

Readings Booklet

June 1996



English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination





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June 1996

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 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.

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- I. Questions 1 to 6 in your Questions Booklet are based on the article “How well you play the waiting game says a lot about your social class.”

HOW WELL YOU PLAY THE WAITING GAME SAYS A LOT ABOUT YOUR SOCIAL CLASS

The gardens are in for this year and now begins the waiting game that says more than you think about social class.

Gardening used to be a matter of planting a few trees, peonies, carrots and annuals to brighten up the corners. Now it's evening courses on landscape

- 5 architecture, encyclopedic guides on flora, garden blueprints, water features, walls, pavings, pots, trellises, recycling, lights and, of course, hours at plant nurseries browsing. There is a great deal to learn about gardening as both science and culture, and wheelbarrows of money to be spent.

But other than fashion, how does gardening relate to social class? Well,

- 10 gardening requires enormous tolerance for delayed gratification: *you have to wait for things to grow*. Planning a garden requires that you imagine the size, shape and colour of many plants and trees that will take years to reach maturity. A lot of knowledge, creativity and resources must be invested in the expectation of a full reward much later down the line.

- 15 The ability to imagine a better future, the desire to experience it, the willingness to invest in it and the patience to wait for it is, perhaps, the best single test of social class.

- Twenty years ago, in his controversial book *The Unheavenly City*, Edward Banfield offered “future orientation” as a measure of social class. Personal aspirations, assumptions and habits—especially one’s time horizon—were, he argued, the real determinants of class. The further an individual looked into the future to set his goals, and the more an individual was willing to work without early return to reach those goals, the higher his social class.

- (This thesis was so controversial when used to explain the troubled status of minorities in U.S. cities that Prof. Banfield was shouted off the University of Toronto campus when he came from Harvard to speak.)

- In this context, someone who is addicted to immediate gratification of his appetites is defined as lower class, whatever his income. Someone who cannot understand the long-term consequences of his behaviour, good or bad, is lower class. Even someone who *can* foresee long-term consequences, but who lacks the will to fashion current behaviour so as to realize future benefits, is lower class.

A student from a poor family who gets up early to study German as part of his plan to qualify for the PhD program in history at Stanford is a member of the upper class. He does not have to wait for graduation and a higher income to

Continued

35 qualify. As long as his future orientation is strong, and his willingness to invest in delayed returns is clear, he is exhibiting upper-class behaviour.

40 In contrast, a wealthy student with a strong appetite for immediate gratification, and who generally eschews self-denial now for rewards later, is a member of the lower class (and will probably fritter away his wealth over time—a wastrel).

45 Apply the principle to nations, and those nations with a penchant for long-range strategic planning at some cost to current consumption are likely to dominate regional or global affairs. Japan leaps to mind.

50 Future orientation—which is a longitudinal measure—is not the only measure of class. Breadth of experience—a latitudinal measure—is another leading indicator. Travelling widely—and by that, we must include travel among social classes and subcultures, as well as places—is a necessary antidote to parochialism.¹ Parochialism deprives an individual of the references and comparisons that are essential to good judgment. Good judgment, in turn, is essential to membership in the upper class.

55 Just talking about social class offends many people who are properly concerned that individuals not be “pigeon-holed” and therefore oppressed by assumptions. Concern for discrimination can apply even to upper-class individuals, who may be pilloried on the assumption that they are, for example, self-centred. But concern for the abuse of understanding about social class is no rationale for ignorance of its nature.

And you thought you were just planting roses.

William Thorsell

Canadian newspaper publisher and journalist,
editor-in-chief of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*

¹parochialism—selfishness or narrowness of opinions or views

II. Questions 7 to 17 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the dramatic poem “Prophet of the New World: A Poem for Voices.”

from PROPHET OF THE NEW WORLD: A POEM FOR VOICES

Louis Riel was a visionary leader of the Métis during the early settlement of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, when the Métis way of life in the West was threatened by the influx of settlers moving in from the East. After staging an unsuccessful rebellion in 1885, Riel was tried by a jury and executed for treason.

MADAME RIEL:

- So, he returned to us; to Winnipeg.
Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
he fought the fight—
gave to the untitled,¹ the squatters
5 land that the Hudson's Bay
had held for Company spoils—
“a skin for a skin” their motto.
Our Louis ripped off the “HBC”
from the Company’s flag
10 and let the good nuns of St. Boniface
sew, in its place, the one word, “Nation.”
Together we created
the Provisional Government
of Assiniboia
15 and in eighteen hundred and seventy-three
elected Louis Riel as our representative
to Parliament at Ottawa!
But instead of being allowed to take his seat
he, my son
20 was charged with the killing of Thomas Scott
by a firing squad, at Fort Garry.
The rights and wrongs of *that*
will be argued for many a year . . .
But Louis Riel escaped by boat down the river
25 and fled across the border—
officially at Ottawa they said
“banished from his own country.”

Continued

¹untitled—land titles are official documents describing the location and ownership of land, hence, those people who do not own the land upon which they live

RIEL:

- Even an exile must keep busy, work,
forget to dream. I swept aside
30 all purpose other than to follow on
the turn of seasons: and to shield with love
my little ones—my wife and little ones.

MADAME RIEL:

- Then, the eighteen eighties; news abroad
talk coming from the north, of hunger
35 and starvation in Saskatchewan;
infringement of the rights
of Métis and of Frenchmen; the native-born
and newcomer pioneer both restless grown
at the indifference of the Government.

RIEL:

- 40 It came by word of mouth, an endless chain
of words, from farm to farm—
until one day dust clogged our narrow road
and clopping horses drowned the sparrow's chirp.
Two horsemen galloped up, alighted at my door—
45 men of brownish skin and straight brown hair
their faces known to me in dreams—
two messengers from Métis friends
calling me home across the line,² to give
my wit and wisdom to their cause;
50 asking for aid as leader of their flock:
I, Exovede—from *their flock!*³ Because I knew
with my experience, how to speak well
the tongue of governments; how to set forth our rights
yet offer, still in peace, the other cheek.⁴

Continued

²the line—the border between Canada and the United States

³Exovede—from *their flock*—during the rebellion, members of the provisional government formed by Riel were known as Exovedes, meaning “from the flock” (Riel identified with the Hebrew King David who as a young shepherd became champion of his people.)

⁴offer, still in peace, the other cheek—from the book of Luke (6:29) in the Bible; Jesus tells his disciples not to behave spitefully toward their enemies; if someone strikes them on the cheek, they are to offer the other cheek also.

55 I listened. Then I prayed.
And then I came.
Back to the heartland that had nourished me.

CHORUS:

What particular dream, what sad report
from the country across the chasm
60 does he bring, the stranger—
he whom we had almost forgotten?

Has he a name still, has he dyed his hair
or is he still exuberant and bold
and what is his news, what manner of wonders
65 will he propound? Will he confound us?

Look, he has changed his clothes
altered his manner of speaking:
in his gait he limps, he walks with an arm uplifted.
Is he therefore still one of us? Can he be called ours?
70 *And do we want him?*

O there is the nub of the question!
Will he hold us, spurning, until he has told all
until silence spreads like early sunlight
over and into the grass, through the wood's crannies
75 under the leaves, under the tight skin?

Hush. He is mounting the rostrum:
be silent, stop questioning, hold yourselves ready.
Hush, for his lips are open. His words hurl truth.

RIEL:

Le Canada pour les Canadiens!
80 And who are we, Canadians?
This land is mother to me,
Blood and bone.
Yet like a mother, she has room
for more. Her arms, Red River and Assiniboine,

Continued

- 85 her arms are empty. The knotty land upthrust,
charred trunk, naked torso of rock
no eyes for sight, no face
shining out of the night—
day, a deep yawn where voice should be—
- 90 pure physical, girded with rivers,
boundaried by birds,
mapped by the grooves of buffalo and wolf.
Behold my land! a stride of seven leagues,
a giant pulse! And yet no head,
- 95 no tower for the mind.

Therefore she must be peopled.
With French blood, and with the Irish
Scandinavian, Scotch.

Some German stock I'd have—Bavarians, Russians, Poles

- 100 and the lone Jew whose face is veiled
with all the mourning of these
eighteen hundred years. Perhaps for him
the waves of the Pacific will chant a sweet
slow music to console his heart.

- 105 And what of us?
We Métis rooted here
The firstfruits of the country?
Must we go backward, yield, be dispossessed?
Ah no! Not if our temper's yet

- 110 what in the past it's been. Remember 1869!⁵
To us who share all willingly with all who come,
to us must come fair share.
I see myself The Prophet of the New World!
The land *was* ours; it shall be

115 *ours and yours.*

CHORUS:

Now all is past. The trial
the final passionate

Continued

⁵1869—The first rebellion; the Métis, under the leadership of Riel, fearful of the implications of the transfer of Red River area and the North-West area from the Hudson's Bay Company to Canadian jurisdiction, challenged the transfer by halting surveys and blocking entry to Red River.

self-defence. The hanging
at Regina.

- 120 November 1885 is history.

MADAME RIEL:

We brought his body back to Winnipeg
in a plain wooden box—
then gave him a new coffin
decent burial

- 125 in his own earth, at St. Vital.

CHORUS:

Now the dark plunge of the year is done:
we make new prophecies
and stand, unhelmeted
facing remote certainties.

- 130 In the mind's eye bare branch
leaps with encircling green—
the pushing, probing blades.
These will be here, come bomb
or barbs of love lost, lost; come fire
135 to hospital, museum, home.

Over a burnt black sod the grasses grow,
the vine creeps back over the shattered porch:
the ships we built, the mills, the sprawling towns
these our own hands destroy. But not

- 140 O never will the grasping claw
reach down, break earth, tear seed from seed!
and never will the child in war, the womb in woman be
made devastate. For green returns
tenacious signal, friend to ambushed eyes.

Dorothy Livesay
Contemporary Canadian poet

III. Questions 18 to 24 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

AT THE TOURIST CENTRE IN BOSTON

There is my country under glass,
a white relief—
map with red dots for the cities,
reduced to the size of a wall

- 5 and beside it 10 blownup snapshots
one for each province,
in purple-browns and odd reds
the green of the trees dulled;
all blues however
10 of an assertive purity.

Mountains and lakes and more lakes
(though Quebec is a restaurant and Ontario the empty
interior of the parliament buildings),
with nobody climbing the trails and hauling out
15 the fish and splashing in the water

but arrangements of grinning tourists—
look here, Saskatchewan
is a flat lake, some convenient rocks
where two children pose with a father

- 20 and the mother is cooking something
in immaculate slacks by a smokeless fire,
her teeth white as detergent.

Whose dream is this, I would like to know:
is this a manufactured

- 25 hallucination, a cynical fiction, a lure
for export only?

I seem to remember people,
at least in the cities, also slush,
machines and assorted garbage. Perhaps

- 30 that was my private mirage

Continued

which will just evaporate
when I go back. Or the citizens will be gone,
run off to the peculiarly—
green forests

- 35 to wait among the brownish mountains
for the platoons of tourists
and plan their odd red massacres.

Unsuspecting
window lady, I ask you:

- 40 Do you see nothing
watching you from under the water?

Was the sky ever that blue?

Who really lives there?

Margaret Atwood
Canadian poet and novelist

**IV. Questions 25 to 31 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from
“The Territorial Imperative.”**

from THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE

What in the actions of any individual, man or other animal, can be attributed to instinct? What to learning? The question, stated or unstated, lies at the heart of some of our most heated controversies. It is difficult to discuss any contemporary issue—crime or race, techniques of education, aid to underdeveloped countries or ways to bring up baby—without finding oneself in the presence, sooner or later, of this ambiguous monster which seems always proceeding in two opposite directions at once. In many a parlor of contemporary discussion the word “instinct” is banned more severely than some of its fellows boasting only four letters. To such subjective depths has an essentially objective problem been

5 reduced that Abraham Maslow, the astute chairman of Brandeis University’s psychology department, has suggested a political explanation. To refer to human instincts is to damn oneself as a reactionary, probably of the most fascist-minded sort. Total devotion to learning, on the other hand, is to label oneself as liberal, progressive, securely democratic.

10

Our troubles with instinct began, I suspect, with those studies of insects that initiated a modern fascination with the animal world. There is something about a butterfly called *Hoplitis milhauseri* which can be neither dismissed nor forgotten. Its soft little pupae lie in cocoons as hard as nutshells. How do they get out? Well, each pupa has a built-in can-opener on top of its head and, when the

15 moment comes, cuts a circular hole in the shell so that its metamorphosed self may emerge as a butterfly. Instinct most obviously has something to do with this, as well as a natural tool kit. To examine the instinct with precision, an experimenter in Zurich once carefully removed two pupae from their nutshells a day or two before their time had come and laid them on the floor of a little

20 breeding cage. They remained there quietly. Then, however, nature commanded. The pupae moved. They scrambled, in fact, to the wall of the breeding cage, where for an hour they made thrusts and circular turning movements with their heads. Only then, the instinct satisfied, did they go about the developing of wings.

25

When the work of the French entomologist Jean Henri Fabre was collected and published as *The Wonders of Instinct* early in this century, the wonders were so astounding that we never quite got over them. A fair example is the Capricorn beetle, whose helpful offspring any parent must envy, and whose instincts make the pupae with the can-openers seem crude.

30

The larva of the Capricorn beetle is a tiny wormlike being who starts out life no thicker of body than a straw. He burrows into an oak tree, ingesting wood at

35

Continued

the front end and leaving a tunnel behind. For three years he wanders around in the heart of the oak, very much on his own without parental guidance, increasing in size until he is as thick as your finger. About then he is ready to turn into a beetle, and this he will do inside the oak. The problem confronting Fabre was
40 how the beetle gets out. Only the larva has the capacity to dine off oak. The beetle would be helpless.

Fabre gave long attention to the matter and found that while in the whole three years of wandering the larva would never approach the bark, at the end of his journey he headed directly to it, leaving his tunnel behind him and stopping
45 only when the thinnest film of bark separated the tunnel from the outdoors. Then the larva backs up. Having moved an appropriate distance from the exit, he proceeds to hollow out a chamber not his size but large enough to accommodate the beetle who does not yet exist. The larva's brush with destiny, however, is not yet done. He seals the chamber at either end with a natural cement produced in
50 his stomach. Now, with doors neatly closed, he rasps down the walls of his sealed chamber to cover the floor with a soft down. Using the same wood-wool, he completes the decor by felting all walls a millimeter thick. Now at last his preparations for the accouchement¹ are finished and he lies down and sheds his skin, becoming a pupa which in turn will become a beetle. But the wonders of
55 instinct have not yet been finally recorded. He lies down always with his head toward the exit. Were he to lie down the wrong way, the beetle would be unable to turn around.

The instincts of the larva of the Capricorn beetle may be compared, perhaps, to the programming of a computer. And perhaps someday, when we have become
60 a bit more relaxed in the presence of these modern beasts with all their mechanical wonders, we shall better understand, through analogy, such natural wonders as Fabre presented to the world. But we have no such understanding today.
Biology, whether old or new, has no more to say about the Capricorn beetle than it had half a century ago.

65 Did we reject instinct because we could not understand it? The human mind is capable of its own wonders, and this may in some cases have been true. On the whole, however, I believe that the rejection came about through more reasonable processes. The kind of instinct observed in the insect world—a total
70 programming in which learning plays no part—occurs rarely in the world of the vertebrate, and never in the world of man. If one's understanding of the world is limited to insect example, then one is apt to reject instinct as a factor in human motivation.

Robert Ardrey (1908–1980)
American writer and anthropologist

¹accouchement—birthing

- V. Questions 32 to 42 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel “A Summer Bird-Cage.”

from A SUMMER BIRD-CAGE

After living in Paris for the last two months, Sarah has returned to her family's country home in Warwickshire, England, to be a bridesmaid for her sister, Louise.

- After the first glow of welcome came the usual nags, complaints, demands and grudges: my mother complained to me unendingly about Louise, about the guests she invited who never replied, about the way she left packing straw all over the hall, and about our Swedish girl Kristin:¹ my father told me my mother was 5 run down and that my place was at home and what did I mean by arriving only two days before the wedding: my cousin Daphne peered and chatted at me and told me heart-breaking, pathetic stories about the classics master at the Boys' Grammar School² who apparently took her to the cinema from time to time. Louise ignored me and everyone else completely. Aunt Betty was as quiet and 10 mournful as ever, uncomplaining and forbearing and worn to a shadow by her widowhood. She was everybody's stooge: everybody took it out of her. The whole set-up seemed so fossilized and gloomy that I decided that the gleams of goodwill had as ever been pure hallucination, and that I had better get out as soon after Louise had departed as possible. The only consolation was my cousin 15 Michael, who walked with me round our rather Elizabethan garden, full of camomile and gillyflowers and pease-blossom, pulling flowers off plants in a way that drives Mama mad, and telling me what he thought of Louise's fiancé Stephen. What he thought wasn't much, as I had expected, but he said with enviable cynicism, "Oh, she probably knows which side her bread is buttered."
- With everybody else being in such a bad temper about one thing and another, I managed to hit the right note of irritation by getting really annoyed about my 20 bridesmaid's dress. It was very smart, and it fitted perfectly, but I thought it was rather tarty, and was surprised at Louise until I remembered that she wasn't wearing it herself. Her dress was quite lovely, or seemed to be through its plastic bag in the cupboard; it was made of wild silk and was simple and floating. I knew 25 she would look so extraordinary that I wished I could be generous and admire her just for a couple of days without grudging it. But she was so ungenerous herself that I couldn't. Until I went up to Oxford I always believed that the defensive, almost whining position that she invariably pushed me into was entirely the fault

Continued

¹our Swedish girl Kristin—Kristin was the family's live-in, paid household helper

²classics master at the Boys' Grammar School—teacher of Greek and Latin at the academic high school for boys

30 of my own miserable nature, as I admired her fanatically: it was only at university that I realized that it was she that forced me into grudgingness. In fact, I never realized this of my own accord at all: it was explained to me by a friend, and it took me a very long time to grasp the idea and to live with it. I always have birth-pangs over new ideas, prolonged sickness, headaches and misery before the final
35 painful delivery: but after that the idea is with me forever, kicking and alive. I could never thank Peter enough for delivering this idea about Louise: his theory was, I think, essentially the right one, and it lifted a load of dependence and clinging inferiority from my shoulders. It was at Oxford that I began to forget her: I didn't think about her for whole days together: I didn't think people were being
40 kind when they complimented me on my appearance. I was always a one for seeing things in extremes, and because I wasn't as beautiful as Louise I assumed I was as plain as Daphne: whereas in fact if there is a barrier down the middle of mankind dividing the sheep from the goats I am certainly on Louise's side of it as far as physical beauty goes.

45 It was a horrible day. A day of bad temper, and in me of age-old, cradle-born superfluity. A day of old feuds. The thought of Louise getting married the next day seemed to annoy everybody, including Louise. We all went to bed fairly early, wishing Louise a solemn goodnight: at dinner my mother had suddenly and unexpectedly turned sentimental, reminiscing about her own honeymoon in a
50 solitary unsupported monologue. I felt sorry for her as my father wouldn't co-operate at all: poor brave twittering Mama, pretending everything had always been so lovely, ignoring the facts because they were the only ones she knew. My father is a bit of a brute and that phrase really fits him; at such times he rudely and abruptly dissociates himself from everything Mama says, so she has no retreat
55 except repellent Louise and soft, dishonest, indulgent me. So I asked the right questions and listened to the old stories, which would have been charming if true, and went to bed feeling sick with myself and sick with the whole idea of marriage and sickest of all with Louise, who didn't even seem to realize the courage and desperation of Mama that underlaid the nonsense and fuss and chirruping.

60 I fell asleep quickly and was awakened at four in the morning by noises from downstairs. I lay there for a few minutes in a headaching bad temper wondering what on earth it was, until it occurred to me that it might well be Louise suffering from traditional bridal sleeplessness. I tried to get to sleep again, but couldn't, and after tossing and turning and switching the light on and off several times I
65 decided to get up and investigate. I put on my dressing-gown—and crept to the top of the stairs: the hall light wasn't on, but the light in the music-room was, and I could see Louise walking firmly and regularly from one end of it, along the hall to the front door, and back again, backwards and forwards, like an animal in a small cage trying to take exercise. She had bare feet and was wearing a white

Continued

70 nightgown that looked like part of a trousseau;³ it had a black ribbon threaded round the lace at the neck. There was something padding and rhythmic in her step that suggested she had been there for a long time, walking up and down. She was smoking and dropping cigarette ash on the floor as she went. I watched her make her short pilgrimage two or three times more before I said, "Lou," and she looked
75 up as she reached the bottom of the stairs and saw me: "Who's that?" she said, with a little giggle, and I said "Sarah," and she said, "Oh, that's all right!" with a sigh of relief. Then, with the same subterranean giggle in her voice, she went on, "Come on down then, come and join the party."

She sounded very approachable, so I went down and we went into the music-room where the light was. She sat down on the settee, very heavily, and said, "Look, Sally, I'm drinking in the dawn." And she was too: she had half-finished a bottle of whisky: she handed it to me with a kind of bonhomie⁴ that was quite unprecedented, and said, "Go on, have a drink."

I obeyed, though the stuff tasted very sour and odd in my half-asleep mouth,
85 and then I looked around. Everywhere was littered with ash, little grey worms of it all over the carpet, and Louise herself looked quite fantastic, her long hair all wild and tangled up with two odd curlers stuck in the top, and her skin glistening white and deathly with cold cream.

"What the hell do you think you are?" I said. "Lady Macbeth?"

90 "How did you guess," she said, "how did you guess. And how did you know I was here?"

"I heard you. You woke me up."

"Oh, that must have been when I fell over the piano stool. I'm not really making a noise."

95 "Oh no. And look at that ash."

She looked at it, comically helpless.

"Yes, it is rather a mess, isn't it. What on earth can I do with it? And all that whisky. Could I fill it up with water, do you think?"

"Don't be silly, you'll be in Rome before it's discovered."

100 "Yes, so I will. So I will. I keep forgetting." She paused and belched. "I say, Sally, I feel ghastly."

"I'm sure you do," I said, primly. "Would you like me to make you some coffee?"

105 "Oh, Sarah, be an angel. I'd love some. I could just do with some. Do make me some, I need looking after for once in my life, I'm too weak to switch the gas on. Do be an angel, I'll love you forever if you make me some coffee."

I could have done with that too.

Continued

³trousseau—bride's honeymoon clothing

⁴bonhomie—pleasing manner, cheerful disposition

It was soft of me, I suppose, but I was so honoured by her drunken accessibility that I took her into the kitchen and sat her down at the table, made
110 her some Nescafé, and swept up all the ash quietly with a dustpan and brush.
Then she started to moan about her hair so I fetched the rest of her curlers and put it all up for her. She looked only faintly ridiculous even with her hair full of iron rolls and her face shining with grease: somehow she managed to look dramatic rather than at a disadvantage. She looked as though she were in a film or an air
115 raid. She was more communicative than I had ever known her, and kept muttering about Rome and loving, honouring and obeying: she said nothing about Stephen except, "Stephen knows such gorgeous people in Rome," which came up from time to time as a refrain. I envied her, for her honeymoon if not for her husband, and told her so: "I wouldn't mind larking about in first class hotels for a bit," I
120 said. She was pleased that I was impressed. After a while the blodginess and irritation of being up in the middle of the night left me, and I fell in with the isolated moment, the dark kitchen, Louise leaning on her elbows with her face in her hands, the smell of ash and cold cream, and the sudden disruption of twenty-one years of family life, during which I had never been up at that hour except
125 when ill. Louise kept going on so about Rome that I too started to think of it: there is something about Italy that fills me with such desire. Fair Florence, with the sculpture and the water-ices. I gave myself up to the idea of it, I wallowed in nostalgia—stupidly, as I had only got back from abroad the day before and was due in fact for a spell of English Victoriana-worship—I envied Louise for going
130 there the minute that trivial business of getting married was over. A honeymoon and Rome, what an *embarras de richesses*.⁵ I would have changed places in a flash, if only I could have chosen a different man.

I must say, in justice, that there was something so almost gay in the way Louise talked about those gorgeous people, and her trousseau, and the hotels, that
135 I was quite prepared to believe that everything was perfectly normal and happy, and even that she might be in love: certainly that life would be beautiful and exciting and highly-coloured for her, which for other people may well be just as good as love. I did not think that the drabness and despair which threatened to ooze over my life in every unoccupied second would ever swamp Louise: she was
140 way off, wealthy, up in the sky and singing. Louise, Louise, I mutely cried as we went up to bed for the last two hours of the night, Louise teach me how to win, teach me to be undefeated, teach me to trample without wincing. Teach me the art of discarding. Teach me success.

Margaret Drabble
British novelist and editor

⁵*embarras de richesses*—an embarrassing surplus of riches

VI. Questions 43 to 50 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

AMONG CHILDREN

I walk among the rows of bowed heads—
the children are sleeping through fourth grade
so as to be ready for what is ahead,
the monumental boredom of junior high
5 and the rush forward tearing their wings
loose and turning their eyes forever inward.
These are the children of Flint,¹ their fathers
work at the spark plug factory or truck
bottled water in five-gallon sea-blue jugs
10 to the widows of the suburbs. You can see
already how their backs have thickened,
how their small hands, soiled by pig iron,²
leap and stutter even in dreams. I would like
to sit down among them and read slowly
15 from the Book of Job³ until the windows
pale and the teacher rises out of a milky sea
of industrial scum, her gowns streaming
with light, her foolish words transformed
into song, I would like to arm each one
20 with a quiver of arrows⁴ so that they might
rush like wind there where no battle rages
shouting among the trumpets, Ha! Ha!
How dear the gift of laughter in the face
of the eight-hour day, the cold winter mornings
25 without coffee and oranges, the long lines
of mothers in old coats waiting silently
where the gates have closed. Ten years ago
I went among these same children, just born,
in the bright ward of the Sacred Heart and leaned
30 down to hear their breaths delivered that day,

Continued

¹Flint—car manufacturing town in Michigan which was devastated when the main plant was moved to Mexico

²pig iron—crude iron with high carbon content, used to manufacture steel

³Job—a hero in the Old Testament of the Bible. Job endured his great afflictions with fortitude and faith and was rewarded.

⁴quiver of arrows—Job was armed by God with the “arrows of his tongue”

burning with joy. There was such wonder
in their sleep, such purpose in their eyes
closed against autumn, in their damp heads
blurred with the hair of ponds, and not one
35 turned against me or the light, not one
 said, I am sick, I am tired, I will go home,
 not one complained or drifted alone,
 unloved, on the hardest day of their lives.
Eleven years from now they will become
40 the men and women of Flint or Paradise,⁵
 the majors of a minor town, and I
 will be gone into smoke or memory,
 so I bow to them here and whisper
 all I know, all I will never know.

Philip Levine
Contemporary American poet

⁵Paradise—small American town

VII. Questions 51 to 62 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Henry VI, Part 1, Act IV, scene i.*

from Henry VI, Part 1, Act IV, scene i

CHARACTERS:

KING HENRY VI of England

Duke of GLOUCESTER—Lord Protector and Uncle of the King

Lord TALBOT—Leader of English forces

VERNON—Supporter of the House of York (represented by the White Rose)

BASSET—Supporter of the House of Lancaster (represented by the Red Rose)

RICHARD—Duke of York, leader of the Yorkists

Duke of SOMERSET—leader of the Lancastrians

Duke of EXETER—Great-uncle of the King

Earl of WARWICK

The setting is Paris, where the young HENRY VI of England has just been crowned King of France.

In addition to war with France, this period has been marked by ongoing dynastic struggles between two branches of the royal family, the houses of York and Lancaster, with both sides claiming a right to the throne as descendants of KING EDWARD III. HENRY VI himself is a Lancastrian.

(As the scene opens, KING HENRY has just received a letter from the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, a French ally of the English.)

GLOUCESTER (*looking at the outside of the letter*):

What means his grace that he hath changed his style?

No more but plain and bluntly ‘To the King’?

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What’s here? (*He reads.*) I have, upon especial cause,

Moved with compassion of my country’s wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsaken your pernicious faction

And joined with Charles, the rightful King of France.

O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?

5

10

Continued

That in alliance, amity, and oaths
15 There should be found such false dissembling guile?
KING: What? Doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
GLOUCESTER: He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
KING: Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
GLOUCESTER: It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
20 **KING:** Why, then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
 And give him chastisement for this abuse.
 How say you, my lord? Are you not content?
TALBOT: Content, my liege? Yes. But that I am prevented,¹
 I should have begged I might have been employed.
25 **KING:** Then gather strength and march unto him straight.
 Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason
 And what offence it is to flout his friends.
TALBOT: I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
 You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit]

30 *Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

VERNON: Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.
BASSET: And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.
RICHARD: This is my servant. Hear him, noble prince.
SOMERSET: And this is mine. Sweet Henry, favor him.
35 **KING:** Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
 Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
 And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
VERNON: With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
BASSET: And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
40 **KING:** What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
 First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
BASSET: Crossing the sea from England into France,
 This fellow here with envious carping tongue
 Upbraided me about the rose I wear,
45 Saying the sanguine color of the leaves
 Did represent my master's blushing cheeks
 When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
 About a certain question in the law²
 Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;

Continued

¹prevented—anticipated

²a certain question in the law—the question of York's right to the succession

50 With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.³

VERNON: And that is my petition, noble lord.

55 For though he seem with forgèd quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower

60 Bewrayed⁴ the faintness of my master's heart.

RICHARD: Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

SOMERSET: Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

KING: Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men

65 When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations⁵ shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

RICHARD: Let his dissension first be tried by fight,

70 And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOMERSET: The quarrel toucheth none but us alone.
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

RICHARD: There is my pledge. Accept it, Somerset.

VERNON: Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

75 BASSET: Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

GLOUCESTER: Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage

80 To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.

85 Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXETER: It grieves his highness. Good my lords, be friends.

Continued

³benefit of law of arms—legal privilege to fight a duel

⁴bewrayed—revealed

⁵emulations—conflicts

KING: Come hither you that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favor,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
90 And you, my lords: remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle, wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
95 To willfull disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
100 Destroyed themselves and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,⁶
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
105 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[He puts on a red rose.]
That anyone should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York.
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
110 As well they may upbraid me with my crown
Because forsooth the King of Scots is crowned.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
115 So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France;
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
120 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,⁷
Go cheerfully together and digest⁸
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;

Continued

⁶conquest of my father—King Henry V conquered France

⁷progenitors—both Somerset and York were descendants of King Edward III

⁸digest—dissipate

- 125 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon,⁹ and that traitorous rout.
Exeunt all but RICHARD DUKE OF YORK, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON.
- 130 WARWICK: My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
- RICHARD: And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
- WARWICK: Tush, that was but his fancy. Blame him not.
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
- 135 RICHARD: An if I wist¹⁰ he did—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
- Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*
- EXETER: Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
140 I fear we should have seen deciphered there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
145 This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favorites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division.
- 150 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

Exit.

William Shakespeare

⁹Charles, Alençon—Charles was heir to the French throne, Alençon a French duke

¹⁰wist—knew for certain

VIII. Questions 63 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the essay “Stunt Pilot.”

from STUNT PILOT

Dave Rahm lived in Bellingham, Washington, north of Seattle. Bellingham, a harbor town, lies between the alpine North Cascade Mountains and the San Juan Islands in Haro Strait above Puget Sound. The latitude is that of Newfoundland. Dave Rahm was a stunt pilot, the air's own genius.

- 5 In 1975, with a newcomer's willingness to try anything once, I attended the Bellingham Air Fair. The Bellingham airport was a wide clearing in a forest of tall Douglas firs; its runways suited small planes. It was June. It wasn't even raining; the air was cold and dry. People wearing blue or tan zipped jackets stood loosely on the concrete walkways and runways outside the coffee shop. At that
10 10 latitude in June, you stayed outside because you could, even most of the night, if you could think up something to do. The sky did not darken until 10:00 or so, and it never got very dark; in strict astronomical terms, the sun never dropped sufficient degrees of arc below the horizon to take you from astronomical twilight into astronomical night. Your life split open like the day. You tossed your dark
15 15 winter routines, thought up mad projects, and improvised everything from hour to hour. Being a stunt pilot seemed the most reasonable thing in the world; you could wave your arms in the air all day and all night, and sleep next winter.

- I saw from the ground ten stunt pilots; the air show scheduled them one after the other, for an hour of aerobatics. Each pilot took up his or her plane and
20 20 performed a batch of tricks. They were precise and impressive. They flew upside down, and straightened out; they did barrel rolls, and straightened out; they drilled through dives and spins, and landed gently on a far runway.

- For the end of the day, separated from all other performances of every sort, the air show had scheduled a program titled “Dave Rahm.” The leaflet said he
25 25 had flown for King Hussein in Jordan. A tall man in the crowd told me King Hussein had seen Rahm fly on a visit to North America; he had invited him to Jordan to perform at ceremonies. Hussein was a pilot, too. “Hussein thought he was the greatest thing in the world.” Rahm was also a geologist who taught at Western Washington University.

- 30 Idly, paying scant attention, I saw a medium-sized, rugged man dressed in brown leather, all begoggled, climb in a black biplane's open cockpit. The plane was a Bukker Jungman, built in the Thirties. I saw a tall, dark-haired woman seize a propeller tip at the plane's nose and yank it down till the engine caught. He was off; he climbed high over the airport in his biplane, very high until he was

Continued

35 barely visible as a mote,¹ and then seemed to fall down the air, diving headlong, and streaming beauty in spirals behind him.

The black plane dropped spinning, and flattened out spinning the other way; it began to carve the air into forms that built wildly and musically on one another and never ended. Reluctantly, I started paying attention. Rahm drew high above
40 the world an inexhaustibly glorious line; it piled over our heads in loops and arabesques.² It was like a Saul Steinberg³ fantasy; the plane was the pen. Like Steinberg's contracting and billowing pen line, the line Rahm spun moved to form new, punning shapes from the edges of the old. Like a Klee⁴ line, it smattered the sky with landscapes and systems.

45 The air show announcer hushed. He had been squawking all day, and now he quit. The crowd stilled. Even the children watched dumbstruck as the slow, black biplane buzzed its way around the air. Rahm made beauty with his whole body; it was pure pattern, and you could watch it happen. The plane moved every way a line can move, and it controlled three dimensions, so the line carved massive and
50 subtle slits in the air like sculptures. The plane looped the loop, seeming to arch its back like a gymnast; it stalled, dropped, and spun out of it climbing; it spiraled and knifed west on one wing and back east on another; it turned cartwheels, which must be physically impossible; it played with its own line like a cat with yarn. How did the pilot know where in the air he was? If he got lost, the ground would
55 swat him.

Rahm did everything his plane could do: four-point rolls, spins, figure 8's, hammerheads. The other pilots could do these stunts, too, skillfully, one at a time. But Rahm used the plane inexhaustibly like a brush marking thin air.

He was pure energy and naked spirit. I have thought about if for years.

60 Rahm's beautiful line unrolled in time. Like music, it split the bulging rim of the future along its seam. It pried out the present. We watchers waited for the split-second curve of beauty in the present to reveal itself. The human pilot, Dave Rahm, worked in the cockpit right at the plane's nose; his very body tore into the future for us and reeled it down upon us like a curling peel.

65 Like any fine artist, he made you tense with longing. You desired, unwittingly, a certain kind of roll or climb, or a return to a certain portion of the air; and he fulfilled your hope slantingly, like a poet, or evaded it until you thought you would burst, and then fulfilled it surprisingly, so you gasped and cried out.

Continued

¹mote—small particle, spot

²arabesques—geometrical patterns

³Saul Steinberg—internationally famous American cartoonist and illustrator

⁴Klee—Swiss abstract painter

70 The oddest, most exhilarating and exhausting thing was this: he never quit. The music had no periods, no rests or endings; the poetry's beautiful sentence never ended; the line had no finish; the sculptured forms piled overhead, one into another without surcease. Who could breathe, in this world where rhythm itself had no periods?

75 It had taken me several minutes to understand what an extraordinary thing I was seeing. Rahm kept all that embellished space in mind at once. For another twenty minutes I watched the beauty unroll and grow more fantastic and unlikely before my eyes. Now Rahm brought the plane down slidingly, and just in time, for I thought I would snap from the effort to compass and remember the line's 80 long intelligence; I could not add another curve. He brought the plane down on a far runway; after a pause, I saw him step out, an ordinary man, and make his way back to the terminal.

The show was over. It was late. Just as I turned from the runway, something caught my eye and made me laugh. It was a swallow, a blue-green swallow, 85 having its own air show, apparently inspired by Rahm. The swallow climbed high over the runway, held its wings oddly, tipped them, and rolled down the air in loops. The inspired swallow. I always want to paint, too, after I see the Rembrandts.⁵ The blue-green swallow tumbled precisely, and caught itself and flew up again as if excited, and looped down again, the way swallows do, but 90 tensely, holding its body carefully still. It was a stunt swallow.

I went home and thought about Rahm's performance that night, and the next day, and the next.

I had thought I knew my way around beauty a little bit. I knew I had devoted a good part of my life to it, memorizing poetry and focusing my attention on 95 complexity of rhythm in particular, on force, movement, repetition, and surprise, in both poetry and prose. Now I had stood among dandelions between two asphalt runways in Bellingham, Washington, and begun learning about beauty. Even the Boston Museum of Fine Arts was never more inspiriting than this small northwestern airport on this time-killing Sunday afternoon in June. Nothing on 100 earth is more gladdening than knowing we must roll up our sleeves and move back the boundaries of the humanly possible once more.

Annie Dillard
Contemporary American writer

⁵Rembrandts—paintings of the famous 17th century Dutch painter

Credits

William Thorsell. “How well you play the waiting game says a lot about your social class.” From *The Globe*, June 19, 1991. Reprinted courtesy of The Globe and Mail.

Dorothy Livesay. From “Prophet of the New World: A Poem for Voices” from *Collected Poems*, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1972. Reprinted by permission of the author.

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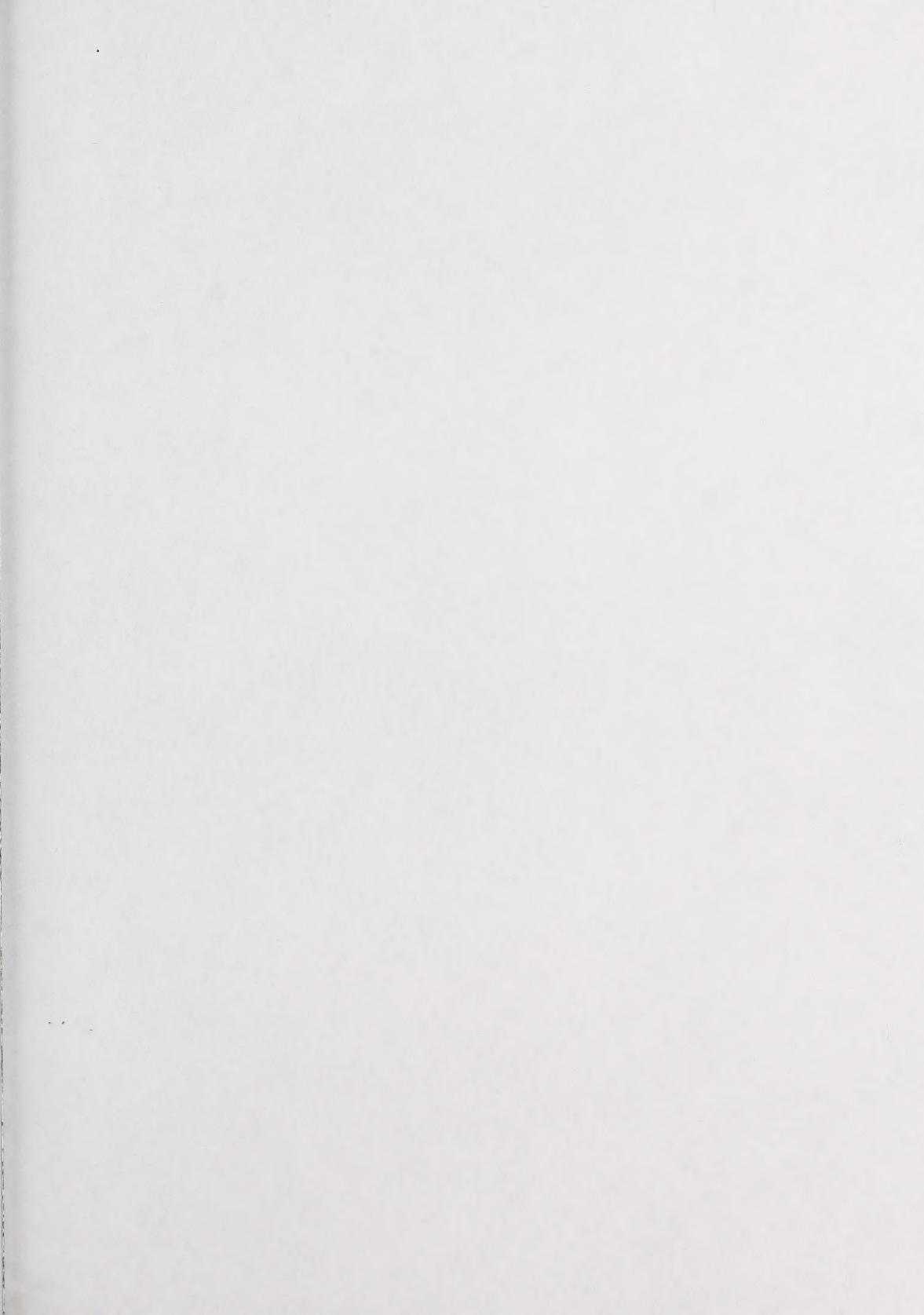
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English 30: Part B

June 1996

