



# ATAR course examination, 2017

## Question/Answer booklet

### LITERATURE

Blank box for student identification or marking.

Student number: In figures

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In words

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Number of additional  
answer booklets used  
(if applicable):

#### Time allowed for this paper

Reading time before commencing work: ten minutes  
Working time: three hours

#### Materials required/recommended for this paper

##### To be provided by the supervisor

This Question/Answer booklet  
Text booklet

##### To be provided by the candidate

Standard items: pens (blue/black preferred), pencils (including coloured), sharpener,  
correction fluid/tape, eraser, ruler, highlighters

Special items: nil

#### Important note to candidates

No other items may be taken into the examination room. It is **your** responsibility to ensure that you do not have any unauthorised material. If you have any unauthorised material with you, hand it to the supervisor **before** reading any further.



## Structure of this paper

Section	Number of questions available	Number of questions to be answered	Suggested working time (minutes)	Marks available	Percentage of examination
Section One Response – close reading	1	1	60	25	30
Section Two Extended response	10	2	120	50	70
Total					100

## Instructions to candidates

1. The rules for the conduct of the Western Australian external examinations are detailed in the *Year 12 Information Handbook 2017*. Sitting this examination implies that you agree to abide by these rules.
2. Write your answers in this Question/Answer booklet.
3. For each answer that you write in Section Two, indicate the question number and the genre that you are using as your primary reference.
4. You must be careful to confine your answers to the specific questions asked and to follow any instructions that are specific to a particular question.
5. Supplementary pages for the use of planning/continuing your answer to a question have been provided at the end of this Question/Answer booklet. If you use these pages to continue an answer, indicate at the original answer where the answer is continued, i.e. give the page number.
6. The Text booklet is not to be handed in with your Question/Answer booklet.

## Penalties

1. The texts you choose as primary reference for questions in Section Two must be taken from the prescribed text lists in the Literature syllabus. If you make primary reference to a text not taken from these text lists, you will receive a penalty of 10 per cent of the total marks available for the examination.
2. This examination requires you to answer three different questions in total, each making primary reference to a different genre so that you must choose one question to be on poetry, one on prose fiction and one on drama. If you choose the same genre more than once as a primary reference, you will receive a penalty of 15 per cent of the total marks available for the examination.
3. If you choose one of the three questions in Section Two that make reference to a specific genre, you must write on that genre or you will receive a penalty of 15 per cent of the total marks available for the examination.



## ATAR course examination, 2017

# LITERATURE

## TEXT BOOKLET

Text A Drama extract  
Text B Prose extract  
Text C Poem

## Text A

This extract is from the opening of *Red*, a play written by American playwright John Logan about the American painter Mark Rothko. It was first performed in London in 2009. Rothko is famous for large paintings that are best described as rectangular clouds of colour. The setting is Rothko's New York studio.

## SCENE ONE

*ROTHKO stands, staring forward.*

*He is looking directly at the audience. (He is actually studying one of his Seagram Mural<sup>1</sup> paintings, which hangs before him.)*

*Pause.*

*ROTHKO lights a cigarette. He wears thick glasses and old, ill-fitting clothes spattered with specks of glue and paint.*

*Contemplative classical music is playing on a phonograph.*

*ROTHKO takes a drag on his cigarette.*

*Pause.*

*There is the sound of a door opening and closing from the unseen entry vestibule offstage.*

*KEN, a man in his early 20s, enters nervously. He wears a suit and tie. This is the first time he has been in the studio. He looks around.*

*He is about to speak.*

*ROTHKO gestures for him not to speak. Then he beckons for KEN to join him.*

*KEN goes to ROTHKO, stands next to him.*

*ROTHKO indicates the central painting; the audience.*

ROTHKO: What do you see?

*KEN is about to respond –*

ROTHKO: Wait. Stand closer. You've got to get close. Let it pulsate. Let it work on you. Closer. Too close. There. Let it spread out. Let it wrap its arms around you; let it *embrace* you, filling even your peripheral vision so nothing else exists or has ever existed or will ever exist. Let the picture do its work – But work with it. Meet it halfway for God's sake! Lean forward, lean into it. Engage with it! ... Now, what do you see? – Wait, wait, wait!

*He hurries and lowers the lighting a bit, then returns to KEN.*

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<sup>1</sup> One of a series of paintings by Rothko characterised by canvases in shades of red paint.

ROTHKO: So, now, what do you see? – Be specific. No, be exact. Be exact – but sensitive. You understand? Be kind. Be a *human being*, that's all I can say. Be a human being for once in your life! These pictures deserve compassion and they live or die in the eye of the sensitive viewer, they quicken only if the empathetic viewer will let them. That is what they cry out for. That is why they were created. That is what they deserve ... Now ... What do you see?

*Beat<sup>2</sup>.*

KEN: Red.

ROTHKO: But do you *like* it?

KEN: Mm.

ROTHKO: Speak up.

KEN: Yes.

ROTHKO: Of course you *like* it – how can you not *like* it?! Everyone likes everything nowadays. They like the television and the phonograph and the soda pop and the shampoo and the Cracker Jack. Everything becomes everything else and it's all nice and pretty and *likable*. Everything is fun in the sun! Where's the discernment? Where's the arbitration that separates what I *like* from what I *respect*, what I deem *worthy*, what has ... listen to me now ... *significance*.

*ROTHKO moves and turns up the lights again, although he keeps them relatively low, and then switches off the record player, as he continues.*

ROTHKO: Maybe this is a dinosaur talking. Maybe I'm a dinosaur sucking up the oxygen from you cunning little mammals hiding in the bushes waiting to take over. Maybe I'm speaking a lost language unknown to your generation. But a generation that does not aspire to seriousness, to meaning, is unworthy to walk in the shadow of those who have gone before, I mean those who have struggled and surmounted, I mean those who have aspired, I mean Rembrandt, I mean Turner, I mean Michelangelo and Matisse ... I mean obviously Rothko.

*He stares at KEN, challenging.*

ROTHKO: Do you aspire?

KEN: Yes.

ROTHKO: To what? To what do you aspire?

KEN: I want to be a painter so I guess I aspire to ... painting.

ROTHKO: Then those clothes won't do. We work here. Hang up your jacket outside. I appreciate you put on your Sunday clothes to impress me, it's poignant really, touches me, but it's ridiculous. We work hard here; this isn't a goddamn Old World salon with tea cakes and lemonade. Go hang up your jacket outside.

*KEN exits to the entry vestibule off stage. He returns without his jacket. Takes off his tie and rolls up his sleeves.*

ROTHKO: Sidney told you what I need here?

KEN: Yes.

*ROTHKO busies himself, sorting brushes, arranging canvases, etc., as:*

<sup>2</sup> Deliberate pause

ROTHKO: We start every morning at nine and work until five. Just like bankers. You'll help me stretch the canvases and mix the paints and clean the brushes and build the stretchers and move the paintings and also help apply the ground colour – which is *not* painting, so any lunatic assumptions you make in that direction you need to banish immediately. You'll pick up food and cigarettes and anything else I want, any whim, no matter how demanding or demeaning. If you don't like that, leave right now. Answer me. Yes or no.

KEN: Yes.

ROTHKO: Consider: I am not your rabbi, I am not your father, I am not your shrink, I am not your friend, I am not your teacher – I am your employer. You understand?

KEN: Yes.

ROTHKO: As my assistant you will see many things here, many ingenious things. But they're all secret. You cannot talk about any of this. Don't think I don't have enemies because I do and I don't just mean the other painters and gallery owners and museum curators and goddamn-son-of-a-bitch-art-critics, not to mention that vast panoply of disgruntled viewers who loathe me and my work because they do not have the heart, nor the patience, nor the capacity, to think, to *understand*, because they are not *human beings*, like we talked about, you remember?

KEN: Yes.

ROTHKO: I'm painting a series of murals now – (*He gestures all around.*) – I'll probably do thirty or forty and then choose which work best, in concert, like a fugue. You'll help me put on the undercoat and then I'll paint them and then I'll look at them and then paint some more. I do a lot of layers, one after another, like a glaze, slowly building the image, like *pentimento*<sup>3</sup>, letting the luminescence emerge until it's done.

KEN: How do you know when it's done?

ROTHKO: There's tragedy in every brush stroke.

KEN: Ah.

ROTHKO: Swell. Let's have a drink.

*ROTHKO pours two glasses of Scotch. He hands one to KEN.*

*They drink. KEN is unused to drinking so early in the morning.*

*Beat.*

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<sup>3</sup> An alteration in a painting showing evidence of previous work underneath.

## Text B

The following is an extract from the novel *Troppo*, by Australian author Madelaine Dickie in 2016. The main character Penny, an Australian, is familiar with the Indonesian language and people, having lived in Kuta, Bali, as a teenager with her father.

*Troppo*

It's just after 4am and the gas lamps of the morning market wink warm as fireflies. Here in Indo, I never get that feeling I'm the only person alive. If you want to head out for a snack and a chat at 11pm, at 2am, at 4am, there's always somewhere open, there are always people around.

As a teenager in Kuta I often woke up before dawn, when the nightclubs locked the tills and drunk Aussies swung their legs over rental bikes and went screaming and careening through the alleys. If I couldn't get back to sleep I strapped my surfboard to my bike, hit a morning market for a hot bowl of bakso, stuffed fat parcels of sticky rice into my pockets and then headed north to Canggu, or east to Serangan, or south to the Bukit Peninsula: reckless, restless, suntanned and scab-kneed.

Up ahead there's a kaki lima selling deep-fried banana.

'Pagi Bu,' I greet the kaki lima owner, 'boleh minta pisang goreng?'

'How much do you want?' she replies.

'Dua ribu.'

The woman looks at me and firms her mouth. 'We only sell five thousand rupiah worth of pisang goreng.'

'You don't sell two thousand worth?'

Ibu Ayu paid two thousand rupiah only a few days earlier.

The woman shakes her head and goes back to flipping the bananas.

A moment later, a man approaches with his son and orders two thousand rupiah worth of pisang goreng. The woman spoons it into a white paper bag.

I turn away.

Batu Batur's market is a typical honeycomb of alleys, wooden display racks and plastic awning. Not big enough to get lost in but big enough to explore. This morning it seems to be crawling with beggars, touts and thieves. I move my bag around to my chest and clutch it, edging my way between the narrow stalls. Women argue over the price of spice, tongues like the tails of stingrays, hands deftly guarding a cornucopia of old cloves, vanilla beans, saffron and nutmeg. Slabs of raw beef, chicken and fish are lined up on the concrete floor and seasoned with cigarette ash and flies.

Among the stalls of clothing there's a group of women selling textiles, including the woman whose weavings I looked at a few days ago. When they see me their chat becomes frenzied and one woman sings out, 'Hello Mister, hello Mister! You looking, looking, okay?' The others quickly join her, singing, 'Duduk, duduk!' and so I sit with them, cross-legged. Someone brings me a steaming cup of black coffee. Someone else asks if I'd like a chair. As I look through the pieces I talk to the women about their families, their children, their husbands, their goats. They tell me they caught a bus to Batu Batur from the mountains this morning.

'What time?'

'Pagi pagi benar!'

'How early is very early?'

'Three thirty this morning. We left at three thirty,' they tell me.

'No way!'

I pretend to faint with tiredness and they slap my arms and laugh. It's so different to shopping in Australia; I love the pace of it, love the laughter, love how when I offer a price, the women roll their eyes and wail too low! too low! we'll go broke! and then they change the subject. We go back to talking about men or goats. Then after a while one of the women offers another price, a little lower than the last, and I shriek, too expensive! kok mahal? and the whole thing starts again.

I think about grocery shopping in Australia. The plethora of choice. The sterility. The waxy, tasteless fruit. The indifferent or surly or bored staff on the checkouts, blowing their noses, checking their watches. Sitting with these women yarning, arguing and bartering, I feel so much more comfortable, so much more alive!

After another half-hour of riotous laughter and lascivious yarns – through which I assemble a romantic history of their village – I buy two pieces. As money changes hands, they invite me to the mountains to meet their children and their husbands and their goats. I thank them, but Matt's swinging past this afternoon and I don't want to miss him.

God I'm a disgrace!

'Maybe in a couple of days.'

'Of course! Anytime! You are welcome, Mister, you are welcome.'

While I felt safe and shielded by the warm gossip of the women, on my way out I have an unnerving feeling that I'm being followed. It's not uncommon for bules<sup>1</sup> to be shadowed through markets by thieves – the Pasar Badung<sup>2</sup> in Denpasar is notorious for its hard-eyed 'guides' – but although I look over my shoulder a few times, there doesn't seem to be anyone lurking behind the scaly mounds of snake fruit.

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<sup>1</sup> Bules: foreigners

<sup>2</sup> A popular market in Denpasar, Bali

## Text C

This poem by the Australian, Paul Hetherington, was published in *Six Different Windows* in 2013.

## Blackberries

Childhood, the red-black explosion  
on the palate; the stained, tell-tale fingers  
rubbed with handkerchief and spittle –  
this coalesced, you said,  
into an image of twelve-year-old girls  
straddling a fence and laughing at your shyness.  
At that time you were growing tomatoes  
and clusters of vines in the grey dirt of your backyard,  
enlivening the soil with large, blood-brown worms.  
And a mulberry tree that grew in a mixture  
of manure and old hay, a pond and croaking frogs  
you had gathered from a creek in the wild.  
Years later the garden extended over acres,  
a creek running through it, next to nine mulberry trees.  
But no blackberries, you said, 'which would choke  
and need poison.' You mentioned the two girls again:  
the one you married; her friend whom you loved,  
'persistently, like a stain.' Now I find you  
digging the first blackberry plant into the old soil  
of the creek bank, pressing its roots gently,  
firmly, with thick fingers. A diminishing crescendo of frogs  
is painted on cool and eddying air.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

### Question 1

#### Text A

Excerpt from: Logan, J. (2009). *Red*. London: Oberon Books, pp. 9–12.

#### Text B

Excerpt from: Dickie, M. (2016). *Troppo*. Fremantle, WA: Fremantle Press, pp. 91–94.

#### Text C

Hetherington, P. (2013). *Blackberries* [Poem]. In *Six different windows*. Crawley, WA: UWA Publishing, p. 84.

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**Section One: Response – close reading****30% (25 Marks)**

This section has one question and three texts, A, B and C provided in the Text booklet. You must answer the one question in response to Text A, B or C.

Suggested working time: 60 minutes.

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**Question 1****(25 marks)**

Present a close reading of one of the three texts.

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA AS IT WILL BE CUT OFF

**Section Two: Extended response****70% (50 Marks)**

This section has ten questions. You are required to respond to two different questions. The ten questions are listed on page 14 and are repeated starting on page 23.

Each response must make primary reference to a different genre from that used in Section One. If you make reference in Section One to:

- (i) Text A (drama), then in this section, one response must make primary reference to prose and one response must make primary reference to poetry.
- (ii) Text B (prose), then in this section, one response must make primary reference to poetry and one response must make primary reference to drama.
- (iii) Text C (poetry), then in this section, one response must make primary reference to prose and one response must make primary reference to drama.

A text discussed as a primary reference must be from the prescribed text lists in the syllabus.

Questions 9, 10 and 11 require you to make reference to the genre specified in the question.

Suggested working time: 120 minutes.

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA AS IT WILL BE CUT OFF

Begin your first response on page 15. Turn to page 23 to choose your second question.

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**Question 2** (25 marks)

Show how applying a range of reading practices can result in different interpretations of at least one literary text.

**Question 3** (25 marks)

Explain how literary texts can capture points of cultural change, with reference to at least one literary text you have studied.

**Question 4** (25 marks)

Discuss the way language has been used to give a voice to the marginalised in one or more literary texts.

**Question 5** (25 marks)

Reading is often about wrestling with ambiguities in texts. Discuss how you have made meaning of the ambiguities in one literary text you have studied.

**Question 6** (25 marks)

Powerful literature demands close attention to its construction. Explain how your appreciation of one literary text was deepened by reflecting on the effects of specific literary elements.

**Question 7** (25 marks)

Examine how literary texts offer insights into the diverse perspectives and unique ways of thinking within a particular place and time.

**Question 8** (25 marks)

Discuss how a literary text challenges dominant assumptions about what it means to be an Australian through its portrayal of Australian lifestyle, culture and/or identity.

**Question 9** (25 marks)

Poetry can seem deeply private while also exploring public concerns. Discuss the ways this can take place through the use of poetic features.

**Question 10** (25 marks)

Discuss how the development of a character in a prose narrative has influenced your response to the text.

**Question 11** (25 marks)

A play can be more effective when the audience has a clearer understanding of the situation on stage than the characters themselves. Examine the use of dramatic irony in one or more plays.

See next page

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