

X270/13/01

NATIONAL THURSDAY, 17 MAY
QUALIFICATIONS 1.00 PM – 4.00 PM
2012

ENGLISH
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

Section 1—Literary Study	pages	2 – 8
Section 2—Language Study	pages	9 – 15
Section 3—Textual Analysis	pages	16 – 42
Section 4—Reading the Media	pages	43 – 44 (plus Insert)

Depending on the options you have chosen, you must answer **one** or **two** questions.

If you have submitted a Creative Writing folio, you must answer only **one** question.

Otherwise, you must answer **two** questions.

If you are required to answer only **one question**

- it must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- you must leave the examination room **after 1 hour 30 minutes**.

If you are required to answer **two questions**

- your first must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- your second must be taken from a **different section**
- each answer must be written in a **separate answer booklet**
- the maximum time allowed for any question is **1 hour 30 minutes**.

You must identify each question you attempt by indicating clearly

- **the title of the section** from which the question has been taken
- **the number of the question** within that section.

You must also write inside the front cover of your Literary Study answer booklet

- **the topic** of your Specialist Study (Dissertation)
- **the texts** used in your Specialist Study (Dissertation).



Section 1—Literary Study

This section is **mandatory** for all candidates.

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

DRAMA

1. Beckett

Discuss the role of Lucky in *Waiting for Godot* **and** the role of Clov in *Endgame*.

2. Byrne

*“Spanning the 1950s, ’60s and ’70s, **The Slab Boys Trilogy** dramatises the spirit of rebellion of the post-war generation.”*

How effectively, in your view, does Byrne dramatise this “*spirit of rebellion*”?

3. Chekhov

“In Chekhov’s plays, potentially dramatic, even tragic, climaxes are undercut by poignant or comic anti-climaxes.”

Discuss this aspect of Chekhov’s dramatic approach in **both** *Uncle Vanya* **and** *The Cherry Orchard*.

4. Friel

Discuss Friel’s treatment of conflict—between cultures or between generations—in *Translations* **and** in *Dancing at Lughnasa*.

5. Lindsay

*“Throughout **Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis**, Lindsay employs a variety of dramatic forms and styles from morality play to ceremonial pageant to coarsely realistic comedy.”*

Discuss some of the effects achieved by the different dramatic forms and styles that Lindsay employs in *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*.

6. Lochhead

“In Lochhead’s presentation of female characters the undercurrents of rivalry and friendship create tensions that are both recognisable and symbolic.”

Discuss with reference to **both** *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** *Dracula*.

7. Pinter

“Language . . . is a highly ambiguous business. So often, below the word spoken, is the thing known and unspoken.”

(Harold Pinter, 1962)

Discuss with reference to any **two** or to all **three** of the specified texts.

8. Shakespeare

EITHER

(a) *Othello and Antony and Cleopatra*

*“In **Othello** and **Antony and Cleopatra** the tragic outcomes arise from the conflict between the public and private identities of the protagonists.”*

How far do you agree?

OR

(b) *The Winter’s Tale and The Tempest*

EITHER

How important are the pastoral and comic elements in Shakespeare’s treatment of the thematic concerns of *The Winter’s Tale*?

OR

Discuss the role of Caliban in Shakespeare’s treatment of the thematic concerns of *The Tempest*.

9. Stoppard

How important is time as a thematic concern in *Arcadia*?

10. Wilde

“Throughout Wilde’s plays runs a deep vein of moral seriousness.”

How far do you agree?

You should support your answer with reference to any **two** or to all **three** of the specified texts.

11. Williams

“Williams insisted that props, music, sound and visual effects must combine to enhance his presentation of universal truths.”

How effectively does Williams combine “*props, music, sound and visual effects*” to explore the central concerns of **both** *A Streetcar Named Desire* **and** *Sweet Bird of Youth*?

POETRY

12. Burns

“It is when Burns explores the tender emotions—of love, loss, loyalty, joy—that he most powerfully touches the heart.”

Discuss the effectiveness of Burns’s exploration of such “*tender emotions*” in **a range** of poems **and/or** songs.

13. Chaucer

“Greedy and hypocritical himself, the Pardoner tells a tale that focuses on these vices.”

Discuss Chaucer’s treatment of the vices of greed and hypocrisy in the portrayal of the Pardoner in *The General Prologue* **and** in *The Pardoner’s Introduction, Prologue and Tale*.

14. Donne

Read the following poem and then answer the questions that follow it.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person’d God; for you
As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o’erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
5 I, like an usurp’d town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but O, to no end.
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
10 But am betroth’d unto your enemy;
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

(a) In a detailed study of this *Holy Sonnet*, discuss the means by which Donne explores the speaker’s relationship with God.

(b) Go on to show how Donne explores the speaker’s relationship with God in any **two** other *Holy Sonnets*.

15. Duffy

Make a detailed study of Duffy’s treatment of close personal relationships in *Recognition, Dream of a Lost Friend* **and** *Mean Time*.

16. Heaney

“Heaney is able to see deeply into the countryside, into the mysterious life of the land, and to give significance to what he sees.”

Show how Heaney gives “significance to what he sees” in *Bogland*, *Anahorish* **and** *Broagh*.

17. Henryson

Discuss Henryson’s treatment of human frailty and weakness in *The Testament of Cresseid* **and** in **one** or **two** of the *Morall Fabillis*.

18. Keats

“and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay in the very temple of Delight
Veil’d Melancholy has her Sovran shrine.”

Ode on Melancholy II 23–26.

Discuss Keats’s treatment of the relationship between pleasure and pain in *Ode on Melancholy* **and** in **one** or **two** other poems.

19. MacDiarmid

“A dominant note in the poetic voice created in his lyrics is one of haunting tenderness.”

Discuss the means by which MacDiarmid creates a “note . . . of haunting tenderness” in **three** or **four** of the specified lyrics.

20. Muir

Discuss the importance of landscape in **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

21. Plath

“Many of Plath’s poems are preoccupied with the inevitability of loss.”

Discuss Plath’s treatment of “the inevitability of loss” in **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

[Turn over

22. Yeats

Read the following poem and then answer the questions that follow.

The Wild Swans at Coole

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
5 Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
10 All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
15 All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trode with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
20 They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

25 But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
30 To find they have flown away?

- (a) Make a detailed study of Yeats's use of the swans to convey the central concerns of this poem.
- (b) Go on to show how Yeats uses aspects of the natural world to convey the central concerns of *The Cold Heaven* and *The Cat and the Moon*.

PROSE FICTION

23. Atwood

“Atwood presents us with heroines who suffer victimisation but who are not finally defeated.”

How far do you agree with this view of Atwood’s presentation **both** of Elaine Risley **and** of Grace Marks?

24. Austen

“Before they can be granted happiness in love, Jane Austen’s heroines have to learn lessons about other people and gain self-knowledge.”

How far is this assertion true of Austen’s characterisation **both** of Elizabeth Bennet **and** of Anne Elliot?

25. Dickens

EITHER

Discuss the importance of the Sleary circus folk in the presentation of the central issues of *Hard Times*.

OR

Discuss the importance of Joe Gargery and the life of the forge in the presentation of the central issues of *Great Expectations*.

26. Fitzgerald

“A key feature of Fitzgerald’s fiction is the tension between the culture and values of America and those of Europe.”

Discuss with reference to **either** *Tender is the Night* **or** to **both** *The Beautiful and Damned* **and** *Tender is the Night*.

27. Galloway

“Galloway is a writer who explores states of brokenness, of fracture and fragmentation, and, if fracture and fragmentation are themes in her fiction, they are also features of her narrative technique.”

Discuss with reference to *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** to *Foreign Parts*.

28. Gray

“Uncertainty about origins is a key feature of Gray’s characterisation of Lanark and Bella Baxter.”

Discuss with reference to *Lanark* **and** to *Poor Things*.

29. Hardy

“In the novels of his mature period, Hardy creates scenes and incidents which he invests with symbolic significance and power.”

Select **two** or **three** scenes or incidents and discuss the means by which Hardy invests them with “*symbolic significance and power*”.

Scenes or incidents may be selected from *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* **or** from *The Return of the Native* **or** from **both** novels.

30. Hogg

“Hogg’s power as a writer comes from his ability to present the darker motivations of the human heart.”

Discuss Hogg’s presentation of such “*darker motivations*” in *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* **and** in **one** or **two** short stories.

31. Joyce

Discuss the importance of setting in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* **and** in **one** or **two** short stories.

32. Stevenson

“Stevenson’s view of Scotland is of a divided nation, of a nation not at peace with itself.”

In the light of this assertion, discuss Stevenson’s presentation of Scotland in *The Master of Ballantrae* **and** in **one** or **two** short stories.

33. Waugh

How important are Brenda Last in *A Handful of Dust* and Julia Flyte in *Brideshead Revisited* in Waugh’s presentation of the central concerns of the novels?

PROSE NON-FICTION

34. Examine the literary treatment of times of personal sadness, loss or tragedy in any **two** of the specified texts.

35. How effectively, in your view, do any **two** of the specified texts explore the character of Scotland and its people?

Section 2—Language Study

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of **an essay/analytical report** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Topic A—Varieties of English or Scots

1. Describe and account for the distinctive features of **one** variety of English **or** Scots you have studied.
2. Describe and evaluate the methods you employed to conduct research into **one** variety of English **or** Scots.

Topic B—The historical development of English or Scots

3. Describe some of the ways in which **either** English **or** Scots has changed as a result of contact with other languages.
4. Drawing examples from your study of the historical development of English **or** Scots, describe and account for some of the changes that have occurred in **one** or **more than one** of the following:
 - orthography
 - phonology
 - lexis
 - grammar
 - meaning.

Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland.

5. Discuss some of the effects of language shift in contemporary Scotland.
6. How effective, in your view, are educational policies in contemporary Scotland in addressing issues of multilingualism?

[Turn over

Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature.

For both questions on this topic you are provided with three texts.

Text A is an extract from a short story, *Jimmy*, by Sheena Blackhall.

Text B is a poem, *Shetlandic*, by Rhoda Bulter

Text C is an extract from a memoir, *Night Song of the Last Tram*, by Robert Douglas.

Read the texts carefully and then answer **either** Question 7 **or** Question 8.

Text A

Extract from *Jimmy*

There's nae jobs gaun in oor neuk, apairt frae hotel wirk or wee shoppies, nae fur the likes o us. It's different fur the incomers, the ile rich keelies, wi their gran pye an their gran hooses. Oor cooncil's that skint they're closin aathin bit the barn door, for the heid bummers doon Sooth think we're aa clartit in gowd lup here . . . It wad fair
5 bumbaze ye the odds the wages o a puckle multi-millionaires in pent-hooses makks tae the average income o the North East Wirkin Man in pairliament statistics. Willie Baxter gaed tae the estate smiddy tae get his teeth pued oot last wikk, cause we've nae dentists up here ava. Teethless tams the lot o's. Nae muckle winner we dinna smile muckle, we've nae teeth tae smile wi.

10 Even oor rotweillers hae tae sook their beens. Mrs MacDow even flew tae Poland tae get her back teeth fullid. Some o's traivel tae Stirlin fur dental wirk. George Washington eesed tae hae widden teeth, an twa or three impants frae cuddies. We're comin tae that in the North East. Aa shelties tak tent.

15 Nae that oor Mac could hae trained as a dentist. Ye canna makk a silk purse ooto a soo's lug. I eesed tae faa oot on him aa the time fur bein glekit.

"Luik at Jimmy neist door," I'd say. "There's a loon fa's makkin somethin o hissel. He's got a gran life mapped oot afore him. He's got mair furreign stamps on his passport than ye've got plooks on yer coupon."

I shouldnae hae said thon. Oor Mac canna help haein plooks, it's the beer an the
20 pies dis it, that an wirkin on the scaffie's cairt wi aa thon stoor blawin oot the wheelies fin they're stappit tae the gunnels wi keech. Bit Mac's an easy-osy craitur, gweed hairtit, an tho I dinna say dab, I like fine haein him bide at hame. Whiles his quine Jinty comes ower fur her tea. She keeps a calm sooch, Jinty, naethin roozes her . . . they're weel matched, an she's blythe eneuch tae plyter aboot wi him oot the backie
25 redden up his motor bike. He's mebbe nae bricht oor Mac, bit he's knacky wi his hauns at sortin things, nuts an bolts jist seem tae come thegither tae him like a jigsaw, sae I niver need a plumber nor a sparkie.

Jimmy, though, wis ay fleein frae ae furreign assignment tae anither. Ae month it wid be Thailand, neist the swamp rigs oot in Nigeria, neist Azerbaijan aside the
30 Caspian. Nae that he crawled aboot it, ay the quaet, deep laddie. Nae need till, his mither Patty crawled fur baith o them.

"He's bocht me a skype sae I can spik tae him like a film-set," she telt us.

"Fit's a skype fin it's at hame?" Danny speired.

"It wad be jist ae mair thing fur me tae dicht," I tell him, "seein's nane o us wad iver

35 wirk oot foo tae use it. Fin we gaed up Glen Bulig last year in thon caravan that tint its wheels on the Divil’s Elba, we couldna even watch Coronation Street on thon battery TV. We’d tae come hame because ye war missin the fitba.”

“Dinna girn,” quo Danny. “Ye couldna thole the midgies an haein tae teem the chunty ahin the nettles.”

Text B

Shetlandic

Sometimes I tink whin da Loard med da aert,
An He got it aa pitten tagidder,
Fan He still hed a nev-foo a clippins left ower,
Trimmed aff o dis place or da tidder,
5 An He hedna da hert to baal dem awa,
For dey lookit dat boannie an rare,
Sae He fashioned da Isles fae da ends o da aert,
An med aa-body fin at hame dere.

Dey lichted fae aa wye, some jöst for a start,
10 While some bed ta dell rigs an saa coarn,
An wi sics gret gadderie a fok fae aa ower,
An entirely new language wis boarn.
A language o wirds aften hard tae translate,
At we manna belittle or bö,
15 For every country is prood a da wye at hit spaeks,
An sae we sood be prood a wirs tö.

Text C

Extract from *Night Song of the Last Tram*

“Mammy! Mammy!” I came galloping into the house all excited. Ma was silhouetted against the window as she stood at the sink washing dishes. “Aw the boys are gettin’ the tram oot tae Mulguy for the day and they’re taking pieces and boatles o’ ginger an’ things an’ Robert Purden’s going an’ he says he’ll be keeping an eye oan his
5 young brother John so if ye let me go he’ll keep an eye oan me tae an’ he’ll no let us go near the watter or anything.” I had to stop and gulp a breath. “Can ah go, ma, eh? Ah’ve never been tae Mulguy and if ah cannae go ah’ll be left wi’ naebody tae play wi’ ’cause they’re aw going, Robert and John an’ Tommy Hope an’ Billy Burns . . .” I was running out of momentum, as well as breath. “Ah’ll no dae anything dangerous,
10 honest. Gonny let me go, Ma?”

She looked out the window into the back court. It was just after ten on an April morning and the sun, unseasonably, was blazing down into the tenement canyons. Overnight, winter had gone. Peggy Jarvie’s cat, Darkie, lay in the shade of a wash-house chimney, eyes almost shut, indolently grooming himself now and again.
15 Mr Lockerbie’s big dog, Bruce, lay on his side in the shade of our midden, his tongue lolling, panting heavily. Aw the neighbours were saying they couldnae remember an April like it.

“Gonny let me go, Ma? Please?”

My hopes began to rise. She hadn’t said no right away—that meant she was

20 thinking about it. I decided not to say any more, just “will” her to make the right decision.

“Gie me ma purse ower. Much’ll ye need?” She was gonny let me go!

“Jist a boatle o’ ginger and a sannie. Oh, and ma tram fare.”

“Jesusjonny! Dae ye think ah’m made of money?”

25 “Naw, Ma.” I tried to sound sympathetic without going over the top. Negotiations were at a delicate stage. “Here.” She gave me a two-shilling piece. “Away tae Lizzie’s and get a wee jar of meat paste and yer ginger.” She paused, the open purse still in her hand. “Much’ll ye need for the tram?” This was a crucial moment. I wish she’d waited until I got my rations, then she would have been committed.

30 “Oh, fourpence. Tuppence each way.” I braced myself.

“My God! If ah’d known it wiz gonny be this dear ah’d huv said naw. Noo mind, don’t you be bothering me later in the week for any mair money; this is yer lot, dae ye hear?”

“Aye, ah’ll no, Ma.” I tried to look solemn as I lied. Solemn was good. Come this
35 Thursday *Samson and Delilah* starring Victor Mature was on at the Blythsie. They said it was great when he knocked doon the temple. I was dying to see it. Anyway, I’d worry about that later in the week. Let’s get to Mulguy first. Ma started to cut two slices of bread for my sandwich. “And don’t you go near that river up therr. Jist remember Wee Drew that droont doon the Kelvin yon day. Wee sowel. If you faw’ in
40 that river and survive ah’ll kill ye when ye come hame. Go on, away doon tae Lizzie’s and get yer stuff.”

7. Make a comparative study of the use of Scots in any **two** of the texts in terms of vocabulary, grammar and orthography.
8. Select **one** of the texts provided and compare and contrast the use of Scots in that text with the use of Scots in the work of a writer other than Sheena Blackhall, Rhoda Bulter or Robert Douglas.

Topic E

Language and social context

9. Discuss some of the findings of research into language and social context that has focused on **one** or **more than one** of the following:

- age
- social class
- ethnic group membership
- gender.

10. Peter Trudgill has written that different varieties of the same language “*are perceived positively or negatively because of particular cultural pressures operating in each language community*”.

In the light of Trudgill’s assertion, describe what studies of language and social context reveal about attitudes to language variation in the community.

Topic F

The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

11. Describe and analyse some of the strategies that speakers use to ensure that conversations are sustained.

12. Describe and analyse some of the functions of interruptions in conversations.

[Turn over

Topic G

The linguistic characteristics of political communication

13. Identify and discuss features of the following text that are typical of political communication. You should support your answer with reference to **some** or **all** of the following:

- lexical choices
- grammatical structure
- rhetorical patterns
- imagery
- orientation to audience.

The text is a blog entry on the Conservative Party website (blog.conservatives.com) posted by David Cameron on 27th December 2009.

2010 will be election year. After all the false starts and speculation, now we know for sure that the country will have a chance to vote for change this year. Within days, the gloves will be off and the arguments will begin. But as we enter this year of intense political activity, I think it's important for all politicians to remember something.

5 While those in the Westminster village might eagerly be limbering up for a frantic few months of speeches and launches and strategies and tactics—and all the hoopla of today's politics—most people in the country will be contemplating the prospect of months of electioneering with emotions somewhere on a scale between indifference and dread: and that is something we need to change. But we'll only do that if we recognise
10 the reasons why politics is broken.

First and foremost it's because the expenses scandal is not a chapter that comes to a close as we move into a new year. It is an ongoing reminder of a deeper breakdown in trust between politicians and the public. And this has many causes. Politicians who think they have the answer to everything and just can't bear to leave people alone to get
15 on with their lives. Politicians who can't bring themselves to recognise any good in their opponents and refuse to work together to get things done. Politicians who never admit they're wrong and never acknowledge that they've made a mistake. A sense that Westminster has become so much about point-scoring, positioning and political dividing-lines that people and their real-life problems are completely left out. These
20 are some of the reasons that politics is broken.

I'm sure I've been guilty of these offences on occasions, and no doubt will commit them again. But we shouldn't stop trying to get it right just because we don't always succeed. Over the past few years, we've tried in the Conservative Party to do things differently. We voted for Tony Blair's school reforms because we agreed with them
25 even though we could have inflicted a damaging defeat on the Government. We've encouraged our parliamentary candidates to set up social action projects in their communities. We've opened up politics through open primaries to select potential MPs and held open Cameron Direct meetings all over the country where people from all parties and none can come and ask me questions. We took swift action on expenses
30 and were the first to pay money back where that was the right thing to do. And we've consistently pushed for TV election debates, whether we've been behind in the polls or ahead in the polls.

35 But there's a huge amount more to do if we want to rebuild trust. So let's try and make this election year the moment to start fixing our broken politics. Let's bring real change to Westminster and the whole political system. A big part of that is about policy: policies to reform expenses and the way Parliament works; policies to redistribute power from the political elite to the man and woman in the street; policies to make government more transparent and accountable.

40 But it's not all about policy. It's also about character, attitude and approach. It's about how political leaders actually behave, the example they set and the lead they give. It's about doing as well as talking—real social action in our communities, not just pontificating from an ivory tower. And my resolution this new year is to work harder for a new politics in this country. I don't want to mislead people: there's an election campaign coming, and I think it's reasonable for political parties to point out the consequences of their opponents' policies, records and judgments as well as the benefits of their own. The House of Commons—particularly on set-piece occasions like Prime Minister's Questions—is an adversarial place. But let's make sure the election is a proper argument about the future of the country, not some exercise in fake dividing lines. Let's at least recognise the good intentions of our opponents. Let's be honest that whether you're Labour, Conservative or Liberal Democrat, you're motivated by pretty much the same progressive aims: a country that is safer, fairer, greener and where opportunity is more equal. It's how to achieve these aims that we disagree about—and indeed between the Conservatives and the Liberal Democrats there is a lot less disagreement than there used to be.

55 Of course the area where there is greatest and most sincere agreement between political parties is our shared support for our mission in Afghanistan. I know that we will never take for granted the bravery of our armed forces, and as we prepare to fight the political battles at home, we will keep in mind constantly the humbling courage of those who fight the real battles for us overseas.

60 So let's make 2010 the year for a new politics. Let's be positive about our own policies as well as pointing out the consequences of our opponents' policies. But above all, let's be honest about the problems facing the country and how we can solve them. Yes, there will be an election this year: that much is certain. And we can be certain too that the arguments will be fierce. But let's make it a good clean fight. And once the battle is over, we will need to rise above our differences and come together because that is the only way—strong, united leadership is the only way—we will sort out Britain's problems, halt our decline, and give this country the success that I know we can achieve.

14. Identify and discuss some of the lexical and syntactic features of **two** or **more than two** types of political communication you have studied.

In answering this question, you may, if you wish, refer to the text provided for Question 13.

[Turn over

Section 3—Textual Analysis

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical analysis** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

1. Prose Fiction [*Pages sixteen to twenty-two*]

Read carefully the extract from *Angle of Repose* (1971) by Wallace Stegner and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-two*).

In this extract the narrator Lyman Ward is imagining a scene in his grandmother’s life and reflecting upon it.

Lyman is writing about his grandmother Susan who, with her husband Oliver Ward, was part of the opening of the American West. A retired historian, Lyman suffers from a crippling bone disease. His wife, Ellen Ward, has recently left him.

At this point in the novel, the irrigation project that Oliver has been engaged on in Idaho is nearing collapse. When her husband and children go, on the Fourth of July 1890, to an Independence Day celebration in nearby Boise, Susan remains at home, from where she can see the fireworks display. Frank is an old friend and colleague of her husband.

Extract from Angle of Repose

Among the fountains of light that arched and showered down, intense green, red, yellow, and blue balls now burned in the air. Because he said nothing, and because she was ashamed of her outburst and afraid of silence, she said, shrugging out a little laugh, “How do they make all those colors?”

5 “Colors?” Frank said. “Metallic salts. The yellow’s sodium, the white’s magnesium. Red’s calcium, I think, and the green may be copper salts, maybe barium. I don’t really know. I’m no fireworks expert.”

10 “You’re an expert in so many things.” She felt almost as if she were going to vomit; she had to keep swallowing her Adam’s apple to keep it down. “I can’t imagine how a woman could have lived all those years in the canyon without her Corps of Engineers. That was the best time of all the West. I loved those years.”

He made a small indeterminate noise, *hm* or *mm* or *ha*. The light of a rocket two and a half miles away brushed his face with ghastly green. She saw it shine and fade in his eyes. “I didn’t come down here to see Oliver, you know.”

15 Almost to herself she said, “I know.”

“I came down hoping they’d all be gone to town but you.”

“Yes,” she said, though she felt she should not.

“I never see you any more.”

“But Frank, you see me all the time!”

20 “In a crowd. With the family. Always managing a houseful.”

“There’s been so much to do.”

“Well *that* will be changed, at least.”

His laugh was so short and unpleasant that it wrung her heart. The wretched ditch had changed him as it had changed them all.

25 Beyond his lean profile the lights were coming less thickly, as if both enthusiasm
and ammunition had run out. The booming and crackling were dying down, but the
reddish mist still hung above the town. Speaking away from her, indifferently watching
the dying-down of the fire fountains, he said, “I miss the rides, do you? I miss sitting
while you draw me. I miss talking to you. I could stand it if I could just be alone with
30 you once in a while, the way it used to be.”

“But there were three whole years when you didn’t see me at all, and then more than
a year when I was in Victoria.”

“Yes. And I’m a dead pigeon the minute I see you again, no matter how long it’s
been. Remember that day in the canyon, just when you were getting ready to leave? I
35 had myself all persuaded. You were a friend, no more. Then I looked up from that
corral and saw you waving from the doorway and I blew down like an old shed. The
whole place was abandoned, there was nothing but failure in sight, and there you were
in your white dress looking as cool and immaculate as if you were just about to call on
somebody. Going down with all flags flying, the way you would. I don’t know, you
40 looked so brave and untouched up there on the hill, I . . .”

“Brave?” she said in a weak voice. “Untouched? Oh no!”

“Oh yes. You’re one thing I *am* an expert on.”

“There are no flags flying now.”

“Plenty in Boise. Hip hip hurrah. Statehood.”

45 She had to laugh. “Isn’t it ridiculous? Isn’t it ironic? Isn’t it *pitiful*, even. Years
ago, when we left you in Leadville and went to Mexico, I fell in love with Mexican
civilization, and the grace of their housekeeping, and the romantic medieval way they
lived . . .”

“I know. I read your articles. Down in Tombstone.”

50 “Did you? Oh, that makes me feel good. I was talking to you without knowing it.
Then you remember those great houses we stopped at coming home, Queréndaro,
Tepetongo, Tepetitlán, and the others. That’s what Oliver’s dreamed of making here.
He wanted to build me such a place. Even the tile floors—those are Mexican. The
stone and adobe house, and the way it nearly encloses a courtyard. It was going to
55 enclose it completely some day—well, you remember from the canyon, when we used to
plan it so carefully—so from the outside rooms we could look outward on this reclaimed
desert, and from the inner rooms we’d see only the protected center—flowers, and
stillness, and the dripping of water, and the sound of Wan singing through his nose.”

“Maybe yet,” Frank said.

60 “No. Never.”

“You don’t think so?” he said, and then, “Maybe not,” and then, after a second, “I
suppose not,” and then after quite a long pause, “so I’ll be on my way again.”

She was silent for longer than he had been; she could find no answer except to deny
what she knew was true, to quote him Oliver’s hope in which she had no faith at all. “It
65 might . . . maybe they can reorganize. Oliver thinks . . . He can surely find some way to
keep us all together.”

“How?” Frank said. He sat against the pillar with his legs drawn up and softly
slapped his gloves into the palm of one hand. His profiled silhouette remained still,
near, and troubling against the sky restless with light. “Even if he could,” he said.

70 “Please don’t,” she said to his indifferent profile. “Please try to find a way to stay.
If you go, where will I get my comfort?”

“If I stay, where will I get mine?”

Bowed in the hammock, pressing with her right-hand fingers against the ache above her eyes, she closed her eyes as if to do so would be to shut off the pain. “Poor Frank,”
75 she said. “I’m sorry. It’s the way it must be.”

“Is it?”

The two words hissed out of the darkness, so bitter and challenging that she opened her eyes and pressed even harder against the ache that lay above them. Her muscles were tense; she had to take charge of both her muscles and her breathing. Relax,
80 inhale, exhale, smooth away the engraved trouble from her forehead. Kinked like a carved bookend against the pillar, Frank sat still, looking away from her with an apparent indifference utterly at odds with the harshness of his tone. Above the fiery mist of the torchlight procession the sky was now empty of everything except its own shabby stars.

85 “Thee knows it is,” Susan said.

His silhouette changed; his face had turned toward her. “That’s the first time you ever thee’d me.”

“It’s the way I often think of thee.”

“Is it?”

90 “Does thee doubt it?”

“Then you renounce too easily,” he said through his teeth.

A wandering dog of a night wind came in off the sagebrush mesa carrying a bar of band music, and laid it on her doorstep like a bone. Her skin was pebbled with gooseflesh. “Not easily,” she said with a catch of the breath. “Not easily.”

95 “Then come with me!”

“Come with you?” she said in a tiny strangled voice. “Where?”

“Anywhere. Tepetitlán, if you like. There are always jobs for an engineer in Mexico. I know people, I could get something. I’ll get you an *estancia* where you can have the things you ought to have. You can be the lady you ought to be. In another
100 country, nobody’s going to . . .”

“Frank, Frank, what are you asking? Some sort of disgraceful elopement?”

“Disgraceful? Is that what you’d call it?”

“The world would.”

“Who cares about the world? Do you? Do you care about Boise?”

105 “That’s different,” she said. “What about the children?”

“Ollie’s set. The girls are young.”

Her laugh was wire-edged. In her own ears it sounded like a screech. “So they wouldn’t understand about their change of fathers?”

In his silence there was something tense and sullen and explosive.

110 “What *about* their father?” Susan said. “Would you do that to your best friend?”

“For you I’d do it to anybody. Not because I’d like it. Because I can’t help myself.”

“Oh, oh,” she said, and took her face in her hands, and laughed through her fingers. “Even if I were that reckless, what would the world say to a woman who would leave a bankrupt promoter for his unemployed assistant, and jump with her children from
115 poverty to pure uncertainty?”

“Is it money that holds you back?” he said. She heard the sneer, and then the soft spat of the gloves being slapped into his palm. “I’ll go out and get some. Give me three months. I’ll come back for you, or send for you.”

120 “And meantime I should live with Oliver, planning all the time to leave him? I live enough of a lie as it is. It isn’t money, you know it isn’t. I only said that to . . .”

“To what?”

“Frank . . .”

“Susan.”

125 His shadow moved, his boot hit the tiles, he reached a long arm. His fingers closed around her bare foot.

130 Touch. It is touch that is the deadliest enemy of chastity, loyalty, monogamy, gentility with its codes and conventions and restraints. By touch we are betrayed, and betray others. It was probably touch, in some office or hallway, or in my own hospital room while I snored away the anesthetic and dreamed of manglings and dismemberments, that betrayed Ellen Ward—an accidental brushing of shoulders or touching of hands, those surgeon’s hands laid on her shoulders in a gesture of comfort that lied like a thief, that took, not gave, that wanted, not offered, and that awoke, not pacified. When one flesh is waiting, there is electricity in the merest contact. And maybe pure accident, maybe she didn’t know she had been waiting. Or had that all
135 been going on behind my back for a long time? So far as I knew, or know, she had no more than met him at a couple of dinner parties before I was referred to him for the amputation.

140 Perhaps pure accident, perhaps an opportunity or willingness that both recognized at the first touch, and I absolutely unaware. There is a Japanese story called *Insects of Various Kinds* in which a spider trapped between the sliding panes of a window lies there inert, motionless, apparently lifeless, for many months, and then in spring, when a maid moves the window for a few seconds to clean it, springs once and is gone. Did Ellen Ward live that sort of trapped life? Released by the first inadvertent opportunity, was she? Seduced because she was waiting for the chance to be?

145 It is easier these days than it was in Grandmother’s time, faster, more direct. Ellen Ward’s seduction took only weeks, and was total. Susan Ward’s, if it was really seduction, took eleven years, and may never have translated impulse into act. I know none of the intimate circumstances; I only guess backward from the consequences.

150 But when Frank’s hand closed around her foot hanging over the taut edge of the hammock, her body was not encased in its usual armor, it was free and soft in a dressing gown. She was in no danger of swooning, as many genteel ladies did swoon, from being simply too tightly laced for deep-breathing emotions. She was aware of night air, darkness, the dangerous scent of roses, the tension of importunate demand and imminent opportunity. Come into the garden, Maud. If one were a young woman
155 entertaining her betrothed, it would be easy: only hold onto propriety and restraint until marriage let down the barriers. If one were a bad woman, it would be equally easy: ten minutes, who would know?

160 She was neither a young woman entertaining her betrothed nor a bad woman. She was a decent married woman forty-two years old—a lady, moreover, fastidious, virtuous, intelligent, talented. But also romantic, also unhappy, also caught suddenly by the foot in intimate darkness.

165 What went on on that piazza? I don’t know. I don’t even know they were there, I just made up the scene to fit other facts that I do know. But the ghosts of Tepetongo and Queréndaro and Tepetitlán, of the Casa Walkenhorst and the Casa Gutierrez haunted that dark porch, both as achieved grace and as failed imitation, and perhaps as offered possibility as well. I wouldn’t be surprised if the perfumed darkness of her barren piazza flooded her with memories of the equally perfumed darkness of Morelia,

and if the dangerous impossible possibility Frank suggested brought back the solemnity of bells, the grace and order of a way of life as longed-for as the nostalgias of Milton, and as far as possible from the pioneering strains of Idaho. I wouldn't be surprised, that is, if she was tempted. To flee failure, abandon hopelessness, disengage herself from the stubborn inarticulate man she was married to, and the scheme *he* was married to would have been a real temptation. And of course, in 1890, for Susan Burling Ward, utterly unthinkable.

175 What went on? I don't know. I gravely doubt that they "had sex," in that charming phrase. Some, even in the age of gentility, did make a mockery of the faithfulness pledged in marriage. The rich often did, she knew some who did; and the poor probably did, out of the sheer brutishness of their condition. Grandmother's middle class kind did not, or did so with awful convictions of sin and a shameful sense of having lowered and dirtied themselves. I cannot imagine such a complete breakdown in my grandmother, who believed that a woman's highest role was to be wife and mother, who conceived the female body to be a holy vessel, and its union with a man's—the single, chosen man's—woman's highest joy and fulfillment.

185 I cannot imagine it, I say. I do not believe it. Yet I have seen the similar breakdown of one whose breakdown I couldn't possibly have imagined until it happened, whose temptations I was not even aware of.

So I don't know what happened. I only know that passion and guilt happened, in some form. In their world, their time, their circumstances, and given their respective characters, there could have been no passion without guilt, no kisses without tears, no embrace without despair. I suppose they clung to one another on the dark veranda in a convulsion of love and woe, their passion no sooner ignited by touch than it was put out by conscience.

And I approve. For all my trying, I can only find Victorian solutions to these Victorian problems. I can't look upon marriage as anything but serious, or upon sex as casual or comic. I feel contempt for those who do so look upon it, would say I've got a hangup on sex. It seems to me of an almost demoralizing importance; I guess I really think that it is either holy or unholy, and that the assurances of marriage are not unrelated to its holiness. I even respect Victorian rebels and fornicators more than the casual screwers and fornicators of our time, because they *risked* something, because they understood the seriousness of what they did. Well. Whatever Grandmother did, I take it seriously, because I know she did.

When Frank had gone, already furtive, already thinking how to evade or avoid his returning friend and boss, slipping out back to his tied saddlehorse before the sounds of the buggy should be heard in the lane, I can imagine her walking barefooted and distracted around the sopping lawn and along the border of the rose garden, smelling that heavy night-distilled fragrance and torturing herself with the thought of how Oliver had searched through half of Connecticut for some of those new hybrids, and transported them twenty-five hundred miles, to try to make her feel at home in her exile. She was assaulted alternately by anger at his presumption that she could make her home in this place and by gusts of pity for him, and love, and the will to heal and comfort and by exasperation over his trustingness and his lapses of judgement, and by despair over the future, and by loathing of her own lack of control—a woman of forty-two, with three children, swept off her feet like a seminary girl. And intruding into all that web of complicated and contradictory feeling, the tense memory of straining kisses only minutes ago, and the hands to which she had lifted and tightened her breast, and guilt, guilt, guilt for just those treacherous kisses, and something like awe at what she had been proved capable of.

But when she heard the creak and rattle of dried-out buggy wheels coming down the lane through the starlit dark, she pressed her palms upward along her cheeks to rub and stretch away the stiffness of tears, and ran soft-footed to the door, and slipped in. She was in bed, with a cloth over her eyes to signify headache, when she heard her door open softly, and then after a listening time close, just as softly. She could hear Nellie's exaggerated North Country voice croaking, "Coom, children, to bed, to bed!"

The house settled, the noises went behind thick adobe walls. Through the open window she heard the hose cart groan as Oliver dragged it off the grass; he never left it overnight because its wheels would dent the new lawn. Then for a time she heard him walking up and down the veranda, slow and steady on the tiles, thinking the bleakest thoughts, no doubt, looking into the lightless future. Poor fellow, poor fellow! to see everything come down, every hope and ambition destroyed. She half sat up, impulsively ready to go out to him and hook her arm in his and walk out his failure with him.

And lay back down, thinking of the failure he had brought about for her, and staring blankly into the failure she had made for herself, her teeth set in her lower lip, her ears spying on him. When his pacing paused, the house was intensely quiet; it rang with silence. Outside, the great western night had closed in, with only distant, widely spaced pops of gun or firecracker from the town.

After a long time he came in—carrying his shoes, evidently, so as not to waken her. He undressed in the dark, his careful weight sagged the bed; she moved as if in restless sleep to give him all the room there was. He lay on his back, and she could hear, or feel, the faint rustle and movement of his breathing, slow and steady. Finally, without turning his head, he said softly up into the dark, "Asleep?"

The impulse to go on pretending was only momentary. "No. How were the fireworks?"

"Fine. The kids enjoyed them. We didn't go clear in, we watched from the road."

"I was hoping you would."

"Couldn't you see them from here?"

"Pretty well."

"What did Frank want?"

"What? Frank?" She thought the bound of her heart must have shaken the bed; she lay breathing shallowly through her mouth.

"He was here, wasn't he?"

"Yes," she managed to say, giving up another possible lie. But her heart was now beating against her chest wall like a bird caught in a room. It was unbearably hot, she could not stand his warmth so close, and shifted her body and flung the light blanket impatiently off. "I guess he wanted to talk to you," she said. "His life is all torn up too. He didn't stay. We sat on the piazza and watched the fireworks for a little while. He said he'd see you tomorrow. "

"Ugh," Oliver said, unmoving.

Half uncovered, she lay on her back. The night air moving sluggishly from the window tightened her damp skin. She tried to speak casually, and heard how badly she failed—what a bright falseness was in her voice. "How did you know he'd been here?"

"He left his gloves on the railing."

He reared up and leaned and found her cheek with his lips. She did not turn her head, or respond. Quietly he lay back.

265 "Good night."

"Good night."

Her cheek burned as if he had kissed her with sulphuric on his lips.

Question

Make a detailed study of the means used by Wallace Stegner to present

- the scene that Lyman Ward imagines on the piazza between Susan and Frank (line 1 to "bare foot" line 125).
- Lyman's reflections on the scene (line 126 "Touch . . . I know she did", line 201).
- Susan's state of mind after Frank has gone (line 202 "When Frank had gone . . ." to end of passage).

2. Prose non-fiction [*Pages twenty-three to twenty-seven*]

Read carefully *The Best Picture He Ever Saw* (2004) by Ian Jack and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-seven*).

The Best Picture He Ever Saw.

Going back

One afternoon in the autumn of 1933 the writer J. B. Priestley drove north from Manchester towards Preston and Blackpool. Priestley was then England's most successful young novelist. Not yet forty, with five novels and the international success of *The Good Companions* behind him, he had decided as many novelists do to take a
5 break from his desk and forsake fiction for a bit and become an enquiring traveller, so that (in this case) he might describe the condition of England. The book that he made from the experience is called *English Journey* and in it he wrote of that particular afternoon's travels in Lancashire: "We went through Bolton. Between Manchester and Bolton the ugliness is so complete that it is almost exhilarating. It challenges you to live
10 there."

What did he mean by "ugliness"? The answer from my own memory suggests that what Priestley saw was: two dark rivers, the Irwell and its tributary the Croal, their surfaces crowded with little icebergs of industrial foam; a railway line and an abandoned canal along the valley; a power station and various bleach works, chemical
15 factories and sewage beds beside the rivers; a coal mine or two on the valley's western edge; many cotton mills, some five storeys high, with even taller chimneys; streets of small Victorian houses with doors that opened straight on to the pavement; meat-pie, fish-and-chip and tripe shops; a few people who still wore clogs; smoke.

My father moved from Scotland to the centre of this landscape in 1930. He was a
20 fitter; a mechanic, and he'd found a job in a Farnworth textile factory that made canvas belting and hose pipes. Unemployment was severe in Scotland at the time, though in Lancashire it was hardly much better ("We were going through the country of the dole," Priestley wrote). He lived in digs for some months, and then returned to Fife for his wedding—Christmas Day, 1930, when the minister came to the bride's house for the
25 ceremony. Husband and wife were back in Farnworth by the turn of the year. Had Priestley gone by train rather than by car, he might have looked out of the window at Farnworth and seen their first proper home, 139 Cemetery Road. The street ran over the railway and down the hill towards an old brickworks, the black junction of the Croal and the Irwell, the disused canal—and the cemetery. Their house was one of the last in
30 a terrace which came just before you reached the cemetery's entrance lodge and the monumental home of the dead.

Later, when they moved away, my parents used to speak wryly of this location.

Unless it was a Saturday or a Sunday afternoon, Priestley would not have seen my father, who would be repairing looms or crankshafts inside the weaving sheds of
35 George Banham and Co. But he might have seen my mother, as one of the thousands of things that cross the eye's threshold every day, most of them ignored and lost to mind and memory. The eye may be a lens, but the mind, with its random fixative, is not a film. A crowd, a face; he might have seen her from his car as it bumped across the tram lines on Market Street or Manchester Road, a twenty-six-year-old woman of fair
40 Scottish complexion, out shopping for that night's tea. In the autumn of 1933, she would be "getting over" the death that spring of her first son, George, aged ten months, and seized with the happiness that she was pregnant again (and with another son, though she was yet to know that).

All four of her and my father's sons were born there, in this complete, almost
45 exhilarating ugliness. Two of us survive. Earlier this year, in March 2004, my elder
brother Harry and I got off the train at Farnworth, a place we left in 1952. What did
we look like? Like a man of fifty-nine and man of seventy, greying or grey, a little lost,
walking up the slope from the empty platform and into empty streets, looking for things
that were no longer there. We might as well have been the ghosts of old Trojans,
50 coming back a thousand years later to walk on the soil that buried old Troy. Our
childhoods had been here somewhere.

Harry, as usual, pulled out the maps. He loves maps, he used to draw them for a
living, and he rarely travels without them. Here was Cemetery Road, now crossed by
the Manchester to Bolton expressway. Here was Railway Street, where he remembered
55 Sally O'Lalley the abortionist (truly, a back-street abortionist) had lived. We found the
steps that had once led to Banham's factory and the house in Lime Street that was once
home to Nurse Grant: Nurse Grant, the town's "nitty nurse", who combed children's
hair for lice, Scottish, from Grantown on Spey, a family friend, her friendship
enshrined in my parents' gift of "Grant" as my middle name. What do I remember of
60 her? That she had long hairs above her upper lip and lived with another old woman,
Mrs Haydock, plump and black-shawled and infirm, who never stirred from her chair
beside the fire.

How small this world had been, and how convenient. The factory, the railway
station, Nurse Grant, the pub, the market, Mum and Dad's house—all only a few
65 minutes' walk from each other. Not much of this survived. The factory and the pub
had gone, the station buildings had been demolished, many streets of straight terraces
had been replaced by new houses and gardens built in less regular and more spacious
layouts. It was no longer a dense Lowry townscape, but it was not country or a suburb
either. Really, the only way to look at it was as an ex-town, a place shorn of its dynamic
70 ugliness, but also of its newspaper (the *Farnworth Journal*), its school (Farnworth
Grammar), its five cinemas (the Ritz, the Savoy, the Empire, the Hippodrome, the
Palace). Cotton-spinning in more than thirty mills had made all this possible. Cotton
was no longer spun here, or anywhere else in Lancashire. Farnworth had become a
place of absences.

75 **The Savoy**

A British audience saw a moving picture for the first time in 1896. Early shows
were in fairgrounds, music halls, shops, railway arches, anywhere that a projector and a
white sheet could be set up and chairs arranged. Fires were a problem; nitrate film was
highly combustible. In 1909, Parliament passed the Cinematograph Act which
80 imposed fire safety regulations on venues. That was the real beginning of the purpose-
built cinema and the architecture of escape. By 1914, London alone had 400 cinemas.
By 1927, twenty million cinema tickets were sold every week. By 1940, there were
4.2 million cinema seats. By 1946, nearly one out of every seven British adults went to
the cinema twice a week or more. Then, between 1945 and 1960, cinema admissions
85 fell by more than two thirds, and a third of the 1945 total of 4,700 cinemas closed. An
article by Sue Harper and Vincent Porter in the *Journal of Popular British Cinema*
(volume two, 1999) refines some of these statistics by gender and class. In 1946,
sixty-two per cent of the adult audience had been women. By 1960, they were only
forty-seven per cent. The number of sixteen to twenty-four year olds in the audience
90 doubled between 1946 and 1950. In 1939, the skilled working class and the classes
below comprised sixty-nine per cent of the audience. By 1954, that proportion had

risen to eighty-two per cent. That was a peak year for the cinema as a British working-class entertainment. Television culled audiences thereafter, though our family didn't get one until 1961 and so "the pictures" remained a big part of our lives for longer.

We were, in any case, cinephiles. Dad was born in a small Scottish town in 1902, seven years after the Lumière brothers showed their first film in Paris and six years after they brought their box of tricks to Britain. He watched his first moving pictures, one reelers, on screens set up in public halls before the First World War. He loved Chaplin—had anyone ever been so funny?—and Douglas Fairbanks (Snr) and Pearl White. Later, during my childhood, historical pictures were his thing: *Ben-Hur*, *Spartacus*, *The Robe*, *Alexander the Great*, *Cleopatra*, *The Vikings*. Not musicals—perhaps this was why Mum snuck me into *Annie Get Your Gun* on her own. Not comedies, unless by visual comedians who had perfected their acts on stage (Chaplin, the Marx Brothers and, for a brief time, Norman Wisdom). As a late child, I had missed his middle period. Harry said: "I think Dad's taste in films remained in the silent era. The first talkies he saw were just all static-camera yak-yak-yak. I think that must have been an awful let-down after some of those well-made, so-called artistic silents. He had his favourite performers though—Paul Muni, Claude Rains, Will Rogers, Wallace Beery, Charles Laughton, Will Hay, Will Fyffe." All men and too many Wills, though I remembered a coloured print of Greta Garbo he'd carefully preserved in his keepsake book.

Harry and I had turned out of Peel Street and were now walking down Market Street, which becomes Manchester Road. He was remembering things. He has a beautiful memory—photographic is the only word. Here was where the trams turned, here was the ice cream shop, here the site of the hoarding that used to say BRITAIN'S BREAD HANGS BY LANCASHIRE'S THREAD and FOR A SECURE FUTURE, JOIN THE PALESTINE POLICE.

I thought about how much I owed him in terms of films and books when I was in my early teens and he in his twenties and we were living back again in Scotland, when Lancashire (in my case, though not in his) was no more than a smudge on the horizon behind me. Teaching himself about the cinema, he bought little blue Pelican paperbacks—Roger Manvell's *Film*, Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now*—and I would look at their black-and-white stills from *Intolerance*, *Battleship Potemkin*, *Drifters*, *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari*. We shared a small bedroom. Lying late in bed on a Saturday or a Sunday morning, he'd tell me the stories of the films he'd seen at screenings by the local film society or in stop-gap bills at remote suburban cinemas or on trips to London. If you lived in Fife in 1958, to see Eisenstein or Renoir or *All Quiet on the Western Front* took character and strength of will.

"And then [my brother might say] you see the meat that the crew have to eat and it's crawling with maggots . . . And then the Cossack brings his sabre down and this old woman's glasses are smashed and there's blood in her eyes . . . And then he reaches out to catch this butterfly and you hear a shot and he's dead . . . And then Mister Hulot tries to play tennis like he thinks he was taught in the shop." And then, and then.

Now we were in a street called Long Causeway and facing the Savoy, once the Ritz's rival as Farnworth's most superior picture house and now a "Nine Ball Pool and Snooker Centre" with a Stars and Stripes painted on its sign. It looked like a 1920s building; high on its red-brick facade was a series of porthole windows. What did I see here? I think *Oliver Twist* (Alec Guinness controversially as Fagin, 1948). What do I remember of it? Only the first scene, as Oliver's mother struggles to the workhouse, and then not for her but for the storm and the bending trees, which were frightening. In fact I remember more of the cinema itself than any film I saw there: the orange light

behind its translucent curtains, fading before the curtains drew apart; and the art deco rising sun above the screen. Whenever I see or hear the word Savoy, I think of the colour orange, and not of the hotel or the province in France.

My brother saw many, many films at the Savoy. One in particular was the *Arabian Nights* (Jon Hall, Sabu, Maria Montez, 1942). He saw it on the night of Monday, August 2, 1943, with Mum and Dad and our brother Gordon, two years before I was born. Gordon was seven and Harry nine. The war was on, but the family seemed settled. Mum, Dad, two little boys, a decent house with a bathroom and three bedrooms, a big garden with an air-raid shelter, a tandem equipped with sidecar so that all four of them could cycle off to the country on a Sunday, down quiet roads emptied of cars by petrol rationing. Little George's death had, as it were, been conquered.

After the performance that night, Gordon said that the *Arabian Nights* was the best picture he'd ever seen.

Now, outside the Savoy, this was too sad to talk about.

Harry pointed out the Sundeck Tanning Studio and said it used to be a shop that sold foreign stamps to schoolboy collectors, and jokes—joke dog turds, for instance, which could be put on a salad plate and cause domestic consternation, though only once (“Oh not that thing again, Harry, please!”). Then we turned right and began to walk down Albert Road. It was dusk. Occasionally the great square bulk of an abandoned mill stuck up above the houses and stood in silhouette against the sky. Down Kildare Street we saw one that still had its chimney attached. ‘The Century Mill,’ Harry said. “Ring-spinning, whatever that was”—not needing to add that Dad would have known. That everybody in Farnworth would have known, once.

Arabian Nights

Why, among so many inexact memories, am I so certain that the family of which I was not yet then a part saw the *Arabian Nights* on Monday, August 2, 1943? My father wrote the date down, not in a diary and not at the time, but in October that year and in his keepsake book. Looking at his writing now, in the purple ink of a fountain pen, I understand what he was trying to do. To record, obviously, but also to restore and bring to life, as a writer might doodle the name of some absent lover, as the next best thing to the lover's presence in the room.

Monday 2nd August 1943. Went to “Savoy” and saw “Arabian Nights”. Gordon told his Mummy it was the “Best” picture he'd ever seen. I took his hand up Kildare Street on the way home. He was exceptionally cheerful and lively.

Tuesday 3rd August. Both complained of being ill. Gordon slipped back upstairs to bed but Harry went to school. He came home at dinner [lunch] time and went to bed. Gordon was very hot at night.

And then, and then. Events move quickly. On August 4, his glands begin to swell. On August 5, Dr Tinto comes and suspects diphtheria and an ambulance takes both boys to hospital. On August 7, Gordon looks worse. On August 14, Gordon says he feels better. On August 15, he is very low. On August 16, at 12.15 a.m. in Hulton Lane Hospital, Bolton, he dies.

On October 11, my father writes: “Life is very hard.” On October 27, he writes: “For the loving worm within its clod/Were diviner than a loveless God.” On Christmas Eve, he writes: “My Dear Wee Gordon. How we miss him.”

When I asked Harry about the *Arabian Nights* on our trip to Farnworth, he said he hadn't thought it was up to much, hadn't been as taken with it as Gordon had. I have

190 never seen it. No video or DVD version exists in Britain, though a video is available in
the USA. *The Radio Times Guide to Films* (2004 edition) says of it: “This piece of
Hollywood exotica, made to cash in on the success of *The Thief of Baghdad*, stars John
Hall as the Caliph, Sabu as his best buddy and Maria Montez as his suitor. The actors
195 have their tongues firmly in their cheeks and the whole show is on the brink of send-up,
which is exactly where it should be. Producer Walter Wanger was one of Tinseltown’s
more enterprising independents, though he was later brought to his knees by the
crippling costs of *Cleopatra*.” The script is from stories by the Victorian orientalist, Sir
Richard Burton. The film is in colour and lasts eighty-six minutes.

I wondered if the British Film Institute’s National Film and Television Archive had
200 a copy, and at first they thought they had and then they said they hadn’t. But I decided
to take up the invitation to see the archive anyway—it is probably the largest and most
comprehensive of its kind in the world. I took the train from London to Berkhamsted
in Hertfordshire, and then a taxi up a hill to a cluster of farm buildings which are the
archive’s offices. Andrea Kalas, the senior preservation manager, showed me around.

205 The archive contains books, documents, letters, posters, stills, but its chief holding
is its collection of about 470,000 separate cinema and television film titles—about a
billion feet of film. We went to the various air-conditioned and dehumidified stores.
The flammable nitrate stock was kept in small cells with heavy steel doors and water
tanks above—much more of it is stored separately in Warwickshire. The newer and
210 more fireproof acetate and polyester films rose shelf by shelf to the ceilings of large
warehouses, called vaults. Men and women in white coats worked in rooms that looked
like laboratories. Here I began to see films in a different way. Projected, they were
interesting images. In a can, they were only chemicals with a chemical history. Films
were cellulose coated with emulsion. At first and until about 1960, nitrate had collected
215 the silver in the emulsion—silver refracted light. Then there was a switch to acetate.
Since the 1980s, polyester has been the chosen substance. Nobody knows how durable
this will be. All film, Andrea Kalas said, is inherently unstable. It decomposes.

The most valuable work of the archive is to restore deteriorating film and transfer
the images to newer stock—film-to-film reproduction. In one room, a woman in a
220 white coat demonstrated what happened to old films—I think the example may have
been Shackleton’s *South*.

She opened a can and the contents looked like brown sugar crystals. Another can;
yellow ochre dust. A third can: acetate film that had bonded and yellowed like a large
reel of flypaper and gave off a sharp smell. Andrea Kalas said that was known as
225 “vinegar syndrome”.

I had come here with thoughts of injustice, of how I could never see Gordon and
yet—somewhere—the best and last film he ever saw would be as lifelike as ever, filled
with people talking and moving. But now I saw it differently. The truth is that every
principal in the film is now dead, poor Sabu at the age of thirty-nine. As for their
230 lively images, if they have an infinite future it will be thanks to technicians in white
coats, tending the chemicals that contain them.

Always and everywhere, this unequal struggle to preserve and remember.

Question

“Always and everywhere, this unequal struggle to preserve and remember.” (Line 232)

How effectively does Ian Jack in this essay reflect on the “struggle to preserve and remember”?

3. Poetry [*Pages twenty-eight to thirty*]

Read carefully *Patterns* (1916) by Amy Lowell and then answer the question that follows it (*Page thirty*).

Patterns

- I WALK down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
5 In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.
- 10 My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
- 15 Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whale-bone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
- 20 Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
- 25 And I weep;
For the lime tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.
- And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
- 30 Comes down the garden paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
- 35 So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
- 40 What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths,
 And he would stumble after,
 45 Bewildered by my laughter.
 I should see the sun flashing from his sword hilt and the buckles on his shoes.
 I would choose
 To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
 A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover,
 50 Till he caught me in the shade,
 And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he clasped me,
 Aching, melting, unafraid.
 With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,
 And the plopping of the waterdrops,
 55 All about us in the open afternoon—
 I am very like to swoon
 With the weight of this brocade,
 For the sun shifts through the shade.

 Underneath the fallen blossom
 60 In my bosom,
 Is a letter I have hid.
 It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
 “Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
 Died in action Thursday se’nnight.”
 65 As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
 The letters squirmed like snakes.
 “Any answer, Madam?” said my footman.
 “No,” I told him.
 “See that the messenger takes some refreshment.
 70 No, no answer.”
 And I walked into the garden,
 Up and down the patterned paths,
 In my stiff, correct brocade.
 The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,
 75 Each one.
 I stood upright too,
 Held rigid to the pattern
 By the stiffness of my gown.
 Up and down I walked,
 80 Up and down.

 In a month he would have been my husband
 In a month, here, underneath this lime,
 We would have broke the pattern;
 He for me, and I for him,
 85 He as Colonel, I as Lady,
 On this shady seat.
 He had a whim
 That sunlight carried blessing.
 And I answered, “It shall be as you have said.”
 90 Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
95 The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.
I shall go
Up and down,
In my gown.
100 Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed.
And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace
By each button, hook, and lace.
For the man who should loose me is dead,
105 Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

Question

Make a detailed study of the significance of “patterns” in the presentation of this poem’s thematic concerns.

4. Drama

The following extract is the opening scenes of *Equus* (1973) by Peter Shaffer.

The set is a square of wood set on a circle of wood. There are rails on three sides, but the square is open downstage. There are three benches on the square. All the cast sit on stage throughout the performance. They get up to perform and then return to their places around the set. They are witnesses, assistants and a chorus.

The horses are played by actors in velvet tracksuits. They wear hooves about four inches high and masks of alternating bands of leather and silver wire. Their heads are visible behind the masks. They always stand upright and create animal effects through movements of legs, knees, neck, face and the turn of the head. There is no attempt to create the cosy familiarity of a domestic animal.

The main action takes place in Rokeby Psychiatric Hospital in Southern England. The time is the present. The play is divided into numbered scenes indicating a change of time, locale or mood. The action, however, is continuous.

Characters appearing in these scenes:

MARTIN DYSART, a psychiatrist.

ALAN STRANG

FRANK STRANG, his father

DORA STRANG, his mother

HESTHER SALOMON, a magistrate

A YOUNG HORSEMAN – who in the opening scene plays the horse NUGGET

A NURSE.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page forty-two*).

Extract from *Equus*

1.

Darkness.

Silence.

5 *Dim light up on the square. In a spotlight stands Alan Strang, a lean boy of seventeen, in sweater and jeans. In front of him, the horse Nugget. Alan's pose represents a contour of great tenderness: his head is pressed against the shoulder of the horse, his hands stretching up to fondle its head. The horse in turn nuzzles his neck.*

The flame of a cigarette lighter jumps in the dark. Lights come up slowly on the circle. On the left bench, downstage, Martin Dysart, smoking. A man in his mid-forties.

10 DYSART: With one particular horse, called Nugget, he embraces. The animal digs its sweaty brow into his cheek, and they stand in the dark for an hour—like a necking couple. And of all nonsensical things—I keep thinking about the *horse!* Not the boy: the horse, and what it may be trying to do. I keep seeing that huge head kissing him with its chained mouth. Nudging through the metal some desire
15 absolutely irrelevant to filling its belly or propagating its own kind. What desire could that be? Not to stay a horse any longer? Not to remain reined up for ever in those particular genetic strings? Is it possible, at certain moments we cannot

imagine, a horse can add its sufferings together—the non-stop jerks and jabs that are its daily life—and turn them into grief? What use is grief to a horse?

20 *Alan leads Nugget out of the square and they disappear together up the tunnel, the horse's hooves scraping delicately on the wood.*

Dysart rises, and addresses both the large audience in the theatre and the smaller one on stage.

25 You see, I'm lost. What use, I should be asking, are questions like these to an overworked psychiatrist in a provincial hospital? They're worse than useless: they are, in fact, subversive.

He enters the square. The light glows brighter.

30 The thing is, I'm desperate. You see, I'm wearing that horse's head myself. That's the feeling. All reined up in old language and old assumptions, straining to jump clean-hoofed on to a whole new track of being I only suspect is there. I can't see it, because my educated, average head is being held at the wrong angle. I can't jump because the bit forbids it, and my own basic force—my horsepower, if you like—is too little. The only thing I know for sure is this: a horse's head is finally unknowable to me. Yet I handle children's heads—which I must presume
35 to be more complicated, at least in the area of my chief concern . . . In a way, it has nothing to do with this boy. The doubts have been there for years, piling up steadily in this dreary place. It's only the extremity of this case that's made them active. I know that. The *extremity* is the point! All the same, whatever the reason, they are now, these doubts, not just vaguely worrying—but intolerable . . .
40 I'm sorry. I'm not making much sense. Let me start properly: in order. It began one Monday last month, with Hesther's visit.

2.

The light gets warmer.

He sits. Nurse enters the square.

NURSE: Mrs Salomon to see you, Doctor.

45 DYSART: Show her in, please.

Nurse leaves and crosses to where Hesther sits.

Some days I blame Hesther. She brought him to me. But of course that's nonsense. What is he but a last straw? a last symbol? If it hadn't been him, it would have been the next patient, or the next. At least, I suppose so.

50 *Hesther enters the square: a woman in her mid-forties.*

HESTHER: Hallo, Martin.

Dysart rises and kisses her on the cheek.

DYSART: Madam Chairman! Welcome to the torture chamber!

HESTHER: It's good of you to see me right away.

55 DYSART: You're a welcome relief. Take a couch.

HESTHER: It's been a day?

DYSART: No—just a fifteen year old schizophrenic, and a girl of eight thrashed into catatonia by her father. Normal, really . . . You're in a state.

HESTHER: Martin, this is the most shocking case I ever tried.

60 DYSART: So you said on the phone.

HESTHER: I mean it. My bench wanted to send the boy to prison. For life, if they

could manage it. It took me two hours solid arguing to get him sent to you instead.

DYSART: Me?

HESTHER: I mean, to hospital.

65 DYSART: Now look, Hesther. Before you say anything else, I can take no more patients at the moment. I can't even cope with the ones I have.

HESTHER: You must.

DYSART: Why?

70 HESTHER: Because most people are going to be disgusted by the whole thing. Including doctors.

DYSART: May I remind you I share this room with two highly competent psychiatrists?

HESTHER: Bennett and Thoroughgood. They'll be as shocked as the public.

DYSART: That's an absolutely unwarrantable statement.

75 HESTHER: Oh, they'll be cool and exact. And underneath they'll be revolted, and immovably English. Just like my bench.

DYSART: Well, what am I? Polynesian?

HESTHER: You know exactly what I mean! . . . [*pause*] Please, Martin. It's vital. You're this boy's only chance.

80 DYSART: Why? What's he done? Dosed some little girl's Pepsi with Spanish Fly? What could possibly throw your bench into two-hour convulsions?

HESTHER: He blinded six horses with a metal spike.

A long pause.

DYSART: Blinded?

85 HESTHER: Yes.

DYSART: All at once, or over a period?

HESTHER: All on the same night.

DYSART: Where?

HESTHER: In a riding stable near Winchester. He worked there at weekends.

90 DYSART: How old?

HESTHER: Seventeen.

DYSART: What did he say in Court?

HESTHER: Nothing. He just sang.

DYSART: Sang?

95 HESTHER: Any time anyone asked him anything.

Pause.

Please take him, Martin. It's the last favour I'll ever ask you.

DYSART: No, it's not.

100 HESTHER: No, it's not—and he's probably abominable. All I know is, he needs you badly. Because there really is nobody within a hundred miles of your desk who can handle him. And perhaps understand what this is about. Also . . .

DYSART: What?

HESTHER: There's something very special about him.

DYSART: In what way?

105 HESTHER: Vibrations.

DYSART: You and your vibrations.

HESTHER: They're quite startling. You'll see.

DYSART: When does he get here?

110 HESTHER: Tomorrow morning. Luckily there was a bed in Neville Ward. I know
this is an awful imposition, Martin. Frankly I didn't know what else to do.

Pause.

DYSART: Can you come in and see me on Friday?

HESTHER: Bless you!

DYSART: If you come after work I can give you a drink. Will 6.30 be all right?

115 HESTHER: You're a dear. You really are.

DYSART: Famous for it.

HESTHER: Goodbye,

DYSART: By the way, what's his name?

HESTHER: Alan Strang.

120 *She leaves and returns to her seat.*

DYSART: [*to audience*] What did I expect of him? Very little, I promise you. One more dented little face. One more adolescent freak. The usual unusual. One great thing about being in the adjustment business: you're never short of customers.

125 *Nurse comes down the tunnel, followed by Alan.*

She enters the square.

NURSE: Alan Strang, Doctor.

The boy comes in.

DYSART: Hallo. My name's Martin Dysart. I'm pleased to meet you.

130 *He puts out his hand. Alan does not respond in any way.*

That'll be all, Nurse, thank you.

3.

Nurse goes out and back to her place.

Dysart sits, opening a file.

135 So: did you have a good journey? I hope they gave you lunch at least. Not that there's
much to choose between a British Rail meal and one here.

Alan stands staring at him.

DYSART: Won't you sit down?

Pause. He does not. Dysart consults his file.

Is this your full name? Alan Strang?

140 *Silence.*

And you're seventeen. Is that right? Seventeen? . . . Well?

ALAN: [*singing low*] Double your pleasure,
Double your fun
With Doublemint, Doublemint
145 Doublemint gum.

DYSART: [*unperturbed*] Now, let's see. You work in an electrical shop during the week. You live with your parents, and your father's a printer. What sort of things does he print?

ALAN: [*singing louder*] Double your pleasure
150 Double your fun
With Doublemint, Doublemint
Doublemint gum.

DYSART: I mean does he do leaflets and calendars? Things like that?
The boy approaches him, hostile.

155 ALAN: [*singing*] Try the taste of Martini
The most beautiful drink in the world.
It's the right one—
The bright one—
That's Martini!

160 DYSART: I wish you'd sit down, if you're going to sing. Don't you think you'd be more comfortable?
Pause.

ALAN: [*singing*] There's only one T in Typhoo!
In packets and in teabags too.
165 Any way you make it, you'll find it's true:
There's only one T in Typhoo!

DYSART: [*appreciatively*] Now that's a good song. I like it better than the other two. Can I hear that one again?
Alan starts away from him, and sits on the upstage bench.

170 ALAN: [*singing*] Double your pleasure
Double your fun
With Doublemint, Doublemint
Doublemint gum.

DYSART: [*smiling*] You know I was wrong. I really do think that one's better. It's got
175 such a catchy tune. Please do that one again.
Silence. The boy glares at him.
I'm going to put you in a private bedroom for a little while. There are one or two available, and they're rather more pleasant than being in a ward. Will you please come and see me tomorrow? . . . [*He rises*]

180 By the way, which parent is it who won't allow you to watch television? Mother or father? Or is it both [*calling out of the door*] Nurse!
Alan stares at him. Nurse comes in.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor?

DYSART: Take Strang here to Number Three, will you? He's moving in there for a
185 while.

NURSE: Very good, Doctor.

DYSART: [*to Alan*] You'll like that room. It's nice.

The boy sits staring at Dysart.

Dysart returns the stare.

190 NURSE: Come along, young man. This way . . . I said this way, please.

Reluctantly Alan rises and goes to Nurse, passing dangerously close to Dysart, and out through the left door. Dysart looks after him, fascinated.

4.

[. . .]

5.

Dysart stands in the middle of the square and addresses the audience. He is agitated.

DYSART: That night, I had this very explicit dream. In it I'm a chief priest in
195 Homeric Greece. I'm wearing a wide gold mask, all noble and bearded, like the
so-called Mask of Agamemnon found at Mycenae. I'm standing by a thick round
stone and holding a sharp knife. In fact, I'm officiating at some immensely
important ritual sacrifice, on which depends the fate of the crops or of a military
200 expedition. The sacrifice is a herd of children: about five hundred boys and
girls. I can see them stretching away in a long queue, right across the plain of
Argos. I know it's Argos because of the red soil. On either side of me stand two
assistant priests, wearing masks as well: lumpy, pop-eyed masks, such as also
were found at Mycenae. They are enormously strong, these other priests, and
absolutely tireless. As each child steps forward, they grab it from behind and
205 throw it over the stone. Then, with a surgical skill which amazes even me, I fit in
the knife and slice elegantly down to the navel, just like a seamstress following a
pattern. I part the flaps, sever the inner tubes, yank them out and throw them
hot and steaming on to the floor. The other two then study the pattern they
make, as if they were reading hieroglyphics. It's obvious to me that I'm tops as
210 chief priest. It's this unique talent for carving that has got me where I am. The
only thing is, unknown to them I've started to feel distinctly nauseous. And with
each victim, it's getting worse. My face is going green behind the mask. Of
course, I redouble my efforts to look professional—cutting and snipping for all
I'm worth: mainly because I know that if ever those two assistants so much as
215 glimpse my distress—and the implied doubt that this repetitive and smelly work
is doing any social good at all—I will be the next across the stone. And then, of
course—the damn mask begins to slip. The priests both turn and look at it—it
slips some more—they see the green sweat running down my face—their gold
pop-eyes suddenly fill up with blood—they tear the knife out of my hand . . . and
220 I wake up.

6.

Hesther enters the square. Light grows warmer.

HESTHER: That's the most indulgent thing I ever heard.

DYSART: You think?

HESTHER: Please don't be ridiculous. You've done the most superb work with
225 children. You must know that.

DYSART: Yes, but do the children?

HESTHER: Really!

DYSART: I'm sorry.

HESTHER: So you should be.

230 DYSART: I don't know why you listen. It's just professional menopause.
Everyone gets it sooner or later. Except you.

HESTHER: Oh, of course. I feel totally fit to be a magistrate all the time.

DYSART: No, you don't—but then that's you feeling unworthy to fill a job. I feel
the job is unworthy to fill me.

235 HESTHER: Do you seriously?

DYSART: More and more. I'd like to spend the next ten years wandering very
slowly around the *real* Greece . . . Anyway, all this dream nonsense is your fault.

HESTHER: Mine?

DYSART: It's that lad of yours who started it off. Do you know it's his face I saw
240 on every victim across the stone?

HESTHER: Strang?

DYSART: He has the strangest stare I ever met.

HESTHER: Yes.

DYSART: It's exactly like being accused. Violently accused. But what of? . . .
245 Treating him is going to be unsettling. Especially in my present state. His singing was
direct enough. His speech is more so.

HESTHER: [*surprised*] He's talking to you, then?

DYSART: Oh yes. It took him two more days of commercials, and then he
snapped. Just like that—I suspect it has something to do with his nightmares.

250 *Nurse walks briskly round the circle, a blanket over her arm, a clipboard of notes in
her hand.*

HESTHER: He has nightmares?

DYSART: Bad ones.

NURSE: We had to give him a sedative or two, Doctor. Last night it was exactly
255 the same.

DYSART: [*to Nurse*] What does he do? Call out?

NURSE: [*to desk*] A lot of screaming, Doctor.

DYSART: [*to Nurse*] Screaming?

NURSE: One word in particular.

260 DYSART: [*to Nurse*] You mean a special word?

NURSE: Over and over again. [*Consulting clipboard*] It sounds like 'Ek'.

HESTHER: Ek?

NURSE: Yes, Doctor. Ek. . . . "Ek!" he goes. "Ek!"

HESTHER: How weird.

265 NURSE: When I woke him up he clung to me like he was going to break my arm.

She stops at Alan's bed. He is sitting up. She puts the blanket over him, and returns to her place.

DYSART: And then he burst in—just like that—without knocking or anything. Fortunately, I didn't have a patient with me.

270 ALAN: [*Jumping up*] Dad!

HESTHER: What?

DYSART: The answer to a question I'd asked him two days before. Spat out with the same anger as he sang the commercials.

HESTHER: Dad what?

275 ALAN: Who hates telly.

He lies downstage on the circle, as if watching television.

HESTHER: You mean his dad forbids him to watch?

DYSART: Yes.

ALAN: It's a dangerous drug.

280 HESTHER: Oh, really!

Frank stands up and enters the scene downstage on the circle. A man in his fifties.

FRANK: [*to Alan*] It may not look like that, but that's what it is. Absolutely fatal mentally, if you receive my meaning.

Dora follows him on. She is also middle-aged.

285 DORA: That's a little extreme, dear, isn't it?

FRANK: You sit in front of that thing long enough, you'll become stupid for life—like most of the population. [*to Alan*] The thing is, it's a *swiz*. It seems to be offering you something, but actually it's taking something away. Your intelligence and your concentration, every minute you watch it. That's a true *swiz*, do you see?

290 *Seated on the floor, Alan shrugs.*

I don't want to sound like a spoilsport, old chum—but there really is no substitute for reading. What's the matter: don't you like it?

ALAN: It's all right.

FRANK: I know you think it's none of my beeswax, but it really is you know . . .
295 Actually, it's a disgrace when you come to think of it. You the son of a printer, and never opening a book! If all the world was like you, I'd be out of a job, if you receive my meaning!

DORA: All the same, times change, Frank.

FRANK: [*reasonably*] They change if you let them change, Dora. Please return that
300 set in the morning.

ALAN: [*crying out*] No!

DORA: Frank! No!

FRANK: I'm sorry, Dora, but I'm not having that thing in the house a moment longer. I told you I didn't want it to begin with.

305 DORA: But, dear, everyone watches television these days!

FRANK: Yes, and what do they watch? Mindless violence! Mindless jokes! Every five minutes some laughing idiot selling you something you don't want, just to bolster up the economic system. [*to Alan*] I'm sorry, old chum.

He leaves the scene and sits again in his place.

310 HESTHER: He's a Communist, then?
DYSART: Old-type Socialist, I'd say. Relentlessly self-improving.
HESTHER: They're *both* older than you'd expect.
DYSART: So I gather.
DORA: [*looking after Frank*] Really, dear, you are very extreme!
315 *She leaves the scene too, and again sits beside her husband.*
HESTHER: She's an ex-school teacher, isn't she?
DYSART: Yes. The boy's proud of that. We got on to it this afternoon.
ALAN: [*belligerently, standing up*] She knows more than you.
 Hesther crosses and sits by Dysart. During the following, the boy walks round the
320 *circle, speaking to Dysart but not looking at him. Dysart replies in the same manner.*
DYSART: [*to Alan*] Does she?
ALAN: I bet I do too. I bet I know more history than you.
DYSART: [*to Alan*] Well, I bet you don't.
ALAN: All right: who was the Hammer of the Scots?
325 DYSART: [*to Alan*] I don't know: who?
ALAN: King Edward the First. Who never smiled again?
DYSART: [*to Alan*] I don't know: who?
ALAN: You don't know anything, do you? It was Henry the First. I know all the
 Kings.
330 DYSART: [*to Alan*] And who's your favourite?
ALAN: John.
DYSART: [*to Alan*] Why?
ALAN: Because he put out the eyes of that smarty little—
 Pause.
335 [*sensing he has said something wrong*] Well, he didn't really. He was prevented, because
 the gaoler was merciful!
HESTHER: Oh dear.
ALAN: *He was prevented!*
DYSART: Something odder was to follow.
340 ALAN: Who said "religion is the opium of the people"?
HESTHER: Good Lord!
 Alan giggles.
DYSART: The odd thing was, he said it with a sort of guilty snigger. The sentence is
 obviously associated with some kind of tension.
345 HESTHER: What did you say?
DYSART: I gave him the right answer. [*to Alan*] Karl Marx.
ALAN: No.
DYSART: [*to Alan*] Then who?
ALAN: Mind your own beeswax.

350 DYSART: It's probably his dad. He may say it to provoke his wife.

HESTHER: And you mean she's religious?

DYSART: She could be. I tried to discover—none too successfully.

ALAN: Mind your own beeswax!

Alan goes back to bed and lies down in the dark.

355 DYSART: However, I shall find out on Sunday.

HESTHER: What do you mean?

DYSART: [*getting up*] I want to have a look at his home, so I invited myself over.

HESTHER: Did you?

DYSART: If there's any tension over religion, it should be evident on a Sabbath
360 evening! I'll let you know.

He kisses her cheek and they part, both leaving the square. Hesther sits in her place again; Dysart walks round the circle, and greets Dora who stands waiting for him downstage.

7.

DYSART: [*shaking hands*] Mrs Strang.

365 DORA: Mr Strang's still at the Press, I'm afraid. He should be home in a minute.

DYSART: He works Sundays as well?

DORA: Oh, yes. He doesn't set much store by Sundays.

DYSART: Perhaps you and I could have a little talk before he comes in.

DORA: Certainly. Won't you come into the living room?

370 *She leads the way into the square. She is very nervous.*

Please . . .

She motions him to sit, then holds her hands tightly together.

DYSART: Mrs Strang, have you any idea how this thing could have occurred?

DORA: I can't imagine, Doctor. It's all so unbelievable! . . . Alan's always been such a
375 gentle boy. He loves animals! Especially horses.

DYSART: Especially?

DORA: Yes. He even has a photograph of one up in his bedroom. A beautiful white
one, looking over a gate. His father gave it to him a few years ago, off a calendar
he'd printed—and he's never taken it down . . . And when he was seven or eight, I
380 used to have to read him the same book over and over, all *about* a horse.

DYSART: Really?

DORA: Yes: it was called Prince, and no one could ride him.

Alan calls from his bed, not looking at his mother.

ALAN: [*excited, younger voice*] Why not? . . . Why not? . . . Say it! In his voice!

385 DORA: He loved the idea of animals talking.

DYSART: Did he?

ALAN: *Say it! Say it! . . . Use his voice!*

DORA: [*"proud" voice*] "Because I am faithful!"

Alan giggles.

390 “My name is Prince, and I’m a Prince among horses! Only my young Master can ride me! Anyone else—I’ll *throw off!*”

Alan giggles louder.

And then I remember I used to tell him a funny thing about falling off horses. Did you know that when Christian cavalry first appeared in the New World, the
395 pagans thought horse and rider was one person?

DYSART: Really?

ALAN: [*sitting up, amazed*] One person?

DORA: Actually, they thought it must be a god.

ALAN: A *god!*

400 DORA: It was only when one rider fell off, they realised the truth.

DYSART: That’s fascinating. I never heard that before . . . Can you remember anything else like that you may have told him about horses?

DORA: Well, not really. They’re in the Bible, of course. “He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha.”

405 DYSART: Ha, ha?

DORA: The Book of Job. Such a noble passage. *You* know—[*quoting*] “Hast thou given the horse strength?”

ALAN: [*responding*] “Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?”

DORA: [*to Alan*] “The glory of his nostrils is terrible!”

410 ALAN: “He swallows the ground with fierceness and rage!”

DORA: “He saith among the trumpets—”

ALAN: [*trumpeting*] “Ha! Ha!”

DORA: [*to Dysart*] Isn’t that splendid?

DYSART: It certainly is.

415 ALAN: [*trumpeting*] Ha! Ha!

DORA: And then, of course, he saw an awful lot of Westerns on the television. He couldn’t have enough of those.

DYSART: But surely you don’t have a set, do you? I understood Mr Strang doesn’t approve.

420 DORA: [*conspiratorially*] He doesn’t . . . I used to let him slip off in the afternoons to a friend next door.

DYSART: [*smiling*] You mean without his father’s knowledge?

DORA: “What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over, does it? Anyway, Westerns are harmless enough, surely?”

425 *Frank stands up and enters the square.*

Alan lies back under the blanket.

[*to Frank*] Oh, hallo dear. This is Dr. Dysart.

Question

Make a detailed study of the dramatic means by which, in these opening scenes, Peter Shaffer presents the character of the psychiatrist, Martin Dysart.

Section 4 - Reading the Media

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Category A – Film

1. Discuss the importance of *mise en scene*, including the use of sound, in establishing the central thematic concerns of any **one** film you have studied.
2. “*The discipline of working within a genre—far from being a constraint—gives the director freedom to put his or her personal stamp on a film.*”
Discuss with reference to **one** film or to **more than one** film you have studied.

Category B – Television

3. “*The attitude of many broadcasters is, ‘It’s news if we say it’s news’.*”
In what ways do television news broadcasters determine what constitutes news?
In your answer you should make close reference to **one** or **more than one** news programme you have studied.
4. “*Transformation is at the heart of all television reality shows—the unknown become famous, the poor become rich, the plain become beautiful . . .*”
Keeping this statement in mind, discuss the appeal of any **one** television reality show you have studied.

Category C – Radio

5. What characteristics—in format, content and style—of any **one** radio channel make it the preferred listening of its target audience?
6. Discuss the contribution of the presenter to the success of any **one** or **more than one** radio programme.

[Turn over

Category D – Print journalism

7. Discuss the news values implied in the coverage of celebrities in **one** or **more than one** newspaper or magazine.

8. For this question you are provided with two news stories—from *The Guardian* (26 September 2009) and from the *Daily Express* (30 September 2009) on the topic of migrants and asylum seekers trying to enter Britain from Calais in Northern France.
Make a detailed study of the ways in which images and written text are used to convey each newspaper's views on immigration and asylum issues.

Category E – Advertising

9. With reference to **either** a range of advertisements **or** to an advertising campaign, discuss the role of humour and assess its effectiveness in promoting the brand identity of the product or products.

10. For this question you are provided with three advertisements for Nivea products from women's magazines. Permission refused to reproduce by Nivea.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

The Guardian (26 September 2009)

As children sleep rough on streets of Calais, UN warns of rise in very young heading for UK

Unaccompanied minors making dangerous trips
'We never expected such hardness,' say Afghan boys

Alexandra Topping Calais

The UN's refugee agency warned yesterday that children as young as three are among the migrants attempting to reach Britain and that the number of unaccompanied refugee children is on the increase.

The warning came three days after the French authorities destroyed a makeshift refugee camp known as the "jungle" near Calais, detaining 278 migrants, including 132 children.

The Guardian spoke to three Afghan cousins aged 10, 12 and 13 who are now sleeping rough on the streets of Calais. Apparently travelling alone, they arrived in the city just after the destruction of the camp, having left Afghanistan two and a half months ago. They hoped to find a way into the UK in order to join the father of two of them, who arrived in the UK via the same route eight years earlier.

Asked who was looking after the three, 10-year-old Fawad pointed to his 13-year-old cousin. "I am," said Ahmed in good English. His father, a doctor, and his uncle paid around \$9,000 (£5,600) to traffickers who smuggled the children across Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Greece, Italy and finally France in cars and lorries, he said.

"We never thought we would see such hardness. We were not sad to arrive but now I am unhappy the jungle has gone and we have no way of getting to England."

His parents had sent him and his cousins on the hazardous journey because their lives were in danger in Afghanistan. "The situation is very bad, the Taliban is very bad. They [use 14-year-olds] for the battle against America. Every day it is a bomb, everywhere you see a fire." Jawed, 12, speaking through his cousin, said: "People were after me. People try to kidnap sons of a rich person and I had to escape."

Since they arrived in Calais the boys have slept under a bridge, and on the balcony of an empty house. "It rained and we were so cold," said Ahmed.

Under national and international law, authorities have an obligation to provide for children, and the previous night a man they believed was a plain-clothes police officer had asked the boys if they were on their own. Discovering they were, he told them he would come back to take them to



Ahmed, 13, front, and his cousin Fawad, 10, far right, say they have been living rough on the streets of Calais since the closure of the 'jungle' Photograph: Felix Clay

a safe place. As soon as he had left, they ran to a hiding place. "Maybe he want to help us. But we have fright. The police are not trusted. Never to trust," Ahmed said.

The sight of children in the port city is not uncommon, said Valerie Brunier, a resident who lives in the suburb of Fréthun, where trains leave daily to London.

"Sometimes we'd be having a barbecue on a Sunday and a child asked for food, or for something to drink," she said. "We've seen them washing themselves with the garden hose. It is very sad ... we do what we can but we can't really do anything."

An aid group, which has been helping those stranded since the closure of the

Red Cross-run Sangatte camp in 2002, said there had been a noticeable fall in the age of children the charity helped. "More and more are very young," said Sylvie Copyans, of the Association Salam. "Before there were minors, but now they are nearly babies. This life is difficult enough for adults, for children it is impossible."

Copyans, who the refugees call Mami Gulsaname (which translates as little love flower), said the closure of the "jungle", hailed by France's government as a victory against people traffickers, may have the opposite effect. "In the jungle they had a roof over their heads, they had water, they had friends. Now they have nothing. It is putting them in the hands of the traffickers."

Very young children are rare among Afghan refugees, who include virtually no women, but the UN has noticed an increase in the overall number of unaccompanied children, from Afghanistan and other countries. "Young men and boys from Afghanistan are on the move, some escaping recruitment from the Taliban, others who want to get money to send to their families," he said.

Requests for asylum by unaccompanied Afghan children suggest that there are thousands crossing Europe. According

to the UNHCR, Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Germany saw the largest increase in unaccompanied minors - with 3,090 Afghan children requesting asylum last year, compared with 1,489 in 2007.

Asked how he hoped to get to the UK, Ahmed looked downcast. "Some people get under the [lorry] and I can't do it because I am 13 years old," he said. "Now I am thinking, what to do? I can't go back to Afghanistan because there are many problems for me, my life will be full of danger. I can't leave here. If I spend 10 more days here I become mad. There is no solution for me."

Daily Express (30 September 2009)

France tells Britain: LET IN ALL MIGRANTS



A group of immigrants who were evicted from their ramshackle camp at The Jungle queue for food handouts from aid workers' van in Calais yesterday

FRANCE last night admitted it was fighting a losing battle against illegal migrants – and demanded Britain should open its doors to them.

By Nick Fagge

A week after being forced from their shanty town, the asylum seekers were back, still seeking a passage to the UK.

Last night Calais mayor Natacha Bouchard said the Channel port would remain an immigrant dumping ground until Britain opened its borders and stopped asking France to do its dirty work.

She insisted that the British should sign up to the Schengen Agreement, a European Union accord that allows free movement of all people between European member states without the need for passports or visas.

"Calais has become a no-go area, and that's because we have become hostages of the British Government," said Ms Bouchard.

"Britain is unable to control its borders, so we're doing the job for them because they're not part of the agreement. There are still

some 20 squatter camps in Calais alone."

The French government is fast running out of patience with the crisis and claims it is powerless to stop the thousands of migrants who make their way to Calais seeking a new life in Britain.

It complains that until Britain agrees to open its borders, there is no reason for migrants to abandon their nightly cat-and-mouse games with police as they try to board lorries and trains bound for Dover.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Section 2 Topic D—Extract is taken from “*Jimmy*”, by Sheena Blackhall, from *Lallans* 2009, ISBN 1359 3587. Published by Scots Language Society. Permission is being sought from Scots Leid Associe.

Section 2 Topic D—Poem entitled “*Shetlandic*”, by Rhoda Bulter, is taken from ‘*The Kist*’, ISBN 0174290071. Reproduced by kind permission of John Bulter.

Section 2 Topic D—Extract is taken from “*Night Song of the Last Tram*” by Robert Douglas, ISBN 0340838604. Published by Hodder and Stoughton. Permission is being sought from Hodder and Stoughton.

Section 3 Question 2—Extract from “*The Best Picture He Ever Saw*”, by Ian Jack ISBN 0903141 69 8. Published in *Granta* No 86, Summer 2004. Permission is being sought from Granta Publications.

Section 3 Question 4—Extract is taken from Act I, Scenes I to V of *Equus*, by Peter Shaffer ISBN 0 582 09712 6. Published by Penguin Books. Reproduced by kind permission of Penguin Books Ltd. Permission for electronic rights is being sought from MacNaughton Lord 2000 Ltd.

Section 4 Category D Question 8 Colour Insert—Article “*As children sleep rough on streets of Calais, UN warns of rise in very young heading for UK*”, by Alexandra Topping, and photograph, by Felix Clay, taken from *The Guardian*, 26 September 2009. Reproduced by permission of Guardian News and Media Limited (GNM).

Section 4 Category D Question 8 Colour Insert—Article “*France tells Britain: Let in all Migrants*”, by Nick Fagge, and photograph, taken from the *Daily Express*, 30 September 2009. Permission is being sought from the *Daily Express*.

Section 4 Category E Question 10—*Nivea My Silhouette* and *Nivea for Men* advertisements. Permission is refused by Nivea.

Section 4 Category E Question 10—*Nivea Sun* advertisement. Permission is refused by Nivea.