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Readings Booklet

June 1999



English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Alberta
EDUCATION

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June 1999

English 30

Part B: Reading

Readings Booklet

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

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

There are 7 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.



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

LOON SONG

The loon has left its voice
and flown away.

I hear it in the early light
and just before sleeping,

5 rolling through reeds towards the shore.

It lives in the lake
and sometimes in the mind.

Now it sits in the belly
of a rainbow trout

10 moving like memory through darkness.

If you can empty yourself,
lay your senses around you
like five white cups,
it will build a nest in one of them.

15 You will see the distances
only birds know, feel the loneliness
that rose from the long dark throat
before the loon, weary of its voice,
flew away.

Lorna Crozier
Contemporary Canadian poet

II. Questions 9 to 19 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

from THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH, Act II, scene iv

England is in the midst of ongoing dynastic wars between the two branches of the Plantagenet family. The House of York—symbolized by the wearing of a white rose—and the House of Lancaster—symbolized by the wearing of a red rose—both claim their right to the throne. This struggle, that began in a quarrel among young aristocrats studying law at the London Inns of Court, blossomed into what became known as the Wars of the Roses.

CHARACTERS:

RICHARD PLANTAGENET—later became Duke of York (white rose)

WARWICK—Earl of Warwick, supporter of the House of York (white rose)

VERNON—supporter of the House of York (white rose)

SUFFOLK—William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, supporter of the House of Lancaster (red rose)

SOMERSET—Duke of Somerset, supporter of the House of Lancaster (red rose)

LAWYER

This scene takes place in the garden of the Inns of Court, where an argument continues concerning a point of law.

(Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, VERNON, and others.)

RICHARD: Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUFFOLK: Within the Temple Hall we were too loud.

The garden here is more convenient.

5 **RICHARD:** Then say at once if I maintained the truth;

Or else was wrangling Somerset in th'error?

SUFFOLK: Faith, I have been a truant¹ in the law

And never yet could frame my will to it,

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

10 **SOMERSET:** Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

Continued

¹truant—neglectful of study

- WARWICK:** Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,²
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 15 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;
 But in these nice sharp quilllets³ of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.⁴
- RICHARD:** Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
 20 The truth appears so naked on my side
 That any purblind⁵ eye may find it out.
- SOMERSET:** And on my side it is so well apparelled,
 So clear, so shining, and so evident,
 That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
- 25 **RICHARD:** Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
 In dumb significant⁶ proclaim your thoughts.
 Let him that is a true-born gentleman
 And stands upon the honor of his birth,
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,⁷
 30 From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
- SOMERSET:** Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
 But dare maintain the party of the truth,
 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
- WARWICK:** I love no colors, and without all color⁸
 35 Of base insinuating flattery
 I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
- SUFFOLK:** I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
 And say withal I think he held the right.
- VERNON:** Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
 40 Till you conclude that he upon whose side
 The fewest roses are cropped from the tree
 Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Continued

²temper—hardness

³nice sharp quilllets—fine subtle distinctions

⁴daw—jackdaw (proverbially a stupid bird)

⁵purblind—dim-sighted, undiscerning

⁶dumb significant—silent symbols

⁷pleaded truth—argued (one of many legal terms in this scene)

⁸color—outward appearance

- SOMERSET:** Good Master Vernon, it is well objected.
If I have fewest, I subscribe⁹ in silence.
- 45 **RICHARD:** And I.
VERNON: Then, for the truth and plainness of the case
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
- 50 **SOMERSET:** Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so against your will.
- VERNON:** If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion¹⁰ shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.
- 55 **SOMERSET:** Well, well, come on! Who else?
LAWYER (*To SOMERSET*):
Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
- 60 **RICHARD:** Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
SOMERSET: Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
- RICHARD:** Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
65 The truth on our side.
- SOMERSET:** No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
- 70 **RICHARD:** Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
SOMERSET: Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
RICHARD: Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
- SOMERSET:** Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
75 That shall maintain what I have said is true
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
- RICHARD:** Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,¹¹ peevish boy.
- SUFFOLK:** Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Continued

⁹subscribe—agree (literally, sign at the bottom of a document)

¹⁰Opinion—reputation (word play on the sense of opinion as 'belief' in the line above)

¹¹fashion—i.e. of wearing red roses

- 80 **RICHARD:** Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
SUFFOLK: I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
SOMERSET: Away, away, good William de la Pole.
 We grace the yeoman¹² by conversing with him.
WARWICK: Now, by God's will, thou wrongest him, Somerset.
- 85 His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
 Third son to the third Edward, King of England.
 Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
RICHARD: He bears him on the place's privilege,¹³
 Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.
- 90 **SOMERSET:** By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
 On any plot of ground in Christendom.
 Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
 For treason executed in our late king's days?
 And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
 95 Corrupted,¹⁴ and exempt from ancient gentry?
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood,
 And till thou be restored¹⁵ thou art a yeoman.
RICHARD: My father was attached, not attainted,¹⁶
 Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
- 100 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripened to my will.
 For your partaker¹⁷ Pole, and you yourself,
 I'll note you in my book of memory
 To scourge you for this apprehension.
- 105 Look to it well and say you are well warned.
SOMERSET: Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
 And know us by these colours for thy foes,
 For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Continued

¹²yeoman—freeholder below the rank of gentleman (Richard Plantagenet lost his lands and titles when his father was executed for treason by Henry V)

¹³bears . . . privilege—i.e. presumes upon the legal protection of the Inns of Court (granted them as ancient religious houses and courts of law)

¹⁴attainted / Corrupted—(the legal effects of a bill of attainder were to deprive the culprit's descendants of title)

¹⁵restored—given back lands and titles

¹⁶attached, not attainted—(As Richard insists, his father was arrested and executed without a full bill of attainder in Parliament)

¹⁷partaker—supporter

- RICHARD:** And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
110 As cognizance¹⁸ of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
- SUFFOLK:** Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!
115 And so farewell until I meet thee next. (Exit.)
- SOMERSET:** Have with thee,¹⁹ Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. (Exit.)
- RICHARD:** How I am braved²⁰ and must perforce endure it!
- WARWICK:** This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
120 Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole
125 Will I upon thy party wear this rose;
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
- 130 **RICHARD:** Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
- VERNON:** In your behalf still will I wear the same.
- LAWYER:** And so will I.
- RICHARD:** Thanks, gentle sir.
- 135 Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. (Exeunt.)

William Shakespeare

¹⁸cognizance—badge

¹⁹Have with thee—let us go

²⁰braved—defied

III. Questions 20 to 28 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from an essay.

from THE MARK OF THE CHEMIST

They say that Freemasons¹ used to recognize each other by scratching each other's palms while shaking hands. I would propose that the chemists (or ex-chemists like myself) of my generation, when they are introduced to each other, should each show the palm of the right hand: toward the center, where the tendon
5 that flexes the middle finger crosses what palm readers call the lifeline, the majority have a small, professional, highly specific scar whose origin I will explain.

In chemistry laboratories today even the most complex apparatuses can be set up in a few minutes by using standardized ground cone glassware: it is a rapid
10 and clean system, the joints hold well even under vacuum, the pieces are interchangeable, there is a vast assortment, and assembling them is as simple as playing with a Lego or Erector set. But until around 1940 standardized cones were unknown or extremely expensive in Italy, and they were at any rate out of the reach of students.

Plugs of cork or rubber were used for retention; in order to connect a flask to a cooler, for example—a frequent task—you had to slip a tube of glass bent at a right angle into a pierced plug, hold it, and turn it while pushing. The glass often broke, and the sharp stump plunged into your hand. It would have been simple,
15 indeed a matter of duty, to warn novices of this small, easily preventable danger. But in some obscure tribal recess of our nature there survives an instinct that impels us to make sure that every initiation be painful, memorable, and leave its mark. Here, in the palm of the working hand, was our mark: the mark of chemists still to some extent alchemists,² still somehow members of a secret sect.

The bond between a man and his profession is similar to that which ties him to his country; it is just as complex, often ambivalent, and in general understood
25 completely only when it is broken: by exile or emigration in the case of one's country, by retirement in the case of a trade or profession. I left the trade of chemistry several years ago, but only now do I feel I have the necessary detachment to see it in its entirety and understand how much it pervades me and
30 how much I owe it.

I do not refer to the fact that during my imprisonment in Auschwitz it saved

Continued

¹Freemasons—members of an international secret society governed by the principles of brotherliness, charity, and mutual aid

²alchemists—those who practice alchemy, the ancient art or process of transforming one substance into another. Alchemy has long been associated with magic.

my life, nor to the reasonable livelihood I got from it for thirty years, nor to the pension to which it entitled me. Instead I would like to describe the other benefits I think I have obtained from it, all related to the new trade I have gone on to, that
35 is, the trade of writing. A need for qualification immediately arises: Writing is not really a trade, or at least in my opinion it should not be one. It is a creative activity and therefore it balks at schedules and deadlines, commitments to customers and bosses. Nevertheless, writing is a way of “producing,” indeed a process of transformation: the writer transforms his experiences into a form that
40 is accessible and attractive to the “customer,” who will be the reader. The experiences (in the broad sense: life experiences) are therefore raw material. The writer who lacks them works in a void; he thinks he’s writing but his pages are empty.

Now, the things I have seen, experienced, and done during my preceding
45 incarnation are today for me as a writer a precious source of raw materials, of events to narrate; and not only events but also those fundamental emotions that are one’s way of measuring oneself against matter (an impartial, imperturbable, but extremely harsh judge: if one makes a mistake, one is pitilessly punished) and thus of winning and losing. This last is a painful but salutary experience without
50 which one does not become adult and responsible. I believe that every colleague of mine in chemistry can confirm this: More is learned from one’s errors than from one’s successes. For example, to formulate an explanatory hypothesis, believe in it, grow fond of it, check it (oh, the temptation of falsifying data, of giving them a small flick on the thumb!), and in the end discover that it is
55 mistaken—this is a cycle that in the chemist’s trade is encountered only too often “in a pure state,” but it can easily be recognized in numerous other human itineraries. He who goes through it honestly issues from it matured.

There are other benefits, other gifts, that the chemist offers the writer. The habit of penetrating matter, of wanting to know its composition and structure,
60 foreseeing its properties and behavior, leads to an insight, a mental habit of concreteness and concision, the constant desire not to stop at the surface of things. Chemistry is the art of separating, weighing, and distinguishing: these are three practices that are also useful for the person who sets out to describe events or give body to his own imagination. Moreover, there is an immense heritage of
65 metaphors available to the writer from the chemistry of today and yesterday, which those who have not frequented the laboratory know only approximately.

The layman³ knows what *filter*, *crystallize*, and *distill* mean, but he knows it only at second hand; he does not know “the passion infused by them,” he does not know the emotions that are tied to these gestures, has not perceived the symbolic

Continued

³layman—one who is not a member of a given profession; used here to mean one who is not a chemist

70 shadow they cast. Also, just on the plane of comparisons the militant chemist
finds himself in possession of unsuspected wealth: “black as . . .,” “bitter as . . .”;
viscous, tenacious, heavy, fetid, fluid, volatile, inert, flammable. These are all
qualities the chemist knows well, and for each of them he knows how to choose a
75 substance that contains it to a prominent and exemplary degree. I, an ex-chemist,
by now atrophied and ill-equipped if I were to go back to a laboratory, am almost
ashamed when in my writing I derive profit from this repertoire. I feel I am
enjoying an illicit advantage vis-à-vis⁴ my new writer colleagues who do not have
a militancy like mine behind them.

80 For all these reasons, when a reader expresses amazement at the fact that I, a
chemist, have chosen the road of the writer, I feel authorized to answer that I write
precisely because I am a chemist: my old trade has been largely transfused into
my new one.

Primo Levi (1919–1987)

Italian chemist, later, writer of fiction and poetry
much of which is based on his imprisonment in Auschwitz

⁴vis-à-vis—in comparison with, in relation to

IV. Questions 29 to 38 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

NOT A MINE, NOT A GRAVE, NOT A HOLE IN THE EARTH

for Mike Doyle

There is a certain grey light to a basement
I have often associated with the truth;
An honest look to the unfrosted globe's bright filament,
And the easing odour of damp black earth.

- 5 Here is the sickle that rusted years ago,
Still balanced on its crooked nail, an edge
Enfeebled as the hand that's forgotten how
To use it, or axe, or hoe, or blunted wedge

- That split the cedar lengths with a crack
10 Into muscular rivers of auburn wood;
And here are some eggs of coal in a sack,
And here, greasy fingerprints on an April nude;

- And there is the hammer with only one claw,
And there, six feet of aging barracuda,
15 Is the wide rip-toothed two-handled saw
That gripped and buckled in the green sitka¹

- When men worked in rhythm with their feet apart.
Here are tools as fit for the tomb of a pharaoh
As any trinket struck by Egyptian art;
20 Here rasping mowers dream of laying the new blades low.

And is this not also where summer's grapes ferment
And potatoes put out their eyes;
And is this not the place of the death of paint
That grows thick-skinned as it dies?

Continued

¹sitka—a tall evergreen tree

25 Here is a jar of bent nails someone never used,
Of washers, bolts, a faucet's rubber rings,
And here is where the leftover poisons are housed
That killed the rat and robbed the caterpillar of its wings.

A low world of forgotten purposes and castaways
30 Where the spiders are silently eating
And no one entertains; no one prays;
And no one comes down with a ready greeting.

A world of hideous incident and slow foreboding,
And yet a child can play here for hours alone;
35 A world where the circuits are overloading
And the pipes give a shake then let out a groan.

Not a mine, not a grave, not a hole in the earth,
Nor yet a place for laughter;
Not a womb, not a tomb, though the cat gives birth;
40 Nor yet a place to ignore the god in the rafters.

Patrick White
Contemporary Canadian poet

V. Questions 39 to 50 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

from CANDIDA

The setting is a parsonage in 19th century England.

CHARACTERS:

PROSERPINE GARNETT—thirty-year-old typist for Reverend James Morell, on whom she has a secret crush

EUGENE MARCHBANKS—eighteen-year-old nephew of an earl. A guest in the Morell's home, he is passionately infatuated with Candida, Reverend Morell's wife

BURGESS—a relative of Reverend Morell's

MARCHBANKS, alone and idle, is trying to find out how the typewriter works. Hearing someone at the door, he steals guiltily away to the window and pretends to be absorbed in the view. MISS GARNETT, carrying the notebook in which she takes down Morell's letters in shorthand¹ from his dictation, sits down at the typewriter and sets to work transcribing them, much too busy to notice EUGENE. When she begins the second line she stops and stares at the machine. Something is wrong evidently.

PROSERPINE: Bother! You've been meddling with my typewriter, Mr.

Marchbanks; and there's not the least use in your trying to look as if you hadn't.

MARCHBANKS (*Timidly*): I'm very sorry, Miss Garnett. I only tried to make it write. (*Plaintively*.) But it wouldn't.

5 **PROSERPINE:** Well, you've altered the spacing.

MARCHBANKS (*Earnestly*): I assure you I didn't. I didn't indeed. I only turned a little wheel. It gave a sort of click.

PROSERPINE: Oh, now I understand. (*She restores the spacing, talking volubly all the time.*) I suppose you thought it was a sort of barrel-organ. Nothing to
10 do but turn the handle, and it would write a beautiful love letter for you straight off, eh?

MARCHBANKS (*Seriously*): I suppose a machine could be made to write love letters. They're all the same, aren't they?

PROSERPINE (*Somewhat indignantly: any such discussion, except by way of*

Continued

¹shorthand—abbreviated writing using symbols

- 15 *pleasantry, being outside her code of manners*): How do I know? Why do you ask me?
- MARCHBANKS**: I beg your pardon. I thought clever people—people who can do business and write letters and that sort of thing—always had to have love affairs to keep them from going mad.
- 20 **PROSERPINE** (*Rising, outraged*): Mr. Marchbanks! (*She looks severely at him, and marches majestically to the bookcase.*)
- MARCHBANKS** (*Approaching her humbly*): I hope I haven't offended you. Perhaps I shouldn't have alluded to your love affairs.
- PROSERPINE** (*Plucking a blue book from the shelf and turning sharply on him*): I haven't any love affairs. How dare you say such a thing? The idea! (*She tucks the book under her arm, and is flouncing back to her machine when he addresses her with awakened interest and sympathy.*)
- 25 **MARCHBANKS**: Really! Oh, then you are shy, like me.
- PROSERPINE**: Certainly I am not shy. What do you mean?
- 30 **MARCHBANKS** (*Secretly*): You must be: that is the reason there are so few love affairs in the world. We all go about longing for love: it is the first need of our natures, the first prayer of our hearts; but we dare not utter our longing: we are too shy. (*Very earnestly.*) Oh, Miss Garnett, what would you not give to be without fear, without shame—
- 35 **PROSERPINE** (*Scandalized*): Well, upon my word!
- MARCHBANKS** (*With petulant impatience*): Ah, don't say those stupid things to me: they don't deceive me: what use are they? Why are you afraid to be your real self with me? I am just like you.
- PROSERPINE**: Like me! Pray are you flattering me or flattering yourself? I don't
- 40 feel quite sure which. (*She again tries to get back to her work.*)
- MARCHBANKS** (*Stopping her mysteriously*): Hush! I go about in search of love; and I find it in unmeasured stores in the bosoms of others. But when I try to ask for it, this horrible shyness strangles me; and I stand dumb, or worse than
- 45 dumb, saying meaningless things: foolish lies. And I see the affection I am longing for given to dogs and cats and pet birds, because they come and ask for it. (*Almost whispering.*) It must be asked for: it is like a ghost: it cannot speak unless it is first spoken to. (*At his usual pitch, but with deep melancholy.*) All the love in the world is longing to speak; only it dare not, because it is shy! shy! shy! That is the world's tragedy. (*With a deep sigh he*
- 50 *sits in the visitors' chair and buries his face in his hands.*)
- PROSERPINE** (*Amazed, but keeping her wits about her: her point of honor in encounters with strange young men*): Wicked people get over that shyness occasionally, don't they?
- MARCHBANKS** (*Scrambling up almost fiercely*): Wicked people means people

Continued

55 who have no love: therefore they have no shame. They have the power to ask love because they don't need it: they have the power to offer it because they have none to give. (*He collapses into his seat, and adds, mournfully.*) But we, who have love, and long to mingle it with the love of others: we cannot utter a word. (*Timidly.*) You find that, don't you?

60 **PROSERPINE:** Look here: if you don't stop talking like this, I'll leave the room, Mr. Marchbanks: I really will. It's not proper. (*She resumes her seat at the typewriter, opening the blue book and preparing to copy a passage from it.*)

MARCHBANKS (*Hopelessly*): Nothing that's worth saying is proper. (*He rises, and wanders about the room in his lost way.*) I can't understand you, Miss

65 Garnett. What am I to talk about?

PROSERPINE (*Snubbing him*): Talk about indifferent things. Talk about the weather.

MARCHBANKS: Would you talk about indifferent things if a child were by, crying bitterly with hunger?

70 **PROSERPINE:** I suppose not.

MARCHBANKS: Well: *I* can't talk about indifferent things with my heart crying out bitterly in its hunger.

PROSERPINE: Then hold your tongue.

MARCHBANKS: Yes: that is what it always comes to. We hold our tongues.

75 Does that stop the cry of the heart? for it does cry: doesn't it? It must, if you have a heart.

PROSERPINE (*Suddenly rising with her hand pressed on her heart*): Oh, it's no use trying to work while you talk like that. (*She leaves her little table and sits on the sofa. Her feelings are keenly stirred.*) It's no business of yours

80 whether my heart cries or not; but I have a mind to tell you, for all that.

MARCHBANKS: You needn't. I know already that it must.

PROSERPINE: But mind! if you ever say I said so, I'll deny it.

MARCHBANKS (*Compassionately*): Yes, I know. And so you haven't the courage to tell him?

85 **PROSERPINE** (*Bouncing up*): Him! Who?

MARCHBANKS: Whoever he is. The man you love. It might be anybody. The curate, Mr. Mill, perhaps.

PROSERPINE (*With disdain*): Mr. Mill!!! A fine man to break my heart about, indeed! I'd rather have you than Mr. Mill.

90 **MARCHBANKS** (*Recoiling*): No, really: I'm very sorry; but you musn't think of that. I—

PROSERPINE (*Testily, going to the fireplace and standing at it with her back to him*): Oh, don't be frightened: it's not you. It's not any one particular person.

MARCHBANKS: I know. You feel that you could love anybody that offered—

Continued

- 95 **PROSERPINE** (*Turning, exasperated*): Anybody that offered! No, I do not. What do you take me for?
- MARCHBANKS** (*Discouraged*): No use. You won't make me real answers: only those things that everybody says. (*He strays to the sofa and sits down disconsolately.*)
- 100 **PROSERPINE** (*Nettled at what she takes to be a disparagement of her manners by an aristocrat*): Oh well, if you want original conversation, you'd better go and talk to yourself.
- MARCHBANKS**: That is what all poets do: they talk to themselves out loud; and the world overhears them. But it's horribly lonely not to hear someone else
- 105 talk sometimes.
- PROSERPINE**: Wait until Mr. Morell comes. He'll talk to you. (**MARCHBANKS** *shudders.*) Oh, you needn't make wry faces over him: he can talk better than you. (*With temper.*) He'd talk your little head off. (*She is going back angrily to her place, when he, suddenly enlightened, springs up and stops her.*)
- 110 **MARCHBANKS**: Ah! I understand now.
- PROSERPINE** (*Reddening*): What do you understand?
- MARCHBANKS**: Your secret. Tell me: is it really and truly possible for a woman to love him?
- PROSERPINE** (*As if this were beyond all bounds*): Well!!
- 115 **MARCHBANKS** (*Passionately*): No: answer me. I want to know: I must know. I can't understand it. I can see nothing in him but words, pious resolutions, what people call goodness. You can't love that.
- PROSERPINE** (*Attempting to snub him by an air of cool propriety*): I simply don't know what you're talking about. I don't understand you.
- 120 **MARCHBANKS** (*Vehemently*): You do. You lie.
- PROSERPINE**: Oh!
- MARCHBANKS**: You do understand; and you know. (*Determined to have an answer.*) Is it possible for a woman to love him?
- PROSERPINE** (*Looking him straight in the face*): Yes. (*He covers his face with his hands.*) Whatever is the matter with you! (*He takes down his hands. Frightened at the tragic mask presented to her, she hurries past him at the utmost possible distance, keeping her eyes on his face until he turns from her and goes to the child's chair beside the hearth, where he sits in the deepest dejection. As she approaches the door, it opens and Burgess enters. Seeing him, she [shouts].*) Praise heaven! here's somebody (*and feels safe enough to resume her place at her table. She puts a fresh sheet of paper into the typewriter as Burgess crosses to* **EUGENE**.)
- 130

George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950)

Irish-born dramatist, essayist

Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925

VI. Questions 51 to 60 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS KIND

The story is set in a university community in England in the early 1900's.

- Trotting through Deans Yard¹ that afternoon, Prickett Ellis ran straight into Richard Dalloway, or rather, just as they were passing the covert side glance which each was casting on the other, under his hat, over his shoulder, broadened and burst into recognition; they had not met for twenty years. They had been at school² together. And what was Ellis doing? The Bar?³ Of course, of course—he had followed the case in the papers. But it was impossible to talk here. Wouldn't he drop in that evening. (They lived in the same old place—just round the corner.) One or two people were coming. Joynson perhaps. "An awful swell⁴ now," said Richard.
- 10 "Good—till this evening then," said Richard, and went his way, "jolly glad" (that was quite true) to have met that queer chap, who hadn't changed one bit since he had been at school—just the same knobbly, chubby little boy then, with prejudices sticking out all over him, but uncommonly brilliant—won the Newcastle.⁵ Well—off he went.
- 15 Prickett Ellis, however, as he turned and looked at Dalloway disappearing, wished now he had not met him or, at least, for he had always liked him personally, hadn't promised to come to this party. Dalloway was married, gave parties; wasn't his sort at all. He would have to dress. However, as the evening drew on, he supposed, as he had said that, and didn't want to be rude, he must go
- 20 there.
- But what an appalling entertainment! There was Joynson; they had nothing to say to each other. He had been a pompous little boy; he had grown rather more self-important—that was all; there wasn't a single other soul in the room that Prickett Ellis knew. Not one. So, as he could not go at once, without saying a
- 25 word to Dalloway, who seemed altogether taken up with his duties, bustling about in a white waistcoat, there he had to stand. It was the sort of thing that made his gorge rise.⁶ Think of grown up, responsible men and women doing this every

Continued

¹Deans Yard—an open area on the grounds of a university campus

²school—in Britain, a private boarding school preparing students for university or public service

³The Bar—the legal profession (lawyer)

⁴swell—a pompous person of high social position or a fashionable man-about-town

⁵the Newcastle—an academic scholarship

⁶made his gorge rise—made him feel sickened or disgusted

night of their lives! The lines deepened on his blue and red shaven cheeks, as he leant against the wall, in complete silence; for though he worked like a horse, he
30 kept himself fit by exercise; and he looked hard and fierce, as if his moustaches were dipped in frost. He bristled; he grated. His meagre dress clothes made him look unkempt,⁷ insignificant, angular.

Idle, chattering, overdressed, without an idea in their heads, these fine ladies and gentlemen went on talking and laughing; and Prickett Ellis watched them and
35 compared them with the Brunners who, when they won their case against Fenners' Brewery and got two hundred pounds compensation (it was not half what they should have got) went and spent five of it on a clock for him. That was a decent sort of thing to do; that was the sort of thing that moved one, and he glared more severely than ever at these people, overdressed, cynical, prosperous, and compared
40 what he felt now with what he felt at eleven o'clock that morning when old Brunner and Mrs. Brunner in their best clothes, awfully respectable and clean looking old people, had called in to give him that small token, as the old man put it, standing perfectly upright to make his speech of gratitude and respect for the very able way in which you conducted our case, and Mrs. Brunner piped up, how
45 it was all due to him they felt. And they deeply appreciated his generosity—because of course he hadn't taken a fee.

And as he took the clock and put it on the middle of his mantlepice, he had felt that he wished nobody to see his face. That was what he worked for—that was his reward; and he looked at the people who were actually before his eyes as
50 if they danced over that scene in his chambers and were exposed by it, and as it faded—the Brunners faded—there remained as if left of that scene, himself, confronting this hostile population, a perfectly plain unsophisticated man, a man of the people (he straightened himself), very badly dressed, glaring, with not an air or a grace about him, a man who was an ill hand at concealing his feelings, a plain
55 man, an ordinary human being, pitted against the evil, the corruption, the heartlessness of society. . . .

. . . Indeed, standing there, putting his spectacles away in his pocket, he felt himself grow more and more shocking every instant. And it was a very disagreeable feeling. He did not feel this—that he loved humanity, that he paid
60 only five pence an ounce for tobacco and loved nature—naturally and quietly. Each of these pleasures had been turned into a protest. He felt that these people whom he despised made him stand and deliver and justify himself. "I am an ordinary man," he kept saying. And what he said next he was really ashamed of saying, but he said it. "I have done more for my kind in one day than the rest of
65 you in all your lives." Indeed, he could not help himself; he kept recalling scene

Continued

⁷unkempt—untidy, not cared for, unrefined

after scene, like that when the Brunners gave him the clock—he kept reminding himself of the nice things people had said of his humanity, of his generosity, how he had helped them. He kept seeing himself as the wise and tolerant servant of humanity. And he wished he could repeat his praises aloud. . . .

70 At last Richard Dalloway came up.

“I want to introduce Miss O’Keefe,” he said. Miss O’Keefe looked him full in the eyes. She was a rather arrogant, abrupt mannered woman in the thirties.

Miss O’Keefe wanted an ice⁸ or something to drink. And the reason why she asked Prickett Ellis to give it her in what he felt a haughty, unjustifiable manner, 75 was that she had seen a woman and two children, very poor, very tired, pressing against the railings of a square, peering in, that hot afternoon. Can’t they be let in? she had thought, her pity rising like a wave; her indignation boiling. No; she rebuked herself the next moment, roughly, as if she boxed her own ears. The whole force of the world can’t do it. So she picked up the tennis ball and hurled it 80 back. The whole force of the world can’t do it, she said in a fury, and that was why she said so commandingly, to the unknown man:

“Give me an ice.”

Long before she had eaten it, Prickett Ellis, standing beside her without taking anything, told her that he had not been to a party for fifteen years; told her that his 85 dress suit was lent him by his brother-in-law; told her that he did not like this sort of thing, and it would have eased him greatly to go on to say that he was a plain man, who happened to have a liking for ordinary people, and then would have told her (and been ashamed of it afterwards) about the Brunners and the clock, but she said:

90 “Have you seen the *Tempest*?”

Then, (for he had not seen the *Tempest*) had he read some book? Again no, and then, putting her ice down, did he ever read poetry? . . .

“Perhaps,” said Miss O’Keefe, “you don’t care for beauty.” (He had told her that he had not seen the *Tempest*; that he had not read a book; he looked ill kempt, 95 all moustache, chin, and silver watch chain.) She thought nobody need pay a penny for this; the Museums are free and the National Gallery; and the country. Of course she knew the objections—the washing, cooking, children; but the root of things, what they were all afraid of saying, was that happiness is dirt cheap. You can have it for nothing. Beauty.

100 Then Prickett Ellis let her have it—this pale, abrupt, arrogant woman. He told her, puffing his shag tobacco, what he had done that day. Up at six; interviews; smelling a drain in a filthy slum; then to court.

Continued

⁸an ice—a frozen dessert

Here he hesitated, wishing to tell her something of his own doings.
Suppressing that, he was all the more caustic. He said it made him sick to hear
105 well fed, well dressed women (she twitched her lips, for she was thin, and her
dress not up to standard) talk of beauty.

“Beauty!” he said. He was afraid he did not understand beauty apart from
human beings.

110 So they glared into the empty garden where the lights were swaying, and one
cat hesitating in the middle, its paw lifted.

Beauty apart from human beings? What did he mean by that? she demanded
suddenly.

Well this: getting more and more wrought up, he told her the story of the
Brunners and the clock, not concealing his pride in it. That was beautiful, he said.

115 She had no words to specify the horror his story roused in her. First his
conceit; then his indecency in talking about human feelings; it was a blasphemy;
no one in the whole world ought to tell a story to prove that they had loved their
kind. Yet as he told it—how the old man had stood up and made his speech—
tears came into her eyes; ah, if any one had ever said that to her! but then again,
120 she felt how it was just this that condemned humanity for ever; never would they
reach beyond affecting scenes with clocks; Brunners making speeches to Prickett
Ellises, and the Prickett Ellises would always say how they had loved their kind;
they would always be lazy, compromising, and afraid of beauty. Hence sprung
revolutions; from laziness and fear and this love of affecting scenes. Still this man
125 got pleasure from his Brunners; and she was condemned to suffer for ever and
ever from her poor women shut out from squares. So they sat silent. Both were
very unhappy. For Prickett Ellis was not in the least solaced by what he had said;
instead of picking her thorn out he had rubbed it in; his happiness of the morning
had been ruined. Miss O’Keefe was muddled and annoyed; she was muddy
130 instead of clear.

“I’m afraid I am one of those very ordinary people,” he said, getting up, “who
love their kind.”

Upon which Miss O’Keefe almost shouted, “So do I.”

135 Hating each other, hating the whole houseful of people who had given them
this painful, this disillusioning evening, these two lovers of their kind got up, and
without a word parted for ever.

Virginia Woolf (1882–1941)
English writer

VII. Questions 61 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

THE PRO

- I am on my four-hundred-and-twelfth golf lesson, and my drives still have that pushed little tail, and my irons still take the divot¹ on the wrong side of the ball. My pro is a big gloomy sun-browned man—age about thirty-eight, weight around 195. When he holds a club in his gloved hand and swishes it nervously
- 5 (the nervousness comes over him after the first twenty minutes of our lesson), he makes it look light as a feather, a straw, a baton. Once I sneaked his 3-wood from his bag, and the head weighed more than a cannonball. “Easy does it, Mr. Wallace,” he says to me. My name is not Wallace, but he smooths his clients toward one generic, acceptable name. I call him Dave.
- 10 “Easy does it, Mr. Wallace,” he says. “That ball is not going anywhere by itself, so what’s your hurry?”
- “I want to clobber the bastard,” I say. It took me two hundred lessons to attain this pitch of frankness.
- “You dipped again,” he tells me, without passion. “That right shoulder of
- 15 yours dipped, and your knees locked, you were so anxious. Ride those knees, Mr. Wallace.”
- “I can’t. I keep thinking about my wrists. I’m afraid I won’t pronate² them.”
- This is meant to be a joke, but he doesn’t smile. “Ride those knees, Mr. Wallace. Forget your wrists. Look.” He takes my 5-iron into his hands, a sight so
- 20 thrilling it knocks the breath out of me. It is like, in the movies we all saw as children (oh, blessed childhood!), the instant when King Kong, or the gigantic Cyclops,³ lifts the beautiful blonde, who has blessedly fainted, over his head, and she becomes utterly weightless, a thing of sheer air and vision and pathos. I love it, I feel half sick with pleasure, when he lifts my club, and want to tell him so, but
- 25 I can’t. After four hundred and eleven lessons, I still repress.
- “The hands can’t *help* but be right,” he says, “if the *knees* are right.” He twitches the club, so casually I think he is brushing a bee from the ball’s surface. There is an innocent click; the ball whizzes into the air and rises along a line as straight as the edge of a steel ruler, hangs at its remote apogee for a moment of
- 30 meditation, and settles like a snowflake twenty yards beyond the shagging caddie.⁴

Continued

¹divot—piece of turf torn up by the golf club when striking a ball

²pronate—rotate, turn

³Cyclops—mythological one-eyed giant

⁴shagging caddie—person who carries the golfer’s clubs and irons, marks the spot where the ball lands, fetches the ball, etc.

“Gorgeous, Dave,” I say, with an affectation of camaraderie, though my stomach is a sour churning of adoration and dread.

He says, “A little fat, but that’s the idea. Did you see me grunt and strain?”

“No, Dave.” This is our litany.

35 “Did you see me jerk my head, or freeze at the top of the backswing, or rock forward on my toes?”

“No, Dave, no.”

“Well then, what’s the problem? Step up and show me how.”

I assume my stance, and take back the club, low, slowly; at the top, my eyes fog
40 over, and my joints dip and swirl like barn swallows. I swing. There is a fruitless commotion of dust and rubber at my feet. “Smothered it,” I say promptly. After enough lessons, the terminology becomes second nature. The whole process, as I understand it, is essentially one of self-analysis. The pro is merely a catalyst, a random sample, I have read somewhere, from the grab bag of humanity.

45 He insists on wearing a droll porkpie hat from which his heavy brown figure somehow downflows; his sloping shoulders, his hanging arms, his faintly pendulous belly, and his bent knees all tend toward his shoes, which are ideally natty—solid as bricks, black and white, with baroque stitching, frilled kilties, and spikes as neat as alligator teeth. He looks at me almost with interest. His
50 grass-green irises are tiny, whittled by years of concentrating on the ball. “Loosen up,” he tells me. I love it, I clench with gratitude, when he deigns⁵ to be directive. “Take a few practice swings, Mr. Wallace. You looked like a rusty mechanical man on that one. Listen. Golf is an effortless game.”

55 “Maybe I have no aptitude,” I say, giggling, blushing, hoping to deflect him with the humility bit.

He is not deflected. Stolidly he says, “Your swing is sweet. When it’s there.” Thus he uplifts me and crushes me from phrase to phrase. “You’re blocking yourself out,” he goes on. “You’re not open to your own potential. You’re not, as we say, *free*.”

60 “I know, I know. That’s why I’m taking all these expensive lessons.”

“Swing, Mr. Wallace. Show me your swing.”

I swing, and feel the impurities like bubbles and warps in glass: hurried backswing, too much right hand at impact, failure to finish high.

The pro strips off his glove. “Come over to the eighteenth green.” I think we
65 are going to practice chipping (a restricted but relaxed pendulum motion) for the fiftieth time, but he says, “Lie down.”

Continued

⁵deigns—condescends

The green is firm yet springy. The grounds crew has done a fine job watering this summer, through that long dry spell. Not since childhood have I lain this way, on sweet flat grass, looking up into a tree, branch above branch, each leaf distinct
70 in its generic shape, as when, in elementary school, we used to press them between wax paper. The tree is a sugar maple. For all the times I have tried to hit around it, I never noticed its species before. In the fall, its dried-up leaves have to be brushed from the line of every putt. This spring, when the branches were tracery dusted with a golden budding, I punched a 9-iron right through the crown
75 and salvaged a double bogey.⁶

Behind and above me, the pro's voice is mellower than I remember it, with a lulling grittiness, like undissolved sugar in tea. He says, "Mr. Wallace, tell me what you're thinking about when you freeze at the top of your backswing."

"I'm thinking about my shot. I see it sailing dead on the pin, hitting six feet
80 short, taking a bite with lots of backspin, and dribbling into the cup. The crowd goes *ooh* and cheers."

"Who's in the crowd? Anybody you know personally?"

"No . . . wait. There is somebody. My mother. She has one of those cardboard periscope things and shouts out, 'Gorgeous, Billy!'"

85 "She calls you Billy."

"That's my name, Dave. William, Willy, Billy, Bill. Let's cut out this Mr. Wallace routine. You call me Bill, I'll call you Dave." He is much easier to talk to, the pro, without the sight of his powerful passionless gloom, his hands (one bare, one gloved) making a mockery of the club's weight.

90 "Anybody else you know? Wife? Kids?"

"No, my wife's had to take the babysitter home. Most of the kids are at camp."

"What else do you see up there at the top of the backswing?"

"I see myself quitting lessons." It was out, *whiz*, before I had time to censor.

95 Silence reigns in the leafy dome above me. A sparrow is hopping from branch to branch, like a pencil point going from number to number in those children's puzzles we all used to do.

At last the pro grunts, which, as we said, he never does. "The last time you were out, Mr. Wallace, what did you shoot?"

100 "You mean the last time I kept count?"

"Mm."

"A hundred eight. But that was with some pretty lucky putts."

"Mm. Better stand up. Any prolonged pressure, the green may get a fungus. This bent grass is hell to maintain." When I stand, he studies me, chuckles, and

Continued

⁶double bogey—two strokes more than should normally be required for a particular hole

105 says to an invisible attendant, "A hundred eight, with a hot putter yet, and he wants to quit lessons."

I beg, "Not quit forever—just a vacation. Let me play a few different courses. You know, get out into the world. Maybe even try a public course. Hell, or go to a driving range and whack out a bucket of balls. You know, learn to live with the game I've got. Enjoy life."

110 His noble impassivity is invested with a shimmering, twinkling humorousness; his leathery face softens toward a smile, and the trace of a dimple is discovered in his cheek. "Golf is life," he says softly, and his green eyes expand, "and life is lessons," and the humps of his brown muscles merge with the
115 hillocks and swales of the course, whose red flags prick the farthest horizon, and whose dimmest sand traps are indistinguishable from galaxies. I see that he is right, as always, absolutely; there is no life, no world, beyond the golf course—just an infinite and terrible falling-off. "If I don't give *you* lessons," he is going on, "how will I pay for *my* lessons?"

120 "You take lessons?"

"Sure. I hook under pressure. Like Palmer.⁷ I'm too strong. Any rough on the left, there I am. You don't have that problem, with your nice pushy slice."

"You mean there's a sense," I ask, scarcely daring, "in which *you* need *me*?"

He puts his hand on my shoulder, the hand pale from wearing the glove, and I
125 become a feather at the touch, all air and ease. "Mr. Wallace," he says, "I've learned a lot from your sweet swing. I hate it when, like now, the half hour's up."

"Next Tuesday, eleven thirty?"

Solemnly my pro nods. "We'll smooth out your chipping. Here in the shade."

John Updike
Contemporary American writer

⁷Palmer—Arnold Palmer, famous professional golfer

Credits

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