

SECTION II Question 1
(Suggested time—20 minutes)

Write an essay in which you explain how the author prepares his reader for Eveline's final inability or unwillingness to sail to South America with Frank. Consider at least two elements of fiction such as theme, symbol, setting, image, characterization, or any other aspects of the narrative artist's craft.

EVELINE

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

- (5) Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his foot steps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field
- (10) there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it—not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses
- (15) with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field—the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, how ever, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field
- (20) with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix* and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a
- (25) long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back
- (30) to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during

(35) all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the

(40) coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

—He is in Melbourne now.

- (45) She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known
- (50) all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled

up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad.

- (55) She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

—Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?

—Look lively, Miss Hill, please.

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

- But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her
- (65) with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were
- (70) growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect
- (75) her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always
- (80) gave her entire wages—seven shillings—and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money
- (85) to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad of a Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do
- (90) her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who
- (95) had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank.

- (100) Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was
- (105) lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his

bronze. Then they had come to know each other.

(110) He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see The Bohemian Girl and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People

(115) knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to

(120) like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed

(125) through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and

(130) had forbidden her to have anything to say to him. —I know these sailor chaps, he said. One day he had quarreled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white

(135) of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice.

(140) Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father

(145) putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh. Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cre-

(150) tonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She

(155) remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered

(160) her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

—Damned Italians! coming over here!

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being— that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final

(165) craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

---Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!*

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror.

(170) Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would

(175) save her.

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She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The (180) station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold

(185) and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their

(190) passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer. A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him

(195) seize her hand: —Come! All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the

(200) iron railing. —Come! No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

(205) --Eveline! Evvy! He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

*Although it appears to be Gaelic, this mysterious exclamation has not been satisfactorily explained.

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(Suggested time—60 minutes)

Below are five passages which deal with some roles of the younger generation in society.

Write an essay on three of the passages in which you discuss the nature of each speaker, his assumptions about his audience, and the effects he wants to have on them. You should consider the diction and sentence structure of each of the passages you select.

Please indicate at the beginning of your essay which of the passages you will discuss.

- a. They [the young] have money in their pockets, and therefore are more courted, more publicized, and more presumptuous. But the only new factors which seem to me to introduce any real novelty into their situation are the scientific aids, from records to contraceptives, from travel to LSD, which provide both the temptation and the opportunity to satisfy, far more fully than before, the desire for immediate experience which is the source of the young's impatience.
- b. Not better, but very different. I don't get any Brownie points for growing up in the affluent era, and I'm not putting down my own father and mother. Their beautiful. I might have done the same as most parents did if I'd been in their shoes. What matters is that the two generations tend to act in opposite ways.
- c. In contrast, the period of adolescence in Western culture is more complex and more beset by problems. This complexity is due in part to lack of emancipation from parents, vocational dependence and extension of training sex restrictions and taboos, and inferior status. However, it is recognized that the ease or difficulty of the transition from childhood through adolescence into adulthood is a function of the amount of facilitation the culture offers to the individual who is going through the transitional period.
- d. Burning a bank is not the same as putting the banks and their system out of business. To do that, millions of people in this country will first have to wake up to the real source of their misery. The action in Santa Barbara, a community which has seen its environment destroyed by corporate greed, might spark that awakening. If it does, the students who burned the Bank of America in Santa Barbara will have done more to save the environment than all the "Survival Fairs" and "Earth Day Teach-Ins" put together.
- e. All right, I know what your thinking: Another crew-cut apologist for the establishment. Right? Wrong. I've got the kind of long frazzled hair that drives the straights right up against the wall. I'm an art major. And I'm with the movement. I mean, like, the Vietnam Center at Carbondale has got to go. But I'm interested in defending human values and not just out to groove with hostility freaks such as the Weathermen.

Question 3

(Suggested time- 30 minutes)

END OF EXAMINATION

In retrospect, the reader often discovers that the first chapter of a novel or the opening scene of a drama introduces some of the major themes of the work. Write an essay about the opening scene of a drama or the first chapter of a novel in which you explain how it functions in this way.

In your essay do not merely summarize the plot of the work you are discussing.

END OF EXAMINATION

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