

The College Board
 Advanced Placement Examination
 ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION
 SECTION II
 Total time—2 hours
 Question I

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts
 one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following two poems very carefully, noting that the second includes an allusion to the first. Then write a well-organized essay in which you discuss their similarities and differences. In your essay, be sure to consider both theme and style.

I

Bright Star

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Line Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite*
 (5) The moving waters at their priest-like task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 (10) Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

—John Keats

hermit

II

Choose Something Like a Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
 We grant your loftiness the right
 To some obscurity of cloud—
Line It will not do to say of night,
 (5) Since dark is what brings out your light.
 Some mystery becomes the proud.
 But to be wholly taciturn
 In your reserve is not allowed.
 Say something to us we can learn
 (10) By heart and when alone repeat...
 Say something! And it says, 'I burn.'
 But say with what degree of heat.
 Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
 Use Language we can comprehend...
 (11) Tell us what elements you blend.
 It gives us strangely little aid,
 But does tell something in the end.
 And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
 Not even stooping from its sphere;
 (20) It asks a little of us here.
 It asks of us a certain height,
 So when at times the mob is swayed
 To carry praise or blame too far,
 We may choose something like a star
 To stay our minds on and be staid.

—Robert Frost

Go on to Question 2.

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts one-third of the total essay section score.)

Below is a complete short story. Read it carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze the blend of humor, pathos, and the grotesque in the story.

Reunion

(5) The last time I saw my father was in Grand Central Station. I was going from my grandmother's in the Adirondacks to a cottage on the Cape that my mother had rented, and I wrote my father that I would be in New York between trains for an hour and a half, and asked if we could have lunch together. His secretary wrote to say that he would meet me at the information booth at noon, and at twelve o'clock sharp I saw him coming through the crowd. He was a stranger to me—

(10) my mother divorced him three years ago and I hadn't been with him since—but as soon as I saw him I felt that he was my father, my flesh and blood, my future and my doom. I knew that when I was grown I would be something like him; I would have to plan my

(15) campaigns within his limitations. He was a big, good-looking man, and I was terribly happy to see him again. He struck me on the back and shook my hand. "Hi, Charlie," he said. "Hi, boy. I'd like to take you up to my club, but it's in the Sixties, and if you have to catch an early train I guess we'd better get something to eat around here." He put his arm around me, and I smelled my father the way my mother sniffs a rose. It was a rich compound of whiskey, after-shave lotion, shoe polish, woolens, and the rankness of a mature male. I hoped that someone would see us together. I wished that we could be photographed. I wanted some record of our having been together.

(20) We went out of the station and up a side street to a restaurant. It was still early, and the place was empty. The bartender was quarreling with a delivery boy, and there was one very old waiter in a red coat down by the kitchen door. We sat down, and my father hailed the waiter in a loud voice. "*Kellner!*" he shouted. "*Garcon! Cameriere! You!*" His boisterousness in the empty

(25) restaurant seemed out of place. "Could we have a little service here!" he shouted. "Chop-chop?" Then he clapped his hands. This caught the waiter's attention, and he shuffled over to our table. "Were you clapping

(40) your hands at me?" he asked. "Calm down, calm down, *sommelier*," my father said. "If it isn't too much to ask of you—if it wouldn't be too much above and beyond the call of duty, we would like a couple of Beefeater Gibsons"

"I don't like to be clapped at," the waiter said.

(45) "I should have brought my whistle," my father said. "I have a whistle that is audible only to the ears of old waiters. Now, take out your little pad and your little pencil and see if you can get this straight: two Beefeater Gibsons. Repeat after me: two Beefeater Gibsons."

(50) "I think you'd better go somewhere else," the waiter said quietly.

"That," said my father, "is one of the most brilliant suggestions I have ever heard. Come on, Charlie, let's get the hell out of here"

(55) I followed my father out of that restaurant into another. He was not so boisterous this time. Our drinks came, and he cross-questioned me about the baseball season. He then struck the edge of his empty glass with his knife and began shouting again. "*Garcon! Kellner! Cameriere! You!* Could we trouble you to bring us two more of the same"

(60) "How old is the boy?" the waiter asked.

"That," my father said, "is none of your Goddamned business"

(65) "I'm sorry, sir," the waiter said, "but I won't serve the boy another drink."

"Well, I have some news for you," my father said.

(70) "I have some very interesting news for you. This doesn't happen to be the only restaurant in New York. They've opened another on the corner. Come on, Charlie?"

He paid the bill, and I followed him out of that

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- restaurant into another. Here the waiters wore pink
(75) Jackets like hunting coats, and there was a lot of horse
tack on the walls. We sat down, and my father began
to shout again. "Master of the hounds! Tallyhoo and
all that sort of thing. We'd like a little something in the
way of a stirrup cup. Namely, two Bibson Geefeaters."
(80) "Two Bibson Geefeaters?" the waiter asked, smiling.
"You know damned well what I want," my father
said angrily. "I want two Beefeater Gibsons, and make
it snappy. Things have changed in jolly old England. So
my friend the duke tells me...Let's see what England can
(85) produce in the way of a cocktail'
"This isn't England," the waiter said."
"Don't argue with me," my father said. "Just do as
you're told."
"I just thought you might like to know where you
(90) are," the waiter said.
"If there is one thing I cannot tolerate," my father
said, "it is an impudent domestic. Come on, Charlie?"
The fourth place we went to was Italian. "*Buon
giorno*," my father said. "*Per favore, possiamo avere
(95) due cocktail americani, forti, forti. Molto gin, poco
vermut.*"
"I don't understand Italian," the waiter said.
"Oh, come off it," my father said. "You understand
Italian, and you know damned well you do. *Vogliamo
(100) due cocktail americani. Subito.*"
The waiter left us and spoke with the captain, who
came over to our table and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but

this table is reserved."

- "All right," my father said. "Get us another table?"
(105) "All the tables are reserved," the captain said.
"I get it," my father said. "You don't desire our
patronage. Is that it? Well, the hell with you. *Vada
all'inferno*. Let's go, Charlie."
"I have to get my train," I said.
(110) "I'm sorry, sonny," my father said. "I'm terribly
sorry?" He put his arm around me and pressed me
against him. "I'll walk you back to the station. If there
had only been time to go up to my club."
"That's all right, Daddy," I said
(115) "I'll get you a paper," he said. "I'll get you a paper
to read on the train?"
Then he went up to a newsstand and said, "Kind sir,
will you be good enough to favor me with one of your
God-damned, no-good, ten-cent afternoon papers?"
(120) The clerk turned away from him and stared at a
magazine cover. "Is it asking too much for you to sell
me one of your disgusting specimens of yellow jour-
nalism?"
"I have to go, Daddy," I said. "It's late?"
(125) "Now, just wait a second, sonny," he said. "Just
wait a second. I want to get a rise out of this chap?"
"Goodbye, Daddy," I said, and I went down the
stairs and got my train, and that was the last time I saw
my father.

Question 3

(Suggested time- 40 minutes. This question counts
one third of the total essay section score)

Choose a distinguished novel or play in which some of the most significant events are mental or psychological; for example, awakenings, discoveries, changes in consciousness. In a well-organized essay, describe how the author manages to give these internal events the sense of excitement, suspense, and climax usually associated with external action. Do not merely summarize the plot.

You may choose one of the works listed below or another of comparable quality that is appropriate to the question.

Baldwin, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*

Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex*

Shakespeare, *Hamlet; Othello; King Lear*

Ibsen, *A Doll's House*

James, *The Portrait of a Lady*

Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

Forster, *A Passage to India*

Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

Ellison, *Invisible Man*

Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*

Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*

Dickens, *Great Expectations*

Miller, *Death of a Salesman*

Albee, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Morrison, *Song of Solomon*

Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*

Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Chopin, *The Awakening*

END OF EXAMINATION

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