

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level  
Advanced International Certificate of Education

**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (HALF CREDIT)**

**8695/09**  
**0397/01**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama  
Paper 1 Poetry, Prose and Drama

October/November 2006

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.  
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## Section A

JOHN KEATS : *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Keats wrote in a letter that 'the world is full of Misery and Heartbreak, Pain, Sickness and Oppression'.
- How far and in what ways have you found this view expressed in the poetry you have studied?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to the link the poet makes between art and mortality.

*On Seeing the Elgin Marbles*

My spirit is too weak — mortality  
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,  
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep  
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die  
 Like a sick eagle looking at the sky. 5  
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep  
 That I have not the cloudy winds to keep  
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.  
 Such dim-conceived glories of the brain  
 Bring round the heart an undescribable feud; 10  
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain  
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude  
 Wasting of old time — with a billowy main —  
 A sun — a shadow of a magnitude.

Ed. HYDES : *Touched with Fire (Sections A and B)*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare the methods and effects of **two** poems which make a particular point or observation significant.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing its presentation of love.

*Sonnet 116*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments, love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove. 5  
 O no, it is an ever-fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken,  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come,  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom:  
     If this be error and upon me proved,  
     I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*William Shakespeare*

3 **Either** (a) 'Do not despair of man'.

What balance of hope and despair do you find in Smith's poetry? Refer to **two** **three** poems in your answer.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Smith's poetry. You should refer to **one** or **two** additional poems in your answer.

*Not Waving But Drowning*

Nobody heard him, the dead man,  
But still he lay moaning:  
I was much further out than you thought  
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking 5  
And now he's dead  
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,  
They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always 10  
(Still the dead one lay moaning)  
I was much too far out all my life  
And not waving but drowning.

## Section B

GEORGE ELIOT : *The Mill on the Floss*

- 4 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways does Eliot present Maggie and Tom as victims circumstance in their lives?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the characterisation of Mrs Tulliver and her sisters.

'Yes, yes, I know how it is with husbands,—they're for putting everything off; they'll put the dinner off till after tea, if they've got wives as are weak enough to give in to such work; but it's a pity for you, Bessy, as you haven't got more strength o' mind. It'll be well if your children don't suffer for it. And I hope you've not gone and got a great dinner for us, —going to expense for your sisters, as 'ud sooner eat a crust o' dry bread nor help to ruin you with extravagance. I wonder you don't take pattern by your sister Deane; she's far more sensible. And here you've got two children to provide for, and your husband's spent your fortin i' going to law, and 's like to spend his own too. A boiled joint, as you could make broth of for the kitchen,' Mrs. Glegg added, in a tone of emphatic protest, 'and a plain pudding, with a spoonful o' sugar, and no spice, 'ud be far more becoming.'

With sister Glegg in this humour, there was a cheerful prospect for the day. Mrs. Tulliver never went the length of quarrelling with her, any more than a water-fowl that puts out its leg in a deprecating manner can be said to quarrel with a boy who throws stones. But this point of the dinner was a tender one, and not at all new, so that Mrs. Tulliver could make the same answer she had often made before.

'Mr. Tulliver says he always *will* have a good dinner for his friends while he can pay for it,' she said; 'and he's a right to do as he likes in his own house, sister.'

'Well, Bessy, I can't leave your children enough out o' my savings to keep 'em from ruin. And you mustn't look to having any o' Mr. Glegg's money, for it's well if I don't go first, —he comes of a long-lived family; and if he was to die and leave me well for my life, he'd tie all the money up to go back to his own kin.'

The sound of wheels while Mrs. Glegg was speaking was an interruption highly welcome to Mrs. Tulliver, who hastened out to receive sister Pullet; it must be sister Pullet, because the sound was that of a four-wheel.

Mrs. Glegg tossed her head and looked rather sour about the mouth at the thought of the 'four-wheel.' She had a strong opinion on that subject.

Sister Pullet was in tears when the one-horse chaise stopped before Mrs. Tulliver's door, and it was apparently requisite that she should shed a few more before getting out; for though her husband and Mrs. Tulliver stood ready to support her, she sat still and shook her head sadly, as she looked through her tears at the vague distance.

'Why, whatever is the matter, sister?' said Mrs. Tulliver. She was not an imaginative woman, but it occurred to her that the large toilet-glass in sister Pullet's best bedroom was possibly broken for the second time.

There was no reply but a further shake of the head, as Mrs. Pullet slowly rose and got down from the chaise, not without casting a glance at Mr. Pullet to see that he was guarding her handsome silk dress from injury. Mr. Pullet was a small man, with a high nose, small twinkling eyes, and thin lips, in a fresh-looking suit of black and a white cravat, that seemed to have been tied very tight on some higher principle than that of mere personal ease. He bore about the same relation to his tall, good-looking wife, with her balloon sleeves, abundant mantle, and large be-feathered and be-ribboned bonnet, as a small fishing-smack bears to a brig with all its sails spread.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD : *Short Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) With reference to **one** or **two** stories, discuss ways in which Mansfield presents characters' encounters with new situations or places.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, concentrating on the presentation of the different attitudes of Herr and Frau Brechenmacher.

Herr Brechenmacher alone remained standing — he held in his hands a big silver coffee-pot. Everybody laughed at his speech, except the Frau; everybody roared at his grimaces, and at the way he carried the coffee-pot to the bridal pair, as if it were a baby he was holding.

She lifted the lid, peeped in, then shut it down with a little scream and sat biting her lips. The bridegroom wrenched the pot away from her and drew forth a baby's bottle and two little cradles holding china dolls. As he dandled these treasures before Theresa the hot room seemed to heave and sway with laughter. 5

Frau Brechenmacher did not think it funny. She stared round at the laughing faces, and suddenly they all seemed strange to her. She wanted to go home and never come out again. She imagined that all these people were laughing at her, more people than there were in the room even — all laughing at her because they were so much stronger than she was. 10

They walked home in silence. Herr Brechenmacher strode ahead, she stumbled after him. White and forsaken lay the road from the railway station to their house—a cold rush of wind blew her hood from her face, and suddenly she remembered how they had come home together the first night. Now they had five babies and twice as much money; *but*— 15

'Na, what is it all for?' she muttered, and not until she had reached home, and prepared a little supper of meat and bread for her man did she stop asking herself that silly question. 20

Herr Brechenmacher broke the bread into his plate, smeared it round with his fork and chewed greedily.

'Good?' she asked, leaning her arms on the table and pillowing her breast against them. 25

'But fine!'

He took a piece of the crumb, wiped it round his plate edge, and held it up to her mouth. She shook her head.

'Not hungry,' she said.

'But it is one of the best pieces, and full of the fat.' 30

He cleared the plate; then pulled off his boots and flung them into a corner.

'Not much of a wedding,' he said, stretching out his feet and wriggling his toes in the worsted socks.

'N—no,' she replied, taking up the discarded boots and placing them on the oven to dry. 35

Herr Brechenmacher yawned and stretched himself, and then looked up at her, grinning.

'Remember the night that we came home? You were an innocent one, you were.'

'Get along! Such a time ago I forget.' Well she remembered. 40

'Such a clout on the ear as you gave me...But I soon taught you.'

'Oh, don't start talking. You've too much beer. Come to bed.'

He tilted back in his chair, chuckling with laughter.

'That's not what you said to me that night. God, the trouble you gave me!'

But the little Frau seized the candle and went into the next room. The children were all soundly sleeping. She stripped the mattress off the baby's bed to see if he was still dry, then began unfastening her blouse and skirt.

'Always the same,' she said—'all over the world the same; but, God in heaven — but *stupid!*'

Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt as Herr Brechenmacher lurched in. 50

*Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Gikonyo walked towards detention with a brisk step and an assurance born of knowledge of love and life.'

Discuss the importance to the novel of Gikonyo's detention in the Yala camp.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering how it contributes to the characterisation of Karanja.

He had not thought what he would do on the day. But could he go back to Thabai and meet people who would mock him? What about if he went to see Mumbi just once? Couldn't he make a last attempt to wrench her from Gikonyo?

'You may call it nonsense. Anyway, I would rather go and see for myself. The man Mugo is a true hermit, has kept to himself, has never spoken to anyone, since he left detention camp. And there'll be plenty of women. You know how they go free (even married ones) on such occasions.' 5

'Are you going?' he asked, tempted by a desire to see Mumbi.

'Me, left behind?'

'Let me know when you decide to go,' Karanja said, looking at the window. John Thompson was just parking his Morris outside. 10

'There is *your* Thompson,' he told Mwaura, barely able to disguise his triumph. He stood up, quickly dusted the khaki overall, passed his hands over his hair and rushed out, hoping to meet Thompson along the corridor. Then he would put the awful question. A watery lump leapt to his throat as soon as he saw Thompson's abstract face: should I ask him or not? 15

'Excuse me, sir!' he called out, wanting to cry. John Thompson walked as though he had not seen Karanja. 'Excuse me, sir,' Karanja raised his voice, gathering courage in despair. Thompson turned round to face Karanja.

'Yes?' The voice was clear, cold, distant. 20

'You—' Karanja swallowed some lumpy liquid. '—you are going!' he made a statement instead of the intended cool question.

'What!'

'You are — you are — ' he swallowed some more lumpy liquid; it made a noise as it went down his throat. But he stood his ground. 25

'—are you going back to — to your country.'

'Yes, yes,' the whiteman answered quickly, as if puzzled by the question. Panic seized Karanja. He played with his fingers behind his back. He would have loved to suddenly vanish from the earth rather than bear the chill around. Thompson was about to move, but then he stopped. 30

'What can I do for you?' he asked, in a brusque manner.

'Nothing. Nothing, sir. You have been very kind.'

Thompson hastened away.

Karanja stood in the corridor for a while and took a dirty handkerchief to rub off the sweat from his face. Then he went back, his gait, to an observer, conjuring up the picture of a dog that has been unexpectedly snubbed by the master it trusts. Karanja did not seem to see Mwaura, who was still waiting in the room. He sat on the chair, his hands limply on the table, and uncomprehendingly stared at the world outside the window. 35

'Is he going back, then?' Mwaura asked, tentatively. 40

'I don't know,' Karanja answered in a thin, colourless voice.



## Section C

CARYL CHURCHILL : *Serious Money*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Churchill present personal relationships in the play?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and how effectively, does the following passage show the links between politics and business in the play?

CORMAN I totally agree with the CBI.  
Long-term issues mustn't be neglected.  
The responsibility of management —

GLEASON We — by which I mean of course the government —  
Recognise that alas nothing's perfect. 5  
That's something you learn in politics.  
We want to cut the top rate of tax,  
And profit related pay's a good incentive.  
But we do think things have gone too far  
In the quick-profit short-term direction. 10  
We wouldn't interfere in a free market.  
But we are of course approaching an election.

CORMAN Absolutely and I hope to give  
More than moral support to the party.  
I've always been a staunch Conservative. 15

GLEASON My dear fellow, nobody doubts your loyalty.  
That's why I have so little hesitation  
In asking this small service to the nation.  
Drop your bid. Give up. Leave it alone.

CORMAN Out of the question. Sorry. Out of the question. 20

GLEASON I absolutely appreciate the problem —

CORMAN Leave me alone will you to do my job.

GLEASON I'm sorry, Corman, but I must forbid it.  
A takeover like this in the present climate  
Makes you, and the City, and us look greedy. 25  
Help us be seen to care about the needy.  
Help us to counteract the effect of Tebbit.

CORMAN What if I say no?

GLEASON I wouldn't like to dwell on the unsavoury  
Story of that young man's suicide — 30

CORMAN Are you threatening me?

GLEASON I do admire your bravery.  
No, but my colleagues in the DTI  
Did, I believe, call on you today.

CORMAN Leave it out, Gleason, I've had enough. 35  
DTI? I'm going to call your bluff.  
If my takeover's going to hurt your image  
Another scandal would do far more damage.

GLEASON Mr Corman, I'll be brutally frank.  
A scandal would not be welcomed by the Bank 40  
Nor will it be tolerated by the Tories.  
Whenever you businessmen do something \_\_\_\_\_y  
Some of it gets wiped off on the City,  
And the government's smelly from the nasty stories.

Meanwhile, ladies and gentlemen take your seats! 45

CORMAN Us businessmen? / The banks are full of crap.

GLEASON So if you persist and make a nasty mess  
Not a single bank will handle your business.

CORMAN You can't do that, Gleason, don't make me laugh.

GLEASON Corman, please, don't make my patience snap.  
I wouldn't want to miss the second half.  
You drop your bid. We stop the DTI.

50

*Act Two*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the role of superstition in the play.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following episode, paying particular attention to the presentation of the politics of the triumvirate.

[Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.]

ANTONY: These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.  
 OCTAVIUS: Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?  
 LEPIDUS: I do consent.  
 OCTAVIUS: Prick him down, Antony.  
 LEPIDUS: Upon condition Publius shall not live, 5  
 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.  
 ANTONY: He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.  
 But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
 Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine 10  
 How to cut off some charge in legacies.  
 LEPIDUS: What, shall I find you here?  
 OCTAVIUS: Or here or at the Capitol.

[Exit LEPIDUS.]

ANTONY: This is a slight unmeritable man,  
 Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit, 15  
 The threefold world divided, he should stand  
 One of the three to share it?  
 OCTAVIUS: So you thought him,  
 And took his voice who should be prick'd to die 20  
 In our black sentence and proscription.  
 ANTONY: Octavius, I have seen more days than you;  
 And though we lay these honours on this man,  
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, 25  
 To groan and sweat under the business,  
 Either led or driven as we point the way;  
 And having brought our treasure where we will,  
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears 30  
 And graze in commons.  
 OCTAVIUS: You may do your will;  
 But he's a tried and valiant soldier.  
 ANTONY: So is my horse, Octavius, and for that  
 I do appoint him store of provender. 35  
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:  
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;  
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds 40  
 On abjects, orts, and imitations,  
 Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,

Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers; we must straight make head; 45  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;  
And let us presently go sit in council  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd, 50  
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS: Let us do so; for we are at the stake;  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. 55

[*Exeunt.*]

*Act Four Scene One*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS : *The Glass Menagerie*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'It is not incident nor a well-developed plot which holds the play together, emotional excitement arising from the characters.'

How far do you agree with this assessment of the play?

- Or (b) Comment closely on the dramatisation of the conflict between Tom and Amanda in the following passage.

[*Before the stage is lighted, the violent voices of TOM and AMANDA are heard.*

*They are quarrelling behind the portières. In front of them stands LAURA with clenched hands and panicky expression.*

*A clear pool of light on her figure throughout this scene.]*

5

TOM What in Christ's name am I —

AMANDA [*shrilly*] Don't you use that —

TOM Supposed to do!

AMANDA Expression! Not in my —

TOM Ohhh!

10

AMANDA Presence! Have you gone out of your senses?

TOM I have, that's true, *driven* out!

AMANDA What is the matter with you, you — big — big IDIOT!

TOM Look! — I've got *no thing*, no single thing —

AMANDA Lower your voice!

15

TOM In my life here that I can call my OWN! Everything is —

AMANDA Stop that shouting!

TOM Yesterday you confiscated my books! You had the nerve to —

AMANDA I took that horrible novel back to the library — yes! That hideous book by that insane Mr Lawrence. [TOM *laughs wildly*.] I cannot control the output of diseased minds or people who cater to them — [TOM *laughs still more wildly*] BUT I WON'T ALLOW SUCH FILTH BROUGHT INTO MY HOUSE! No, no, no, no, no!

20

TOM House, house! Who pays rent on it, who makes a slave of himself to —

AMANDA [*fairly screeching*] Don't you DARE to —

25

TOM No, no, I mustn't say things! I've got to just —

AMANDA Let me tell you —

TOM I don't want to hear any more! [*He tears the portières open. The upstage area is lit with a turgid smoky red glow.*]

[AMANDA'S *hair is in metal curlers and she wears a very old bathrobe, much too large for her slight figure, a relic of the faithless Mr Wingfield.*

30

*An upright typewriter and a wild disarray of manuscripts are on the drop-leaf table. The quarrel was probably precipitated by AMANDA'S interruption of his creative labour. A chair lying overthrown on the floor. Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.]*

35

AMANDA You *will* hear more, you —

TOM No, I won't hear more, I'm going out!

AMANDA You come right back in —

TOM Out, out, out! Because I'm —

AMANDA Come back here, Tom Wingfield! I'm not through talking to you!

40

TOM Oh, go —

LAURA [*desperately*] — Tom!



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