

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

LANGUAGE & 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 2003

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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

Section A

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss how Blake demonstrates his dislike of social institutions which restrain humankind, either physically or mentally. You should refer to **two** or **three** poems.
- Or** (b) Paying particular attention to the presentation of a London scene in the following poem, say how far it reflects Blake's concerns and methods in *Songs of Innocence and Experience*.

Holy Thursday

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
 Grey headed beadles walked before with wands as white as snow
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow

O what a multitude they seemd these flowers of London town
 Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own
 The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands

5

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.
 Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
 Then cherish pity; lest you drive an angel from your door.

10

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

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare the way poets have written about death in **two** poems in your selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss how Soyinka communicates the narrator's feelings in the following poem.

Telephone Conversation

The price seemed reasonable, location
 Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived
 Off premises. Nothing remained
 But self-confession. 'Madam,' I warned,
 'I hate a wasted journey – I am African.' 5
 Silence. Silenced transmission of
 Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,
 Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled
 Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.
 'HOW DARK?' ... I had not misheard ... 'ARE YOU LIGHT 10
 OR VERY DARK?' Button B. Button A. Stench
 Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.
 Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered
 Omnibus squelching tar. It was real! Shamed
 By ill-mannered silence, surrender 15
 Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.
 Considerate she was, varying the emphasis –
 'ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?' Revelation came.
 'You mean – like plain or milk chocolate?'
 Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light 20
 Impersonality. Rapidly, wavelength adjusted,
 I chose. 'West African sepia' — and as afterthought,
 'Down in my passport.' Silence for spectroscopic
 Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent
 Hard on the mouthpiece. 'WHAT'S THAT?' conceding 25
 'DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.' 'Like brunette.'
 'THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?' 'Not altogether.
 Facially, I am brunette, but, madam, you should see
 The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet
 Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused – 30
 Foolishly, madam – by sitting down, has turned
 My bottom raven black – One moment, madam!' – sensing
 Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap
 About my ears – 'Madam,' I pleaded, 'wouldn't you rather
 See for yourself?' 35

Wole Soyinka

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) Make a close comparison of **two** poems in which Plath conveys very contrasting moods.
- Or** (b) How far do you find the imagery of the following poem characteristic of the poems in *Ariel*?

Poppies in July

Little poppies, little hell flames,
Do you do no harm?

You flicker. I cannot touch you.
I put my hands among the flames. Nothing burns.

And it exhausts me to watch you 5
Flickering like that, wrinkly and clear red, like the skin of a mouth.

A mouth just bloodied.
Little bloody skirts!

There are fumes that I cannot touch. 10
Where are your opiates, your nauseous capsules?

If I could bleed, or sleep! –
If my mouth could marry a hurt like that!

Or your liquors seep to me, in this glass capsule,
Dulling and stilling.

But colourless. Colourless 15

Section B

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Achebe's narrative use of traditional myth and legend in *Things Fall Apart*.
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following passage, saying how it reflects the conflict between the Ibo religion and the newly-arrived Christianity.

That night a bell-man went through the length and breadth of Mbanta proclaiming that the adherents of the new faith were thenceforth excluded from the life and privileges of the clan.

The Christians had grown in number and were now a small community of men, women and children, self-assured and confident. Mr Brown, the white missionary, paid regular visits to them. 'When I think that it is only eighteen months since the Seed was first sown among you,' he said, 'I marvel at what the Lord hath wrought.' 5

It was Wednesday in Holy week and Mr Kiaga had asked the women to bring red earth and white chalk and water to scrub the church for Easter, and the women had formed themselves into three groups for this purpose. They set out early that morning, some of them with their water-pots to the stream, another group with hoes and baskets to the village red-earth pit, and the others to the chalk quarry. 10

Mr Kiaga was praying in the church when he heard the women talking excitedly. He rounded off his prayer and went to see what it was all about. The women had come to the church with empty water-pots. They said that some young men had chased them away from the stream with whips. Soon after, the women who had gone for red earth returned with empty baskets. Some of them had been heavily whipped. The chalk women also returned to tell a similar story. 15

'What does it all mean?' asked Mr Kiaga, who was greatly perplexed.

'The village has outlawed us,' said one of the women. 'The bell-man announced it last night. But it is not our custom to debar anyone from the stream or the quarry.' 20

Another woman said, 'They want to ruin us. They will not allow us into the markets. They have said so.'

Mr Kiaga was going to send into the village for his men-converts when he saw them coming on their own. Of course they had all heard the bell-man, but they had never in all their lives heard of women being debarred from the stream. 25

'Come along,' they said to the women. 'We will go with you to meet those cowards.' Some of them had big sticks and some even matchets.

But Mr Kiaga restrained them. He wanted first to know why they had been outlawed. 30

'They say that Okoli killed the sacred python,' said one man.

'It is false,' said another. 'Okoli told me himself that it was false.'

Okoli was not there to answer. He had fallen ill on the previous night. Before the day was over he was dead. His death showed that the gods were still able to fight their own battles. The clan saw no reason then for molesting the Christians. 35

Chapter Eighteen

- 5 **Either** (a) How effective a contribution to the novel do you think is made by the Frederick?
- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of Milton in the following passage, and the significance of the changes in the character of John Thornton.

MEANWHILE at Milton the chimneys smoked, the ceaseless roar and mighty beat, and dizzying whirl of machinery, struggled and strove perpetually. Senseless and purposeless were wood and iron and steam in their endless labours; but the persistence of their monotonous work was rivalled in tireless endurance by the strong crowds, who, with sense and with purpose, were busy and restless in seeking after – What? In the streets there were few loiterers, none walking for mere pleasure; every man's face was set in lines of eagerness or anxiety; news was sought for with fierce avidity; and men jostled each other aside in the Mart and in the Exchange, as they did in life, in the deep selfishness of competition. There was gloom over the town. Few came to buy, and those who did were looked at suspiciously by the sellers; for credit was insecure, and the most stable might have their fortunes affected by the sweep in the great neighbouring port among the shipping houses. Hitherto there had been no failures in Milton; but, from the immense speculations that had come to light in making a bad end in America, and yet nearer home, it was known that some Milton houses of business must suffer so severely that every day men's faces asked, if their tongues did not, 'What news? Who is gone? How will it affect me?' And if two or three spoke together, they dwelt rather on the names of those who were safe than dared to hint at those likely, in their opinion, to go; for idle breath may, at such times, cause the downfall of some who might otherwise weather the storm; and one going down drags many after. 'Thornton is safe,' say they. 'His business is large – extending every year; but such a head as he has, and so prudent with all his daring!' Then one man draws another aside, and walks a little apart, and with head inclined into his neighbour's ear, he says, 'Thornton's business is large; but he has spent his profits in extending it; he has no capital laid by; his machinery is new within these two years, and has cost him – we won't say what! – a word to the wise!' But that Mr Harrison was a croaker, – a man who had succeeded to his father's trade-made fortune, which he had feared to lose by altering his mode of business to any having a larger scope; yet he grudged every penny made by others more daring and far-sighted.

But the truth was, Mr Thornton was hard pressed. He felt it acutely in his vulnerable point – his pride in the commercial character which he had established for himself. Architect of his own fortunes, he attributed this to no especial merit or qualities of his own, but to the power, which he believed that commerce gave to every brave, honest and persevering man to raise himself to a level from which he might see and read the great game of worldly success, and honestly, by such far-sightedness, command more power and influence than in any other mode of life. Far away, in the East and in the West, where his person would never be known, his name was to be regarded, and his wishes to be fulfilled, and his word pass like gold. That was the idea of merchant-life with which Mr Thornton had started. 'Her merchants be like princes,' said his mother, reading the text aloud, as if it were a trumpet-call to invite her boy to the struggle. He was but like many others – men, women, and children – alive to distant, and dead to near things. He sought to possess the influence of a name in foreign countries and faraway seas; – to become the head of a firm that should be known for generations; and it had taken him long silent years to come even to a glimmering of what he might be now, today, here in his own town, his own factory, among his own people. He and they had led parallel lives – very close, but never touching – till the accident (or so it seemed) of his

acquaintance with Higgins. Once brought face to face, man to man, with each individual of the masses around him, and (take notice) out of the character of master and workman, in the first instance, they had each begun to recognise that 'we have all of us one human heart.' It was the fine point of the wedge; and until now, when the apprehension of losing his connection with two or three of the workmen whom he had so lately begun to know as men, – of having a plan or two, which were experiments lying very close to his heart, roughly nipped off without trial, – gave a new poignancy to the subtle fear that came over him from time to time; until now, he had never recognized how much and how deep was the interest he had grown of late to feel in his position as manufacturer, simply because it led him into such close contact, and gave him the opportunity of so much power, among a race of people strange, shrewd, ignorant; but, above all, full of character and strong human feeling.

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- 6 **Either** (a) When Martha is about to leave home for a job in town, Lessing writes: 'She... a phase of her life had ended, and that now a new one should begin'. How important is this transition for the development of Martha's character in the novel?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Martha's parents and her responses to them.

Mr Quest, having finished a long explanation of how Russia was the Antichrist, and therefore the war could not start until the sides had become reshuffled in some way, remarked, 'Well, there was something I wanted to say.' He glanced apprehensively over his shoulder towards where his wife had gone, and said, 'I didn't want to say anything in front of your mother, she's not – well she doesn't understand this kind of thing.' He paused, staring at the ground for a few moments, and then went on, as if there had been no interruption: 'I suppose you two are not getting married because you've got to? Matty isn't in any sort of trouble?' He looked uncomfortably at the silent couple, the frail white skin of his face flushing. He does look old, thought Martha miserably, trying to look courageously at this new vision of him; for, in spite of everything, she had always thought of him as a young man. 5

Douglas said, 'No, sir, there's nothing of the kind.'

Mr Quest stared disbelievingly at him. 'Well, why get married in such a hurry, people will talk, you know.'

'People,' said Martha scornfully. 10

'I daresay,' said her father angrily. 'Well, I don't care. It's your affair, but what people say causes more trouble than you seem to think.' He paused again, and said appealingly, 'Matty, I wouldn't like to think of you getting married when you didn't really want to – of course, this has nothing personal in it, Douglas.' Douglas nodded reassuringly. 'Because if you are in the family way, then we'll do something about it, provided your mother doesn't know,' he said aggressively, with another glance over his shoulder. 15

The words 'family way' caused Martha acute resentment, and with a glance at her face, her father said, 'Oh, very well, then, if it's all right, I'm glad to hear it.' He then began telling Douglas about his war, while Martha waited, with her nerves on edge, for him to say, 'But that was the Great Unmentionable, and of course you don't want to hear about that, you're all too busy enjoying yourselves.' 20

Douglas said politely that he was very interested in everything Mr Quest said; and Mr Quest's face brightened, and then he sighed, and said, 'Yes, it's starting again, and I'm out of it, they wouldn't have me. I'm too old.' 25

Martha could not endure this. She abruptly got up and went out.

Her mother was returning from the kitchen. Martha braced herself for the opposition that must come, but Mrs Quest hurried past, saying, 'I must get him his injection, and there's his new tonic, oh, dear, and where have I put it?' But she checked herself, and came back, saying quickly, with a downward look at Martha's stomach, 'You're not – I mean, you haven't ...?' Her eyes were lit with furtive interest. 30

Martha snapped out coldly, with as much disgust as Mrs Quest might have considered due to the cause of the possible event, 'No, I'm not pregnant.'

Mrs Quest looked abashed and disappointed, and said, 'Oh, well, then, if you are – well, I mean, but your father shouldn't know, it would kill him.' She hurried away. 35

At lunchtime Mrs Quest inquired whether they wanted to be married at the district church, and Martha said hotly that they were both atheists, and it would be nothing but hypocrisy to be married in church. She was expecting an argument, but Mrs Quest glanced at Douglas, and sighed, and let her face drop, and finally 40

muttered, 'Oh, dear, it really isn't very nice, is it?'

That evening, when Martha went to her bedroom, she sat on the edge of her bed, and pointed out to herself that not only had her parents accepted the marriage, but she could expect her mother to take full control of the thing. In fact, she already felt as if it concerned her mother more than herself. The door opened, Mrs Quest entered, and she said that she was going to come into town with Martha on Monday to buy her trousseau. Martha said firmly that she didn't want a trousseau. They wrangled for a few moments; then Mrs Quest said, 'Well, at least you should have a nightdress.' She blushed furiously, while Martha demanded, 'Whatever do I want a nightdress for?' 55

'My dear child,' said her mother, 'you must. Besides, you hardly know him.' At this she blushed again, while Martha began to laugh. Suddenly good-natured, she kissed her mother and said she would be delighted to have a nightdress, and it was very nice of her to suggest it. 60

Part Four, Chapter Three

Section C

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'I never had any children. I was very fond of horses.'
'Nobody gave me back my children.'

Discuss the importance of children to the women in *Top Girls*.

- Or** (b) Comment on the following dialogue from the first scene of Act Two, paying close attention to the way Marlene's attitude towards Jeanine is revealed here.

Employment Agency. Marlene and Jeanine

- MARLENE: Right Jeanine, you are Jeanine aren't you? Let's have a look. Os and As./No As, all those Os you probably
- JEANINE: Six Os.
- MARLENE: could have got an A./Speeds, not brilliant, not too bad. 5
- JEANINE: I wanted to go to work.
- MARLENE: Well, Jeanine, what's your present job like?
- JEANINE: I'm a secretary.
- MARLENE: Secretary or typist?
- JEANINE: I did start as a typist but the last six months I've been a secretary. 10
- MARLENE: To?
- JEANINE: To three of them, really, they share me. There's Mr Ashford, he's the office manager, and Mr Philby/is sales, and –
- MARLENE: Quite a small place?
- JEANINE: A bit small. 15
- MARLENE: Friendly?
- JEANINE: Oh it's friendly enough.
- MARLENE: Prospects?
- JEANINE: I don't think so, that's the trouble. Miss Lewis is secretary to the managing director and she's been there forever, and Mrs Bradford/is – 20
- MARLENE: So you want a job with better prospects?
- JEANINE: I want a change.
- MARLENE: So you'll take anything comparable?
- JEANINE: No, I do want prospects. I want more money.
- MARLENE: You're getting –? 25
- JEANINE: Hundred.
- MARLENE: It's not bad you know. You're what? Twenty?
- JEANINE: I'm saving to get married.
- MARLENE: Does that mean you don't want a long-term job, Jeanine?
- JEANINE: I might do. 30
- MARLENE: Because where do the prospects come in? No kids for a bit?
- JEANINE: Oh no, not kids, not yet.
- MARLENE: So you won't tell them you're getting married?
- JEANINE: Had I better not?
- MARLENE: It would probably help. 35
- JEANINE: I'm not wearing a ring. We thought we wouldn't spend on a ring.
- MARLENE: Saves taking it off.
- JEANINE: I wouldn't take it off.
- MARLENE: There's no need to mention it when you go for an interview./Now Jeanine do you have a feel for any particular 40
- JEANINE: But what if they ask?
- MARLENE: kind of company?
- JEANINE: I thought advertising

- MARLENE: People often do think advertising. I have got a few vacancies but they think they're looking for something glossier.
- JEANINE: You mean how I dress?/I can dress different. I
- MARLENE: I mean experience.
- JEANINE: dress like this on purpose for where I am now.
- MARLENE: I have a marketing department here of a knitwear manufacturer./ Marketing is near enough advertising. Secretary 50
- JEANINE: Knitwear?
- MARLENE: to the marketing manager, he's thirty-five, married, I've sent him a girl before and she was happy, left to have a baby, you won't want to mention marriage there. He's very fair I think, good at his job, you won't have to nurse him along. Hundred and ten, so that's better than you're doing now. 55
- JEANINE: I don't know.
- MARLENE: I've a fairly small concern here, father and two sons, you'd have more say potentially, secretarial and reception duties, only a hundred but the job's going to grow with the concern and then you'll be in at the top with new girls coming in underneath you. 60
- JEANINE: What is it they do?
- MARLENE: Lampshades./This would be my first choice for you.
- JEANINE: Just lampshades?
- MARLENE: There's plenty of different kinds of lampshade. So we'll send you there, shall we, and the knitwear second choice. 65

Act Two, Scene One

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

LENNOX:

And that well might
Advise him to a caution t' hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

50

LORD

I'll send my prayers with him.

55

[Exeunt.]

Act 3 Scene 6

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Williams develops the importance of Laura's collection of glass animals in the play.
- Or** (b) Paying attention to the dialogue and stage directions in the following passage, comment on its effectiveness as the ending of the play.

TOM: I'm going to the movies.

AMANDA: That's right, now that you've had us make such fools of ourselves. The effort, the preparations, all the expense! The new floor lamp, the rug, the clothes for Laura! All for what? To entertain some other girl's fiancé! Go to the movies, go! Don't think about us, a mother deserted, an unmarried sister who's crippled and has no job! Don't let anything interfere with your selfish pleasure! Just go, go, go – to the movies! 5

TOM: All right, I will! The more you shout about my selfishness to me the quicker I'll go, and I won't go to the movies!

AMANDA: Go, then! Then go to the moon – you selfish dreamer! 10

[Tom smashes his glass on the floor. He plunges out on the fire-escape, slamming the door. Laura screams – cut by door.

Dance-hall music up. Tom goes to the rail and grips it desperately, lifting his face in the chill white moonlight penetrating the narrow abyss of the alley. 15

LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'AND SO GOOD-BYE ...'

Tom's closing speech is timed with the interior pantomime. The interior scene is played as though viewed through sound-proof glass. Amanda appears to be making a comforting speech to Laura who is huddled upon the sofa. Now that we cannot hear the mother's speech, her silliness is gone and she has dignity and tragic beauty. Laura's dark hair hides her face until at the end of the speech she lifts it to smile at her mother. Amanda's gestures are slow and graceful, almost dancelike, as she comforts the daughter. At the end of her speech she glances a moment at the father's picture – then withdraws through the portieres. At the close of Tom's speech, Laura blows out the candles, ending the play.] 20

25

25

TOM: I didn't go to the moon, I went much further – for time is the longest distance between two places – 30

Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoebox. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire-escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space – I travelled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly coloured but torn away from the branches. 35

I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something.

It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass – Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of coloured glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colours, like bits of a shattered rainbow. 40

Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes ... 45

Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful
than I intended to be!

I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a bar, I
buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger – anything that can blow
your candles out!

[Laura bends over the candles.]

– for nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles,
Laura – and so good-bye ...

[She blows the candles out.]

55

THE SCENE DISSOLVES

Scene 7

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