

## Task for *Vertigo*

### Setting/place: Nature vs City

Nature		
Page	Quotes	How is the setting represented? What assumptions about the 'natural' environment do you perceive? How does the description reflect and/or contrast with the traditional notion of the pastoral setting?
7	<i>Anna's GP cautioned them against the country. 'Asthma rates are just as high in rural areas,' she said, 'if not more so. It's the <b>wheat dust</b>, among other things.'</i> (agriculture as the reason not nature.)	The assumption that the pastoral is a place of restorative impact is challenged by the GP's dialogue, particularly with reference to the agricultural consequences, the wheat dust.
11	<i>Then, late one Saturday afternoon, in a fit of irritable fatigue, <b>they took a wrong turn-off</b> and drove into the small coastal hamlet of Garra Nulla.</i>	
14	<i>...fell into conversation with the waiter who warned them that the beach at <b>Garra Nalla was known for its dangerous rip.... Only a fool would swim there and tourists gave it a wide berth.</b></i>  <i>Perfect, they thought; just perfect.</i>	
14	<i><b>No shops, no hotel, no community hall, no boat ramp or barbecue area.... They felt that in some essential way it was uncultivated, a landscape out of time, and as such it could not define them.</b> Here they could live, and simply be.</i>	
11	<i>Garra Nalla could scarcely be described as a town. It was a settlement of eighty or so houses, each one nestled in among a grey-green cluster of casuarinas and shaggy old banksias laden with masses of black seed cobs.</i>	

13	<p><i>Here, where they stood, it was bare save for three <b>great Norfolk pines that must surely have been planted in the colonial era</b> and that loomed above them now like sentinels... the lagoon...it was only in its northwestern corner, furthest from the ocean, that the broadwater remained deep and still, and here it was <b>graced by a colony of black swans.</b></i></p>	
17	<p><i>Their first night.</i></p> <p><i>...A deep coral sunset flared along the ridge of the western hills; beside the silent headland the lagoon glittered in a wash of silvery pink. The house was musty and dark but when they entered its cobwebbed hall they trembled with a frisson that could only be described as ownership; it was as if the house had been waiting for them.</i></p>	
23–24	<p><i>Early in March they prepare a garden...Before they came to Garra Nalla, <b>neither of them had used so much as a trowel.</b> Now they have calluses on their hands and the <b>pleasure of rhythmic physical movements,</b> like raking leaves, can bring on a state of mindless contentment. (aligning with traditional pastoral in aligning labour with pleasure) Often the boy appears to play alongside them, whirling around in the dust or darting mischievously among the weed piles...At such times his parents do not look one another in the eye; the weighty joy of it would be too much.</i></p>	
25	<p><i>When first they moved in, the water level in their tanks was alarmingly low and now they set buckets beneath the shower for the first run-off, wash the vegetables in a mixing bowl ... There are days when they speak only of water.</i></p>	
24	<p><i>But this is not Eden, this is drought country. Behind the coast are hills of dry sclerophyll forest and between the hamlet and the forest are pastures cleared for sheep, grasslands that are dried out and dun-coloured from seven years of drought...Seven years of drought: it has begun to sound biblical; a curse.</i></p>	

47	<p><i>And so they settle in, and it seems they have everything they need; everything, that is, except water....</i></p> <p><i>They knew about the drought before they came, but this was only a weather report... For the first time they understand what it means to live on the rim of the driest continent...</i></p>	
57	<p><i>The drought is one thing, the hectoring wind is another. No-one warned them about the wind.... On her walks Anna can see that the grasslands are eaten down to bare stubble and grey sandy soil...</i></p>	
58	<p><i>Gil...tells her that the arrival of the black cockies is a portent of rain. But the rain doesn't come. Nature is out of whack, thinks Anna; even the birds can't read the signs.</i></p>	
Chap. 3:		Consider the representation of the encroaching bushfire.

### The City

Page	Quotes related to the city	Using the quotes on the side, and others from your reading, how does the city shape individuals and their attitudes?
3	<p><i>There are birds in the city, but in the city you rarely notice them; there is too much urban jazz in the air: the drone of jets roaring in, the manic whine of sirens...</i></p>	<p>The city-dwellers are sedated by the mechanical noise of the city which drowns out the authentic and natural representatives of nature. We see this in the euphemism of 'urban jazz' and the onomatopoeic 'drone'.</p>

4	Re identifying the bird - <i>but Ken and Marg proved to be as ignorant as anyone....So much for the wisdom of the elders.</i>	
4	<i>When interest rates rose for the third time in eighteen months, he and Anna despaired of ever buying in the city.</i>	
7	<i>'I warned you about living in Bridge Road,' his father said. 'It's all that fine particle pollution, it dehydrates the organs.'</i>	
8	<i>At dinner parties people spoke solemnly of their renovations; with the air of diplomats renegotiating the Geneva Convention they discoursed on the problem of installing a second bathroom...</i>	
61-62	<i>In the city the weather is just a backdrop to your day, a painted canvas against which you enact the plot of your life. In the country the weather is the plot.</i>	
<b>Other quotes related to city</b>		