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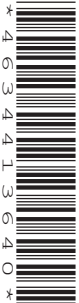
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2021

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
Section A: answer **one** question.
Section B: answer **one** question.
- Your questions may be on **one** set text or on **two** set texts.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

Immediately after lunch Shinji began getting ready to go out again. Seeing him going out into the storm for a second time, the mother paused in her dishwashing to stare fixedly after him. But she did not venture to ask where he was going: there was something about her son's back that warned her to keep silent. How she regretted she had not had at least one daughter, who would always have been at home to help with the housework... .

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Men go out fishing. They board their coasting ships and carry cargo to all sorts of ports. Women, not destined for that wide world, cook rice, draw water, gather seaweed, and when summer comes dive into the water, down to the sea's deep bottom. Even for a mother who was a veteran among diving women this twilight world of the sea's bottom was the world of women... .

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All this she knew. The interior of a house dark even at noon, the somber pangs of childbirth, the gloom at the bottom of the sea—these were the series of interrelated worlds in which she lived her life.

The mother remembered one of the women of the summer before last, a widow like herself, a frail woman still carrying a nursing child. The woman had come up from diving for abalone, and had suddenly fallen unconscious as she stood before the drying-fire. She had turned up the whites of her eyes, bitten her blue lips, and dropped to the ground. When her remains were cremated at twilight in the pine grove, the other diving women had been filled with such grief that they could not stand, but squatted on the ground, weeping.

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A strange story had been told about that incident, and some of the women had become afraid to dive any more. It was said that the dead woman had been punished for having seen a fearful something at the bottom of the sea, a something that humans are not meant to see.

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Shinji's mother had scoffed at the story and had dived to greater and greater depths to bring up the biggest catches of the season. She had never been one to worry about unknown things... .

Even such recollections as these could not dent her natural cheerfulness: she felt boastful about her own good health, and the storm outside quickened her feeling of well-being, just as it had her son's.

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Finishing the dishwashing, she opened wide the skirts of her kimono and sat down with her bare legs stretched out in front of her, gazing at them earnestly in the dim light from the creaking windows. There was not a single wrinkle on the sunburnt, well-ripened thighs, their wonderfully rounded flesh all but gleaming with the color of amber.

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"Like this, I could still have four or five children more." But at the thought her virtuous heart became filled with contrition.

Quickly tidying her clothing, she bowed before her husband's memorial tablet.

How does Mishima create striking impressions of Shinji's mother at this moment in the novel?

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FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

2 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

	<i>[A rushing stream where the village women wash their clothes. The women are at different levels on the stage. They sing.]</i>	
Washerwomen:	In the cold stream I'll wash this lace, Like jasmine's glow The smile on your face.	5
First Washerwoman:	I can't abide gossip.	
Third Washerwoman:	That's what happens here.	
Fourth Washerwoman:	There's no harm done.	10
Fifth Washerwoman:	If someone wants respect, they have to earn it.	
Fourth Washerwoman:	I planted thyme, I saw it grow. If you want respect, You'll always say 'no'.	15
	<i>[They all laugh.]</i>	
Fifth Washerwoman:	Anyway, that's what they say.	
First Washerwoman:	But no one knows the truth of the matter.	
Fourth Washerwoman:	One thing's for sure: he's brought his two sisters to live with them.	20
Fifth Washerwoman:	You mean the spinsters?	
Fourth Washerwoman:	They used to look after the church. Now they look after the sister-in-law. I couldn't stand living with them.	
First Washerwoman:	Why's that?	
Fourth Washerwoman:	They scare me to death. They are like those big leaves that grow on graves. They look as if they've been dipped in wax, as if they are growing in on themselves. I bet they use the oil from the lamps to cook their food.	25
Third Washerwoman:	So have they moved in already?	
Fourth Washerwoman:	Since yesterday. And now he can tend to his fields again.	30
First Washerwoman:	So what's brought this about?	
Fifth Washerwoman:	Night before last she sat outside, on the doorstep. Freezing cold it was.	
First Washerwoman:	But why?	
Fourth Washerwoman:	She can't stand being in.	35
Fifth Washerwoman:	These women without kids, they're all like that. They ought to be making lace or jam, but there they are ... flat out on the rooftop or barefoot in the stream.	
First Washerwoman:	Who are you to criticise? It's not her fault she's got no kids.	40
Fourth Washerwoman:	The woman who wants them gets them. Spoilt, soft, pampered creatures ... don't fancy having their bellies stretched. <i>[They laugh.]</i>	

<i>Third Washerwoman:</i>	It's all powder and paint, sprigs of rosebay, and looking for a man who's not their husband.	45
<i>Fifth Washerwoman:</i>	That's what it amounts to.	
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	So have you seen her with another man?	
<i>Fourth Washerwoman:</i>	We haven't, no. But others have.	
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	It's always 'others'.	
<i>Fifth Washerwoman:</i>	Twice, they reckon.	50
<i>Second Washerwoman:</i>	What were they doing?	
<i>Fourth Washerwoman:</i>	Talking together.	
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	That's not a sin.	
<i>Fourth Washerwoman:</i>	No, but there's such a thing as a look. My mother used to say that a woman looking at roses isn't the same as a woman looking at a man's thighs. That's what she does.	55
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	So who's the man?	
<i>Fourth Washerwoman:</i>	A man! That's all I'm saying. Do you want me to shout his name from the rooftops? [<i>They all laugh.</i>] And even when she's on her own and she can't see him, she sees him in her mind's eye.	60
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	I don't believe it! [<i>General excitement.</i>]	
<i>Fifth Washerwoman:</i>	What about the husband?	
<i>Third Washerwoman:</i>	Oh, he's deaf to it all. He never stirs. He's like a lizard in the sun. [<i>They all laugh.</i>]	65
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	It would change if they had children.	
<i>Second Washerwoman:</i>	Some people can't accept their lot.	
<i>Fourth Washerwoman:</i>	Each passing hour makes that house a living hell. Her and the sisters-in-law, never a word between them, whitening the walls, polishing the brass, cleaning the windows, waxing the floor ... and the cleaner the place is, the more they burn up inside.	70
<i>First Washerwoman:</i>	He's the one to blame. When a man can't give his wife kids, he ought to take care of her.	75
<i>Fourth Washerwoman:</i>	Well, I say she's to blame. Tongue like a knife.	

In what ways does Lorca make this moment in the play so dramatic and significant?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

3 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

After her tenth birthday, she was, she thanked goodness, considered too old for the quaint shapes beneath which Pin still groaned; but there remained the matter of colour for Mother to sin against and in this she seemed to grow more intemperate year by year. Herself dressed always in the soberest greys and blacks, she liked to see her young flock gay as Paradise birds, lighting up a drab world; and when Mother liked a thing, she was not given to consulting the wishes of little people. Those were awful times when she went, say, to Melbourne, and purchased as a bargain a whole roll of cloth of an impossible colour, which had to be utilised, to the last inch; or when she unearthed, from an old trunk, some antiquated garment to be cut up and reshaped—a paisley shawl, a puce balldress, even an old pair of green rep curtains.

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It was thus a heavy blow to Laura to find, on going home, that Mother had already bought her new spring dress. In one respect all was well: it had been made by the local dressmaker, and consequently had not the home-made cut that Laura abhorred. But the colour! Her heart fell to the pit of her stomach the moment she set eyes on it, and only with difficulty did she restrain her tears. Mother had chosen a vivid purple, of a crude, old-fashioned shade.

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Now, quite apart from her personal feelings, Laura had come to know, very exactly, during the few months she had been at school, the views held by her companions on the subject of colour. No matter how sumptuous or how simple the material of which the dress was made, it must be dark, or of a delicate tint. Brilliancy was a sign of vulgarity, and put the wearer outside the better circles. Hence, at this critical juncture, when Laura was striving to ape her fellows in all vital matters, the unpropitious advent of the purple threatened to undo her.

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After her first dismayed inspection, she retreated to the bottom of the garden, to give vent to her feelings.

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'I shall never be able to wear it,' she moaned. 'Oh, how *could* she buy such a thing! And I needed a new dress so awfully, awfully much.'

'It isn't really so bad, Laura,' pleaded Pin. 'It looks darker, I'm sure, if you've got it on—and if you don't go out in the sun.'

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'You haven't got to wear it! It was piggish of you, Pin, perfectly piggish! You *might* have watched what she was buying.'

'I did, Laura!' asseverated Pin, on the brink of tears. 'There was a nice dark brown, and I said, take that, you would like it better, and she said, hold your tongue, and did I think she was going to dress you as if you were your own grandmother.'

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This dress hung for weeks in the most private corner of Laura's school wardrobe. Her companions had all returned with new outfits, and, on the first assemblage for church, there was a great mustering of one another, both by girls and teachers. Laura was the only one to descend in the dress she had worn throughout the winter. Her heart was sore with bitterness, and when the handful of Episcopalians were marching to St Stephen's-on-the-Hill, she strove to soothe her own wound.

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'I can't think of why my dress hasn't come,' she said gratuitously, out of this hurt, with an oblique glance to see how her partner took the remark: it was the good-natured Maria Morell, who was resplendent in velvet and feathers. 'I expect that stupid dressmaker couldn't get it done in time. I've waited for it all the week.'

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'What a sell!' said Maria, but with mediocre interest; for she had cocked her eye at a harmless-looking youth, who was doing his best not to blush, on passing the line of girls. 'I say, do look at that toff making eyes. Isn't he a nanny goat!'

On several subsequent Sundays, Laura fingered, in an agony of indecision, the pleasing stuff of the dress, and ruefully considered its modish cut. Once, no one being present, she even took it out of the wardrobe. But the merciless spring sunshine seemed

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to make the purple shoot fire, to let loose a host of other colours in it as well, and, with a shudder, she re-hung it on its peg.

But the evil day came. After a holiday at Godmother's, she received a hot letter from Mother. Godmother had complained of her looking 'dowdy', and Mother was exceedingly cross. Laura was ordered to spend the coming Saturday as well at Prahran, in her new dress, under penalty of correspondence with Mrs Gurley. There was no going against an order of this kind, and, with death at her heart, Laura prepared to obey. On the fatal morning she dawdled as long as possible over her mending, thus postponing dressing to go out, till the others had vacated the bedroom; and that she should not be forced to see herself, she kept her eyes half shut, and turned the looking-glass hind before. Although it was a warm day, she hung a cloak over her shoulders. But her arms peeped out of the loose sleeves and at least half a yard of skirt was visible. As she walked along the corridor and down the stairs, she seemed to smudge the place with colour, and directly she entered the dining hall, comet-like, she drew all eyes upon her. Astonished titterings followed in her wake; even the teachers goggled her, afterwards to put their heads together.

In what ways does Richardson vividly capture Laura's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

<i>Shepherd:</i>	They said— he'd kill his parents.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	But you gave him to this old man—why?	
<i>Shepherd:</i>	I pitied the little baby, master, hoped he'd take him off to his own country, far away, but he saved him for this, this fate. If you are the man he says you are, believe me, you were born for pain.	5
<i>Oedipus:</i>	O god— all come true, all burst to light! O light—now let me look my last on you! I stand revealed at last— cursed in my birth, cursed in marriage, cursed in the lives I cut down with these hands!	10
	<i>[Rushing through the doors with a great cry. The Corinthian MESSENGER, the SHEPHERD and attendants exit slowly to the side.]</i>	15
<i>Chorus:</i>	O the generations of men the dying generations—adding the total of all your lives I find they come to nothing ... does there exist, is there a man on earth who seizes more joy than just a dream, a vision? And the vision no sooner dawns than dies blazing into oblivion.	20
	You are my great example, you, your life your destiny, Oedipus, man of misery— I count no man blest.	25
	You outranged all men! Bending your bow to the breaking-point you captured priceless glory, O dear god, and the Sphinx came crashing down, the virgin, claws hooked like a bird of omen singing, shrieking death— like a fortress reared in the face of death you rose and saved our land.	30
	From that day on we called you king we crowned you with honors, Oedipus, towering over all— mighty king of the seven gates of Thebes.	
	But now to hear your story—is there a man more agonized? More wed to pain and frenzy? Not a man on earth, the joy of your life ground down to nothing O Oedipus, name for the ages— one and the same wide harbor served you son and father both	40
		45

son and father came to rest in the same bridal chamber.
 How, how could the furrows your father plowed
 bear you, your agony, harrowing on
 in silence O so long?

But now for all your power 50
 Time, all-seeing Time has dragged you to the light,
 judged your marriage monstrous from the start—
 the son and the father tangling, both one—
 O child of Laius, would to god
 I'd never seen you, never never! 55
 Now I weep like a man who wails the dead
 and the dirge comes pouring forth with all my heart!
 I tell you the truth, you gave me life
 my breath leapt up in you
 and now you bring down night upon my eyes. 60

[Enter a MESSENGER from the palace.]

Messenger: Men of Thebes, always first in honor,
 what horrors you will hear, what you will see,
 what a heavy weight of sorrow you will shoulder ... 65
 if you are true to your birth, if you still have
 some feeling for the royal house of Thebes.
 I tell you neither the waters of the Danube
 nor the Nile can wash this palace clean.
 Such things it hides, it soon will bring to light—
 terrible things, and none done blindly now, 70
 all done with a will. The pains
 we inflict upon ourselves hurt most of all.

Leader: God knows we have pains enough already.
 What can you add to them?

Messenger: The queen is dead. 75

Explore how Sophocles makes this moment in the play so dramatically powerful.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

- 5 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows:

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring	
In the days of long ago,	
Ranged where the locomotives sing	
And the prairie flowers lie low:—	
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass	5
Is swept away by the wheat,	
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by	
In the spring that still is sweet.	
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring	
Left us, long ago.	10
They gore no more, they bellow no more,	
They trundle around the hills no more:—	
With the Blackfeet, lying low,	
With the Pawnees, lying low,	
Lying low.	15

(Vachel Lindsay)

How does Lindsay make *The Flower-Fed Buffaloes* such a moving poem?

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From **STORIES OF OURSELVES**

- 6 Read this extract from *Elephant* (by Raymond Carver), and then answer the question that follows:

I kept my nose to the grindstone. I got up early every morning and went to work and worked hard all day. When I came home I plopped into the big chair and just sat there. I was so tired it took me a while to get around to unlacing my shoes. Then I just went on sitting there. I was too tired to even get up and turn on the TV.

I was sorry about my brother's troubles. But I had troubles of my own. In addition to my mother, I had several other people on my payroll. I had a former wife I was sending money to every month. I had to do that. I didn't want to, but the court said I had to. And I had a daughter with two kids in Bellingham, and I had to send her something every month. Her kids had to eat, didn't they? She was living with a swine who wouldn't even *look* for work, a guy who couldn't hold a job if they handed him one. The time or two he did find something, he overslept, or his car broke down on the way in to work, or else he'd just be let go, no explanation, and that was that.

Once, long ago, when I used to think like a man about these things, I threatened to kill that guy. But that's neither here nor there. Besides, I was drinking in those days. In any case, the bastard is still hanging around.

My daughter would write these letters and say how they were living on oatmeal, she and her kids. (I guess he was starving, too, but she knew better than to mention that guy's name in her letters to me.) She'd tell me that if I could just carry her until summer things would pick up for her. Things would turn around for her, she was sure, in the summer. If nothing else worked out – but she was sure it would; she had several irons in the fire – she could always get a job in the fish cannery that was not far from where she lived. She'd wear rubber boots and rubber clothes and gloves and pack salmon into cans. Or else she might sell root beer from a vending stand beside the road to people who lined up in their cars at the border, waiting to get into Canada. People sitting in their cars in the middle of summer were going to be thirsty, right? They were going to be crying out for cold drinks. Anyway, one thing or the other, whatever line of work she decided on, she'd do fine in the summer. She just had to make it until then, and that's where I came in.

My daughter said she knew she had to change her life. She wanted to stand on her own two feet like everyone else. She wanted to quit looking at herself as a victim. 'I'm not a victim,' she said to me over the phone one night. 'I'm just a young woman with two kids and a son-of-a-bitch bum who lives with me. No different from lots of other women. I'm not afraid of hard work. Just give me a chance. That's all I ask of the world.' She said she could do without for herself. But until her break came, until opportunity knocked, it was the kids she worried about. The kids were always asking her when Grandpop was going to visit, she said. Right this minute they were drawing pictures of the swing sets and swimming pool at the motel I'd stayed in when I'd visited a year ago. But summer was the thing, she said. If she could make it until summer, her troubles would be over. Things would change then – she knew they would. And with a little help from me she could make it. 'I don't know what I'd do without you, Dad.' That's what she said. It nearly broke my heart. Sure I had to help her. I was glad to be even halfway in a position to help her. I had a job, didn't I? Compared to her and everyone else in my family, I had it made. Compared to the rest, I lived on Easy Street.

I sent the money she asked for. I sent money every time she asked. And then I told her I thought it'd be simpler if I just sent a sum of money, not a whole lot, but money even so, on the first of each month. It would be money she could count on, and it would be *her* money, no one else's – hers and the kids'. That's what I hoped for, anyway. I wished there was some way I could be sure the bastard who lived with her couldn't get his hands on so much as an orange or a piece of bread that my money bought. But I couldn't. I just had to go ahead and send the money and stop worrying about whether he'd soon be tucking into a plate of my eggs and biscuits.

My mother and my daughter and my former wife. That's three people on the payroll right there, not counting my brother. But my son needed money, too.

How does Carver create striking impressions of the narrator at this moment in the story *Elephant*?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 7 In what ways does Mishima memorably depict the lives of the islanders?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 In what ways does Lorca's portrayal of Maria and Dolores contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 'In the novel, Laura only ever gets what she deserves.'

How far does Richardson's portrayal of Laura support this view?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 10 Explore how Sophocles strikingly portrays the relationship between Jocasta and Oedipus.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

- 11 Explore how Clare vividly captures the experience of falling in love in *First Love*.

From STORIES OF OURSELVES

- 12 Explore how the writer makes **one** of the following characters particularly sympathetic:
- Mr Wills in *The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal)
 - Mala (the narrator's wife) in *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri)
 - Muni in *A Horse and Two Goats* (by R K Narayan).

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