

X270/13/01

NATIONAL MONDAY, 20 MAY
QUALIFICATIONS 1.00 PM – 4.00 PM
2013

ENGLISH
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

Section 1—Literary Study	pages	2 – 9
Section 2—Language Study	pages	10 – 16
Section 3—Textual Analysis	pages	17 – 32
Section 4—Reading the Media	pages	33 – 34 (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

“Nothing is funnier than unhappiness.”

(Nell in *Endgame*)

Discuss *Waiting for Godot* **and** *Endgame* in the light of this quotation.

2. Byrne

The Slab Boys Trilogy has been described as “*a study in aspiration and frustration*”.

Discuss Byrne’s dramatic treatment of “*aspiration and frustration*” in *The Slab Boys Trilogy*.

3. Chekhov

“Chekhov’s characters experience human passions—love, hate, rage, jealousy—only in a temporary or muted form.”

Keeping this assertion in mind, discuss Chekhov’s presentation of at least **two** characters in *Uncle Vanya* **or** in *The Cherry Orchard*.

4. Friel

“Friel’s characters inhabit the territory between hope and disappointment.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to *Translations* **and** *Dancing at Lughnasa*.

5. Lindsay

“Lindsay is at his most biting satirical when he focuses on the corruption of the Church.”

How far do you agree?

6. Lochhead

Analyse and evaluate Lochhead’s use of stagecraft and other dramatic techniques in *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** in *Dracula*.

7. Pinter

“Ultimately, the objective for Pinter characters is to survive.”

Discuss with reference to **two** or **three** of the specified plays.

8. Shakespeare

EITHER

(a) *Othello and Antony and Cleopatra*

“Iago and Octavius Caesar are each, in their own ways, in love with power.”

Keeping this assertion in mind, compare the role and function of Iago in *Othello* with the role and function of Octavius Caesar in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

OR

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

Discuss Shakespeare’s presentation of the relationships between fathers and their children in *The Winter’s Tale* **and** in *The Tempest*.

9. Stoppard

“Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead and Arcadia offer the audience a perfect marriage of comedy and grave thoughts.”

How far do you agree?

10. Wilde

“From the overbearing Lady Bracknell to the intriguing Mrs Erlynne, Wilde presents his audiences with some truly memorable mothers.”

Compare the presentation and role of Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest* with the presentation and role of Mrs Erlynne in *Lady Windemere’s Fan*.

11. Williams

“In his plays Williams presents us with brave outcasts”.

How far do you agree with this description of Williams’s characters in *A Streetcar Named Desire* **and** in *Sweet Bird of Youth*?

[Turn over

POETRY

12. Burns

Discuss Burns's treatment of human "*fauts and folly*" in **three** or **four** of the specified poems and songs.

13. Chaucer

"*Death is everywhere in the literary landscape of **The Pardoner's Tale**.*"

Examine *The Pardoner's Tale* in the light of this assertion.

14. Donne

"*A mingling of intellect and passion . . .*"

How well does this describe Donne's poetry? You should refer to **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

15. Duffy

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

Poet for Our Times

I write the headlines for a Daily Paper.
It's just a knack one's born with all-right-Squire.
You do not have to be an educator,
just bang the words down like they're screaming *Fire!*
5 CECIL-KEAYS ROW SHOCK TELLS EYETIE WAITER.
ENGLAND FAN CALLS WHINGEING FROG A LIAR.

Cheers. Thing is, you've got to grab attention
with just one phrase as punters rush on by.
I've made mistakes too numerous to mention,
10 so now we print the buggers inches high.
TOP MP PANTIE ROMP INCREASES TENSION.
RENT BOY: ROCK STAR PAID ME WELL TO LIE.

I'd like to think that I'm a sort of poet
for our times. My shout. Know what I mean?
15 I've got a special talent and I show it
in punchy haikus featuring the Queen.
DIPLOMAT IN BED WITH SERBO-CROAT.
EASTENDERS' BONKING SHOCK IS WELL-OBSCENE.

20 Of course, these days, there's not the sense of panic
 you got a few years back. What with the box
 et cet. I wish I'd been around when the Titanic
 sank. To headline that, mate, would have been the tops.
 SEE PAGE 3 TODAY GENTS THEY'RE GIGANTIC.
 KINNOCK-BASHER MAGGIE PULLS OUT STOPS.

25 And, yes, I have a dream—make that a scotch, ta—
 that kids will know my headlines off by heart.
 IMMIGRANTS FLOOD IN CLAIMS HEATHROW WATCHER.
 GREEN PARTY WOMAN IS A NIGHTCLUB TART.
 The poems of the decade . . . *Stuff'em! Gotcha!*

30 The instant tits and bottom line of art.

- (a) Make a detailed analysis of the techniques used by Duffy to present an unsympathetic view of the speaker in this poem.
- (b) Go on to discuss the techniques used by Duffy to present unsympathetic views of characters in **two** other specified poems.

16. Heaney

“The Strand at Lough Beg and Casualty address the questions of guilt and involvement also raised in the most unflinching of the bog poems.”

Discuss the poetic means by which Heaney addresses “questions of guilt and involvement” in *The Strand at Lough Beg* **and** *Casualty* **and** in **one** of the bog poems.

[Turn over

17. **Henryson**

*“In both **The Testament of Cresseid** and **The Morall Fabillis** an impression is given of the world as a hard and unjust place.”*

How far do you agree?

18. **Keats**

“O for a life of sensations rather than of thought!”

(Keats, in a letter to Benjamin Bailey 1807)

How effectively does Keats convey “*a life of sensations*” in **three** or **four** of the specified poems?

19. **MacDiarmid**

“MacDiarmid’s poetry ranges widely over time and space, exploring the fundamental mysteries of love and death and human destiny.”

Discuss with reference **either** to *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* **or** to **three** or **four** of the specified lyrics.

20. **Muir**

“Muir is fascinated by time, both the measurable passing of years in human experience and the idea of eternity beyond human experience.”

Discuss with reference to **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

21. **Plath**

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

Medusa

Off that landspit of stony mouth-plugs,
Eyes rolled by white sticks,
Ears cupping the sea’s incoherences,
You house your unnerving head—God-ball,
5 Lens of mercies,
Your stooges
Plying their wild cells in my keel’s shadow,
Pushing by like hearts,
Red stigmata at the very center,
10 Riding the rip tide to the nearest point of departure,
Dragging their Jesus hair.
Did I escape, I wonder?
My mind winds to you
Old barnacled umbilicus, Atlantic cable,
15 Keeping itself, it seems, in a state of miraculous repair.

In any case, you are always there,
 Tremulous breath at the end of my line,
 Curve of water upleaping
 To my water rod, dazzling and grateful,
 20 Touching and sucking.
 I didn't call you.
 I didn't call you at all.
 Nevertheless, nevertheless
 You steamed to me over the sea,
 25 Fat and red, a placenta
 Paralysing the kicking lovers.
 Cobra light
 Squeezing the breath from the blood bells
 Of the fuschia. I could draw no breath,
 30 Dead and moneyless,
 Overexposed, like an X-ray.
 Who do you think you are?
 A Communion wafer? Blubbery Mary?
 I shall take no bite of your body,
 35 Bottle in which I live,
 Ghastly Vatican.
 I am sick to death of hot salt.
 Green as eunuchs, your wishes
 Hiss at my sins.
 40 Off, off, eely tentacle!
 There is nothing between us.

- (a) Make a detailed analysis of Plath's use of symbols in her treatment of the relationship presented in this poem.

AND

- (b) Go on to discuss Plath's use of symbols in her treatment of relationships in **two** or **three** other poems.

22. Yeats

Discuss Yeats's treatment of Irish identity in **three** or **four** of the specified poems.

[Turn over

PROSE FICTION

23. Atwood

“Both Elaine Risley in *Cat’s Eye* and Grace Marks in *Alias Grace* are creators—and part of their creative force is shown in their formulation of their own narratives.”

In what ways does Atwood present both Elaine Risley in *Cat’s Eye* **and** Grace Marks in *Alias Grace* as creators of their own narratives?

24. Austen

Compare Austen’s treatment of status and snobbery in *Pride and Prejudice* with her treatment of status and snobbery in *Persuasion*.

25. Dickens

Discuss some of the ways in which Dickens explores the corrupting influence of money in *Hard Times* **and** in *Great Expectations*.

26. Fitzgerald

“. . . the darkness of a marriage and the relief of affairs.”

How far do you agree with this view of the central relationships in *The Beautiful and Damned* **and** in *Tender is the Night*?

27. Galloway

“A key feature of Galloway’s fiction is the way it transforms the innocent and trivial into something terrifying.”

Discuss some of the ways in which Galloway achieves this transformation in *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** in *Foreign Parts*.

28. Gray

“Gray’s manipulation of structure has been identified as being a significant feature of his writing.”

How effective do you find Gray’s “manipulation of structure” in *Lanark* **and** in *Poor Things*?

29. Hardy

Compare the role and function of Damon Wildeve in *The Return of the Native* with the role and function of Alex D’Urberville in *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*.

30. Hogg

“ . . . there is a God who ruleth this world by wise and invisible means, and punisheth the wicked, and cheereth the humble of heart and the lowly minded.”

(*The Cameronian Preacher’s Tale*)

Examine some of the principal means by which Hogg presents the theme of divine justice in *The Cameronian Preacher’s Tale* **and** in **either** *The Brownie of the Black Hags* **or** *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*.

31. Joyce

Discuss Joyce’s use of narrative voice in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* **and** in any **two** of the short stories from *Dubliners*.

32. Stevenson

Discuss Stevenson’s treatment of the theme of guilt and punishment in *The Master of Ballantrae* **and** in **one** of the other specified short stories.

33. Waugh

“*Brideshead Revisited* and *A Handful of Dust* are novels which explore unsuitable or doomed relationships.”

Discuss Waugh’s treatment of “unsuitable or doomed relationships” in **both** of the specified novels.

PROSE NON-FICTION

34. “*The unexamined life is not worth living.*”

(Socrates)

Compare and contrast the ways in which any **two** of the specified writers examine aspects of their lives.

35. “*To convey the atmosphere of a particular place or event, just remember all the detail, remarkable and unremarkable . . .*”

Discuss some of the ways in which any **two** of the specified writers make use of “*detail, remarkable and unremarkable*” to convey atmosphere.

[Turn over

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. Using evidence from dialectology studies, describe a particular variety of English **or** Scots.

In your answer you should refer to phonological, lexical and syntactic features.

2. *“Speech and writing in Scotland today is the result of a long and complicated history. Broadly speaking, we can argue that part of that history involves contact between two distinct language varieties—Broad Scots and standard Southern English—a contact that eventually created a third variety: Scottish English.”*

(John Corbett & Christian Kay: *Understanding Grammar in Scotland Today*)

To what extent has the variety of English **or** Scots you have studied been shaped by “*contact between two distinct language varieties*”?

Topic B—The historical development of English or Scots

3. Describe some of the ways in which **either** English **or** Scots has changed within the past 100 years. You may wish to consider the effects of
 - the creation of new technology like computers and mobile phones
 - population movement
 - changes in employment patterns
 - increased educational opportunities
 - the spread of mass media.
4. How has the borrowing of words from other languages affected the historical development of **either** English **or** Scots?

Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland.

5. *“Scotland has 137 languages spoken by its residents, but many of those languages are often not seen as having cultural or economic value.”*

To what extent have your studies of multilingualism in contemporary Scotland suggested that only certain languages have “*cultural or economic value*”?

6. What linguistic features characterise the conversations of multilinguals in contemporary Scotland?

Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature.

For this topic you are provided with three examples of the use of Scots in contemporary literature:

Text A is an extract from the prose piece *First Confession* by Maureen Myant.

Text B is the poem *Unibike at the Festival* by William Neill.

Text C is the poem *Virus**** by Jackie Kay.

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

Text A

Extract from *First Confession*

Sister Mary gies me the willies. She's a right funny face on her. Like a chewed-up caramel, my mammy says. Sometimes it's aw smooth an sleekit, but. Like when she talks tae Father Maloney. Maloney Baloney we calls him. So ah canny believe it when, right in the middle of RE, ah puts my hand up and says, "Please Miss, what about
5 number six."

Ah must be barmy, shoutin out in the middle of a lesson an callin her 'Miss' instead of 'Sister' like she aye tells us. When Mental Mickey done that, he ended up peein hissel she was that mad. Ah look down at my desk. It's clatty. There's some words scratched on the wood an ah try an read them: "SiSTr MaRy eATs BaBys." Ah
10 wonder if she eats aulder weans an all.

"Ah yes, Patricia, the Sixth Commandment. Well, number six is a very important commandment and if you break it, it is a *mortal sin*." Her face is aw red an a wee bit sweaty. "Now as I was saying, number seven is—yes Patricia. What is it now?"

"Please, miss, you didny say what number six is."

15 "Sister Mary, please and it's 'didn't', not 'didn'y'." Her voice is aw sharp an nasty like chalk screeching on the blackboard.

Sister Mary screeches back: "Thou shalt not commit adultery. Now we really must press on."

20 Kathleen O'Donnell's got her haun up as well. "Please Sister, is adultery like being an adult?"

"Er, well yes I suppose so."

"Does that mean all adults are committing a mortal sin?" Kathleen says. She's the class sook and she's nearly greetin, so she is. She's fae a dead holy family by the way. She's got two big brothers that are priests.

25 Sister Mary smiles at her. She must be feart that Kathleen'll tell on her if she's no nice tae her. "Well no, not exactly," she goes. "Only those who commit adultery are in a state of mortal sin."

"But what is adultery?" ah says.

30 Sister Mary goes tae the back of the class, her long black habit swishin as she walks. She's dead tall—an as skinny as a skelf. My mammy says it's no wonder she couldny get a man. She's mumblin tae herself. Ah'm no sure but ah think she says, "It's not fair", but she canny have cos she's aye shoutin at Mental Mickey if he says that. He says it a lot, cos she's aye giein him the belt. She stops her mutterin an stands up

straight like she keeps tellin us tae do. She's dead crabbit. "Adultery is a *mortal sin*
35 because it is being rude to the Virgin Mary."

Relief. Ah thought it was somethin tae dae wi kissing. But ah hufty know for sure,
so up goes my haun again, like it's got a life o its ain.

Text B

Unibike at the Festival

Aa thir graund ploys and players in the toon—
Jist bi the Mound a chiel on a unibike
Echt feet abuin the grunn, a Cockney tyke,
Gies us the patter, birlin roon an roon
5 Ye'd think him jist about ti cletter doon:
No him. Jooglin an aipple an twa shairp dirks
As braisant as the Deil an aa his Warks
An aabodie cheerin the cantrips o this loun

Keepin the dirkies gaun, an haein a bite
10 Oot o the aipple an nivver lossin his grip
or faain doon aff yon unibike affair.

Gin I could maister yon I'd drive thaim gyte—
Wi sangs an sonnets I fairlie wad let rip
Et poetrie readins, echt feet abuin the flair.

Text C

*Virus****

No that Am saying Am no grateful.
Am aye grateful tae ma hosts,
awratime, and if by ony chance
ma host the rat snuffs it,
5 A kin a ways switch tack.
Big man, wee wuman, wean:
it's awrasame tae me.
Don't get me wrang,
Am no aw that choosy,
10 as lang as the flesh
is guid and juicy.
One bite and Am in,
one bite and they're mine,
in the neck, the groin.
15 Whit! Ma success rate
is naebody's bisness.
Wey ma canny disguise
A make sure human hosts
drap like flies.
20 Bubo! It's all go.
O sweet Christ.
Sweet blood bodies.
Somebody's dochter. Somebody's Maw.

7. Compare and contrast the vocabulary **or** grammar **or** orthography **or** any other linguistic feature of Scots used in any **two** of the texts provided.

8. Compare and contrast the use of Scots in **one** of the texts provided with the use of Scots in the work of any other contemporary writer you have studied.

[Turn over

Topic E

Language and social context

9. *“One of the most significant and also most complex determinants of linguistic variation is social class.”*

(Peter Stockwell)

To what extent is this view supported by your own reading and research into language and social context?

10. How has your study of language and social context helped you to understand attitudes to linguistic variation?

Topic F

The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

11. With reference to your own reading and research, discuss evidence which suggests that informal conversation is structured and ordered, rather than haphazard and random.
12. Describe some of the ways in which informal conversation is initiated, sustained and concluded.

Topic G

The linguistic characteristics of political communication

For **both** questions on this topic, you are provided with a speech made by the British Prime Minister in 2011, David Cameron, about riots which had taken place in parts of Britain on the previous evening. Read the speech, and then answer **one** of the questions which follow it.

Speech made by David Cameron

Good morning. I've come straight from a meeting of the government's COBRA committee for dealing with emergencies, where we've been discussing the action that we will be taking to help the police to deal with the disorder on the streets of London and elsewhere in our country. I've also met with the Metropolitan Police
5 Commissioner and the Home Secretary to discuss this further. And people should be in no doubt that we will do everything necessary to restore order to Britain's streets and to make them safe for the law-abiding. Let me first of all completely condemn the scenes that we have seen on our television screens and people have witnessed in their communities. These are sickening scenes, scenes of people looting, vandalising,
10 thieving, robbing, scenes of people attacking police officers, and even attacking fire crews as they're trying to put out fires. This is criminality, pure and simple, and it has to be confronted and defeated. I feel huge sympathy for the families who've suffered, innocent people who've been burned out of their houses, and to businesses who've seen their premises smashed, their products looted, and their livelihoods potentially ruined.
15 I also feel for all those who live in fear, because of these appalling scenes that we've seen on the streets of our country. People should be in no doubt that we are on the side of the law-abiding—law-abiding people who are appalled by what has happened in their own communities. As ever, police officers have shown incredible bravery on our streets in confronting these thugs. But it's quite clear that we need more, much more
20 police on our streets, and we need even more robust police action, and it's that that I've been discussing in COBRA this morning. The Metropolitan Police Commissioner has said that, compared with the six thousand police on the streets last night in London, there will be some sixteen thousand officers tonight. All leave within the Metropolitan Police has been cancelled. There will be aid coming from police forces up and down
25 the country, and we'll do everything necessary to strengthen and assist those police forces that are meeting this disorder. There's already been four hundred and fifty people arrested. We will make sure that court procedures and processes are speeded up, and people should expect to see more, many more, arrests in the days to come. I am determined, the government is determined, that justice will be done and these people
30 will see the consequence of their actions. And I have this very clear message to those people who are responsible for this wrongdoing and criminality: you will feel the full force of the law, and if you are old enough to commit these crimes, you are old enough to face the punishments. And to these people I would say this: you are not only wrecking the lives of others, you're not only wrecking your own communities, you are
35 potentially wrecking your own life too. My office this morning has spoken to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and he has agreed that Parliament will be recalled for a day on Thursday, so I can make a statement to Parliament and we can hold a debate, and we are all able to stand together in condemnation of these crimes, and also to stand together in determination to rebuild these communities. Now if you'll excuse
40 me, there is important work to be done. Thank you.

13. Provide a detailed analysis of the linguistic features of this speech which characterise it as a piece of political communication.

14. Discuss some of the linguistic similarities and differences between this speech and examples from another kind of political communication (for example, a blog, a debate in parliament, or a party political broadcast).

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 seventeen to nineteen*]

Read carefully the short story *Powder* (1996) by Tobias Wolff and then answer the question that follows it (*Page nineteen*).

Powder

Just before Christmas my father took me skiing at Mount Baker. He'd had to fight for the privilege of my company, because my mother was still angry with him for sneaking me into a nightclub during his last visit, to see Thelonious Monk¹.

5 He wouldn't give up. He promised, hand on heart, to take good care of me and have me home for dinner on Christmas Eve, and she relented. But as we were checking out of the lodge that morning it began to snow, and in this snow he observed some rare quality that made it necessary for us to get in one last run. We got in several last runs. He was indifferent to my fretting. Snow whirled around us in bitter, blinding squalls, hissing like sand, and still we skied. As the lift bore us to the peak yet again, my father
10 looked at his watch and said, "Criminy. This'll have to be a fast one."

By now I couldn't see the trail. There was no point in trying. I stuck to him like white on rice and did what he did and somehow made it to the bottom without sailing off a cliff. We returned our skis and my father put chains on the Austin-Healey while I swayed from foot to foot, clapping my mittens and wishing I was home. I could see
15 everything. The green tablecloth, the plates with the holly pattern, the red candles waiting to be lit.

We passed a diner on our way out. "You want some soup?" my father asked. I shook my head. "Buck up," he said. "I'll get you there. Right, doctor?"

I was supposed to say, "Right, doctor," but I didn't say anything.

20 A state trooper waved us down outside the resort. A pair of sawhorses were blocking the road. The trooper came up to our car and bent down to my father's window. His face was bleached by the cold. Snowflakes clung to his eyebrows and to the fur trim of his jacket and cap.

"Don't tell me," my father said.

25 The trooper told him. The road was closed. It might get cleared, it might not. Storm took everyone by surprise. So much, so fast. Hard to get people moving. Christmas Eve. What can you do.

My father said, "Look. We're talking about five, six inches. I've taken this car through worse than that."

30 The trooper straightened up. His face was out of sight but I could hear him. "The road is closed."

¹American jazz pianist and composer.

My father sat with both hands on the wheel, rubbing the wood with his thumbs. He looked at the barricade for a long time. He seemed to be trying to master the idea of it. Then he thanked the trooper, and with a weird, old-maidy show of caution turned the car around. “Your mother will never forgive me for this,” he said.

“We should have left before,” I said. “Doctor.”

He didn’t speak to me again until we were in a booth at the diner, waiting for our burgers. “She won’t forgive me,” he said. “Do you understand? Never.”

“I guess,” I said, but no guesswork was required; she wouldn’t forgive him.

“I can’t let that happen.” He bent toward me. “I’ll tell you what I want. I want us all to be together again. Is that what you want?”

“Yes, sir.”

He bumped my chin with his knuckles. “That’s all I needed to hear.”

When we finished eating he went to the pay phone in the back of the diner, then joined me in the booth again. I figured he’d called my mother, but he didn’t give a report. He sipped at his coffee and stared out the window at the empty road. “Come on, come on,” he said, though not to me. A little while later he said it again. When the trooper’s car went past, lights flashing, he got up and dropped some money on the check. “Okay. Vamanos².”

The wind had died. The snow was falling straight down, less of it now and lighter. We drove away from the resort, right up to the barricade. “Move it,” my father told me. When I looked at him he said, “What are you waiting for?” I got out and dragged one of the sawhorses aside, then put it back after he drove through. He pushed the door open for me. “Now you’re an accomplice,” he said. “We go down together.” He put the car into gear and gave me a look. “Joke, son.”

Down the first long stretch I watched the road behind us, to see if the trooper was on our tail. The barricade vanished. Then there was nothing but snow: snow on the road, snow kicking up from the chains, snow on the trees, snow in the sky; and our trail in the snow. Then I faced forward and had a shock. The lay of the road behind us had been marked by our own tracks, but there were no tracks ahead of us. My father was breaking virgin snow between a line of tall trees. He was humming “Stars Fell on Alabama.” I felt snow brush along the floorboards under my feet. To keep my hands from shaking I clamped them between my knees.

My father grunted in a thoughtful way and said, “Don’t ever try this yourself.”

“I won’t.”

“That’s what you say now, but someday you’ll get your licence and then you’ll think you can do anything. Only you won’t be able to do this. You need, I don’t know—a certain instinct.”

“Maybe I have it.”

“You don’t. You have your strong points, but not this. I only mention it because I don’t want you to get the idea this is something just anybody can do. I’m a great driver. That’s not a virtue, okay? It’s just a fact, and one you should be aware of. Of course you have to give the old heap some credit, too. There aren’t many cars I’d try this with. Listen!”

I did listen. I heard the slap of the chains, the stiff, jerky rasp of the wipers, the purr of the engine. It really did purr. The old heap was almost new. My father

²“Let’s go.”

couldn't afford it, and kept promising to sell it, but here it was.

I said, "Where do you think that policeman went to?"

80 "Are you warm enough?" He reached over and cranked up the blower. Then he
turned off the wipers. We didn't need them. The clouds had brightened. A few sparse,
feathery flakes drifted into our slipstream and were swept away. We left the trees and
entered a broad field of snow that ran level for a while and then tilted sharply
downward. Orange stakes had been planted at intervals in two parallel lines and my
father steered a course between them, though they were far enough apart to leave
85 considerable doubt in my mind as to exactly where the road lay. He was humming
again, doing little scat riffs around the melody.

"Okay then. What are my strong points?"

"Don't get me started," he said "It'd take all day."

"Oh, right. Name one."

90 "Easy. You always think ahead."

True. I always thought ahead. I was a boy who kept his clothes on numbered
hangers to insure proper rotation. I bothered my teachers for homework assignments
far ahead of their due dates so I could draw up schedules. I thought ahead, and that
was why I knew that there would be other troopers waiting for us at the end of our ride,
95 if we even got there. What I did not know was that my father would wheedle and plead
his way past them—he didn't sing "O Tannenbaum," but just about—and get me home
for dinner, buying a little more time before my mother decided to make the split final.
I knew we'd get caught; I was resigned to it. And maybe for this reason I stopped
moping and began to enjoy myself.

100 Why not? This was one for the books. Like being in a speedboat, only better. You
can't go downhill in a boat. And it was all ours. And it kept coming, the laden trees,
the unbroken surface of snow, the sudden white vistas. Here and there I saw hints of
the road, ditches, fences, stakes, but not so many that I could have found my way. But
then I didn't have to. My father was driving. My father in his forty-eighth year,
105 rumpled, kind, bankrupt of honour, flushed with certainty. He was a great driver. All
persuasion, no coercion. Such subtlety at the wheel, such tactful pedalwork. I actually
trusted him. And the best was yet to come—switchbacks and hairpins impossible to
describe. Except maybe to say this: if you haven't driven fresh powder, you haven't
driven.

Question

How effectively does Tobias Wolff present the evolving relationship between father and son in this short story?

[Turn over

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

Read carefully *At Home*, an extract from *Why be Happy When You Could be Normal?* (2011) by Jeanette Winterson, and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-three*).

Jeanette Winterson was adopted as a baby and brought up by a Mr and Mrs Winterson in Accrington in the north of England.

At Home

Mrs Winterson left behind things that she could not do.

One of those things was to make a home.

The Romanian philosopher Mircea Eliade talks about home—ontological as well as geographical home—and in a lovely phrase, he calls home “the heart of the real”.

5 Home, he tells us, is the intersection of two lines—the vertical and the horizontal. The vertical plane has heaven, or the upper world, at one end, and the world of the dead at the other end. The horizontal plane is the traffic of this world, moving to and fro—our own traffic and that of teeming others.

10 Home was a place of order. A place where the order of things come together—the living and dead—the spirits of the ancestors and the present inhabitants, and the gathering up and stilling of all the to-and-fro.

Leaving home can only happen because there is a home to leave. And the leaving is never just a geographical or spatial separation; it is an emotional separation—wanted or unwanted. Steady or ambivalent.

15 For the refugee, for the homeless, the lack of this crucial coordinate in the placing of the self has severe consequences. At best it must be managed, made up for in some way. At worst, a displaced person, literally, does not know which way is up, because there is no true north. No compass point. Home is much more than shelter; home is our centre of gravity.

20 A nomadic people learn to take their homes with them—and the familiar objects are spread out or re-erected from place to place. When we move house, we take with us the invisible concept of home—but it is a very powerful concept. Mental health and emotional continuity do not require us to stay in the same house or the same place, but they do require a sturdy structure on the inside—and that structure is built in part by
25 what has happened on the outside. The inside and the outside of our lives are each the shell where we learn to live.

Home was problematic for me. It did not represent order and it did not stand for safety. I left home at sixteen, and after that I was always moving, until finally, almost by accident I found and kept two places, both modest, one in London and one in the
30 country. I have never lived with anyone in either of those homes.

I am not entirely happy about that, but when I did live with someone, and for thirteen years, I could only manage it by having a lot of separate space. I am not messy, I am organised, and I cook and clean very happily, but another presence is hard for me. I wish it were not so, because I would really like to live with someone I love.

35 I just don't think I know how to do that.

So it is better to accept my not quite adjusted need for distance and privacy.

Mrs Winterson never respected my privacy. She ransacked my possessions, read my diaries, my note-books, my stories, my letters. I never felt safe in the house and when she made me leave it I felt betrayed. The horrible sick feeling that I had never
40 belonged and never would belong is assuaged now by the fact that my homes are mine and I can come and go as I please.

I never had a key to the house in Water Street, and so entry depended on being let in—or not. I don't know why I am still so fond of doorsteps—it seems perverse, given that I spent so much time sitting on one, but the two parts of home that mattered to me
45 in Accrington are the parts I could least do without now.

They are the threshold and the hearth.

My friends joke that I won't shut the door unless it is officially bedtime or actually snowing into the kitchen. The first thing I do when I get up in the morning is to open the back door. The next thing I do, in winter, is to light the fire.

50 All those hours spent sitting on my bum on the doorstep have given me a feeling for liminal space. I love the way cats like to be half in half out, the wild and the tame, and I too am the wild and the tame. I am domestic, but only if the door is open.

And I guess that is the key—no one is ever going to lock me in or lock me out again. My door is open and I am the one who opens it.

55 The threshold and the hearth are mythic spaces. Each has sacred and ceremonial aspects in the history of our myth. To cross the threshold is to enter another world—whether the one on the inside or the one on the outside—and we can never be really sure what is on the other side of the door until we open it.

Everyone has dreams of familiar doors and unknown rooms. Narnia is through a
60 door in a wardrobe. In the story of Bluebeard there is one door that must not be opened. A vampire cannot cross a threshold strewn with garlic. Open the door into the tiny Tardis, and inside is a vast and changing space.

The tradition of carrying the bride into her new house is a rite of passage; one world has been left behind, another entered. When we leave the parental home, even
65 now, we do much more than go out of the house with a suitcase.

Our own front door can be a wonderful thing, or a sight we dread; rarely is it only a door.

The crossing in and out, the different worlds, the significant spaces, are private coordinates that in my fiction I have tried to make paradigmatic.

70 Personal stories work for other people when those stories become both paradigms and parables. The intensity of a story—say the story in *Oranges*³—releases into a bigger space than the one it occupied in time and place. The story crosses the threshold from my world into yours. We meet each other on the steps of the story.

Books, for me, are a home. Books don't make a home—they are one, in the sense
75 that just as you do with a door, you open a book, and you go inside. Inside there is a different kind of time and a different kind of space.

There is warmth there too—a hearth. I sit down with a book and I am warm. I know that from the chilly nights on the doorstep.

Mrs Winterson lived in the same house on Water Street from 1947 until her death
80 in 1990.

Was it a sanctuary? I don't think so. Was it where she wanted to be? No ...

³*Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit* was Jeanette Winterson's first novel.

She hated the small and the mean, and yet that is all she had. I bought a few big houses myself along the way, simply because I was trying out something for her. In fact, my tastes are more modest—but you don't know that until you have bought and
85 sold for the ghost of your mother.

*Like most people I lived for a long time with my mother and father . . . that's how Oranges begins, and it ends with the young woman, let's call her Jeanette, returning home to find things much the same—a new electronic organ to add a bit of bass and percussion to the Christmas carols, but otherwise, it's life as it ever was—the giant
90 figure of the mother stooped inside the cramped house, filling it with Royal Albert and electrical goods, totting up the church accounts in a double ledger, smoking into the night underneath a haze of fly spray, her fags hidden in a box marked RUBBER BANDS.*

Like most people, when I look back, the family house is held in time, or rather it is
95 now outside of time, because it exists so clearly and it does not change, and it can only be entered through a door in the mind.

I like it that pre-industrial societies, and religious cultures still, now, distinguish between two kinds of time—linear time, that is also cyclical because history repeats itself, even as it seems to progress, and real time, which is not subject to the clock or the
100 calendar, and is where the soul used to live. This real time is reversible and redeemable. It is why, in religious rites of all kinds, something that happened once is re-enacted—Passover, Christmas, Easter, or, in the pagan record, Midsummer and the dying of the god. As we participate in the ritual, we step outside of linear time and enter real time.

Time is only truly locked when we live in a mechanised world. Then we turn into
105 clock-watchers and time-servers. Like the rest of life, time becomes uniform and standardised.

When I left home at sixteen I bought a small rug. It was my roll-up world. Whatever room, whatever temporary place I had, I unrolled the rug. It was a map of myself.

110 Invisible to others, but held in the rug, were all the places I had stayed—for a few weeks, for a few months. On the first night anywhere new I liked to lie in bed and look at the rug to remind myself that I had what I needed even though what I had was so little.

Sometimes you have to live in precarious and temporary places. Unsuitable places.
115 Wrong places. Sometimes the safe place won't help you.

Why did I leave home when I was sixteen? It was one of those important choices that will change the rest of your life. When I look back it feels like I was at the borders of common sense, and the sensible thing to do would have been to keep quiet, keep going, learn to lie better and leave later.

120 I have noticed that doing the sensible thing is only a good idea when the decision is quite small. For the life-changing things, you must risk it.

And here is the shock—when you risk it, when you do the right thing, when you arrive at the borders of common sense and cross into unknown territory, leaving behind you all the familiar smells and lights, then you do not experience great joy and huge
125 energy.

You are unhappy. Things get worse.

It is a time of mourning. Loss. Fear. We bullet ourselves through with questions. And then we feel shot and wounded.

And then all the cowards come out and say, "See, I told you so."

130 In fact, they told you nothing.

Question

Discuss the ways in which Jeanette Winterson explores the concept of home.

In your answer you should take into account her use of

- structure
- personal experience and anecdote
- language and imagery
- any other literary or rhetorical devices you consider to be important.

[Turn over

3. Poetry [*Pages twenty-four to twenty-five*]

Read carefully the poem *Ulysses* (1842) by Alfred, Lord Tennyson and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-five*).

Ulysses is the Latin form of the name for the mythical Greek hero, Odysseus, who fought in the Trojan war and, sailing home, had many adventures. Once home in Ithaca, he was reunited with his faithful wife, Penelope, and his son Telemachus.

Ulysses

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
5 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
15 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
20 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
25 Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
30 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
35 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
40 Of common duties, decent not to fail

In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 45 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 50 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 55 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 60 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 65 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Question

Make a critical evaluation of this poem.

Your evaluation should be based on key aspects of

- form and structure
- language and imagery
- mood and atmosphere
- any other literary or rhetorical device you consider to be important.

[Turn over

4. Drama [*Pages twenty-six to thirty-two*]

The following extract is taken from the play *Copenhagen* (1998) by Michael Frayn.

Through several shifts in time, the play offers Frayn's dramatisation of an actual meeting which took place in the midst of World War Two in Nazi-occupied Copenhagen on 17 September 1941 between Werner Heisenberg and Niels Bohr. After the war, both Bohr and Heisenberg gave very different versions of what occurred at the meeting and the exact purpose of Heisenberg's visit has never been fully understood.

Characters:

NIELS BOHR (1885–1962): Danish theoretical physicist, based in Copenhagen until 1943 when he escaped to America and worked on the Allies' atomic bomb programme.

WERNER HEISENBERG (1901–1976): German theoretical physicist and former colleague of Niels Bohr. Nine months after this meeting with Bohr, Heisenberg convinced the Nazi government that a German atom bomb could not be made before the end of the war. Heisenberg was eventually captured by the Allies in April 1945 and was thereafter shunned by many in the scientific community.

MARGRETHE BOHR (1890–1984): wife of Niels Bohr.

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

Extract from *Copenhagen*

ACT ONE

MARGRETHE: But why?

BOHR: You're still thinking about it?

MARGRETHE: Why did he come to Copenhagen?

BOHR: Does it matter, my love, now we're all three of us dead and gone?

5 MARGRETHE: Some questions remain long after their owners have died. Linger-
like ghosts. Looking for the answers they never found in life.

BOHR: Some questions have no answers to find.

MARGRETHE: Why did he come? What was he trying to tell you?

BOHR: He did explain later.

10 MARGRETHE: He explained over and over again. Each time he explained it became
more obscure.

BOHR: It was probably very simple, when you come right down to it: he wanted to
have a talk.

MARGRETHE: A talk? To the enemy? In the middle of a war?

15 BOHR: Margrethe, my love, we were scarcely the enemy.

MARGRETHE: It was 1941!

BOHR: Heisenberg was one of our oldest friends.

MARGRETHE: Heisenberg was German. We were Danes. We were under German
occupation.

20 BOHR: It put us in a difficult position, certainly.

MARGRETHE: I've never seen you as angry with anyone as you were with Heisenberg that night.

BOHR: Not to disagree, but I believe I remained remarkably calm.

MARGRETHE: I know when you're angry.

25 BOHR: It was as difficult for him as it was for us.

MARGRETHE: So why did he do it? Now no one can be hurt, now no one can be betrayed.

BOHR: I doubt if he ever really knew himself.

30 MARGRETHE: And he wasn't a friend. Not after that visit. That was the end of the famous friendship between Niels Bohr and Werner Heisenberg.

35 HEISENBERG: Now we're all dead and gone, yes, and there are only two things the world remembers about me. One is the uncertainty principle, and the other is my mysterious visit to Niels Bohr in Copenhagen in 1941. Everyone understands uncertainty. Or thinks he does. No one understands my trip to Copenhagen. Time and time again I've explained it. To Bohr himself, and Margrethe. To interrogators and intelligence officers, to journalists and historians. The more I've explained, the deeper the uncertainty has become. Well, I shall be happy to make one more attempt. Now we're all dead and gone. Now no one can be hurt, now no one can be betrayed.

40 MARGRETHE: I never entirely liked him, you know. Perhaps I can say that to you now.

BOHR: Yes, you did. When he was first here in the twenties? Of course you did. On the beach at Tisvilde with us and the boys? He was one of the family.

MARGRETHE: Something alien about him, even then.

45 BOHR: So quick and eager.

MARGRETHE: Too quick. Too eager.

BOHR: Those bright watchful eyes.

MARGRETHE: Too bright. Too watchful.

BOHR: Well, he was a very great physicist. I never changed my mind about that.

50 MARGRETHE: They were all good, all the people who came to Copenhagen to work with you. You had most of the great pioneers in atomic theory here at one time or another.

BOHR: And the more I look back on it, the more I think Heisenberg was the greatest of them all.

55 HEISENBERG: So what was Bohr? He was the first of us all, the father of us all. Modern atomic physics began when Bohr realised that quantum theory applied to matter as well as to energy. 1913. Everything we did was based on that great insight of his.

BOHR: When you think that he first came here to work with me in 1924 . . .

60 HEISENBERG: I'd only just finished my doctorate, and Bohr was the most famous atomic physicist in the world.

BOHR: . . . and in just over a year he'd invented quantum mechanics.

MARGRETHE: It came out of his work with you.

65 BOHR: Mostly out of what he'd been doing with Max Born and Pascual Jordan at Göttingen. Another year or so and he'd got uncertainty.

MARGRETHE: And you'd done complementarity.

BOHR: We argued them both out together.

HEISENBERG: We did most of our best work together.

BOHR: Heisenberg usually led the way.

70 HEISENBERG: Bohr made sense of it all.

BOHR: We operated like a business.

HEISENBERG: Chairman and managing director.

MARGRETHE: Father and son.

HEISENBERG: A family business.

75 MARGRETHE: Even though we had sons of our own.

BOHR: And we went on working together long after he ceased to be my assistant.

HEISENBERG: Long after I'd left Copenhagen in 1927 and gone back to Germany.
Long after I had a chair and a family of my own.

MARGRETHE: Then the Nazis came to power . . .

80 BOHR: And it got more and more difficult. When the war broke out impossible.
Until that day in 1941.

MARGRETHE: When it finished forever.

BOHR: Yet, why did he do it?

HEISENBERG: September, 1941. For years I had it down in my memory as October.

85 MARGRETHE: September. The end of September.

BOHR: A curious sort of diary memory is.

HEISENBERG: You open the pages, and all the neat headings and tidy jottings
dissolve around you.

BOHR: You step through the pages into the months and days themselves.

90 MARGRETHE: The past becomes the present inside your head.

HEISENBERG: September, 1941, Copenhagen . . . And at once—here I am, getting
off the night train from Berlin with my colleague Carl von Weizsäcker. Two
plain civilian suits and raincoats among all the field-grey Wehrmacht uniforms
arriving with us, all the navel gold braid, all the well-tailored black of the SS. In
95 my bag I have the text of the lecture I'm giving. In my head is another
communication that has to be delivered. The lecture is on astrophysics. The text
inside my head is a more difficult one.

BOHR: We obviously can't go to the lecture.

100 MARGRETHE: Not if he's giving it at the German Cultural Institute—it's a Nazi
propaganda organisation.

BOHR: He must know what we feel about that.

HEISENBERG: Weizsäcker has been my John the Baptist, and written to warn Bohr
of my arrival.

MARGRETHE: He wants to see you?

105 BOHR: I assume that's why he's come.

HEISENBERG: But how can the actual meeting with Bohr be arranged?

MARGRETHE: He must have something remarkably important to say.

HEISENBERG: It has to seem natural. It has to be private.

MARGRETHE: You're not really thinking of inviting him to the house?

110 BOHR: That's obviously what he's hoping.

MARGRETHE: Niels! They've occupied our country!

BOHR: He is not they.

MARGRETHE: He's one of them.

HEISENBERG: First of all there's an official visit to Bohr's workplace, the Institute
115 for Theoretical Physics, with an awkward lunch in the old familiar canteen. No
chance to talk to Bohr, of course. Is he even present? There's Rozental . . .
Petersen, I think . . . Christian Møller, almost certainly It's like being in a
dream. You can never quite focus the precise details of the scene around you. At
120 the head of the table—is that Bohr? I turn to look, and it's Bohr, it's Rozental,
it's Møller, it's whoever I appoint to be there. . . . A difficult occasion, though—I
remember that clearly enough.

BOHR: It was a disaster. He made a very bad impression. Occupation of Denmark
unfortunate. Occupation of Poland, however, perfectly acceptable. Germany
now certain to win the war.

125 HEISENBERG: Our tanks are almost at Moscow. What can stop us? Well, one thing,
perhaps. One thing.

BOHR: He knows he's being watched, of course. One must remember that. He has to
be careful about what he says.

MARGRETHE: Or he won't be allowed to travel abroad again.

130 BOHR: My love, the Gestapo planted microphones in his house. He told Goudsmit
when he was in America. The SS brought him in for interrogation in the
basement at the Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse.

MARGRETHE: And then they let him go again.

HEISENBERG: I wonder if they suspect for one moment how painful it was to get
135 permission for this trip. The humiliating appeals to the Party, the demeaning
efforts to have strings pulled by our friends in the Foreign Office.

MARGRETHE: How did he seem? Is he greatly changed?

BOHR: A little older.

MARGRETHE: I still think of him as a boy.

140 BOHR: He's nearly forty. A middle-aged professor, fast catching up with the rest of
us.

MARGRETHE: You still want to invite him here?

BOHR: Let's add up the arguments on either side in a reasonably scientific way.
Firstly, Heisenberg is a friend. . . .

145 MARGRETHE: Firstly, Heisenberg is a German.

BOHR: A White Jew. That's what the Nazis called him. He taught relativity, and they
said it was Jewish physics. He couldn't mention Einstein by name, but he stuck
with relativity, in spite of the most terrible attacks.

MARGRETHE: All the real Jews have lost their jobs. He's still teaching.

150 BOHR: He's still teaching relativity.

MARGRETHE: Still a professor at Leipzig.

BOHR: At Leipzig, yes. Not at Munich. They kept him out of the chair at Munich.

MARGRETHE: He could have been at Columbia.

BOHR: Or Chicago. He had offers from both.

155 MARGRETHE: He wouldn't leave Germany.

BOHR: He wants to be there to rebuild German science when Hitler goes. He told Goudsmit.

MARGRETHE: And if he's being watched it will all be reported upon. Who he sees. What he says to them. What they say to him.

160 HEISENBERG: I carry my surveillance around like an infectious disease. But then I happen to know that Bohr is also under surveillance.

MARGRETHE: And you know that you're being watched yourself.

BOHR: By the Gestapo?

HEISENBERG: Does he realise?

165 BOHR: I've nothing to hide.

MARGRETHE: By our fellow-Danes. It would be a terrible betrayal of all their trust in you if they thought you were collaborating.

BOHR: Inviting an old friend to dinner is hardly collaborating.

MARGRETHE: It might appear to be collaborating.

170 BOHR: Yes. He's put us in a difficult position.

MARGRETHE: I shall never forgive him.

BOHR: He must have good reason. He must have very good reason.

HEISENBERG: This is going to be a deeply awkward occasion.

MARGRETHE: You won't talk about politics?

175 BOHR: We'll stick to physics. I assume it's physics he wants to talk to me about.

MARGRETHE: I think you must also assume that you and I aren't the only people who hear what's said in this house. If you want to speak privately you'd better go out in the open air.

BOHR: I shan't want to speak privately.

180 MARGRETHE: You could go for another of your walks together.

HEISENBERG: Shall I be able to suggest a walk?

BOHR: I don't think we shall be going for any walks. Whatever he has to say he can say where everyone can hear it.

MARGRETHE: Some new idea he wants to try out on you, perhaps.

185 BOHR: What can it be, though? Where are we off to next?

MARGRETHE: So now of course your curiosity's aroused, in spite of everything.

HEISENBERG: So now here I am, walking out through the autumn twilight to the Bohr's house at Ny-Carlsberg. Followed, presumably, by my invisible shadow. What am I feeling? Fear, certainly—the touch of fear that one always feels for a teacher, for an employer, for a parent. Much worse fear about what I have to say. About how to express it. How to broach it in the first place. Worse fear still about what happens if I fail.

190

MARGRETHE: It's not something to do with the war?

BOHR: Heisenberg is a theoretical physicist. I don't think anyone has yet discovered a
195 way you can use theoretical physics to kill people.

MARGRETHE: It couldn't be something about fission?

BOHR: Fission? Why would he want to talk to me about fission?

MARGRETHE: Because you're working on it.

BOHR: Heisenberg isn't.

200 MARGRETHE: Isn't he? Everybody else in the world seems to be. And you're the
acknowledged authority.

BOHR: He hasn't published on fission.

MARGRETHE: It was Heisenberg who did all the original work on the physics of the
nucleus. And he consulted you then, he consulted you at every step.

205 BOHR: That was back in 1932. Fission's only been around for the last three years.

MARGRETHE: But if the Germans were developing some kind of weapon based on
nuclear fission . . .

BOHR: My love, no one is going to develop a weapon based on nuclear fission.

MARGRETHE: But if the Germans were trying to, Heisenberg would be involved.

210 BOHR: There's no shortage of good German physicists.

MARGRETHE: There's no shortage of good German physicists in America or
Britain.

BOHR: The Jews have gone, obviously.

HEISENBERG: Einstein, Wolfgang Pauli, Max Born . . . Otto Frisch, Lise Meitner.
215 . . . We led the world in theoretical physics! Once.

MARGRETHE: So who is there still working in Germany?

BOHR: Sommerfeld, of course. Von Laue.

MARGRETHE: Old men.

BOHR: Wirtz. Harteck.

220 MARGRETHE: Heisenberg is head and shoulders above all of them.

BOHR: Otto Hahn—he's still there. He discovered fission, after all.

MARGRETHE: Hahn's a chemist. I thought that what Hahn discovered . . .

BOHR: . . . was that Enrico Fermi had discovered it in Rome four years earlier. Yes—
he just didn't realise it was fission. It didn't occur to anyone that the uranium
225 atom might have split, and turned into an atom of barium and an atom of
krypton. Not until Hahn and Strassmann did the analysis, and detected the
barium.

MARGRETHE: Fermi's in Chicago.

BOHR: His wife's Jewish.

230 MARGRETHE: So Heisenberg would be in charge of the work?

BOHR: Margrethe, there is no work! John Wheeler and I did it all in 1939. One of
the implications of our paper is that there's no way in the foreseeable future in
which fission can be used to produce any kind of weapon.

MARGRETHE: Then why is everyone still working on it?

235 BOHR: Because there's an element of magic in it. You fire a neutron at the nucleus of a uranium atom and it splits into two other elements. It's what the alchemists were trying to do—to turn one element into another.

MARGRETHE: So why is he coming?

BOHR: Now your curiosity's aroused.

240 MARGRETHE: My forebodings.

HEISENBERG: I crunch over the familiar gravel to the Bohr's front door, and tug at the familiar bell-pull. Fear, yes. And another sensation, that's become painfully familiar over the past year. A mixture of self-importance and sheer helpless absurdity—that of all the 2,000 million people in this world, I'm the one who's
245 been charged with this impossible responsibility . . . The heavy door swings open.

BOHR: My dear Heisenberg!

HEISENBERG: My dear Bohr!

BOHR: Come in, come in . . .

250 MARGRETHE: And of course as soon as they catch sight of each other all their caution disappears. The old flames leap up from the ashes. If we can just negotiate all the treacherous little opening civilities . . .

Question

Make a detailed analysis of the means by which Michael Frayn explores the Bohrs' relationship with Heisenberg. In your answer you should pay close attention to

- dramatic structure
- dialogue
- the significance of uncertainty.

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. Analyse and evaluate the cinematic techniques employed to create and develop **one** or **more than one** character in any **one** film you have studied.
2. *“A good film should not only have immediate impact but should also reward further viewing.”*
Discuss with reference to **one** or **two** films you have studied.

Category B – Television

3. *“I’ve got to watch TV to figure out the world.”*
Keeping this statement in mind, discuss the means by which any news or current affairs or documentary programme you have studied mediates events for the viewer.
4. *“The one great advantage television has over cinema is the space afforded by the multi-part drama.”*
Analyse **one** such multi-part drama (serial or series) to show how the programme makers have used the “*space*” to increase its dramatic effectiveness.

Category C – Radio

5. *“Most radio programmes have more than one presenter in an effort to create chemistry.”*
With reference to **more than one** radio programme, discuss the extent to which the appeal of these programmes is increased by the “*chemistry*” between the presenters.
6. *“The surreal nature of much radio comedy is as much a product of the medium as it is a product of its writers and performers.”*
Discuss.

[Turn over

Category D – Print journalism

7. How valid is the distinction between “broadsheet” and “tabloid” as a way of describing the complexity of the contemporary news industry?

Discuss with reference to the coverage of **one** news event.

8. For this question you are provided with some of the front page coverage in *The Daily Telegraph* (9 August 2011) of the London riots and an extract from an interview with David Lammy, MP for Tottenham, in *The Guardian* (15 August 2011) in the aftermath of these events.

Compare and contrast each article’s treatment of the story by considering the images and written text.

Category E – Advertising

9. “*The aim of advertising is to create connection between brand and individual and to do so with amazing simplicity.*”

How far do you agree? You should support your answer with evidence drawn from a range of advertisements (including, if you wish, those provided for Question 10).

10. For this question you are provided with two advertisements, one from the *Guardian Weekend* magazine and one from *The Observer Magazine* (both September 2011) for Microsoft Office 2010.

Through a close analysis of images and written text, examine the messages conveyed by these advertisements in their promotion of the product.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Section 1 Question 15—Poem, “Poet for Our Times” is taken from “*The Other Country*” by Carol Ann Duffy. Published by Picador. Permission is being sought from Pan Macmillan.

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Section 4 Question 10 (Insert for Section 4)—Two advertisements for Microsoft Office 2010. Permission is being sought from Microsoft.