

# X270/701

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NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2011

FRIDAY, 13 MAY  
1.00 PM – 4.00 PM

ENGLISH  
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

<b>Section 1—Literary Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>2 – 8</b>
<b>Section 2—Language Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>9 – 16</b>
<b>Section 3—Textual Analysis</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>17 – 40</b>
<b>Section 4—Reading the Media</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>41 – 42 (plus Insert)</b>

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

*“In **Waiting for Godot** and in **Endgame**, Beckett has given a voice to men and women who are at the end of their tether, past pose or pretence, past claim of meaningful existence.”*

Discuss.

#### 2. Byrne

The slab room at A.F. Stobo & Co. Carpet Manufacturers . . . Paisley Town Hall in the 1950s . . . The Garden of Remembrance in a municipal cemetery.

Discuss the contribution of setting to the effectiveness of each play in *The Slab Boys Trilogy*.

#### 3. Chekhov

One critic has asserted that, in *Uncle Vanya* **and** in *The Cherry Orchard*, “the principal targets of Chekhov’s comedy are those who have lost or who have given up their ideals”.

How far do you agree?

#### 4. Friel

In what ways and how effectively does Friel dramatise aspects of Irish identity in *Translations* **and** in *Dancing at Lughnasa*?

#### 5. Lindsay

*“The dramatic turning point of the play is the entrance of Divyne Correctioun who, we are told, ‘sall reforme into this land / Evin all the Thrie Estaits’.”*

How far do you agree?

#### 6. Lochhead

How effective, in your view, are *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** *Dracula* as dramatic explorations of aspects of modern life?

#### 7. Pinter

Discuss the dramatic function of Ruth in *The Homecoming*, of Gila in *One for the Road* **and** of the two women in *Mountain Language*.

## 8. Shakespeare

### EITHER

(a) *Othello and Antony and Cleopatra*

Discuss the contribution of the settings of Venice and Cyprus to the tragedy of *Othello* **or** of Rome and Egypt to the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

### OR

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

Make a detailed study of Shakespeare's dramatic treatment of power in *The Winter's Tale* **or** in *The Tempest*.

## 9. Stoppard

“Central to Stoppard's dramatic technique is juxtaposition—of scenes, characters, worlds . . .”

Discuss the effectiveness of Stoppard's use of juxtaposition in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* **and** in *Arcadia*.

## 10. Wilde

“Ideals are dangerous things. Realities are better.”

(Mrs Erlynne to Lady Windermere in *Lady Windermere's Fan*)

“Women think that they are making ideals of men. What they are making of us are false idols merely.”

(Lord Chiltern to Lady Chiltern in *An Ideal Husband*)

Keeping these quotations in mind, discuss Wilde's dramatic treatment of “ideals” in *Lady Windermere's Fan* **and** in *An Ideal Husband*.

## 11. Williams

Discuss Williams's dramatic use of violence and the threat of violence in *A Streetcar Named Desire* **and** in *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

[Turn over

## POETRY

### 12. Burns

With reference to *Holy Willie's Prayer* **and** *Address to the Unco Guid* **and** *The Holy Fair*, discuss some of the principal features of Burns's treatment of religious hypocrisy.

### 13. Chaucer

Compare and contrast Chaucer's use of narrative voice in *The Pardoner's Tale* with his use of narrative voice in *The Nun's Priest's Tale*.

### 14. Donne

Discuss Donne's treatment of love in *A Nocturnal upon St Lucie's Day* **and** in **two** of the other specified poems.

### 15. Duffy

Discuss some of the ways in which Duffy deals with the potential and the limitations of language in a range of her poems.

### 16. Heaney

Read carefully the following poem from the sequence *Clearances* and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it.

#### IV

Fear of affectation made her affect  
Inadequacy whenever it came to  
Pronouncing words "beyond her". *Bertold Brek*.  
She'd manage something hampered and askew  
5 Every time, as if she might betray  
The hampered and inadequate by too  
Well-adjusted a vocabulary.  
With more challenge than pride, she'd tell me, "You  
Know all them things." So I governed my tongue  
10 In front of her, a genuinely well-  
Adjusted adequate betrayal  
Of what I knew better. I'd *naw* and *aye*  
And decently relapse into the wrong  
Grammar which kept us allied and at bay.

- (a) Make a detailed study of the ways in which Heaney presents recollections of his mother in this sonnet.

#### AND

- (b) Go on to discuss some of the ways in which he presents recollections of his mother in **two** or **three** other sonnets from *Clearances*.

## 17. Henryson

### EITHER

- (a) “Henryson shows his heroine journeying from self-pity to the point where she says, ‘Nane but my self as now I will accuse’.”

Discuss the principal techniques used by Henryson in *The Testament of Cresseid* to convey the progress of Cresseid’s “journeying”.

### OR

- (b) “And Clerkis sayis it is richt profitabill  
Amangis ernist to ming ane merie sport.”

(The Prologue to the *Morall Fabillis*)

In what ways and how effectively, in your view, does Henryson combine serious and humorous elements in **two** or **three** of the *Morall Fabillis*?

## 18. Keats

Discuss in detail Keats’s use of nature imagery in *Ode to a Nightingale* **and** in *To Autumn*.

## 19. MacDiarmid

“MacDiarmid’s poems are characterised by comparison, contrast, juxtaposition, dizzying changes of mood and scale.”

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

## 20. Muir

Discuss Muir’s treatment of the idea of Eden in *One Foot in Eden* and in **two** or **three** other poems.

## 21. Plath

“In reading Plath’s poems, what we are impressed by most of all is her honesty, her willingness to explore pain and fear without compromise.”

Discuss some of the principal means Plath uses “to explore pain and fear” in **three** or **four** poems.

## 22. Yeats

Discuss the means by which Yeats explores the importance of art in *Byzantium* **and** in *Lapis Lazuli*.

[Turn over

## PROSE FICTION

### 23. Atwood

Discuss Atwood's use of symbolism in *Cat's Eye* **and** in *Alias Grace*.

### 24. Austen

"In her novels, Austen is particularly severe on those who try to influence the young."

How far do you agree?

You should support your answer with reference to Austen's presentation of Mr and Mrs Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice* **and** Sir Walter Elliot and Lady Russell in *Persuasion*.

### 25. Dickens

"'Father,' said Louisa, 'Do you think I love Mr Bounderby?' Mr Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. 'Well, my child,' he returned, 'I—really—cannot take it upon myself to say.'"

(*Hard Times*)

"'Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!'"

(*Great Expectations*)

Keeping these two quotations in mind, discuss the importance of love in *Hard Times* **and** in *Great Expectations*.

### 26. Fitzgerald

Discuss the thematic and structural significance of violence in *The Beautiful and Damned* **and** in *Tender is the Night*.

### 27. Galloway

Discuss some of the principal techniques used to present relationships between women in *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** in *Foreign Parts*.

### 28. Gray

Discuss in detail the uses Gray makes of fantasy in *Lanark* **or** in *Poor Things*.

### 29. Hardy

"Tess is at one with the natural world; Eustacia is in perpetual, frustrated opposition to it."

Taking these assertions into account, discuss the importance of "the natural world" in Hardy's presentation of Tess and Eustacia.

### 30. Hogg

Discuss the significance of the following extract in the structural and thematic development of *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*.

I wept for joy to be thus assured of my freedom from all sin, and of the impossibility of my ever again falling away from my new state. I bounded away into the fields and the woods, to pour out my spirit in prayer before the Almighty for his kindness to me: my whole frame seemed to be renewed; every nerve was buoyant with new life; I felt as if I  
5 could have flown in the air, or leaped over the tops of the trees. An exaltation of spirit lifted me, as it were, far above the earth, and the sinful creatures crawling on its surface; and I deemed myself as an eagle among the children of men, soaring on high, and looking down with pity and contempt on the grovelling creatures below.

As I thus wended my way, I beheld a young man of a mysterious appearance coming  
10 towards me. I tried to shun him, being bent on my own contemplations; but he cast himself in my way, so that I could not well avoid him; and more than that, I felt a sort of invisible power that drew me towards him, something like the force of enchantment, which I could not resist. As we approached each other, our eyes met, and I can never describe the strange sensations that thrilled through my whole frame at that impressive  
15 moment; a moment to me fraught with the most tremendous consequences; the beginning of a series of adventures which has puzzled myself, and will puzzle the world when I am no more in it. That time will now soon arrive, sooner than any one can devise who knows not the tumult of my thoughts, and the labour of my spirit; and when it hath come and passed over,—when my flesh and my bones are decayed, and my  
20 soul has passed to its everlasting home, then shall the sons of men ponder on the events of my life; wonder and tremble, and tremble and wonder how such things should be.

That stranger youth and I approached each other in silence, and slowly, with our eyes fixed on each other's eyes. We approached till not more than a yard intervened between us, and then stood still and gazed, measuring each other from head to foot.  
25 What was my astonishment, on perceiving that he was the same being as myself! The clothes were the same to the smallest item. The form was the same; the apparent age; the colour of the hair; the eyes; and, as far as recollection could serve me from viewing my own features in a glass, the features too were the very same. I conceived at first, that I saw a vision, and that my guardian angel had appeared to me at this important  
30 era of my life; but this singular being read my thoughts in my looks, anticipating the very words that I was going to utter.

“You think I am your brother,” said he; “or that I am your second self. I am indeed your brother, not according to the flesh, but in my belief of the same truths, and my assurance in the same mode of redemption, than which, I hold nothing so great or so  
35 glorious on earth.”

“Then you are an associate well adapted to my present state,” said I. “For this time is a time of great rejoicing in spirit to me. I am on my way to return thanks to the Most High for my redemption from the bonds of sin and misery. If you will join with me heart and hand in youthful thanksgiving, then shall we two go and worship together;  
40 but if not, go your way, and I shall go mine.”

“Ah, you little know with how much pleasure I will accompany you, and join with you in your elevated devotions,” said he fervently. “Your state is a state to be envied indeed; but I have been advised of it, and am come to be a humble disciple of yours; to be initiated into the true way of salvation by conversing with you, and perhaps by  
45 being assisted by your prayers.”

**31. Joyce**

Discuss in detail the techniques employed by Joyce to present the developing consciousness of Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

**32. Stevenson**

Discuss Stevenson's use of pairs of contrasting or complementary characters in *The Master of Ballantrae* **and** in **one** of the specified short stories.

**33. Waugh**

Discuss the significance of Tony Last's journey to the Amazon in *A Handful of Dust* **and** of Charles Ryder's journey to and from South America in *Brideshead Revisited*.

**PROSE NON-FICTION**

**34.** Discuss the principal literary means by which any **two** of the specified texts engaged your interest in the cultures of particular places and times.

**35.** Discuss the principal means by which any **two** of the specified writers effectively shape their narratives.



## 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. What, in your view, are the distinctive linguistic features of a particular variety of contemporary English **or** Scots?
2. Describe and account for the distinctive lexical features of a particular variety of contemporary English **or** Scots.

### Topic B—The historical development of English or Scots

3. Describe, with examples, some of the ways in which English **or** Scots has changed over time.
4. Discuss some of the ways in which the orthography and the lexis of **either** English **or** Scots have been influenced by developments in electronic media.

### Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland

5. To what extent do the media support the use of minority languages in Scotland?
6. Describe, with examples, ways in which some speakers in contemporary Scotland mix different languages in conversation.

[Turn over

## Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature

For this topic, you are provided with the first scene from the play *Silver Bullet* by Janet Paisley.

Read the scene carefully and then answer **either** Question 7 **or** Question 8 that follow it (*Page twelve*).

### SCENE ONE: Living room Day

*MEG sits in a chair reading a paper. ALEX enters.*

ALEX: Whaur's that laddie? He kens I want a haun sortin his bike!

MEG: Ehh?

ALEX: Oor Wattie. I'm hingin about oot there like a drip waitin tae faw.

5 MEG: How, is it rainin?

ALEX: Naw, it's no rainin! Fur ony sake, Meg, git yer nose oot that book, an pey heed.

MEG: He's in his room.

ALEX: So ye've no went deaf.

10 MEG: I just wantit tae get tae the end. It's about this beast whit creeps about the hills at nicht, howlin at the moon an teerin folks thrapples oot.

ALEX: An nae doot, it'll meet a when o folk wantin thur throats ripped oot up oan the hills in the deid o nicht.

MEG: Och, I dinnae think they want it tae happen.

15 ALEX: So whit wey are they no in thur beds?

MEG: That's richt, take the mick.

ALEX: Weel, horror stories! Dae ye no think we've got enough tae worry about wi oor ain horror story up that stair?

MEG: Wha, Wattie? He's sixteen. He's jist growin up.

20 ALEX: If he wis growin up, he'd be ootside helpin me sort his bike. I dinnae ken whit he's turnin intae.

*A blood curdling howl from offstage.*

MEG: (*A beat*) He's practisin.

ALEX: Practisin? Whit fur?

25 MEG: I dinnae ken.

*A blood curdling howl from offstage again.*

ALEX: Weel, he wants practise. Cry that music? Its got neither words nor tune. No like in oor day, eh? (*Sings*) Be bop a lula, she's ma baby. Be bop a lula, don't mean maybe. Be bop a lula, she's ma baby now, ma baby now, ma baby now. (*Stops singing*) Guid stuff, eh?

30

MEG: Aye, weel, it was guid, yince.

*WATTIE comes in. His voice is breaking and variable.*

WATTIE: Wis that you singin, Da?

ALEX: Noo we ken hoo tae get you oot that room.

35 MEG: Cries it singin ony road.

ALEX: (*To Wattie*) Right you, yer bike.

WATTIE: Gies a meenut. (*Down*) Mam, kin I talk tae ye?

MEG: Course, son. Whit about?

WATTIE: No the noo. Efter. About (*Hesitates*) stuff.

40 ALEX: Stuff! Ye dinnae talk tae yer mither about stuff. If ye waant tae talk about stuff, ye talk tae me.

WATTIE: You'll no like it.

ALEX: I'm no supposed tae like it. I'm yer faither. I'm supposed tae say if ye kin or if ye cannae.

45 MEG: Whit is it ye waant tae ken, son?

WATTIE: He'll jist say no.

ALEX: No, I'll no. I'll think about it furst. Then I'll say no.  
*He laughs uproariously at own joke.*

MEG: Shut up, Alex. Whit is it, Wattie?

50 WATTIE: Kin I git a nose ring?

ALEX: Nae chance.

WATTIE: Ye said ye'd think about it.

ALEX: I think quick. Pigs huv rings in thur noses. Bulls huv rings in thur noses. Folk dinnae.

55 WATTIE: Weel, a stud then? That'd be cool.

ALEX: Is there somethin wrang wi yer lugs?

WATTIE: If an earring's aw richt, why no a nose stud?

ALEX: Wi yer hearin! Somethin wrang wi yer hearin'. I said no.

WATTIE: (*Leaving*) Aw, furget it.

60 *Door slams*

MEG: Thanks fur lettin me answer him.

ALEX: (*Calls*) Hey, whit about this bike?

MEG: Every time. Ye dae it every time.

ALEX: Whit dae I dae?

65 MEG: Git his back up.

ALEX: He never yaised tae huv a back tae git up. Yaised tae be a cheery wee boy, ay wantin his da, ay unner ma feet. Yaised tae like fitba an gaun his bike! Noo it's nose rings an a racket like he'd a fermyard up thon stair. We never see him.

70 MEG: He'll stey up there aw day noo.

ALEX: Weel, you tell me, whit is he turnin intae?  
*Loud wolf howl from offstage.*

7. Make a detailed study of the ways in which Scots is used in this scene.
8. Compare and contrast the Scots used by Janet Paisley in this scene with the Scots used by **one** other contemporary writer you have studied.

**Topic E—Language and social context**

9. How does audience affect the way we speak?

In your answer, you may wish to consider **some** or **all** of the following:

- the social characteristics of speaker and addressee(s)
  - the relationship between speaker and addressee(s)
  - the function and the context of the discourse.
10. Describe some of the ways in which patterns of linguistic variation correlate with the different social contexts in which language is used.

## Topic F—The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

For this topic, you are provided with a transcript of an informal conversation in a group of four men and with details of the transcription conventions used.

Read the transcript and the transcription conventions carefully and then answer **either** Question 11 **or** Question 12 that follow them (*Page fourteen*).

### Transcript

- 
- 1 Alan: it nearly had him out/<LAUGHS> he come out all white/  
Chris: <LAUGHS>  
Kevin: <LAUGHS>  
John:
- 
- 2 Alan:  
Chris: <LAUGHS>  
Kevin: I bet that could be dangerous [couldn't it/  
John: (( [hurt himself/))
- 
- 3 Alan:  
Chris:  
Kevin: if it fell [on your head)) it's quite-  
John: [he- you know/ -
- 
- 4 Alan:  
Chris: <LAUGHS> [can I have some  
Kevin: [it's quite big/  
John: [he crapped himself/ he [crapped himself/
- 
- 5 Alan:  
Chris: pot noodles please Kevin <SILLY VOICE>  
Kevin: <LAUGHS> [no/  
John: [did he have to sit down
- 
- 6 Alan: he- he- well . he was quite frightened [actually/  
Chris:  
Kevin:  
John: and stuff? . [I know/
- 
- 7 Alan: cos- cos- [well yeah/  
Chris: was it for you as well [mate?  
Kevin:  
John: I must admit-
- 
- 8 Alan: ((well I still-))  
Chris: did you go a bit white as well then did you?  
Kevin:  
John: god/
-

- 9 Alan:  
Chris: don't get  
Kevin:  
John: he was thinking 'god please don't wreck it'/  
-----
- 10 Alan:  
Chris: any blood on it/ <SARCASTIC>  
Kevin: is that the one with all the loa-  
John:  
-----
- 11 Kevin: lots of different things on it?  
-----

### Transcription conventions

A hyphen indicates an incomplete word or utterance, e.g. all the loa-

Short pauses (less than 0.5 seconds) are indicated by a full stop with space on either side, e.g. well . he was quite frightened

Angled brackets give additional information, e.g. <LAUGHS>

Angled brackets also add clarificatory information about underlined words, e.g. can I have some pot noodles please Kevin <SILLY VOICE>

Double round parentheses indicate that there is doubt about the accuracy of the transcription, e.g. ((hurt himself))

A question mark indicates the end of a chunk of talk which the transcriber has analysed as a question, e.g. did he have to sit down and stuff?

A slash (/) indicates the end of a tone group or chunk of talk, e.g. it nearly had him out/

The lines of text enclosed by the broken lines are to be read simultaneously, e.g.

-----  
Alan: it nearly had him out/<LAUGHS> he come out all white/  
Chris: <LAUGHS>  
Kevin: <LAUGHS>  
-----

An extended square bracket indicates the start of overlap between utterances, e.g.

Kevin: I bet that could be dangerous [couldn't it/  
John: (([hurt himself/))

11. In what ways do you consider the linguistic features of the discourse recorded in the transcript to be characteristic of informal conversation?
12. Using the transcript, the transcription conventions and any data you may have from your own reading and research, describe some of the issues involved in the accurate transcription of naturally occurring informal conversation.

**Topic G—The linguistic characteristics of political communication**

13. “*There are certain common features that characterise all political communication, no matter what form it takes.*”

How far do you agree?

14. For this question, you are provided with an extract from a speech made by Barack Obama during the 2008 United States presidential election campaign.

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

**Extract from a speech made by Barack Obama**

Ohio, I have just two words for you: two days.

After decades of broken politics in Washington, eight years of failed policies from George Bush, and twenty-one months of a campaign that has taken us from the rocky coast of Maine to the sunshine of California, we are two days away from change in  
5 America.

In two days, you can turn the page on policies that have put the greed and irresponsibility of Wall Street before the hard work and sacrifice of folks on Main Street.

10 In two days, you can choose policies that invest in our middle-class, create new jobs, and grow this economy so that everyone has a chance to succeed; from the CEO to the secretary and the janitor; from the factory owner to the men and women who work on its floor.

15 In two days, you can put an end to the politics that would divide a nation just to win an election; that tries to pit region against region, city against town, Republican against Democrat; that asks us to fear at a time when we need hope.

In two days, at this defining moment in history, you can give this country the change we need.

20 We began this journey in the depths of winter nearly two years ago, on the steps of the Old State Capitol in Springfield, Illinois. Back then, we didn’t have much money or many endorsements. We weren’t given much of a chance by the polls or the pundits. We knew how steep our climb would be.

25 But I also knew this. I knew that the size of our challenges had outgrown the smallness of our politics. I believed that Democrats and Republicans and Americans of every political stripe were hungry for new ideas, new leadership, and a new kind of politics – one that favours common sense over ideology; one that focuses on those values and ideals we hold in common as Americans.

30 Most of all, I knew the American people were a decent, generous people willing to work hard and sacrifice for future generations. I was convinced that when we come together, our voices are more powerful than the most entrenched lobbyists, or the most vicious political attacks, or the full force of a status quo in Washington that wants to keep things just the way they are.

**[Turn over**

Twenty-one months later, my faith in the American people has been vindicated. That's how we've come so far and so close – because of you. That's how we'll change this country – with your help. And that's why we can't afford to slow down, sit back  
35 or let up for one day, one minute, or one second in these last few days. Not now. Not when so much is at stake.

We are in the middle of the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. 760,000 workers have lost their jobs this year. Businesses and families can't get credit. Home values are falling. Pensions are disappearing. It's gotten harder and harder to  
40 make the mortgage, or fill up your gas tank, or even keep the electricity on at the end of the month.

At a moment like this, the last thing we can afford is four more years of the tired, old theory that says we should give more to billionaires and big corporations and hope that prosperity trickles down to everyone else. The last thing we can afford is four  
45 more years where no one in Washington is watching anyone on Wall Street because politicians and lobbyists killed common-sense regulations. Those are the theories that got us into this mess. They haven't worked, and it's time for change. That's why I'm running for President of the United States.

Discuss some of the linguistic features that characterise the discourse recorded in this extract as political communication.



### 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 twenty-one*]

Read carefully the short story *Elizabeth Stock's One Story* (1898) by Kate Chopin and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-one*).

##### *Elizabeth Stock's One Story*

Elizabeth Stock, an unmarried woman of thirty-eight, died of consumption during the past winter at the St. Louis City Hospital. There were no unusually pathetic features attending her death. The physicians say she showed hope of rallying till placed in the incurable ward, when all courage seemed to leave her, and she relapsed into a silence  
5 that remained unbroken till the end.

In Stonelift, the village where Elizabeth Stock was born and raised, and where I happen to be sojourning this summer, they say she was much given over to scribbling. I was permitted to examine her desk, which was quite filled with scraps and bits of writing in bad prose and impossible verse. In the whole conglomerate mass, I  
10 discovered but the following pages which bore any semblance to a connected or consecutive narration.

Since I was a girl I always felt as if I would like to write stories. I never had that ambition to shine or make a name; first place because I knew what time and labor it meant to acquire a literary style. Second place, because whenever I wanted to write a  
15 story I never could think of a plot. Once I wrote about old Si Shepard that got lost in the woods and never came back, and when I showed it to Uncle William he said:

“Why, Elizabeth, I reckon you better stick to your dressmaking: this here ain’t no story; everybody knows about old Si Shepard.”

No, the trouble was with plots. Whenever I tried to think of one, it always turned  
20 out to be something that some one else had thought about before me. But here back awhile, I heard of great inducements offered for an acceptable story, and I said to myself:

“Elizabeth Stock, this is your chance. Now or never!” And I laid awake most a whole week; and walked about days in a kind of dream, turning and twisting things in  
25 my mind just like I often saw old ladies twisting quilt patches around to compose a design. I tried to think of a railroad story with a wreck, but couldn’t. No more could I make a tale out of a murder, or money getting stolen, or even mistaken identity; for the story had to be original, entertaining, full of action and Goodness knows what all. It was no use. I gave it up. But now that I got my pen in my hand and sitting here kind  
30 of quiet and peaceful at the south window, and the breeze so soft carrying the autumn leaves along, I feel as I’d like to tell how I lost my position, mostly through my own negligence, I’ll admit that.

My name is Elizabeth Stock. I’m thirty-eight years old and unmarried, and not afraid or ashamed to say it. Up to a few months ago I been postmistress of this village  
35 of Stonelift for six years, through one administration and a half—up to a few months ago.

Often seems like the village was most too small; so small that people were bound to look into each other’s lives, just like you see folks in crowded tenements looking into each other’s windows. But I was born here in Stonelift and I got no serious complaints.

40 I been pretty comfortable and contented most of my life. There aint more than a hundred houses all told, if that, counting stores, churches, postoffice, and even Nathan Brightman's palatial mansion up on the hill. Looks like Stonelift wouldn't be anything without that.

He's away a good part of the time, and his family; but he's done a lot for this  
45 community, and they always appreciated it, too.

But I leave it to any one—to any woman especially, if it aint human nature in a little place where everybody knows every one else, for the postmistress to glance at a postal card once in a while. She could hardly help it. And besides, seems like if a person had anything very particular and private to tell, they'd put it under a sealed envelope.

50 Anyway, the train was late that day. It was the breaking up of winter, or the beginning of spring; kind of betwixt and between; along in March. It was most night when the mail came in that ought have been along at 5:15. The Brightman girls had been down with their pony-cart, but had got tired waiting and had been gone more than an hour.

55 It was chill and dismal in the office. I had let the stove go out for fear of fire. I was cold and hungry and anxious to get home to my supper. I gave out everybody's mail that was waiting; and for the thousandth time told Vance Wallace there was nothing for him. He'll come and ask as regular as clockwork. I got that mail assorted and put aside in a hurry. There was no dilly dallying with postal cards, and how I ever come to give a  
60 second look at Nathan Brightman's postal, Heaven only knows!

It was from St. Louis, written with pencil in large characters and signed, "Collins," nothing else; just "Collins." It read:

"Dear Brightman:

Be on hand tomorrow, Tuesday at 10. A.M. promptly. Important meeting of  
65 the board. Your own interest demands your presence. Whatever you do, don't fail.

In haste,  
Collins."

I went to the door to see if there was anyone left standing around: but the night was so raw and chill, every last one of the loungers had disappeared. Vance Wallace would  
70 of been willing enough to hang about to see me home; but that was a thing I'd broken him of long ago. I locked things up and went on home, just ashivering as I went, it was that black and penetrating—worse than a downright freeze, I thought.

After I had had my supper and got comfortably fixed front of the fire, and glanced over the St. Louis paper and was just starting to read my Seaside Library novel, I got  
75 thinking, somehow, about that postal card of Nath Brightman's. To a person that knew B. from bull's foot, it was just as plain as day that if that card laid on there in the office, Mr. Brightman would miss that important meeting in St. Louis in the morning. It wasn't anything to me, of course, except it made me uncomfortable and I couldn't rest or get my mind fixed on the story I was reading. Along about nine o'clock, I flung  
80 aside the book and says to myself:

"Elizabeth Stock, you a fool, and you know it." There aint much use telling how I put on my rubbers and waterproof, covered the fire with ashes, took my umbrella and left the house.

I carried along the postoffice key and went on down and got out that postal card—in  
85 fact, all of the Brightman's mail—wasn't any use leaving part of it, and started for "the house on the hill" as we mostly call it. I don't believe anything could of induced me to go if I had known before hand what I was undertaking. It was drizzling and the rain

kind of turned to ice when it struck the ground. If it hadn't been for the rubbers, I'd of taken more than one fall. As it was, I took one good and hard one on the footbridge.  
90 The wind was sweeping down so swiftly from the Northwest, looked like it carried me clean off my feet before I could clutch the handrail. I found out about that time that the stitches had come out of my old rubbers that I'd sewed about a month before, and letting the water in soaking my feet through and through. But I'd got more than good and started and I wouldn't think of turning around.

95 Nathan Brightman has got kind of steps cut along the side of the hill, going zig-zag. What you would call a gradual ascent, and making it easy like to climb. That is to say, in good weather. But Lands! There wasn't anything easy that night, slipping back one step for every two; clutching at the frozen twigs along the path; and having to use my umbrella half the time for a walking stick; like a regular Alpine climber. And my heart  
100 would most stand still at the way the cedar trees moaned and whistled like doleful organ tones; and sometimes sighing deep and soft like dying souls in pain.

Then I was a fool for not putting on something warm underneath that mackintosh. I could of put on my knitted wool jacket just as easy as not. But the day had been so mild, it bamboozled us into thinking spring was here for good; especially when we were  
105 all looking and longing for it; and the orchards ready to bud, too.

But I forgot all the worry and unpleasantness of the walk when I saw how Nath Brightman took on over me bringing him that postal card. He made me sit down longside the fire and dry my feet, and kept saying:

“Why, Miss Elizabeth, it was exceedingly obliging of you; on such a night, too.  
110 Margaret, my dear”—that was his wife—“mix a good stiff toddy for Miss Elizabeth, and see that she drinks it.”

I never could stand the taste or smell of alcohol. Uncle William says if I'd of had any sense and swallowed down that toddy like medicine, it might of saved the day.

Anyhow, Mr. Brightman had the girls scampering around getting his grip packed;  
115 one bringing his big top coat, another his muffler and umbrella; and at the same time here they were all three making up a list of a thousand and one things they wanted him to bring down from St. Louis.

Seems like he was ready in a jiffy, and by that time I was feeling sort of thawed out and I went along with him. It was a mighty big comfort to have him, too. He was as  
120 polite as could be, and kept saying:

“Mind out, Miss Elizabeth! Be careful here; slow now. My! but it's cold! Goodness knows what damage this won't do to the fruit trees.” He walked to my very door with me, helping me along. Then he went on to the station. When the midnight express came tearing around the bend, rumbling like thunder and shaking the very  
125 house, I'd got my clothes changed and was drinking a hot cup of tea side the fire I'd started up. There was a lot of comfort knowing that Mr. Brightman had got aboard that train. Well, we all more or less selfish creatures in this world! I don't believe I'd of slept a wink that night if I'd of left that postal card lying in the office.

Uncle William will have it that this heavy cold all came of that walk; though he got  
130 to admit with me that this family been noted for weak lungs as far back as I ever heard of.

Anyway, I'd been sick on and off all spring; sometimes hardly able to stand on my feet when I'd drag myself down to that postoffice. When one morning, just like lightning out of a clear sky, here comes an official document from Washington,  
135 discharging me from my position as postmistress of Stonelift. I shook all over when I read it, just like I had a chill; and I felt sick at my stomach and my teeth chattered. No one was in the office when I opened that document except Vance Wallace, and I made

him read it and I asked him what he made out it meant. Just like when you can't understand a thing because you don't want to. He says:

140 "You've lost your position, Lizabeth. That what it means; they've passed you up."

I took it away from him kind of dazed, and says:

"We got to see about it. We got to go see Uncle William; see what he says. Maybe it's a mistake."

145 "Uncle Sam don't make mistakes," said Vance. "We got to get up a petition in this here community; that's what I reckon we better do, and send it on to the gover'ment."

Well, it don't seem like any use to dwell on this subject. The whole community was indignant, and pronounced it an outrage. They decided, in justice to me, I had to find out what I got that dismissal for. I kind of thought it was for my poor health, for I would of had to send in my resignation sooner or later, with these fevers and cough.

150 But we got information it was for incompetence and negligence in office, through certain accusations of me reading postal cards and permitting people to help themselves to their own mail. Though I don't know as that ever happened except with Nathan Brightman always reaching over and saying:

155 "Don't disturb yourself, Miss Elizabeth," when I'd be sorting out letters and he could reach his mail in the box just as well as not.

But that's all over and done for. I been out of office two months now, on the 26th. There's a young man named Collins, got the position. He's the son of some wealthy, influential St. Louis man; a kind of delicate, poetical-natured young fellow that can't get along in business, and they used their influence to get him the position when it was  
160 vacant. They think it's the very place for him. I reckon it is. I hope in my soul he'll prosper. He's a quiet, nice-mannered young man. Some of the community thought of boycotting him. It was Vance Wallace started the notion. I told them they must be demented, and I up and told Vance Wallace he was a fool.

165 "I know I'm a fool, Lisabeth Stock," he said. "I always been a fool for hanging round you for the past twenty years."

The trouble with Vance is, he's got no intellect. I believe in my soul Uncle William's got more. Uncle William advised me to go up to St. Louis and get treated. I been up there. The doctor said, with this cough and short breath, if I know what's good for me I'll spend the winter in the South. But the truth is, I got no more money,  
170 or so little it don't count. Putting Danny to school and other things here lately, hasn't left me much to brag of. But I oughtn't be blamed about Danny; he's the only one of sister Martha's boys that seemed to me capable. And full of ambition to study as he was! it would have felt sinful of me, not to. Of course, I've taken him out, now I've lost my position. But I got him in with Filmore Green to learn the grocery trade, and  
175 maybe it's all for the best; who knows!

But indeed, indeed, I don't know what to do. Seems like I've come to the end of the rope. O! it's mighty pleasant here at this south window. The breeze is just as soft and warm as May, and the leaves look like birds flying. I'd like to sit right on here and forget every thing and go to sleep and never wake up. Maybe it's sinful to make that  
180 wish. After all, what I got to do is to leave everything in the hands of Providence, and trust to luck.

## **Question**

How effectively does Kate Chopin enable you to develop your understanding of the central concerns of this short story?

In answering this question, you should take into account:

- the introductory narration (lines 1–11)
- Elizabeth Stock’s own introduction to her story (lines 12–32)
- the story that she then tells (33–181).

**[Turn over**

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

The following extract is the opening section of an article *Authority and American Usage* (2005) written by David Foster Wallace in which he reviews a book called *A Dictionary of Modern American Usage* by Bryan A. Garner.

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

### *Authority and American Usage*

Did you know that probing the seamy underbelly of US lexicography reveals ideological strife and controversy and intrigue and nastiness and fervor on a near-Lewinskian scale?

For instance, did you know that some modern dictionaries are notoriously liberal  
5 and others notoriously conservative, and that certain conservative dictionaries were actually conceived and designed as corrective responses to the “corruption” and “permissiveness” of certain liberal dictionaries? That the oligarchic device of having a special “Distinguished Usage Panel . . . of outstanding professional speakers and  
10 writers” is some dictionaries’ attempt at a compromise between the forces of egalitarianism and traditionalism in English, but that most linguistic liberals dismiss the Usage Panel device as mere sham-populism, as in e.g. “Calling upon the opinions of the elite, it claims to be a democratic guide”?

Did you know that US lexicography even *had* a seamy underbelly?

The occasion for this article is Oxford University Press’s recent release of Mr. Bryan  
15 A. Garner’s *A Dictionary of Modern American Usage*, a book that Oxford is marketing aggressively and that it is my assigned function to review. It turns out to be a complicated assignment. In today’s US, a typical book review is driven by market logic and implicitly casts the reader in the role of consumer. Rhetorically, its whole project is informed by a question that’s too crass ever to mention up front: “Should  
20 you buy this book?” And because Bryan A. Garner’s usage dictionary belongs to a particular subgenre of a reference genre that is itself highly specialized and particular, and because at least a dozen major usage guides have been published in the last couple years and some of them have been quite good indeed, the central unmentionable question here appends the prepositional comparative “. . . rather than *that* book?” to  
25 the main clause and so entails a discussion of whether and how *ADMAU* is different from other recent speciality-products of its kind.

The fact of the matter is that Garner’s dictionary is extremely good, certainly the most comprehensive usage guide since E. W. Gilman’s *Webster’s Dictionary Of English Usage*, now a decade out of date. But the really salient and ingenious features of *A*  
30 *Dictionary of Modern American Usage* involve issues of rhetoric and ideology and style, and it is impossible to describe why these issues are important and why Garner’s

management of them borders on genius without talking about the historical context<sup>1</sup> in which *ADMAU* appears, and this context turns out to be a veritable hurricane of controversies involving everything from technical linguistics and public education to  
35 political ideology, and these controversies take a certain amount of time to unpack before their relation to what makes Garner’s dictionary so eminently worth your hard-earned reference-book dollar can even be established; and in fact there’s no way even to begin the whole harrowing polymeric discussion without first taking a moment to establish and define the highly colloquial term *SNOOT*.

40 From one perspective, a certain irony attends the publication of any good new book on American usage. It is that the people who are going to be interested in such a book are also the people who are least going to need it—i.e., that offering counsel on the finer points of US English is preaching to the choir. The relevant choir here comprises that small percentage of American citizens who actually care about the current status of  
45 double modals and ergative verbs. The same sorts of people who watched *The Story of English* on PBS (twice) and read Safire’s column with their half-caff every Sunday. The sorts of people who feel that special blend of wincing despair and sneering superiority when they see EXPRESS LANE—10 ITEMS OR LESS or hear *dialogue* used as a verb or realize that the founders of the Super 8 Motel chain must  
50 surely have been ignorant of the meaning of *suppurate*. There are lots of epithets for people like this—Grammar Nazis, Usage Nerds, Syntax Snobs, the Grammar Battalion, the Language Police. The term I was raised with is *SNOOT*.<sup>2</sup> The word might be slightly self-mocking, but those other terms are outright dysphemisms. A SNOOT can be loosely defined as someone who knows what *dysphemism* means and  
55 doesn’t mind letting you know it.

I submit that we SNOOTs are just about the last remaining kind of truly elitist nerd. There are, granted, plenty of nerd-species in today’s America, and some of these are elitist within their own nerdy purview (e.g., the skinny, carbuncular, semi-autistic Computer Nerd moves instantly up on the totem pole of status when your screen  
60 freezes and now you need his help, and the bland condescension with which he performs the two occult keystrokes that unfreeze your screen is both elitist and situationally valid). But the SNOOT’s purview is interhuman life itself. You don’t, after all (despite withering cultural pressure), have to use a computer, but you can’t escape language: language is everything and everywhere; it’s what lets us have anything  
65 to do with one another; it’s what separates us from animals; Genesis 11:7–10 and so on. And we SNOOTs know when and how to hyphenate phrasal adjectives and to keep

<sup>1</sup>Sorry about this phrase; I hate this phrase, too. This happens to be one of those very rare times when “historical context” is the phrase to use and there is no equivalent phrase that isn’t even worse (I actually tried “lexico-temporal backdrop” in one of the middle drafts, which I think you’ll agree is not preferable).

#### INTERPOLATION

The above<sup>1</sup> is motivated by the fact that this reviewer nearly always sneers and/or winces when he sees a phrase like “historical context” deployed in a piece of writing and thus hopes to head off any potential sneers/winces from the reader here, especially in an article about felicitous usage. One of the little personal lessons I’ve learned in working on this essay is that being chronically inclined to sneer/wince at other people’s usage tends to make me chronically anxious about other people’s sneering/wincing at my usage. It is, of course, possible that this bivalence is news to nobody but me; it may be just a straight-forward instance of Matt. 7:1’s thing about “Judge not lest ye be judged.” In any case, the anxiety seems worth acknowledging up front.

<sup>2</sup>SNOOT (n) (*highly colloq*) is this reviewer’s nuclear family’s nickname à clef for a really extreme usage fanatic, the sort of person whose idea of Sunday fun is to hunt for mistakes in the very prose of Safire’s column. This reviewer’s family is roughly 70 percent SNOOT, which term itself derives from an acronym, with the big historical family joke being that whether S.N.O.O.T. stood for “Sprachgefühl Necessitates Our Ongoing Tendence” or “Syntax Nudniks Of Our Time” depended on whether or not you were one.

participles from dangling, and we know that we know, and we know how very few other Americans know this stuff or even care, and we judge them accordingly.

In ways that certain of us are uncomfortable with, SNOOTs' attitudes about contemporary usage resemble religious/political conservatives' attitudes about contemporary culture.<sup>3</sup> We combine a missionary zeal and a near-neural faith in our beliefs' importance with a curmudgeonly hell-in-a-handbasket despair at the way English is routinely defiled by supposedly literate adults. Plus a dash of the elitism of, say, Billy Zane in *Titanic*—a fellow SNOOT I know likes to say that listening to most people's public English feels like watching somebody use a Stradivarius to pound nails. We<sup>4</sup> are the Few, the Proud, the More or Less Constantly Appalled at Everyone Else.

#### THESIS STATEMENT FOR WHOLE ARTICLE

Issues of tradition vs. egalitarianism in US English are at root political issues and can be effectively addressed only in what this article hereby terms a "Democratic Spirit". A Democratic Spirit is one that combines rigor and humility, i.e., passionate conviction plus a sedulous respect for the convictions of others. As any American knows, this is a difficult spirit to cultivate and maintain, particularly when it comes to issues you feel strongly about. Equally tough is a DS's criterion of 100 percent intellectual integrity—you have to be willing to look honestly at yourself and at your motives for believing what you believe, and to do it more or less continually.

This kind of stuff is advanced US citizenship. A true Democratic Spirit is up there with religious faith and emotional maturity and all those other top-of-the-Maslow-Pyramid-type qualities that people spend their whole lives working on. A Democratic Spirit's constituent rigor and humility and self-honesty are, in fact, so hard to maintain on certain issues that it's almost irresistibly tempting to fall in with some established dogmatic camp and to follow that camp's line on the issue and to let your position harden within the camp and become inflexible and to believe that the other camps are either evil or insane and to spend all your time and energy trying to shout over them.

<sup>3</sup>This is true in my own case, at any rate—plus also the "uncomfortable" part. I teach college English part-time. Mostly Lit, not Composition. But I am so pathologically obsessed with usage that every semester the same thing happens: once I've had to read my students' first set of papers, we immediately abandon the regular Lit syllabus and have a three-week Emergency Remedial Usage and Grammar Unit, during which my demeanor is basically that of someone teaching HIV prevention to intravenous-drug users. When it emerges (as it does, every term) that 95 percent of these intelligent upscale college students have never been taught, e.g. what a clause is or why a misplaced *only* can make a sentence confusing or why you don't just automatically stick in a comma after a long noun phrase, I all but pound my head on the blackboard; I get angry and self-righteous; I tell them they should sue their hometown school boards, and mean it. The kids end up scared, both of me and for me. Every August I vow silently to *chill about usage* this year, and then by Labor Day there's foam on my chin. I can't seem to help it. The truth is that I'm not even an especially good or dedicated teacher; I don't have this kind of fervor in class about anything else, and I know it's not a very productive fervor, nor a healthy one—it's got elements of fanaticism and rage to it, plus a snobbishness that I know I'd be mortified to display about anything else.

<sup>4</sup>Please note that the strategically repeated 1-P pronoun is meant to iterate and emphasise that this reviewer is very much one too, a SNOOT, plus to connote the nuclear family mentioned *supra*. SNOOTitude runs in families. In *ADMAU's* preface, Bryan Garner mentions both his father and grandfather and actually uses the word *genetic*, and it's probably true: 90 percent of the SNOOTs I know have at least one parent who is, by profession or temperament or both, a SNOOT. In my own case, my mom is a Comp teacher and has written remedial usage books and is a SNOOT of the most rabid and intractable sort. At least part of the reason I am a SNOOT is that for years my mom brainwashed us in all sorts of subtle ways. Here's an example. Family suppers often involved a game: if one of us children made a usage error, Mom would pretend to have a coughing fit that would go on and on until the relevant child had identified the relevant error and corrected it. It was all very self-ironic and lighthearted; but still, looking back, it seems a bit excessive to pretend that your small child is actually *denying you oxygen* by speaking incorrectly. The really chilling thing, though, is that I now sometimes find myself playing this same "game" with my own students, complete with pretend pertussion.



I submit, then, that it is indisputably easier to be Dogmatic than Democratic,  
95 especially about issues that are both vexed and highly charged. I submit further that  
the issues surrounding “correctness” in contemporary American usage are both vexed  
and highly charged, and that the fundamental questions they involve are ones whose  
answers have to be literally *worked out* instead of merely found.

A distinctive feature of *ADMAU* is that its author is willing to acknowledge that a  
100 usage dictionary is not a bible or even a textbook but rather just the record of one  
bright person’s attempts to work out answers to certain very difficult questions. This  
willingness appears to me to be informed by a Democratic Spirit. The big question is  
whether such a spirit compromises Bryan Garner’s ability to present himself as a  
genuine “authority” on issues of usage. Assessing Garner’s book, then, requires us to  
105 trace out the very weird and complicated relationship between Authority and  
Democracy in what we as a culture have decided is English. That relationship is, as  
many educated Americans would say, still in process at this time.

*A Dictionary of Modern American Usage* has no Editorial Staff or Distinguished Panel.  
It’s been conceived, researched, and written by Mr. Bryan A. Garner. This Garner is  
110 an interesting guy. He’s both a lawyer and a usage expert (which seems a bit like being  
both a narcotics wholesaler and a DEA agent). His 1987 *A Dictionary of Modern Legal  
Usage* is already a minor classic; and now, instead of practicing law anymore, he goes  
around conducting writing seminars for JDs and doing prose-consulting for various  
judicial bodies. Garner’s also the the founder of something called the H. W. Fowler  
115 Society, a worldwide group of usage Trekkies who like to send one another linguistic  
boners clipped from different periodicals. You get the idea. This Garner is one serious  
and very hard-core SNOOT.

The lucid, engaging, and extremely sneaky preface to *ADMAU* serves to confirm  
Garner’s SNOOTitude in fact while undercutting it in tone. For one thing, whereas  
120 the traditional usage pundit cultivates a remote and imperial persona—the kind who  
uses *one* or *we* to refer to himself—Garner gives us an almost Waltonishly endearing  
sketch of his own background:

I realised early—at the age of 15—that my primary intellectual interest was the use of the English  
language . . . It became an all-consuming passion . . . I read everything I could find on the subject.  
125 Then, on a wintry evening while visiting New Mexico at the age of 16, I discovered Eric Partridge’s  
*Usage and Abuse*. I was enthralled. Never had I held a more exciting book . . . Suffice it to say  
that by the time I was 18, I had committed to memory most of Fowler, Partridge, and their  
successors.

Although this reviewer regrets the bio-sketch’s failure to mention the rather  
130 significant social costs of being an adolescent whose overriding passion is English  
usage,<sup>5</sup> the critical hat is off to yet another personable preface-section, one that Garner  
entitles “First Principles”: “Before going any further, I should explain my approach.  
That’s an unusual thing for the author of a usage dictionary to do—unprecedented, as  
far as I know. But a guide to good writing is only as good as the principles on which it’s  
135 based. And users should be naturally interested in those principles. So, in the  
interests of full disclosure . . .”

The “unprecedented” and “full disclosure” here are actually good-natured digs at  
Garner’s Fowlerite predecessors, and a slight nod to one camp in the wars that have  
raged in both lexicography and education ever since the notoriously liberal *Webster’s*  
140 *Third New International Dictionary* came out in 1961 and included terms like *heighth*  
and *irregardless* without any monitory labels on them. You can think of *Webster’s Third*  
as sort of the Fort Sumter of the contemporary Usage Wars. These wars are both the

<sup>5</sup>From personal experience, I can assure you that any kid like this is going to be at best marginalized and  
at worst savagely and repeatedly Wedgied.

context and the target of a very subtle rhetorical strategy in *A Dictionary of Modern American Usage*, and without talking about them it's impossible to explain why  
145 Garner's book is both so good and so sneaky.

We regular citizens tend to go to The Dictionary for authoritative guidance. Rarely, however, do we ask ourselves who exactly decides what gets in The Dictionary or what words or spellings or pronunciations get deemed substandard or incorrect. Whence the authority of dictionary-makers to decide what's OK and what isn't? Nobody elected  
150 them, after all. And simply appealing to precedent or tradition won't work, because what's considered correct changes over time. In the 1600s, for instance, the second-singular took a singular conjugation—"You is." Earlier still, the standard 2-S pronoun wasn't *you* but *thou*. Huge numbers of now-acceptable words like *clever*, *fun*, *banter* and *prestigious* entered English as what usage authorities considered errors or  
155 egregious slang. And not just usage conventions but English itself changes over time; if it didn't, we'd all still be talking like Chaucer. Who's to say which changes are natural and good and which are corruptions? And when Bryan Garner or E. Ward Gilman do in fact presume to say, why should we believe them?

These sorts of questions are not new, but they do now have a certain urgency.  
160 America is in the midst of a protracted Crisis of Authority in matters of language. In brief, the same sorts of political upheavals that produced everything from Kent State to Independent Counsels have produced an influential contra-SNOOT school for whom normative standards of English grammar and usage are functions of nothing but custom and the ovine docility of a populace that lets self-appointed language experts  
165 boss them around. See for example MIT's Steven Pinker in a famous *New Republic* article—"Once introduced, a prescriptive rule is very hard to eradicate, no matter how ridiculous."

In *ADMAU*'s preface, Garner addresses the Authority question with a Trumanesque simplicity and candor that simultaneously disguise the author's cunning  
170 and exemplify it:

As you might already suspect, I don't shy away from making judgments. I can't imagine that most readers would want me to. Linguists don't like it, of course, because judgment involves subjectivity. It isn't scientific. But rhetoric and usage, in the view of most professional writers,<sup>6</sup> aren't scientific endeavors. You<sup>7</sup> don't want dispassionate descriptions; you want sound guidance. And that requires  
175 judgment.

<sup>6</sup>Notice, please, the subtle appeal here to the same "writing establishment" that Steven Pinker scorns. This isn't accidental; it's rhetorical.\* What's crafty is that this is one of several places where Garner uses professional writers and editors as support for his claims, but in the preface he also treats these language pros as the primary *audience* for *ADMAU*, as in e.g. "The problem for professional writers and editors is that they can't wait idly to see what direction the language takes. Writers and editors, in fact, influence that direction: they must make decisions . . . That has traditionally been the job of the usage dictionary: to help writers and editors solve editorial predicaments."

This is the same basic rhetorical move that President R. W. Reagan perfected in his televised Going-Over-Congress's-Head-to-the-People addresses, one that smart politicians ever since have imitated. It consists in citing the very audience you're addressing as the source of support for your proposals: "I'm pleased to announce tonight that we are taking the first steps toward implementing the policies that you elected me to implement," etc. The tactic is crafty because it (1) flatters the audience, (2) disguises the fact that the rhetor's purpose here is actually to persuade and rally support, not to inform or celebrate, and (3) preempts charges from the loyal opposition that the actual policy proposed is in any way contrary to the interests of the audience. I'm not suggesting that Bryan Garner has any particular political agenda. I'm simply pointing out that *ADMAU*'s preface is fundamentally rhetorical in the same way that Reagan's little Chats With America were.

\*(In case it's not totally obvious, be advised that this article is using the word *rhetoric* in its strict traditional sense, something like "the persuasive use of language to influence the thoughts and actions of an audience.")

<sup>7</sup>See?

Whole monographs could be written just on the masterful rhetoric of this passage. Besides the FN 6 stuff, note for example the ingenious equivocation of *judgment*, which in “I don’t shy away from making judgments” means actual rulings (and thus invites questions about Authority), but in “And that requires judgment” refers instead to perspicacity, discernment, reason. As the body of *ADMAU* makes clear, part of Garner’s overall strategy is to collapse these two different senses of *judgment*, or rather to use the second sense as a justification for the first. The big things to recognise here are (1) that Garner wouldn’t be doing any of this if he weren’t *keenly* aware of the Authority Crisis in modern usage, and (2) that his response to this crisis is—in the best Democratic Spirit—rhetorical.

### Question

In this opening section of his article, how effectively does Foster Wallace engage the interest of the reader?

In answering this question, you should take into account:

- the language he uses
- the tone he adopts
- the ways in which he shapes and presents his observations (including his use of footnotes)
- any other linguistic or rhetorical features you think important.

**[Turn over**

### 3. Poetry (*Page twenty-eight to twenty-nine*)

Read carefully the poem *At the Fishhouses* (1947) by Elizabeth Bishop and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-nine*).

#### *At the Fishhouses*

Although it is a cold evening,  
down by one of the fishhouses  
an old man sits netting,  
his net, in the gloaming almost invisible,  
5 a dark purple-brown,  
and his shuttle worn and polished.  
The air smells so strong of codfish  
it makes one's nose run and one's eyes water.  
The five fishhouses have steeply peaked roofs  
10 and narrow, cleated gangplanks slant up  
to storerooms in the gables  
for the wheelbarrows to be pushed up and down on.  
All is silver: the heavy surface of the sea,  
swelling slowly as if considering spilling over,  
15 is opaque, but the silver of the benches,  
the lobster pots, and masts, scattered  
among the wild jagged rocks,  
is of an apparent translucence  
like the small old buildings with an emerald moss  
20 growing on their shoreward walls.  
The big fish tubs are completely lined  
with layers of beautiful herring scales  
and the wheelbarrows are similarly plastered  
with creamy iridescent coats of mail,  
25 with small iridescent flies crawling on them.  
Up on the little slope behind the houses,  
set in the sparse bright sprinkle of grass,  
is an ancient wooden capstan,  
cracked, with two long bleached handles  
30 and some melancholy stains, like dried blood,  
where the ironwork has rusted.  
The old man accepts a Lucky Strike.  
He was a friend of my grandfather.  
We talk of the decline in the population  
35 and of codfish and herring  
while he waits for a herring boat to come in.  
There are sequins on his vest and on his thumb.  
He has scraped the scales, the principal beauty,  
from unnumbered fish with that black old knife,  
40 the blade of which is almost worn away.

Down at the water's edge, at the place  
where they haul up the boats, up the long ramp  
descending into the water, thin silver

tree trunks are laid horizontally  
 45 across the gray stones, down and down  
 at intervals of four or five feet.

Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,  
 element bearable to no mortal,  
 to fish and to seals . . . One seal particularly  
 50 I have seen here evening after evening.  
 He was curious about me. He was interested in music;  
 like me a believer in total immersion,  
 so I used to sing him Baptist hymns.  
 I also sang "A Mighty Fortress is our God."  
 55 He stood up in the water and regarded me  
 steadily, moving his head a little.  
 Then he would disappear, then suddenly emerge  
 almost in the same spot, with a sort of shrug  
 as if it were against his better judgment.

60 Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,  
 the clear gray icy waters . . . Back, behind us,  
 the dignified tall firs begin.  
 Bluish, associating with their shadows,  
 a million Christmas trees stand  
 65 waiting for Christmas. The water seems suspended  
 above the rounded gray and blue-gray stones.  
 I have seen it over and over, the same sea, the same,  
 slightly, indifferently swinging above the stones,  
 icily free above the stones,  
 70 above the stones and then the world.  
 If you should dip your hand in,  
 your wrist would ache immediately,  
 your bones would begin to ache and your hand would burn  
 as if the water were a transmutation of fire  
 75 that feeds on stones and burns with a dark gray flame.  
 If you tasted it, it would first taste bitter,  
 then briny, then surely burn your tongue.  
 It is like what we imagine knowledge to be:  
 dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free,  
 80 drawn from the cold hard mouth  
 of the world, derived from the rocky breasts  
 forever, flowing and drawn, and since  
 our knowledge is historical, flowing, and flown.

## Question

Write a critical analysis of this poem.

In your analysis of the poem, you should make clear what you find interesting and significant about word choice and imagery, structure and sound, mood and tone.

#### 4. Drama (*Pages thirty to forty*)

The following extract is a scene from Act II of the play *August: Osage County* (2007) by Tracy Letts.

The play is set in the Oklahoma home of the Weston family where they gather for the funeral of their father, Beverly Weston. This scene takes place in the dining room of the large house where the family has gathered for a meal after the funeral service.

The characters in this scene are:

VIOLET, Beverly's widow, 65

BARBARA, Beverly and Violet's daughter, 46

BILL, Barbara's husband, 49

JEAN, their daughter, 14

IVY, Beverly and Violet's daughter, 44

KAREN, Beverly and Violet's daughter, 40

STEVE, Karen's fiancé, 50

MATTIE FAE, Violet's sister, 57

CHARLIE, Mattie Fae's husband, 60

LITTLE CHARLES, their son, 37

JOHNNA, housekeeper, 26

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

#### **Extract from *August: Osage County***

*(Violet enters with the framed photograph of her and Beverly.)*

VIOLET: Barb . . . will you put this—?

BARBARA: Yeah, sure . . .

*(Barbara takes the photograph, places it on the sideboard.)*

5 MATTIE FAE: That's nice.

KAREN: That's sweet.

STEVE: Very nice, yes.

IVY: The table's lovely.

BARBARA: Johnna did it all.

10 JEAN: Yayyy, Johnna—

VIOLET: I see you gentlemen have all stripped down to your shirt fronts. I thought we were having a funeral dinner, not a cockfight.

*(An awkward moment. The men glumly put their suit coats back on.)*

*(Taking her seat)* Someone should probably say grace.

15 *(All look to one another.)*

Barbara? Will you . . . ?

BARBARA: No, I don't think so.

VIOLET: Oh now, it's no big—

BARBARA: Uncle Charlie should say grace. He's the patriarch around here now.

20 CHARLIE: I am? Oh, I guess I am.

VIOLET: By default.

CHARLIE: Okay. (*Clears his throat*) Dear Lord . . .

(*All bow their heads, clasp hands.*)

25 We ask that you watch over this family in this sad time, O Lord . . . that you bless this good woman and keep her in your, in your . . . grace.

(*A cell phone rings, playing the theme from Sanford and Son. Steve quickly digs through his pockets, finds the phone, checks the caller ID.*)

STEVE: I'm sorry, I have to take this.

(*Steve hustles out to talk on the phone.*)

30 CHARLIE: We ask that you watch over Beverly, too, as he, as he . . . as he, as he, as he makes his journey.

We thank thee, O Lord, that we are able to join together to pay tribute to this fine man, in his house, with his beautiful family, his three beautiful daughters. We are truly blessed in our, our fellowship, our togetherness, our . . .  
35 our fellowship.

Thank thee for the food, O Lord, that we can share this food and replenish our bodies with . . . with nourishment. We ask that you help us . . . get better. Be better. Be better people.

(*Steve reenters, snapping his phone shut.*)

40 We recognize, now more than ever, the power, the, the . . . joy of family. And we ask that you bless and watch over this family. Amen.

MATTIE FAE: Amen.

STEVE: Amen. Sorry, folks.

BILL: Let's eat.

45 (*They begin to eat.*)

VIOLET: Barbara, you have any use for that sideboard?

BARBARA: Hm?

VIOLET: That sideboard there, you have any interest in that?

BARBARA: This? Well . . . no. I mean, why?

50 VIOLET: I'm getting rid of a lot of this stuff and I thought you might want that sideboard.

BARBARA: No, Mom, I . . . I  
wouldn't have any way to  
get that to Boulder.

KAREN: Really pretty.

55 VIOLET: Mm. Maybe Ivy'll take it.

IVY: No, I have something like that, remember, from the—

BARBARA: What are you getting rid of?

VIOLET: All of it, I'm clearing all this stuff out of here. I want to have a brand-new everything.

60 BARBARA: I. I guess I'm just sort of . . . not prepared to talk about your stuff.

VIOLET: Suit yourself.

STEVE: This food is just spectacular.

KAREN: It's so good— LITTLE CHARLES: Yes, it is—

IVY: You like your food, Mom?

65 VIOLET: I haven't tried much of it, yet—

BARBARA: Johnna cooked this whole meal by herself.

VIOLET: Hm? What?

BARBARA: I say Johnna cooked this whole meal by—

VIOLET: 'Swhat she's paid for.

70 (A silent moment.)

You all did know she's getting paid, right?

CHARLIE: Jean, so I'm curious, when you say you don't eat meat . . .

JEAN: Yeah?

CHARLIE: You mean you don't eat meat of any kind?

75 JEAN: Right. BARBARA: No, she, hm-mm . . .

CHARLIE: And is that for health reasons, or . . . ?

JEAN: When you eat meat, you ingest an animal's fear.

VIOLET: Ingest what? Its fur?

JEAN: Fear.

80 VIOLET (*Snickers*): I thought she said—

CHARLIE: Its fear. How do you do that? You can't eat fear.

JEAN: Sure you can. I mean even if you don't sort of think of it spiritually, what happens to *you*, when you feel afraid? Doesn't your body produce all sorts of chemical reactions?

85 CHARLIE: Does it?

LITTLE CHARLES: It does.

IVY: Yes.

LITTLE CHARLES: Adrenaline, and, and—

JEAN: Your body goes through this whole chemical process when it experiences fear—

90 LITTLE CHARLES: —yep, and cortisol—

JEAN: —particularly like strong mortal fear, you know when you sweat and your heart races—

LITTLE CHARLES: *-oh yeah—*

CHARLIE: Okay, sure.

95 JEAN: Do you think an animal experiences fear?

STEVE: You bet it does.

JEAN: So when you eat an animal, you're eating all that fear it felt when it was slaughtered to make food.



CHARLIE: Wow.

100 STEVE: Right, right, I used to work in a processing factory and there's a lot of fear flying around that place—

CHARLIE: God, you mean I've been eating fear, what, three times a day for sixty years?

MATTIE FAE: This one won't have a meal unless there's meat in it.

CHARLIE: I guess it was the way I was raised, but it just doesn't seem like a legitimate  
105 meal unless it has some meat somewhere—

MATTIE FAE: If I make a pasta dish of some kind, he'll just be like, "Okay, that was good for an appetizer, now where's the meat?"

VIOLET: "Where's the meat?" Isn't that some TV commercial, the old lady say, "Where's the meat?"

110 KAREN: "Beef." "Where's the beef?"

VIOLET (*Screeching*): "*Where's the meat?!*" "*Where's the meat?!*" "*Where's the meat?!*"

*(Everyone freezes, a little stunned.)*

CHARLIE: I sure thought the services were lovely.

KAREN: Yes, weren't they?—

115 STEVE: Preacher did a fine job.

VIOLET: (*Sticking her hand out, flat, wagging it back and forth*):

Ehhhhh! I give it a . . . (*Repeats gesture*) Ehhhhh!

KAREN: Really? I thought it was—

BARBARA: Great, now we get some dramatic criticism—

120 VIOLET: I would've preferred an open casket.

BARBARA: That just wasn't possible, Mom.

VIOLET: That today's the send-off Bev should've got if he died around 1974. Lots of  
talk about poetry, teaching. Well, he hadn't written any poetry to speak of since  
'65 and he never liked teaching worth a damn. Nobody talked about the good  
125 stuff. Man was a world-class alcoholic, more'n fifty years. Nobody told the story  
about that night he got wrangled into giving a talk at a TU alumni dinner . . .  
(*Laughs*) Drank a whole bottle of rum, Ron Bocoy White Rum—I don't know  
why I remember that—and got up to give this talk . . . and he fouled himself!  
Comes back to our table with this huge—

130 BARBARA: Yeah, I can't imagine why no one told *that* story.

VIOLET: He didn't get invited back to any more alumni dinners, I'll tell you that!

*(She cracks up.)*

STEVE: You know, I don't know much about poetry, but I thought his poems were  
extraordinary. (*To Bill*) And your reading was very fine.

135 BILL: Thank you.

VIOLET (*To Steve*): Who *are* you?

KAREN: Mom, this is my fiancé, Steve, I introduced you at the church.

STEVE: Steve Heidebrecht.

VIOLET: Hide-the-what?

140 STEVE: Heidebrecht.  
VIOLET: Hide-a-burrr . . . German, you're a German.  
STEVE: Well, German-Irish, really, I—  
VIOLET: That's peculiar, Karen, to bring a date to your father's funeral. I know the poetry was good, but I wouldn't have really considered it date material—

145 BARBARA: Jesus.  
KAREN: He's not a date, he's my fiancé. We're getting married on New Year's.  
CHARLIE: Man, these potatoes are—  
KAREN: In Miami, I hope you can make it.  
VIOLET: I don't really see that happening, do you?

150 KAREN: I—  
VIOLET: Steve. That right? *Steve?*  
STEVE: Yes, ma'am?  
VIOLET: You ever been married before?  
KAREN: That's personal.

155 STEVE: I don't mind. Yes, ma'am, I have.  
VIOLET: More'n once?  
STEVE: Three times, actually, three times before this—  
VIOLET: You should pretty much have it down by now, then.  
STEVE (*Laughs*): Right, right—

160 VIOLET (*To Mattie Fae*): I had that one pegged, didn't I? I mean, look at him, you can tell he's been married—  
KAREN: I took Steve out to show him the old fort and it's gone!  
IVY: That's been gone for years.  
KAREN: That made me so sad!

165 BILL: What is this now?  
KAREN: Our old fort, where we used to play Cowboys and Indians.  
IVY: Daddy said rats were getting in there—  
VIOLET: Karen! Shame on you!  
KAREN: Hm?

170 VIOLET: Don't you know not to say "Cowboys and Indians"? You played Cowboys and Native Americans. Right, Barb?  
BARBARA: What'd you take?  
VIOLET: Hm?  
BARBARA: What did you take? What pills did you take?

175 VIOLET: Lemme alone—  
  
(*Charlie drops his head, appears distressed.*)  
  
CHARLIE: Uh-oh . . .  
MATTIE FAE: What is it?  
CHARLIE: UH-OH!

180 MATTIE FAE: What's the matter?

*(Rising panic . . .)*

LITTLE CHARLES: Dad—?                      IVY: You okay, Uncle—?

CHARLIE: I just got a big bite of fear!

*(Everyone laughs.)*

185 I'm shakin' in my boots!

*(Laughter, ad-libs, etc. Charlie digs into his plate ravenously.)*

Fear never tasted so good.

*(He winks at Jean.)*

STEVE *(Laughing)*: Right, right, it's pretty good once you get used to the taste.

190 BARBARA *(Teasing)*: I catch her eating a cheeseburger every now and again.

JEAN: I do not!

BARBARA: Double cheeseburger with bacon, extra fear.

JEAN: Mom, you are such a liar!

*(More laughter.)*

195 VIOLET *(Staring intensely at Jean)*: Y'know . . . if I ever called my mom a liar? She would've knocked my goddamn head off my shoulders.

*(Silence.)*

Bill, I see you've gone through much of Beverly's office.

BILL: Not all of it, but—

200 VIOLET: Find any hidden treasure?

BILL: Not exactly, but it appears he was working on some new poetry.

KAREN: Really?

BILL: I found a couple of notebooks that had—

VIOLET: You girls know there's a will.

205 BARBARA: Mom . . .

VIOLET: We took care of that some time back, but—

BARBARA: Mom, really, we don't want to talk about this now—

VIOLET: I want to talk about it. What about what I want to talk about, that count for anything?

210 BARBARA: It's just—

VIOLET: Bev made some good investments if you can believe it, and we had things covered for you girls, but he and I talked it over after some years passed and decided to change things, leave everything to me. We never got around to taking care of it legally, but you should know he meant to leave everything to me. Leave  
215 the money to me.

BARBARA: Okay.

VIOLET: Okay? (*Checks in with Ivy, Karen*) Okay?

IVY: Okay.

VIOLET: Karen? Okay?

220 (*Uncertain, Karen looks to Steve, then Barbara.*)

BARBARA: Okay.

KAREN: Okay.

VIOLET: Okay. But now some of this furniture, some of this old shit you can just have. I don't want it, got no use for it. Maybe I should have an auction.

225 MATTIE FAE: Sure, an auction's a fine idea—

VIOLET: Some things, though, like the silver, that's worth a pretty penny. But if you like I'll sell it to you, cheaper'n I might get in an auction.

BARBARA: Or you might never get around to the auction and then we can just have it for free after you die.

230 IVY: Barbara . . .

(*Pause. Violet coolly studies Barbara.*)

VIOLET: You might at that.

LITTLE CHARLES: Excuse me, Bill? I'm wondering, this writing you found, these poems—?

235 VIOLET: Where are you living now, Bill? You want this old sideboard?

BILL: I beg your pardon.

VIOLET: You and Barbara are separated, right? Or you divorced already?

(*Another silence.*)

BILL: We're separated.

240 VIOLET (*To Barbara*): Thought you could slip that one by me, didn't you?

BARBARA: What is the matter with you?

VIOLET: Nobody slips anything by me. I know what's what. Your father thought he's slipping one by me, right? No way. I'm sorry you two're having trouble . . . maybe you can work it out. Bev'n I separated a couple of times, 'course, though

245 we didn't call it that—

BARBARA: Please, help us to benefit from an illustration of your storybook marriage—

VIOLET: Truth is, sweetheart, you can't compete with a younger woman, there's no way to compete. One of those unfair things in life. Is there a younger woman involved?

250 BARBARA: You've already said enough on this subject, I think—

BILL: Yes. There's a younger woman.

VIOLET: Ah . . . y'see? Odds're against you there, babe.

IVY: Mom believes women don't grow more attractive with age.

KAREN: Oh, I disagree, I—

255 VIOLET: I didn't say they "don't grow more attractive," I said they get ugly. And it's not really a matter of opinion, Karen dear. You've only just started to prove it yourself.

CHARLIE: You're in rare form today, Vi.

VIOLET: The day calls for it, doesn't it? What form would you have me in?

260 CHARLIE: I just don't understand why you're so adversarial.

VIOLET: I'm just truth-telling. (*Cutting her eyes to Barbara*)

Some people get antagonised by the truth.

CHARLIE: Everyone here loves you, dear.

VIOLET: You think you can *shame* me, Charlie? Blow it out your ass.

265 BARBARA: Three days ago . . . I had to identify my father's corpse. And now I sit here and listen to you viciously attack each and every member of this family—

(*Violet rises, her voice booming.*)

VIOLET: "Attack my family"?! You ever been attacked in your sweet spoiled life?! Tell her 'bout attacks, Mattie Fae, tell her what an attack looks like!

270 MATTIE FAE: Vi, please—

IVY: Settle down, Mom—

VIOLET: Stop telling me to settle down, goddamn it! I'm not a goddamn invalid! I don't need to be abided, do I?! Am I already passed over?!

MATTIE FAE: Honey—

275 VIOLET:(*Points to Mattie Fae*): This woman came to my rescue when one of my dear mother's many gentlemen friends was attacking me, with a claw hammer! This woman has dents in her skull from hammer blows! You think you been attacked?! What do you know about life on these Plains? What do you know about hard times?

280 BARBARA: I know you had a rotten childhood, Mom. Who didn't?

VIOLET: You DON'T know! You do NOT know! None of you know, 'cept this woman right here and that man we buried today! Sweet girl, sweet Barbara, my heart breaks for every time you ever felt pain. I wish I coulda shielded you from it. But if you think for a solitary second you can fathom the pain that man endured in his natural life, you got another thing coming. Do you know where your father lived from age four till about ten? Do you?

285

(*No one responds.*)

Do you?!

BARBARA: No.

290 IVY: No.

VIOLET: *In a Pontiac sedan.* With his mother, his father, in a car! Now what else do you want to say about your rotten childhood? That's the crux of the biscuit: we lived too hard, then rose too high. We sacrificed everything and we did it all for you. Your father and I were the first in our families to finish high school and he wound up an award-winning poet. You girls, given a college education, taken for granted no doubt, and where'd you wind up? (*Fabs a finger at Karen*) Whadda you do? (*Fabs a finger at Ivy*) Whadda you do? (*Fabs a finger at Barbara*) Who're you? Jesus, you worked as hard as us, you'd all be president. You never had real problems so you got to make all your problems yourselves.

295

300 BARBARA: Why are you screaming at us?

VIOLET: Just time we had some truths told 'round here's all.

Damn fine day, tell the truth.

CHARLIE: Well, the truth is . . . I'm getting full.

STEVE: Amen.

305 JOHNNA: There's dessert, too.

KAREN: I saw her making those pies. They looked so good.

*(Little Charles suddenly stands.)*

LITTLE CHARLES: I have a truth to tell.

VIOLET: It speaks.

310 *(Little Charles looks to Ivy.)*

IVY *(Softly pleading)*: Nooo, nooo—

CHARLIE: What is it, son?

LITTLE CHARLES: I have a truth.

*(Silence.)*

315 MATTIE FAE: Little Charles . . . ?

LITTLE CHARLES: I . . .

IVY *(Almost to herself)*: Charles, not like this, please . . .

LITTLE CHARLES: The truth is, I . . . I forgot to set the clock.

320 This morning. The power didn't go out, I just . . . forgot to set the clock. Sorry, Mom. I'm sorry, everyone. Excuse me . . . I . . . I.

*(He leaves the dining room, exits the house . . . pauses on the porch, exits.)*

VIOLET: Scintillating.

*(Charlie turns to Mattie Fae, confused.)*

MATTIE FAE: I gave up a long time ago . . . Little Charles is your project.

325 IVY *(Near tears)*: Charles. His name is Charles.

*(The family eats in silence. Violet pats Ivy's wrists.)*

VIOLET: Poor Ivy. Poor thing.

IVY: Please, Mom . . .

VIOLET: Poor baby.

330 IVY: Please . . .

VIOLET: She's always had a feeling for the underdog.

IVY: Don't be mean to me right now, okay?

VIOLET: Everyone's got this idea I'm mean, all of a sudden.

IVY: *Please*, Momma.

335 VIOLET: I told you, I'm just telling the—

BARBARA: You're a drug addict.

VIOLET: That is the truth! That's what I'm getting at! I, everybody listen . . . I am a drug addict. I am addicted to drugs, pills, 'specially downers. (*Pulls a bottle of pills from her pocket, holds them up*) Y'see these little blue babies? These are my  
340 best friends and they never let me down. Try to get 'em away from me and I'll eat you alive.

BARBARA: Gimme those goddamn pills—

VIOLET: I'll eat you alive, girl!

(*Barbara lunges at the bottle of pills. She and Violet wrestle with it. Bill and Ivy try to restrain Barbara. Mattie Fae tries to restrain Violet. Others rise, ad-lib.*)  
345

STEVE: Holy shit—

IVY: Barbara, stop it!—

CHARLIE: Hey, now, c'mon!—

KAREN: Oh God—

350 (*Violet wins, wrests the pills away from Barbara. Bill pulls Barbara back into her seat. Violet shakes the pill bottle, taunting Barbara. Barbara snaps, screams, lunges again, grabs Violet by the hair, pulls her up, toppling chairs. They crash through the house, pursued by the family.*

355 (*Pandemonium. Screaming. Barbara strangles Violet. With great effort, Bill and Charlie pry the two women apart. Mattie Fae and Johnna rush to Violet, tend to her.*)

VIOLET (*Crying*): Goddamn you . . . goddamn you, Barb . . .

BARBARA: SHUT UP!

360 (*To the others*) Okay. Pill raid. Johnna, help me in the kitchen. Bill, take Ivy and Jean upstairs. (*To Ivy*) You remember how to do this, right?

IVY: Yeah . . .

BARBARA (*To Jean*): Everything. Go through everything, every counter, every drawer, every shoe box. Nothing's too personal. Anything even looks suspicious, throw it in a box and we can sort it out later. You understand?

365 CHARLIE: What should we do?

BARBARA: Get Mom some black coffee and a wet towel and listen to her bullshit. Karen, call Dr Burke.

KAREN: What do you want me to say?

BARBARA: Tell him we got a sick woman here.

370 VIOLET: You can't do this! This is *my* house! This is *my* house!

BARBARA: You don't get it, do you? (*With a burst of adrenaline, she strides to Violet, towers over her*) I'M RUNNING THINGS NOW!

(*Blackout.*)

[Turn over

## Question

Discuss the techniques Tracy Letts uses to create dramatic tension in this scene.

In your answer, you should consider the presentation of the character of Violet **and** of the developing conflicts within the family.



## 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. *“A film should have a beginning, a middle and an end—but not necessarily in that order.”*  
(Jean-Luc Godard)

Discuss with reference to the narrative structure of **one** or **more than one** film you have studied.

2. Discuss the function of setting in **one** or **more than one** film you have studied.

### Category B—Television

3. How successfully does any television drama you have studied combine elements of different genres—science fiction, crime, romance, historical, medical, domestic . . . ?
4. *“Today, television’s response to its public service obligation is skewed in favour of entertainment—news as entertainment, current affairs as entertainment, documentary as entertainment . . .”*

Discuss with reference to any news, current affairs or documentary programme(s) you have studied.

### Category C—Radio

5. Discuss the ways in which any **one** national radio channel seeks to satisfy its intended audience.
6. *“The primary role of local radio is to articulate community concerns, interests and passions by giving air space to material not covered by national channels.”*

How far do you agree?

[Turn over

## Category D—Print journalism

7. *“In reporting any national or global event, newspapers prefer the personal over the general, the concrete over the abstract, the neat resolution over the unresolved reality.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer, you should discuss the coverage of a national or global event by **one** or **more than one** newspaper.

**NB You may not use the materials provided for question 8 in order to answer question 7.**

8. For this question, you are provided with a double page spread from the coverage by *The Independent* of the state visit to the UK of the President of France in March 2008, accompanied by his new wife Carla Bruni-Sarkozy (*see the colour insert provided for this section*).

Discuss the news values demonstrated in this extract from the newspaper’s coverage of the event.

You should consider:

- the selection, content and construction of the images
- the content, style and tone of the written text
- the representation of gender and nation.

## Category E—Advertising

9. *“In the 21st century, advertising still relies on traditional stereotypes: of age, gender, class, nation . . .”*

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, published in *The Economist* and *The Spectator* in Autumn 2008, for Louis Vuitton luggage and for Rolex watches respectively (*see the colour insert provided for this section*).

Make a detailed comparative analysis of these advertisements in which you consider how each promotes the brand identity of its product.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS (CONTINUED)

Section 4 Category E Question 10—Louis Vuitton advertisement. Reproduced by kind permission of Louis Vuitton.

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Mme Bruni-Sarkozy listens to her husband speaking at the Palace of Westminster, top, and is escorted by Prince Phillip as she arrives at Windsor Castle, above. She was wearing outfits and accessories by Christian Dior, the Parisian designer. AP/PA/REUTERS/POOL



Main picture, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh talk to M. Sarkozy and his wife Carla Bruni-Sarkozy as they wait to review the Guard of Honour at Windsor Castle. The Prince of Wales was also on hand to welcome the couple, top. PA/REUTERS/AFR/POOL

## FRENCH DRESSING

Carla Bruni, the supermodel now married to France's President, cut a surprisingly demure and understated figure yesterday when she arrived in Britain.

By Carola Long

When Carla Bruni-Sarkozy came down the steps of the plane at Heathrow yesterday you could be forgiven for thinking one of three things. That she had swapped outfits with an air hostess on board, that she had spent weeks studying pictures of Jackie Kennedy and her classic pillbox, or she had renounced being the President's wife and taken holy orders. Or perhaps all three.

For the supermodel turned singer and serial rock-star girlfriend who has declared herself easily "bored with monogamy", it was an astonishingly demure, almost nun-like outfit - but then that was precisely the idea. With a bold, nude picture of her just released to the press, it's hardly surprising that Mme Bruni-Sarkozy

wanted to cover herself up as chastely as possible and present an image that was formal, decorous and appropriate - a world away from the bling-bling president label that has attached itself to M. Sarkozy and his Ray-Bans. It was a chic, flattering shape, and showed off her figure but the grey colour was so understated she almost blended into the asphalt. Or perhaps she had matched her clothes to what she had heard about the British weather. Strangely, she changed three times throughout the day, but into variations on the same demure grey theme.

But perhaps these anti-climactic ensembles should not have come as such a surprise. Her dress sense is nowhere near so



The muted tones matched the grey skies over Windsor

wild as her bohemian past and romantic trysts might lead you to expect. In fact, rather like An-

gelina Jolie, who has a reputation for being unconventional but wears the plainest and most classic of clothes, Mme Bruni-Sarkozy's recent outfits have been fairly understated.

At a recent dinner at the Elysée palace, her one-shouldered purple dress was upstaged by justice minister Rachida Dati's crystal-encrusted evening gown, and she often favours white shirts, plain black outfits or jeans and simple jumpers, almost always with flat shoes.

Yesterday's outfit was teamed with flat ballet pumps, while it was M. Sarkozy who sported shoes with a considerable heel to even out the height difference between him and his beloved.

Mme Bruni-Sarkozy has not

just toed the line with her tactful footwear and high neckline; her sober wool and jersey belted coat, bag and gloves were all made by Christian Dior, as were the two outfits she wore at Windsor Castle and Parliament.

By choosing a Parisian designer she has shown support for her country and one of its key industries - unlike Cécilia Sarkozy, who wore her rebellious streak on her sleeve when she wore a dress by Prada - an Italian label - at M. Sarkozy's inauguration.

M. Sarkozy might be the one branding himself as forward thinking but it is his wife who has her eye on fashion's future. Her clothes - from Dior's autumn 2008 collection - will not be available in the shops for a couple of months.





Some journeys cannot be put into words.

New York. 3 a.m. Blues in C.

Tel. 020 7399 4050 [louisvuitton.com](http://louisvuitton.com)


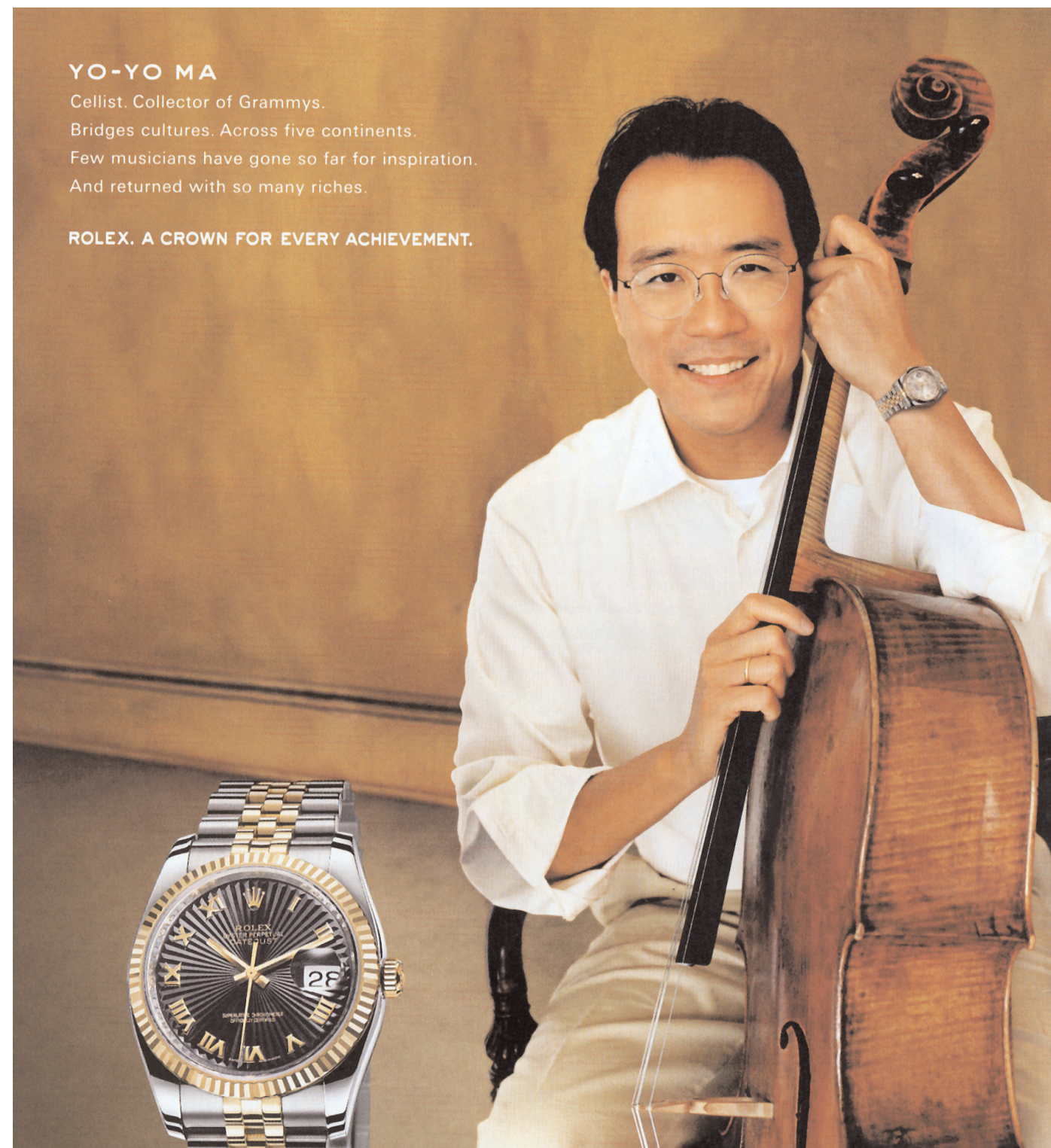
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