booklet are based on this excerpt from an interview.

from CHAOS IN THE CLASSROOM

The following is taken from an interview with William Golding.

During the 1940s, the Headmaster of Bishop Wordsworth's school in Salisbury introduced a measure of self-government into some lessons for his ten-year-old pupils. They were allowed to mount a discussion: two sides would argue, one of the boys would act as Chairman. However, an adult was to supervise such classes. One day, a Mr. Golding, the English master, by way of social experiment, withdrew his supervision and gave the class complete freedom. His darkest suspicions were confirmed: he intervened just in time to prevent, as he says, mayhem and murder breaking out. Mankind, and particularly boykind, it seems, has immense powers for evil.

No doubt the boys soon got back to their seats, straightening their ties and licking their wounds, and William Golding used the experience to write Lord of the Flies, *one of the best, and most taught, novels published since the war. His deepseated belief in original sin[1] thus confirmed, he went on to write ten other novels and to join Rudyard Kipling, Bertrand Russell, Galsworthy and Winston Churchill—the few Englishmen to win the Nobel prize for literature. Seldom can a single period of Junior English have produced such fruitful results. . . .*

The new Nobel laureate[2] was known as "Mr. Scruffy" when he taught at Bishop Wordsworth's.

It was an inept description. William Golding appeared in well-pressed cotton trousers and a sweater. A mutual friend had told me to expect . . . [a] seafaring man. . . . What I found was . . . a sturdy 72-year-old with the white hair and beard of a minor prophet. I remembered he must be the only living English novelist to have commanded a ship in battle.

"My father was the Headmaster of Marlborough Grammar. I would say he was a great man in reduced circumstances. His views were exactly the same as those of H.G. Wells. He had great faith in evolution, Socialism and human progress. His father had been a religious Quaker cobbler, and when I put my head

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[1]original sin—an interpretation of the Book of Genesis in the Bible that suggests that because the origins of humanity (Adam and Eve) were sinful, all subsequent offspring inherit their sin

[2]*laureate*—the recipient of honour for achievement in an area of art or science

over the parapet[3] at the age of eleven, I saw that atheism[4] wasn't enough. I mean, I do remember going into a church when I was very young and telling God to strike me dead if he existed. He didn't oblige, but I did come to believe in a God as my grandfather did."

"And your mother?"

"She was a suffragette. She stood on the steps of Marlborough Town Hall and had tomatoes thrown at her. She didn't have as much influence on me as my father. She lived a rich fantasy life."

"How did you know that?"

"From certain things she said when she was an old woman and talked to herself." . . .

"My father and I used to have terrific arguments about cosmology. I mean, I said that the universe must have been created because it had a beginning. And he said I couldn't prove it had a beginning at all."

"So what did you say?"

"That if the universe didn't start, infinite time has already passed so we couldn't have got back where we are. And he said, 'just suppose time is asymptotic in a backward direction!' "

"Asym—, what was that again?"

"A line that continually approaches a curve but never reaches it. So time never got to a beginning at all."

"What did your mother say to all that?"

"I don't think she took any part in the conversation."

I began to see why Mrs. Golding senior lived a rich inner life.

"The Navy in the war must have seemed a long way from the Theosophists[5] in 1001 Finchley Road."

"It was. I was a rating, and then they gave us an exam and asked us a question about explosions. My uncle had been a miner and I'd read a chapter in one of his books about dynamite, so I wrote an entire essay on the subject. I suddenly found myself acclaimed as a great expert and sent to work with all the nobs. I met Lord Cherwell and Churchill and a lot of sycophantic[6] Brigadiers. Then an experiment went wrong and I was nearly blown up. I asked to go back to sea. I commanded a rocket carrier."

"Did you kill anyone?"

"Oh, I suppose so. But they were a long way off. The Navy's a very gentlemanly business. You fire at the horizon to sink a ship, and then you pull

Continued

[3]parapet—a wall or bank used to screen troops from frontal enemy fire
[4]atheism—the belief that there is no God
[5]Theosophists—those who believe in the philosophy of gaining spiritual insight though contemplation
[6]sycophantic—parasitic flatterers of people of influence

people out of the water and say, 'Frightfully sorry, old chap.' I'd stand on the bridge . . . and say: 'Salvoes!'[7] and they'd answer, 'Salvoes, sir!' . . . "

The sea and shipwrecks, these things play a great part in William Golding's books. No doubt he not only remembers naval battles but a collision between his own boat and a Japanese cargo ship in the foggy Channel which might have been fatal. We are in danger of drowning, as we are in danger because we all live, like men at sea, too close to each other and, as he has written at the end of Rites of Passage, "*too close thereby to all that is monstrous under the sun and moon.*"

"I wrote *Lord of the Flies* after the war," he said. "I remembered the class at Bishop Wordsworth's, and I remembered the gangs of Russian children after the Revolution who roamed the streets murdering people. I wanted to say to the English: 'You think you've won the war and defeated Nazism so you're all nice, decent people. But look out. The evil is in us all.' "

"You mean original sin?"

"You know, St. Augustine was a twin. I don't really like St. Augustine, but I remember that he wrote that his first memory was of trying to push his twin away from their mother's breast. I know I'm born with a great capacity for evil, and a warped ability to enjoy it."

"Do you think we'll always be like that?"

"I don't know. We've had Neanderthal Man and *Homo sapiens*. Perhaps one day we'll get to *Homo moralis*. Perhaps we're like the ants—damned to produce a perfect society."

"But you think there is a civilizing influence which can control our destructive urges. Where do you think that influence comes from?"

"Your guess is as good as mine." We were having lunch then, and William Golding poured out the Chassagne-Montrachet which he had kept, on biblical advice, till later. "I just hope I don't know." . . .

"Do you still want to write poetry?" I asked Golding.

"I do it a little. In Latin. You can't be fashionable in Latin."

"Isn't it satisfying enough to write good prose?"

"Poetry's different. Poetry's on a higher level. 'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white . . .' I still remember all the poems everyone else learnt at my Dame's School. That's what I mind about. No one's ever going to learn Golding."

John Mortimer
Contemporary English lawyer and writer

[7]Salvoes—a discharge of artillery either as a salute or as a hostile broadside

III. Questions 17 to 24 in your Questions Booklet are based on this dramatic passage.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A GUEST

C'est ma Jeunesse qui s'en va.
Adieu! la très gente compagne—
Oncques ne suis moins gai pour ça
(C'est ma Jeunesse qui s'en va)
Et lon-lon-laire, et lon-lon-là
Peut-être perds; peut-être gagne.
C'est ma Jeunesse qui s'en va.

It is my Youth who is leaving.
Farewell! most pleasant companion—
But I am not less happy for it
(It is my Youth who is leaving)
And la di da and la di day
I may be losing; I may be gaining.
It is my Youth who is leaving.

(*Translated from the French in the author's manuscript*)

HOST: Well, Youth, I see you are about to leave me, and since it is in the terms of your service by no means to exceed a certain period in my house, I must make up my mind to bid you farewell.

YOUTH: Indeed, I would stay if I could; but the matter lies as you know in other hands, and I may not stay.

HOST: I trust, dear Youth, that you have found all comfortable while you were my guest, that the air has suited you and the company?

YOUTH: I thank you, I have never enjoyed a visit more; you may say that I have been most unusually happy.

HOST: Then let me ring for the servant who shall bring down your things.

YOUTH: I thank you civilly! I have brought them down already—see, they are here. I have but two, one very large bag and this other small one.

HOST: Why, you have not locked the small one! See it gapes!

YOUTH (*Somewhat embarrassed*): My dear Host . . . to tell the truth . . . I usually put it off till the end of my visits . . . but the truth . . . to tell the truth, my luggage is of two kinds.

HOST: I do not see why that need so greatly confuse you.

YOUTH (*Still more embarrassed*): But you see—the fact is—I stay with people so long that—well, that very often they forget which things are mine and which belong to the house . . . And—well, the truth is that I have to take away with me a number of things which . . .which, in a word, you may possibly have thought your own.

HOST (*Coldly*): Oh!

YOUTH (*Eagerly*): Pray do not think the worse of me—you know how strict are my orders.

Continued

HOST (*Sadly*): Yes, I know; you will plead that Master of yours, and no doubt you are right . . . But tell me, Youth, what are those things?

YOUTH: They fill this big bag. But I am not so ungracious as you think. See, in this little bag, which I have purposely left open, are a number of things properly mine, yet of which I am allowed to make gifts to those with whom I lingered—you shall choose among them, or if you will, you shall have them all.

HOST: Well, first tell me what you have packed in the big bag and mean to take away.

YOUTH: I will open it and let you see. (*He unlocks it and pulls the things out.*) I fear they are familiar to you.

HOST: Oh! Youth! Youth! Must you take away all of these? Why, you are taking away, as it were, my very self! Here is the love of women, as deep and changeable as an opal; and here is carelessness that looks like a shower of pearls. And here I see—Oh! Youth, for shame!—you are taking away that silken stuff which used to wrap up the whole and which you once told me had no name, but which lent to everything it held plenitude and satisfaction. Without it surely pleasures are not all themselves. Leave me that at least.

YOUTH: No, I must take it, for it is not yours, though from courtesy I forbore to tell you so till now. These also go: Facility, the ointment; Sleep, the drug; Full Laughter, that tolerated all follies. It was the only musical thing in the house. And I must take—yes, I fear I must take Verse.

HOST: Then there is nothing left!

YOUTH: Oh! yes! See this little open bag which you may choose from! Feel it!

HOST (*Lifting it*): Certainly it is very heavy, but it rattles and is uncertain.

YOUTH: That is because it is made up of divers things having no similarity; and you may take all or leave all, or choose as you will. Here (*Holding up a clout*)[1] is Ambition: Will you have that? . . .

HOST (*Doubtfully*): I cannot tell . . . It has been mine and yet . . . without those other things . . .

YOUTH (*Cheerfully*): Very well, I will leave it. You shall decide on it a few years hence. Then, here is the perfume Pride. Will you have that?

HOST: No; I will have none of it. It is false and corrupt, and only yesterday I was for throwing it out of window to sweeten the air in my room.

YOUTH: So far you have chosen well; now pray choose more.

HOST: I will have this—and this—and this. I will take Health (*Takes it out of the bag*) not that it is of much use to me without those other things, but I have grown used to it. Then I will take this (*Takes out a plain steel purse and*

Continued

[1]*clout*—piece of cloth or leather, piece of clothing

chain), which is the tradition of my family, and which I desire to leave to my son. I must have it cleaned. Then I will take this (*Pulls out a trinket*), which is the Sense of Form and Colour. I am told it is of less value later on, but it is a pleasant ornament . . . And so, Youth, goodbye.

YOUTH (*With a mysterious smile*): Wait—I have something else for you (*He feels in his ticket pocket*); no less a thing (*He feels again in his watch pocket*) than (*He looks a trifle anxious and feels in his waistcoat pockets)* a promise from my Master, signed and sealed, to give you back all I take and more in Immortality! (*He feels in his handkerchief pocket.*)

HOST: Oh! Youth!

YOUTH (*Still feeling*): Do not thank me! It is my Master you should thank. (*Frowns.*) Dear me! I hope I have not lost it! (*Feels in his trousers pockets.*)

HOST (*Loudly*): Lost it?

YOUTH (*Pettishly*):[2] I did not say I had lost it! I said I hoped I had not . . . (*Feels in his great-coat pocket, and pulls out an envelope*). Ah! Here it is! (*His face clouds over.*) No, that is the message to Mrs. George, telling her the time has come to get a wig . . . (*Hopelessly*): Do you know I am afraid I have lost it! I am really very sorry—I cannot wait. (*He goes off.*)

Hilaire Belloc (1870–1953)
French-born English writer
known especially for his satire

[2]*Pettishly*—peevishly, fretfully

IV. Questions 25 to 32 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from "The Nature of the Visual Arts."

from THE NATURE OF THE VISUAL ARTS

A walk through the streets, homes, and buildings of Calgary, or any other North American city, would undoubtedly show how diverse the aesthetic values of people are. The wide variety of objects, the different buildings and landscape designs, the fashions, decorative ornaments, paintings, and sculptures attest to a broad range of tastes. In some cases a definite aesthetic concern and awareness is obvious, while in others there seems to be a lack of interest with such considerations. However, people do make choices about what they like and what they do not, and consequently surround themselves with relevant objects. Some have a preference for posters of rock stars because of positive associations with their music. Others like sunny Swiss landscapes because such landscapes make them feel good. Still others like only original artwork of Canadian artists, while there are those who enjoy reproductions of the masters. In all cases a certain aesthetic awareness is connected with these choices, for rare indeed would be a person whose mind is totally devoid of such sensibilities. These chosen objects, then, although they may seem odd, ugly, or vulgar to some, may be loosely called "art." . . .

Since the beginnings of primitive man, visual images were made and used, among other things, to help humans in dealing with the ever present and inexorable forces of nature. We are told by archaeologists and anthropologists that primitive hunting and food gathering tribes, whose lives were dominated by the search for food, sought to gain control of their food source by painting, drawing, or sculpting animals essential to their survival. In addition, these animals were often made tutelary[1] deities of the tribes because of their indispensability to the maintenance of life, and again images of them were made to indicate their importance. Much later in history the belief in the power of the visual image gained a new significance with the view that art could somehow influence truth and understanding. In this case the result was fear—the fear of idolatry.[2] The idea that images created by humans could possess inherent supernatural powers, or that people could believe that they did, was met with the following proscription appearing in the Old Testament:

> "You shall have no other god to set against me. You shall not make a carved image for yourself nor the likeness of anything in the heaven above, or on the earth below, or in the waters under the earth." (Exodus 20, 3–4)

Continued

[1] tutelary—offering protection
[2] idolatry—worship of idols or images

This proscription, present in both the Judaic and Islamic religious traditions, is another example of how strongly it was felt that human awareness could be affected by the visual image.

In our times, the magical role of art—that role which attributed to art a supernatural quality—has greatly been usurped by the dominating influence of science. It is now the realm of science to help humankind gain control over the physical universe, to manipulate matter, to reveal its mysteries. Science gives humans the understanding and technological tools needed to direct the surrounding world for the purpose of meeting the ever expanding societal needs and for providing humans with a sense of security in the face of nature's awesome and unpredictable forces. However, the creation and constant utilization of visual imagery continues, and it affects almost every facet of human life. From industrial and architectural design to fashion and advertising, from esoteric paintings to monumental sculptures, from book covers to religious murals, from urban planning to computer graphics— in almost any area of contemporary life the presence of the visual artist is felt. And by the same token, it is also evident that the ability of the visual image to affect the human psyche still remains. Even a cursory glance at the vast and far reaching world of advertising clearly shows how immense is the capacity of the visual arts to inform, influence, or to direct the human mind. It is therefore important for society and its artists to keep in mind the image's power and the potential impact which it still has on the human psyche. Through the creative energy infused into them, works of art exert an imperceptible force—a force arising from the human creative spirit and having the ability to touch and move humans at the core of their being.

The ability of the visual image to silently touch the very heart of the human psyche naturally links the visual arts to the spiritual dimension in humans. When artists function at a level where the visual images which they fashion give expression to the depths of their inner psyche, they touch fundamental human truths. They evoke hidden realities and ideas which transcend the mundane. Through the visible they give intimations[3] of the invisible, through the substance of matter they give evidence of the spirit, through what is bounded by form they reach out for what is unbounded. They remind us, however subtly, of such concepts as the infinite and the eternal. One might wonder, of course, how it is that works of art achieve such elevated ends. After all, the viewer's experience may simply be based on a feeling of like and dislike without any relation to "fundamental truths" or "intimations of the invisible." And, indeed, the effect which a specific work of art may have depends not only on its intrinsic quality and depth, but also on the receptive capabilities of the viewer. But the history of

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[3]intimations—suggestions

humankind shows that the religious or spiritual quest, in whatever form it takes, is a heritage common to all peoples. And art, because of its intrinsic nature, has a unique ability to communicate primal spiritual realities to the human mind. . . .

The need for humans to express themselves through visual imagery continues unabated throughout history with an ever renewing force and energy. In its own particular way, art brings to light the individual and collective depths of the human life experience and, in so doing, gives people a reflective surface in which to see themselves. In his book, *The Meanings of Modern Art*, John Russell writes:

> ". . . if any one thing is certain in this world it is that art is there to help us to live, and for no other reason.
>
> It was always so. Art is there to tell us where we are, and it is also there to tell us who we are. It gives pleasure, coincidentally, but primarily it is there to tell the truth."

These few words, simple and straightforward though they may be, are nevertheless an eloquent eulogy[4] to art. For life, despite its many joys, is a struggle. And if art can help humanity with this struggle, then in it we can truly find a friend and an ally. There is one comment, however, which should be made here. It is, that if art has the ability to be a positive influence in our lives, then, by the same token, it can also have the ability to be a negative influence. Art is not, as some assume, above irresponsible behavior and misguided zeal. When artists lose sight of their goal, which is rooted in a questioning inner search, when they seek to be novel or clever at the expense of truth and sincerity, when they begin to concern themselves with what is superficial and no longer seek to understand and penetrate what is profound in the human spirit, then their art runs the risk of becoming little more than a fanciful pastime or a type of existential placebo[5]—an external ritual without inner substance.

Janusz Malinowski
Contemporary Canadian journalist

[4]eulogy—expression of praise
[5]placebo—token gesture

V. Questions 33 to 44 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *Oscar and Lucinda*.

from OSCAR AND LUCINDA

The following excerpt is set in the dining-room aboard a ship that is sailing from England to Australia in 1850. Lucinda Leplastrier, a young Australian woman who has recently inherited a large sum of money and is the only female on board in first class, has been invited to join the second-class passengers at dinner.

Mr. Borrodaile did not like a woman at his table. It constrained and restricted the natural flow of conversation. It meant that almost every door was temporarily locked before you. You were shackled, chained to your place, with nothing to talk about. Nothing? Well, what? Flowers? The children's health? The problem of one more maid got above herself or off to marry the footman? But a man could not, if he were a gentleman, discuss politics (because they knew nothing of it) or question God (because this frightened them). Business was not suitable, nor were sporting matters, and the bottle, which might otherwise move back and forth so gaily, stayed in its place upon the sideboard and could not be sent upon its proper business. . . .

He sat down in silence. He was a large man and knew his silence to be heavy. He put on his "cut-downs"[1] and examined the menu. He affected not to hear their good evening.

He had heard the clergyman, [Oscar]—wrists like a girl, voice all reedy like a flute—inquire of the woman about the book she had been reading.

"Montaigne,"[2] she said.

Mr. Borrodaile felt his neck go prickly, as though two or three grass ticks had settled home at once. As with grass ticks, he did not scratch, but took his large fingers to the source of irritation—and found nothing there but skin.

"Ah, yes," Oscar said, folding his white fingers and nodding his head in a parody of prayer, "ah, yes, Montaigne."

Mr. Borrodaile did not like this sort of talk at all. He was a practical man. His father had been a wheelwright and he had, himself, been apprenticed to the same trade, but when he thought of "practical" he did not mean the kind that leaves wood shavings on the floor and precious little in the bank. He imagined the clergyman well above him and did not like it. And yet—in the case of Montaigne at least—this was not so, or if it was, the advantage was no more than one might

Continued

[1]cut-downs—eye glasses cut down to half the regular size lens; used for reading
[2]Montaigne—(pronounced Mon-tayne)—16th-century French essayist

have from standing on a brick, *that* much above, or, if there were no brick available, then the volume itself laid on its side. Oscar, having said "Montaigne" had nothing more to add. He had no knowledge of Montaigne, no more than is obtainable from dozing off three nights in a row with a musty volume cradled in your lap. . . .

Mr. Borrodaile . . . imagined the young woman was being pretentious, using a foreign word for "mountain" where an English one would have done. He was not entirely confident of this, and yet he wished it known, in a relatively safe sort of way.

"Montaigne," he said, affecting a reasonable chuckle, putting his cut-down spectacles back in his jacket. "Montaigne, hill mound and tussock."

This produced a puzzled silence, but before it had extended more than a second or two, Percy Smith—he would have been faster, but he had been engaged with his consommé—produced an appreciative chuckle. He was well aware of Mr. Borrodaile's sensitivies.

"Britt-ayne," said Mr. Borrodaile, pushing on like a man slashing at dense undergrowth in country he does not know. Hack, hack. God knows what vines will trip him, thorns snag him. Slash. "Bourgogne. Bretagne. Montana, quite right." He was laughing uproariously now, a high laugh for such a big man, like a string of firecrackers. Tears ran down his cheeks and lost themselves in his moustache. "Oh, dear," he blew his great big nose, "my wounded aunt."

The two men felt they had missed something important, but Lucinda Leplastrier, although she did not understand the sense of the words, saw and tasted the prickliness beneath Mr. Borrodaile's laughter and it made her remember things about Sydney she had forgotten. This man was rich and powerful in Sydney. She did not know him, but she could be confident he would dine at Government House. He was a barbarian.

"But speaking seriously," said Mr. Borrodaile, as the corned beef was placed in front of him (he prodded it with his knife, separated the slices, but said nothing of its quality). "Speaking seriously," sharing his gaze between Mr. Smith and Oscar, "I would like to hear Oscar's opinion of tallow."[3]

"I have none," Oscar smiled, and fiddled with something in his pocket. . . .

"You cannot travel," said Mr. Borrodaile, swallowing too much at once. "Excuse me." He paused to clear his pipes with burgundy. He wiped the shiny piece of dimpled chin between the hedges of his drooping moustache. "You cannot travel out to New South Wales without an opinion on this subject. Upon my word, Oscar, it's like going to Ireland without your umbrella. . . . The price of town tallow when we sailed was two pounds a hundred-weight and if I were a

Continued

[3]tallow—the fat of sheep or cattle that was melted down to make candles or soap

young man with any capital, this is what I would invest in."

"But the price may change," said Lucinda.

Mr. Borrodaile looked at her and blinked.

This was not a subject he would allow disagreement on, not even if the dissenter were protected by crinoline and stays.[4] He had no time for anyone who wished to raise sheep for mutton. There had been too much mutton in the colony already. He was a tallow man, a chop-them-up-and-boil-them-down man, and he liked to have a chance to say so.

"Change!" said Mr. Borrodaile, holding up his knife and fork and looking down at her along his shiny-bridged nose. "By God, girlie, of course it will change. It will go up."

Oscar found this bellow quite upsetting. He did not like the blasphemy. It was even more shocking when it came from so large and powerful an instrument. He saw that the diminutive Miss Leplastrier had done nothing to deserve such vitriol.[5] It offended his sense of what was fair, and he was moved to take up a public position in her defence.

And yet he did not really think of "sides," only of trying to adjudicate, to assume the responsibility for the harmony of the table. This, really, was his great talent. It had made him a good schoolmaster. It was born of his hatred of discord, his fear of loudness. The weakness, therefore, ended up a virtue, and he brought his sense of fairness to every social situation so that he would divide curiosity and attention like a good socialist, dividing them fairly according to the needs of the participants. . . .

"And what would you invest in, Miss Leplastrier?" The question was quite innocent. He did not imagine she was in a position to invest in anything.

Lucinda Leplastrier put her knife and fork together on her plate, the fork with its tines upwards. She knew her hair was a fright. She could feel it slipping from its clips. Her cheeks were burning but she forced herself to look slowly around the table, to take in every face before she spoke. She had taught herself this trick in Sydney. It was a sea anchor thrown out to slow her before the gale of her emotions, and although she did not actually feel it herself, it gave her an appearance of almost queenly dignity.

"I would invest," she said. She counted to three. She lost her place. "I would put my capital into something that I loved very much."

"Very pretty," said Mr. Borrodaile, and made a show of applauding.

"Perhaps not 'loved' then, Mr. Borrodaile. Let us say that I would invest in something from which I would derive innate pleasure. And if it were land, for nstance, I would first find some land which would produce what I wished, and

Continued

[4]crinoline and stays—stiff undergarments used to emhance feminine fashion
[5]vitriol—sharp, caustic language or manner

ithen I would prepare myself for good seasons and bad seasons, but I would cherish my land."

"Dear girl . . ."

Lucinda made a little face which was born in that painful territory between a wince and a smile.

"But mostly, Mr. Hopkins," she said, to Oscar (who leaned forward and thus, although he wished no rudeness, was complicitous in excluding Mr. Borrodaile), "I would advise someone with capital in accordance with what I understand the parable of the talents instructs us to. I would advise that they make something that was not there before. I do not like your tallow works, I must admit it, Mr. Borrodaile." She returned her attention to him as she spoke. Her voice was soft, even regretful. "And this is not merely because they produce a most unpleasant odour, but because I have lived and worked at farming and I cannot bear to see a beast used for so base a thing, and now I am sure I have allowed you to call me silly and feminine."

"Dear girl, I have thought no such thing." But his hooded bloodshot eyes thought worse things and brought them out, one after the other, and displayed them. It was a private showing and Percy Smith was not aware of it—he smiled at Lucinda and shook his head in such an idiotic and patronizing way that she revised her good opinion of him immediately.

"The principle," said Oscar, inviting them all to join hands in some communion which they were—even Lucinda—now reluctant to approach, "the principle, Mr. Borrodaile, is surely a good one."

"Oh, for God's sake," spluttered Mr. Borrodaile, then tried to catch his blasphemy before it landed. His mouth, for a second, lay open like someone who has eaten food too hot and wishes to spit it out, expel it, anyway, but cannot do it from politeness. He could not take it back. He could only push on, hack his way forward, and not worry that he could not see where his next step would lead him. "I knew you were a clergyman when I saw you from behind. You see, it's in your walk." He swilled his burgundy. "By criminee, I'll show you."

Lucinda sucked in her breath. Even Mr. Smith, accustomed by now to the erratic and energetic movements of his friend, his erupting passions, his hurts, slights, revenges, even Percy Smith, lining up his spoon and fork beside a most unseasonal plum pudding, looked alarmed. Mr. Borrodaile was not deterred.

Oscar and Lucinda were both burning red, as if they were parties to an adultery.

Mr. Borrodaile stood with his back to the mirrored pillar, grinning idiotically. He gave the ends of his moustache a little tweak. He adjusted his shirt cuffs like a baritone about to sing. He was drunk, of course. He composed his face, but his face was not the point. The point was this: Mr. Borrodaile would "do" a walk.

Continued

He clasped his big hands together on his breast. He inclined his upper body backwards from the vertical. . . . Mr. Borrodaile perambulated, undulated, swayed and smiled for the entire length of the dining room, weaving daintily where architecture dictated.

The purser[6] scraped back his chair and those in second class who had previously complained of Borrodaile's "shenanigans" now looked towards the officer expectantly, but he was not moving back his chair to arrest him, but rather to applaud. Mr. Borrodaile was walking exactly like the red-haired clergyman, no, not "exactly". He was not like the chap at all, and yet he had its essence. His walk was to the original as a jiggling skeleton is to a dancing boy.

Mr. Borrodaile's big dimple-chinned face was red with pleasure. He strode along. He put his head back. He swung his arms. The applause was quickly general.

Oh, what a bully he must have been as a boy, thought Lucinda, seeing this most accurate performance, a performance which, in spite of her resolve to the contrary, made her smile. But she would not applaud it. Its intention was too cruel—to make all that was good and kind in the young man appear to be weak and somehow contemptible. She was ashamed of her smile and was therefore surprised, when she at last allowed herself to look at the subject of this mockery, to see that he was not only smiling broadly, but applauding as enthusiastically as the bullies at the purser's table.

He took her breath away. How confident he must be with himself. She resolved there and then that she would like to know him better.

"Well, well," said Oscar who was not as confident as Lucinda imagined but was, rather, protected by a curious blindness about himself. He could not avoid seeing what was comic and grotesque in Mr. Borrodaile's walk, and yet it did not occur to him, not even for an instant, that these might be elements of his own physical self. He would never perceive himself as odd and could only see Mr. Borrodaile's mannerisms as theatrical devices intended to convey an inner reality. Thus he saw the clasped hands merely as symbols to represent him as unworldly, the jerky legs as enthusiastic, the idiotic smile as kindly. And he was not displeased. Indeed he was touched that Mr. Borrodaile should so readily perceive those qualities in his clay that he had so laboured to strengthen.

"Well, well," he said, leaning back in his chair and cracking his knuckles. "It would seem we cannot keep our hearts secret from those who observe us keenly." He looked up at Mr. Borrodaile who had come to stand, smirking, above his shoulder. "My congratulations, Mr. Borrodaile, it is a great gift. . . ."

. . . "And I do not mean your performance—I am pretty well uneducated in

Continued

[6]purser—the ship's officer in charge of accounts, tickets, etc.

theatrics and cannot judge it."

Mr. Borrodaile was discomforted. . . .

"But your sensitivity to the inner man, to those parts which we do not readily show the world, indeed which we often take great care to hide—this perspicacity, Mr. Borrodaile, it is really admirable."

Mr. Borrodaile looked very pleased.

Lucinda hid her delight in her water glass.

"This is a gift," said Oscar, leaning forward, gesturing as if to hold a casket of some weight. "It is something which should not be used merely to amuse passengers on a long voyage. It is something a Christian should use in life."

As he spoke, Oscar became bigger and more eccentric than even Mr. Borrodaile's impersonation might have allowed. He was, with excitement, embarrassment, a little wine, more of the character that his friends loved, more like the schoolmaster sixty boys from Mr. Colville's school would still remember in their dotage. He was animated. His long arms waved across the table, missing burgundy glasses and hock bottles, but only because his fellow diners removed them from the radius of his arms. His voice became higher and took on the famous fluting tone. He looked from one face to the next, drawing them into the bubbling pot of his enthusiasm until they, too, felt that what they had witnessed was not a cruel mockery but an affirmation, an insight, a thing of much greater moment than they had at first realized. They polished it in retrospect, buffed it, varnished it until it shone in their imaginations as a precious thing and its perpetrator—the rude and contemptuous Mr. Borrodaile—was made, at least temporarily, into something fine.

Lucinda, who had begun by thinking Oscar merely clever, was, when she saw there was no guile in this enthusiasm, so moved by his goodness that her eyes watered.

Mr. Borrodaile was also moved, but in a different way, and for a little while—half an hour or so—he was a different person. He showed an interest in the feelings and opinions of his fellow passengers. And his eyes, when they looked at Lucinda Leplastrier, no longer showed those cold instruments, like surgeons' tools, that he had displayed so nastily (snapping open the case: There! See!) so short a time before.

Peter Carey
Contemporary Australian writer,
winner of 1988 Booker Prize for Oscar and Lucinda

VI. Questions 45 to 51 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE FACE

When I close my eyes, I can see it,
That bare hill with the man ploughing,
Corrugating that brown roof
Under a hard sky. Under him is the farm,
Anchored in its grass harbour;
And below that the valley
Sheltering its few folk,
With the school and the inn and the church,
The beginning, middle and end
Of their slow journey above ground.

He is never absent, but like a slave
Answers to the mind's bidding,
Endlessly ploughing, as though autumn
Were the one season he knew.
Sometimes he pauses to look down
To the grey farmhouse, but no signals
Cheer him; there is no applause
For his long wrestling with the angel[1]
Of no name. I can see his eye
That expects nothing, that has the rain's
Colourlessness. His hands are broken
But not his spirit. He is like bark
Weathering on the tree of his kind.

He will go on; that much is certain.
Beneath him tenancies of the fields
Will change; machinery turn
All to noise. But on the walls
Of the mind's gallery that face
With the hills framing it will hang
Unglorified, but stern like the soil.

R.S. Thomas
Welsh clergyman and poet

[1]wrestling with the angel—a biblical reference to Jacob's wrestling with an angel who does not identify himself. As a result of this struggle, Jacob achieves a state of grace and is blessed.

VII. Questions 52 to 62 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

from KING HENRY IV, PART 2, Act III, scene i

CHARACTERS:

KING HENRY IV—King of England
WARWICK—Earl of Warwick, supporter of King Henry

KING HENRY IV *deposed and murdered the previous king,* RICHARD II, *to become King of England. Throughout his reign,* there *has been instability, and at present, the* ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *is leading a revolt against* HENRY IV. HENRY PERCY, *the Earl of Northumberland, who had earlier supported* HENRY IV *against* RICHARD II, *is part of this plot against* KING HENRY IV.

This scene takes place at Westminster, at the King's palace.

(*Enter the* KING *in his nightgown, alone, with a* PAGE.)

KING: Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick.
But, ere they come, bid them o'erread these letters
And well consider of them. Make good speed.

(*Exit* PAGE.)

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,[1]
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Continued

[1]cribs — hovels

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-son in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

(*Enter* WARWICK, SURREY, and SIR JOHN BLUNT.)

WARWICK: Many good morrows to your majesty!

KING: Is it good morrow, lords?

WARWICK: 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

KING: Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WARWICK: We have, my liege.

KING: Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WARWICK: It is but as a body yet distempered,
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

KING: O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! And other times to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's[2] hips, how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers[3] liquors! O, if this were seen,

Continued

[2]Neptune—the sea personified. In Roman mythology, the god of the sea
[3]divers—changing, various

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toiled in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
(*To* WARWICK) You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke[4] ascends my throne'—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bowed the state
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss—
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption.' So went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

WARWICK: There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasurèd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time,
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Continued

[4]Bolingbroke—now King Henry

Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

KING: Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities.
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

WARWICK: It cannot be, my lord.
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower[5] is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseasoned[6] hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

KING: I will take your counsel.
And were these inward wars once out of hand,[7]
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

William Shakespeare

[5]Glendower — the leader of the Welsh forces
[6]unseasoned — unusual, late
[7]out of hand — finished

VIII. Questions 63 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on the essay "The Holy War of Words."

This essay was published in *Time Magazine*, March 11, 1991, at the time of the Gulf War.

THE HOLY WAR OF WORDS

Fairy tales in the West begin, "Once upon a time." In the Arab world they start, "*Kan ya makan.*" The words mean "There was, there was not." That is, maybe it happened. On the other hand, maybe it didn't happen. Now you see it, now you don't.

Kan ya makan: the Arabic language is capable of magical effects. On a squalid Cairo street early on a cold, foul day, people greet each other with small bouquets of words: "Morning of blessings! Morning of light!" They have conjured a moment, and smiled, and passed, and then, *poof*! they are back on a miserable street among the pariah dogs.[1] If people are poor and live in the desert, language may be their richest possession: Why not? It opens miraculously onto other worlds. The Koran,[2] with its bursts of sonority[3] and light, describes a paradise that has everything the desert does not: the sweetest water, cool shade, silken couches, wines that one can endlessly drink without getting drunk.

Kan ya makan is intoxication enough. It was out of the desert that humans conjured monotheism—absolute God to suffuse utter emptiness. When *kan ya makan* enters politics, its genius makes language a reality superior to the deed—even renders the facts of the objective world unnecessary and graceless. The vivid hallucination becomes the act: the prophecy is more satisfying than its literal fulfillment. If the demagogue-bard[4] says the infidel will swim in his own blood, then words have pre-empted the work of armies. Ambiguity has an ancient history in the West, but the Middle East has its special genius for mirage. There, the dreariest, basest impulses go dressed up in poetry. Aggressive greed may swagger around as jihad.[5] "Arab dignity and honor" shine in the mind with a radiant life of their own, forever beleaguered and violated and crying for revenge—visions really, not things to be struggled toward, to be earned.

Westerners, who have wandered through centuries of darkness and

Continued

[1]pariah dogs—outcast dogs that have run wild
[2]Koran—the Muslim holy book
[3]sonority—rich and ringing sound
[4]demagogue-bard—poet and popular leader of the people
[5]jihad—a Moslem holy war or campaign against non-believers

enlightenment and rationalism and scientific method and then the various neo-darknesses of the 20th century (Auschwitz, Hiroshima and so on), have some difficulty with these dreamy effects in which reality and illusion float back and forth interchangeably. Americans have a special longing of their own. They need to know they are working in a scheme of virtue. Americans feel a moral unease when they sense that their power is banging around loose in the world without being, in a sort of theological sense, justified. The antiwar slogan "No Blood for Oil" proclaimed that unease, as if oil were Miller High Life beer and not the stuff that powers most of the world's economies. Americans felt the chill of that wrongness when Iraqi women and children were carried, charred by American bombs, out of a Baghdad bunker.

But Americans understand even less the cultural-moral scheme in which Saddam Hussein, career murderer and impresario of atrocity, gets somehow transformed into an Arab hero. Or in which Iraqi horrors committed in Kuwait become invisible to the Arab eye and so vanish from its calculus of right and wrong. It seems to Westerners that some amorality is at work in the way Arabs judge atrocities and measure the worth of human lives—or at least that a connection is broken in the apparatus of cause and effect. Sympathizers trying to explain an enthusiasm for Saddam Hussein sometimes remark that few Arabs like the Kuwaitis anyway. In Europe during the '30s, no one cared about the Jews all that much either—what the hell. During Black September in 1970, King Hussein of Jordan had his soldiers kill Palestinians wholesale. When Syria's Hafez Assad wanted to silence the Muslim fundamentalists in Hama in 1982, his army slaughtered more than 10,000. Ever since 1948, the Arabs have shed bitter, angry tears over the Palestinians, yet one of the secrets of the Middle East is that Arabs routinely treat Palestinians worse than Israelis do. Other Arabs do not trust Palestinians, think they are troublemakers—overly pushy, political. Shhh.

Most Arab countries are essentially police states imposed upon peasants. On the level of everyday reality, fear—of the government and its secret police, the *mukhabarat*—is the beginning and end of citizenship. The real law in people's minds is not government at all but an organism growing from the social traditions and precepts of Islam, which as a social system for the poor has an admirable kindness and simplicity. As for national boundaries, those were drawn generations ago by colonialists, aliens from some other part of the universe.

But above the level of the Arab everyday, there floats a dimension of grand design, the high plane on which jihad and other transactions with the miraculous occur in the Islamic world. It is there amid the language with its efflorescent or bloody metaphors that Arabs, unexpectedly enough, resemble Americans. It is

Continued

there they share the affliction of the immature, an obsession to think of themselves as righteous in the exertion of their power.

An Arab may behold the unsavory mess of the West—drugs, AIDS, serial murders, shattered families and lives—and think of Satan. He may be repelled and tempted simultaneously, just as Westerners can be charmed and appalled by the Arab world and what passes for reality there. But war is not symbolic. It is a savage lesson in the limits of gaudy rhetoric, of fairy tales. It would be pretty to think that the war[6] that has now ended, after being played so fiercely before a global audience, might at last break the cycle. Germany and Japan ended in ashes after World War II, but in the apocalypse they expunged the worst of themselves —their fascists and militarists, their evil dreamers—and were reborn as new societies. Perhaps, perhaps. More hallucination will yield only more terrible slaughter.

Lance Morrow
Contemporary American journalist

[6]the war—the Gulf War of 1991

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