

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
PAPER 7 Comment and Appreciation

9695/7

MAY/JUNE SESSION 2002
2 hours

Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/ answer booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This question paper consists of 6 printed pages and 2 blank pages.



- 1 The poem below is by the Jamaican poet Dennis Scott (1939–1991), in which he writes about a man's relationship with his wife. Write a critical appreciation of the poem, showing how, and how effectively, he expresses the man's feelings.

Marrysong

He never learned her, quite. Year after year
 that territory, without seasons, shifted
 under his eye. An hour he could be lost
 in the walled anger of her quarried hurt
 on turning, see cool water laughing where 5
 the day before there were stones in her voice.
 He charted. She made wilderness again.
 Roads disappeared. The map was never true.
 Wind brought him rain sometimes, tasting of sea –
 and suddenly she would change the shape of shores 10
 faultlessly calm. All, all was each day new:
 the shadows of her love shortened or grew
 like trees seen from an unexpected hill,
 new country at each jaunty helpless journey.
 So he accepted that geography, constantly strange. 15
 Wondered. Stayed home increasingly to find
 his way among the landscapes of her mind.

- 2 The following is an extract from the play *Lovers' Vows* by Elizabeth Inchbald (1753–1821). In this scene Amelia is talking to her teacher, a young man called Anhalt; she is in love with him, but because her father wishes her to marry another man (the Count), neither she nor Anhalt can be open about their feelings. Discuss the dramatic effects of the writing here, commenting on the ways in which the dramatist portrays the two characters and reveals their growing attraction to each other.

AMELIA (*alone*): Why am I so uneasy; so peevish; who has offended me? I did not mean to come into this room. In the garden I intended to go. (*Going, turns back*) No, I will not – yes, I will – just go, and look if my auriculas¹ are still in blossom; and if the apple tree is grown which Mr Anhalt planted. – I feel very low-spirited – something must be the matter – Why do I cry? – Am I not well? 5

Enter Anhalt

Ah! good morning, my dear sir – Mr Anhalt, I meant to say – I beg pardon

ANHALT: Count Cassel is arrived.

AMELIA: Yes, I know. 10

ANHALT: And do you know for what reason?

AMELIA: He wishes to marry me.

ANHALT (*hastily*): Does he? But believe me, the Baron will not persuade you – No, I am sure he will not.

AMELIA: I know that. 15

ANHALT: He wishes that I should ascertain whether you have an inclination –

AMELIA: For the Count, or for matrimony, do you know?

ANHALT: For matrimony.

AMELIA: All things that I don't know, and don't understand, are quite indifferent to me. 20

ANHALT: For that very reason I am sent to you to explain the good and the bad of which matrimony is composed.

AMELIA: Then I beg to be acquainted with the good.

ANHALT: When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. When such a wedded pair find thorns in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root. Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while melancholy and discord they leave far behind. – Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other, weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region where he shall meet his still surviving partner, among trees and flowers which themselves have planted, in fields of eternal verdure. 30 35

AMELIA: You may tell my father – I'll marry. (*Rises*)

¹ *auriculas* – small garden flowers

- ANHALT: This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject. – When convenience, and fair appearance joined to folly and ill-humour, forge the fetters of matrimony, they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other – at variance in opinions – their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most, where they should most unite; torment, where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger, and hatred, they take their daily journey, till one of these *also* sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in acclamations of joy – ‘Oh, liberty! dear liberty!’ 40
- AMELIA: I will not marry.
- ANHALT: You mean to say, you will not fall in love.
- AMELIA: Oh, no! (*Ashamed*) I am in love. 50
- ANHALT: Are in love! (*Starting*) And with the Count?
- AMELIA: I wish I was.
- ANHALT: Why so?
- AMELIA: Because *he* would, perhaps, love me again.
- ANHALT (*warmly*): Who is there that would not? 55
- AMELIA: Would you?
- ANHALT: I – I – me – I – I am out of the question.
- AMELIA: No, you are the very person to whom I have put the question.
- ANHALT: What do you mean?
- AMELIA: I am glad you don’t understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (*In confusion*) 60
- ANHALT: Understand you! – As to that – I am not dull.
- AMELIA: I know you are not – And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you?
- ANHALT: Teach me what?
- AMELIA: Whatever I know, and you don’t. 65
- ANHALT: There are some things I had rather never know.
- AMELIA: So you may remember I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it – But now I have learnt it gives me a great deal of pleasure – and (*hesitating*) perhaps, who can tell, but that I might teach something as pleasant to you, as resolving a problem is to me. 70
- ANHALT: Woman herself is a problem.
- AMELIA: And I’ll teach you to make her out.
- ANHALT: *You* teach?
- AMELIA: Why not? None but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one. – I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came. 75
- ANHALT: This is nothing to the subject.
- AMELIA: What is the subject? 80
- ANHALT: – Love.
- AMELIA (*going up to him*): Come, then, teach it me – teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

- 3 In 'The City Planners', the Canadian writer Margaret Atwood (born 1939) writes about a newly-built residential suburb. Write a critical appreciation of the poem.

The City Planners

Cruising these residential Sunday
 streets in dry August sunlight:
 what offends us is
 the sanities:
 the houses in pedantic rows, the planted 5
 sanitary trees, assert
 levelness of surface like a rebuke
 to the dent in our car door.
 No shouting here, or
 shatter of glass; nothing more abrupt 10
 than the rational whine of a power mower
 cutting a straight swath in the discouraged grass.

But though the driveways neatly
 sidestep hysteria
 by being even, the roofs all display 15
 the same slant of avoidance to the hot sky,
 certain things:
 the smell of spilt oil a faint
 sickness lingering in the garages,
 a splash of paint on brick surprising as a bruise, 20
 a plastic hose poised in a vicious
 coil; even the too-fixed stare of the wide windows

give momentary access to
 the landscape behind or under
 the future cracks in the plaster 25
 when the houses, capsized, will slide
 obliquely into the clay seas, gradual as glaciers
 that right now nobody notices.

That is where the City Planners
 with the insane faces of political conspirators 30
 are scattered over unsurveyed
 territories, concealed from each other,
 each in his own private blizzard;

guessing directions, they sketch
 transitory lines rigid as wooden borders 35
 on a wall in the white vanishing air

tracing the panic of suburb
 order in a bland madness of snows.

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